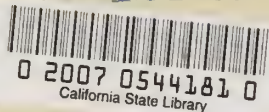


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THE ONLY LADIES' JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST

CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE

APRIL
1903



10 cents

Published by
CALIFORNIA LADIES'
PUBLISHING CO.

\$1.00 a year

M.R.

Several of the Best Scholars of the United States Will Contribute Articles for Our Magazine.

We are pleased to announce to our large number of readers that the California Ladies' Magazine has secured articles from the pens of many brilliant men in the educational world.

The series will begin in the May number, and the first article will be by the brilliant scholar, His Excellency, Cardinal Gibbons, on "Christian Inheritance." This will be followed by an intellectual article by the Rev Dr. Jacob Voorsanger. The names of the others will be announced in future numbers, and the subjects will be as follows:

"Christian Inheritance."
"Duty of Parents Toward Their Children."
"Is Higher Education Necessary for Girls?"

"Do Women's Clubs Benefit the World?"
"Influence of Intemperance."
"Duty of Children Toward Their Parents."

CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE

Published by the
CALIFORNIA LADIES' PUBLISHING CO

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

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Treasurer : : Mrs. Bertha G. Spitzzy
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EASTERN RECOGNITION

We take pleasure in publishing the following unsolicited letter which was sent to us by one of our subscribers.

San Francisco, March 20, 1903.

Please find enclosed a kindly criticism from the pen of a very courteous gentleman of the literary world. He called to pay me a visit this morning, and I placed a copy of the California Ladies' Magazine before him. He looked it through, his spontaneous and well-timed remarks will please you, I know:

"What impresses an Easterner with the California Ladies' Magazine is not only its resemblance to periodicals like the Ladies' Home Journal and the Woman's Home Companion in respect to general appearance, but the superiority of its articles, which appeal more directly to the class of readers it is designed to reach. A magazine which embodies the necessary qualities for success as this one does deserves a greater local support than ever before.

W. R. ANDREWS,
Special Representative
John Wanamaker."

The California Ladies' Publishing Company will pay \$50 to any person who will find one hundred families in any city on the Pacific Coast who do not subscribe for the California Ladies' Magazine.

Send names and subscriptions and receive your check.



F. H. ATWATER'S STORE,
(Petaluma.)

One of the ten thousand news agencies which sell our magazine.



SISTER M. GENEVIEVE,

Winner of the First Prize in the Advertisers' Contest.

Never in the history of California was a contest carried on so lively as the one just closed by the California Ladies' Magazine for their readers, as announced in the February issue, on the second page, first column, under the title of "Fifty Dollars Free." The object of the contest was to find the largest number of misspelled words in our advertisements, the winner to receive \$50.00, the second highest \$25.00, and the next ten highest \$5.00 each. All those who took the trouble to read over our advertisements and failed to win any of the prizes received a subscription to the California Ladies' Magazine for three months free of charge.

No sooner was the Magazine delivered than letters began to pour in from every part of the country in great numbers, and up to the 25th of March, the date set for the close of the contest, we had received 931 letters.

The number of misspelled words sent in varied from one to one hundred and two, the latter being the number found by the winner of the first prize in the contest. Teachers of the public schools, ministers of the gospel, and a large number of brilliant scholars took a great deal of patience to find the most misspelled words. An humble nun, teacher in the Ursuline College in Santa Rosa, gained the victory over all.

The lucky people, or more properly speaking, the highly educated ones who captured the prizes are given below, together with number of words:

Sister M. Genevieve, Santa Rosa, Cal.	102	\$50 00
Madame A. N. Garrah, 205 West 34th street, New York	78	25 00
Mrs. Chas. E. McNeeley, Watsonville, Cal.	71	5 00
Mrs. Ernest Doane, Santa Cruz	67	5 00
Mrs. Emma Mills, San Francisco	65	5 00
Mrs. Lena Pfau, San Jose Cal.	60	5 00
Miss Marie Palmer, Santa Cruz, Cal.	59	5 00
Mrs. Alice Trust, Sacramento, Cal.	52	5 00
Mrs. Charles MacDonald, Oakland	51	5 00
Mrs. Mary Salmon, Berkeley	48	5 00
Mr. Lester Kennedy, Ontario, Cal.	48	5 00
Mr. Ellis Bloch, San Francisco	46	5 00

The other nine hundred and nineteen contestants will receive three months subscription free. Lack of space will not permit us to publish names. The next contest will close on the 25th of April.

\$100 FOR SHORT STORIES

The California Ladies' Magazine will give \$25 for the best short story, not exceeding twelve hundred words. All contestants must be subscribers. We will reserve the privilege of publishing all stories received, and to the one considered the best writer by our judges we will send check for \$25. For the second best story we will pay \$20. Third prize, \$15; fourth prize, \$10. The next six chosen by the judges will receive \$5 each.

The contest will close November 1st, 1903, and all stories must be sent in before that date, and addressed to the Story Editor, California Ladies' Magazine, San Francisco, Cal.

THE TEACHERS' CONTEST

Is progressing with a great deal of spirit and in our next issue we will print the names of those having the greatest number of votes up to that date. The contest does not close till June 1st, so there is plenty of time to send in your favorite teacher's name and perhaps win for her the \$100 gold watch or its equivalent in cash. The rules of the contest are:

"The California Ladies' Publishing Company will give a beautiful \$100 gold watch, or its equivalent in cash, to the most popular school teacher in the State of California.

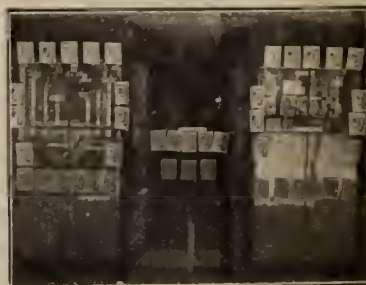
"Every subscriber of the California Ladies' Magazine is entitled to one vote, which should be sent to the Teachers' Contest Department before June 1st, when the contest closes."

Here is a plan by which scholars can show their teacher that they appreciate her efforts and prove that they want her to be known as the most popular educator in California.

In Europe the teachers are more appreciated by parents and children than here in America. In Paris the mothers unite to make arrangements for parties to be given in honor of the teachers and in this way show their appreciation of their mission.

In Vienna at the close of the term each family presents the teacher with some token of approval, and in the small country towns, the best fruit and products of their farms are sent to the instructors of their children.

Now here is a chance for the children of California to show their appreciation and reward their teachers.



WRIGHT & CO.'S STORE,
(Santa Rosa, Cal.)

One of the ten thousand news agencies in the United States, where our magazine is sold.

California Ladies Magazine

Vol. IV

APRIL, 1903

No. 4



CHINESE ROMEO AND JULIET.

A CHINESE COLONY IN SAN FRANCISCO

By SOPHIE E. GARDINER.

In the heart of the great city of San Francisco, occupying a considerable portion of its best and fairest site, is that strange but interesting quarter—Chinatown.

Leaving Kearny street, that busy thoroughfare, and climbing California street hill, only one block, as far as old St. Mary's church, we turn to the right and come to a city within a city—a strange pagan settlement, transplanted into the very midst of western civilization.

The history of the coming of these alien people to California reads almost the same as the advent of those of our own race and color. Gold was the magic and dazzling talisman that brought here the Chinese, as well as the people of Christian nations.

In the year 1850 a few of these moon-eyed men, dressed in strange garb, and wearing pigtails, arrived in San Francisco. Soon the news traveled back to their old homes of the fortunes to be dug from the glittering sands of this far-off land of the west. Then to this new El Dorado came thousands of these Mongolians. At first they were welcomed as laborers, but soon it became apparent that they were a serious menace to the community.

They did not assimilate or live like the white people; they had no families. Their only object here was to drain the country of all the money they could and then to go back and spend it in China. It was impossible for the white laborer to compete with them for they could not live as they did, nor work for the same low wages and support their families.

As the Chinamen were continuing to invade this country in hordes, working such great hardships to the Christian toilers, it became necessary for Congress to pass a law, still in force, to exclude Chinese laborers from this country.

It is estimated that at the present time there are about 20,000 Chinamen in San Francisco. They are mostly from one province of which Canton is the capital. Nearly all of these have been brought here, and are controlled by six organizations called the "Six Companies," who bring these emigrants to the United States under contract. Their expenses are paid, and on their arrival lodging and work are found for them in consideration of an agreement

that they are to repay the money advanced. These companies hold great power over their people, they settle all their difficulties, and defend their rights. No Chinaman can return to his own country without a permit from one of them.

In a pretentious modern dwelling on Stockton street lives the Chinese Consul, Mr. Chow Yu Kwan. He speaks only the Chinese language, but his secretary and interpreter converse fluently in English, as did also the former

Consul Ho Wow.

We visited the Board or Council room of the "Six Companies." It is furnished with a long table, around which are placed quaintly carved chairs, where sit these dignitaries during their meetings. At the head of the table is a large upholstered seat for the Consul when he presides.

A curious and interesting place to visit is the office of the Chinese daily paper. As they have no letters, each character meaning a word, their man-

ner of setting up their type is unique. Over each of the different compartments are objects such as a heart, a house, or swords. All the characters arranged under the heart represent words of emotion, such as love, passion, etc.; those under the house relate to domestic affairs, and under the swords are the words descriptive of war or fighting, and so on. There are thirteen thousand characters and only one compositor, so he is obliged to walk many miles around that small room while arranging and setting up his type for the daily issue of his paper.

In the past few years much has been done to improve the appearance and general tone of the Chinese quarter. It has happily been robbed of much of its squalor, filth and wretchedness, that came from overcrowding and utter disregard of all sanitary laws.

These strange people burrowed in the earth, having several stories below the surface. Underground passages connected these chambers, but between them were fixed heavy iron doors so arranged that they could be closed and barred against any intruder, and especially did they prevent the police invading their lottery and gambling dens. These underground ways still exist, but at present they are more closely watched, and the place is far more cleanly than formerly. The health authorities have adopted most stringent measures and the strictest sanitary laws are most rigidly enforced to prevent them having such a filthy and disease-breeding settlement in our city's midst. The disgusting opium dens, though, still flourish. They, too, are underground reached by narrow, tottering stairs. On a rude couch, at one end of which is a sort of wooden pillow so fixed that it can be raised or lowered at will, lies the smoker. By his side is a small table upon which are laid out the materials for the indulgence of the deadly drug. These are a small pipe with a long stem, a vessel containing the dark liquid opium, a lamp and an iron point. The smoker dips this point into the opium and taking a globule of it holds it over the flame of the lamp; then turning it around several times transfers it to the small pipe bowl. Drawing two or three deep inhalations he slinks back



A COMMERCIAL ALLEY IN SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN.



TYPICAL SCENE ON A CHINATOWN THOROUGHFARE.



和泰參藥



1. Lively Street Scene.

3. A Merchant and His Family.

6. An Alley in Chinatown.

2. Chinese on Parade.

5. Chinese Rag Picker.

4. Chinese Funeral.

7. Prominent Visitors in Chinatown.

upon his bunk to sleep off the effect of the intoxicating drug.

During the Chinese New Year's celebrations, this quarter is at its best from a spectacular point of view. Throngs of sightseers crowd the streets, especially at night, during this festive season, while bright fresh paint, gaudy decorations and fantastic swinging lanterns lend a sort of enchantment to the scene. The joss houses, where grotesque hideous gods are worshipped at this time especially put on their most gorgeous appearance. Here are to be seen magnificent brass urns and elaborate wood carvings richly gilded, while a great wealth of color surround these weird, pagan temples.

Going into their theaters and seeing everywhere a vast sea of unprepossessing faces of queer yellow humanity, caused us to shudder with fear, when we realized how much we were in the power here of these mysterious and unknown people, jabbering their unintelligible language. They have very little scenery and no drop curtain, and it struck us as exceedingly ludicrous when the supposedly dead hero of the play got up and walked tamely off the stage. The music of the orchestra makes up in noise what it lacks in harmony; for the symbols, horns, tomtoms and squeaky fiddles keep up a wild discordant revel of sound.

The restaurants occupy the upper floors of some of the large buildings, and can be easily distinguished by their gaily painted and gilded balconies, in front of which hang rows of great lanterns. The interior of these rooms are handsomely decorated and are furnished in elegant and elaborate Asiatic style. But no poor Chinaman can afford to eat in these places; they are only for the wealthy classes. There are some very rich Chinese merchants and it is exceedingly interesting to visit their stores. There are fine silks and embroideries, also exquisitely carved ornaments that are curious and beautiful.

We met the funeral procession of one of these great merchants who had recently died, while walking through this quarter, and it was a novel and interesting sight. An immense amount of roast pigs, ducks, and sweets, beside wine and other delicacies, had been put at the foot of the coffin, into which the body, dressed in rich garments, was laid and then placed in an American hearse. In front were the hired mourners in white, lamenting over the dead while they moaned and wailed. Also from the front were thrown pieces of red and white paper and bits of Chinese money. This is done to conciliate the evil spirits, and also, to drive the same away a hideous beating of tomtoms and gongs kept up a deafening noise, being heard for blocks as the procession moved along the streets to the cemetery. There the body is buried, but in time it will be disinterred, the bones cleaned and shipped back to China.

The shops and stalls opening on the streets of Chinatown have a greasy appearance, and unfamiliar and unprepossessing are the dried meats, fish, and other objects exposed to view. In doorways and on corners shabby cobblers and tailors are busily working at their trades. Fortune-tellers also seated back against the walls are willing to predict good or evil to young or old if they wish to try their skill.

Following the long line of Mongolians through these narrow streets as in single file they walk with stolid faces one notices especially the women and children in their quaint and sometimes fantastic attire. In some of the little ones we see a glimpse of life and spirit. A lady especially interested in them recently visited one of their schools. We quote the following from notes of her observations:

"The Chinese school on Clay street which is taught by an American is a most interesting place. It is crowded with wide-awake little Celestials all eager to learn, their keen, bright receptive minds an inspiration to any teacher. Seldom in an American school do you see such manifest interest, such rapport in their work. The children's ages ranged from ten to fourteen years. There were only three girls. One had her hair arranged in a braid pulled tightly to one side plaited in with bright red threads. Another had hers coiled in a little biscuit over her right ear and strings of pearls deftly woven in and out with mathematical precision. On her feet were gay little pink and black brocaded slippers, altogether making a beautiful oriental picture; but these little females were apparently quite devoid of self-consciousness and were deeply absorbed in the subject at hand.

"A boy at the blackboard was gravely

working at the knotty problem which was written there in full: 'How many inches in one-third of eighteen feet.'

"When asked his age the teacher said, 'Min, how old are you?' Promptly came the answer in perfect English. 'Nine years old.' His writing was the vertical legible hand now taught in the public schools and would be creditable in a counting house clerk.

"The discipline was apparently rigid and the children were evidently pushed to the limit of their capacity, but there was an absence of the nervous strain sometimes noticed in an American school. They seemed eager to absorb all the teacher could give and treated her with much deference and respect, while retaining their own dignity of character and mein, so peculiar to the race.

"One child brought his slate with his finished work to the desk, with an evident pride at what he had accomplished, but the teacher instantly pointed to a figure saying 'What do you intend that for?' and at his glance at the board. 'Never mind looking there, do the work over until you find your mistake.' He returned cheerfully; no whit discouraged, to his desk, there to go laboriously over the whole to correct perhaps only a badly drawn figure.

"The adjoining room of fifty scholars had no teacher and no monitor, but the children were exceedingly well behaved. Just a little skylarking and a shrug and a chuckle, when a stray paper was sent across the room, which showed that they were at least human. A bright wide-awake class, not a listless or indifferent child among them. Their cleanliness was remarkable, only among our better classes are children

found as immaculate as to neck, ears, and finger nails. Another noticeable item was that they seemed to have cast aside the mask which the Chinese even the children, show to the world.

"Equally keen were they at play with their jolly good natured give and take games. One consisted in hopping on one foot and with that foot pushing and kicking a stick towards a certain goal.

"Several would engage in it. The one who, after three trials had come the nearest to the place indicated was declared the victor. It was his privilege to pick up the stick and belabor the others and it was their business to keep out of his way, which all created much amusement.

"Another small boy had something that looked like a bicycle. It required three or four children to get him properly balanced and started on his career coasting down the slight incline of the alley way. Then their part was to keep up with him and at last wipe away his tears when he met with inevitable catastrophe at the end of the way.

"There are several Chinese schools with American teachers in the city. In some instances a teacher is engaged by the wealthy merchants to instruct a select number of children. Some are maintained by the Board of Foreign Missions and others are under the public school management."

Whether this younger generation of Chinese, born on the soil, with these progressive educational advantages imbibe some of the higher qualities of our western civilization, (which their fathers certainly lack) remains

to be seen. We are very skeptical about the ordinary Chinamen of the past and present so far. The majority are cunning and treacherous. They will pretend to adopt our customs and religion when it is to their advantage to do so, but when it will no longer profit them or serve their interest, will soon cast them aside and return to their old habits and ways. They are naturally heartless and inhuman. In China if they have as they think too many girls in a family they will throw them into the rivers or over the cliffs as if they were brute animals, or if they allow them to live, when grown they sell them as slaves. Most of their women in San Francisco are brought here in bondage.

But strange to say that though the Chinese have ever degraded women, yet is a woman that rules, and wields an unlimited power in China today. The young Emperor is the figure head, it is the Empress Dowager that really wears the crown and holds the reins of government, and the pompous male officials are made to do her will. This great woman was once, too, only a poor but beautiful slave girl. She succeeded in charming the old Emperor who married her and raised her to the throne. But besides having beauty, she was shrewd, clever, and ambitious. By stealth she procured books of learning, (only meant for the male sex), which she studied and mastered, giving herself a higher education than was allowed Chinese women; hence the secret of her success.

And even benighted China is made to feel the influence and power of a progressive woman.



FAMILIAR SCENE IN THE REAR OF A CHINESE STORE.



1. Chinese Children Attired in Their Best.
4. Wife of a Chinese Merchant.

2. A Proud Father.

3. Chinese Maiden.
5. Youngest in the Family.

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS

BY JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

Superstitious beliefs are always found among the races, in proportion to their scientific knowledge, and are often founded upon crude observations of nature, or upon co-incidences which are accidental. There are, however, a great many superstitions which will admit of no explanation from natural causes. All nations have the superstitions peculiar to their own race, and it is indeed an interesting study.

The superstitious belief of the Chinese are innumerable, but we will cite some of them, many of which have been gained from close acquaintance with the Chinese people.

The day and hour on which a child is born are considered omens of good or ill for the child. If born on the fifth day of any month it will either kill its parents or commit suicide.

A boy, upon the occasion of his first birth-day is seated in a large sieve. Placed near him are a set of money scales, a pair of scissors, a foot measure, a pencil, and other instruments. The friends and relatives eagerly watch to see which of them he will choose, and thus discover what will be his occupation in life.

A knife which has been used in committing murder is looked upon as an excellent charm, and evil spirits are supposed to fear it.

Iron nails which have been used in a coffin are supposed to frighten away evil influences, and the Chinese carry them in the pocket, and often braid them into the queue.

Some of the Chinese classics are often placed under the pillow to keep off evil spirits, and when one is walking alone, and afraid, nothing can harm him if he is able to repeat from memory passages from these books.

Parents often procure a small silver chain for a son, and put it on his neck as a charm, and it is sometimes used as a suspender.

On the morning of the fifth day of the fifth Chinese month, many families nail up at the side of the door a few leaves of the sweet flag, which is shaped like a sword. For this reason it is supposed that evil spirits will fear it and run away.

They frequently use a gourd, painted on wood or paper, to ward off pernicious influences.

Many think that the tiger, lizard, centipede, snake and a certain fabulous animal having three feet, which animals taken collectively, are designated as the "five poisons," and able to counteract pernicious influences. Families who have only one son sometimes procure images of these things and worship them.

A small, round brass mirror is often

hung on the outside of a bed curtain, thinking that where bad spirits approach to do harm, they will see themselves and flee in fright.

A representation of a certain star, regarded as the god of literature, is often used by students. Sometimes it is denoted by characters on paper, and worshipped with incense and candles.

"Warding off evil cash," which is a brass or iron charm two inches in diameter, is used very commonly among the children, and is hung from their necks and buttonholes. The characters thereon represent, "wealth," "happiness" or "office."

Some believe that pieces of paper having the head of a dog or a buffalo stamped upon them if used in certain ways will cause one to become sick or stupid, or obedient to the will of another; or will even cause death. Sometimes they resort to these charms to gain possession of property or for revenge.

Chinese women prevent disease by obeying the injunction of Joo Nan, which was to wear a bag containing a piece of dogwood.

A girl who is unfortunate enough to have been born under the "broom star" is looked upon with great disfavor, and the family who receives her as a bride will have the house swept clean of luck.

One of their beliefs is in the malign influence of comets, and curiously enough, circumstances occasionally seem to justify it. When there is an eclipse they believe that some monster is attacking the sun or moon, trying to destroy it, and to prevent this they beat drums and gongs, to frighten him away, and priests chant prayers and formulas around the altar.

The first day of the first month is considered appropriate for making sacrifices, bathing, and beginning to learn. Nothing of importance should be done on the second day, as it is unlucky. On the third one may meet friends, get married, ask names, cut out clothes, trade, and bury.

They hold that the eyes are to the body what the sun and moon are to the earth, and that wandering spirits rest in them. Men of consideration have long, deep and brilliant eyes. A woman with much white in her eye will divorce her husband, and a boy similarly afflicted will be stupid. Noses are also very important, and are called dog noses, hogs, cows, etc.

Long life will be the portion of a man with a dog's nose, and also a man with hair in his ear. Men of ability and wealth have large, broad ears. The mouth is called the door of the heart, and its shape indicates individ-

ual characteristics. A man with a horse's mouth will die of starvation, and if he has the mouth of a mouse he will be envious and jealous.

When a child has reached the age of one month, his mother puts him in a scarf and carries him out to make him look down into a well. This is supposed to make him courageous and wise.

A mother prefers to feed her baby from a cup rather than a bowl, because the bowl is large, and makes the child a large eater.

If a child should fall from a high place to the ground, the mother at once burns mock money on the exact spot, to propitiate the demon who is trying to pull the child down to destruction.

When the baby is old enough to wear a queue it is unlucky to leave very much hair on his head, so it should be shaved, only leaving a small patch on the crown. Abundant hair indicates a burden on the head, and a heavy queue may cause the burden to be put upon the boy by the death of his father.

During the month prior to the birth of a child the mother must not cross the threshold of another person's door, or she will bring bad luck to the occupant, and in her next life she will have to continually scrub the floor of this room.

A girl who is to be married sits at the table with her father and brothers at the last meal she eats at home, but she must eat only half the bowl of rice given her, or her departure will be followed by continued scarcity in the home she is leaving.

If the bride in going to her new home should break the heel of her shoe it is an omen of future unhappiness. A piece of pork and a package of sugar are hung upon the back of a bride's sedan chair, to appease the demons who might molest her on her journey.

A bride may be brought home while a coffin is in her husband's house, but not within a hundred days after a coffin is carried out. One who is married in one hundred days after a funeral is sure to have domestic trouble.

When a bride is donning her wedding robes she stands in a round, shallow basket, which causes her in her future home to lead a placid, well rounded life. When she has left her father's door her mother places the basket over the mouth of the oven, to stop the mouths of people who might comment on her daughter. She then seats herself before the kitchen stove to insure a similar peace and leisure to her daughter.

One should never catch butterflies as departed spirits frequently inhabit these insects, and flit back to see what is being done in their old dwelling. A case is known where a man died the day after he killed a butterfly.

If one should find a cow's tooth in the field, it is put on the shelf with the gods, and prevents demons from entering that home.

It is a sign that a guest may be expected if a fly falls into the rice, a mag-pie chatters on the roof, or two chickens fight.

A death in the family is foretold by the crowing of a cock before midnight. Spirit money must then be burned; a hoop put at the front door, and the cock that crowed must be sold or given away. Though no one would buy it if they knew, or if it were sold no one would dare use the money received for it.

If a pot of money is found they will put a cake of rice flour in the place of each coin taken, and burn mock money to avoid irritating any spirit by the removal of the treasure.

If a girdle should be found in the street no one would pick it up, for fear some one may have hung themselves with it and their spirit may follow and annoy the finder.

No one cares to pick up a single article, but if a pair or more are found together they may be picked up with impunity.

Three is considered a very unlucky number, so three persons never sit together at table, and no couple will marry if there are six years difference in their ages, because six is two times three.

If one should sneeze on New Year's Eve, disaster will follow him for a year, unless he goes to three families of different surnames, and begs each for a little tortoise-shaped cake, which denotes long life. The one who sneezed must eat these cakes before midnight.

When a procession in honor of some popular idol is to pass, the people in certain neighborhoods sometimes cluh together and arrange tables on the street, with flowers, candles and incense, fruit and three cups of tea. As

the god comes along in a chair some one presents to him a slip of bamboo, with the words "tea lot" written thereon, and then prostrates himself and offers the god three cups of tea. They believe themselves to be greatly benefitted by this. In the same way they make a feast for the god.

When a man is about to go on a dangerous journey, he burns incense at the temple, and puts some of it in a small red bag, wearing it around his neck, which, when he arrives, he places in a censer and worships.

In great difficulties they implore the god to send them a dream, and sleep in front of him, burning incense and candles. If they should have a dream they get up and throw the Ka-pue (a divination block) to ascertain if the god sent the dream, and so try to interpret it in the way which tells them what to do.

For wealth, honor, long life, recovery from sickness, etc, they burn a lamp before the god.

They hang up a lantern in front of their home, and call it "burning a lantern before the heavens," and on it are written various inscriptions, such as, "heavenly lantern," "the divine lantern," etc. They usually burn out two candles a night.

When they have completed a new building they cannot use it until they have tranquilized the earth and the gods by having a priest come and recite incantations in the building. Then they may move in.

If something is stolen or lost they repair to some one who is supposed to "see in the dark" and he will tell them where to find it. Or if they are ill he tells them what is pursuing them, and how they may recover their health, recover stolen goods, etc.

A child who has living parents is sometimes adopted by a family who has children; that is, if the boy is an only son, or sickly. They believe that his being adopted will bring him long life, good health and good fortune. He does not get any of the property of the family who adopts him, but the idea is that his parents think that the god will allow him to live if he sees that his real parents think so lightly of him as to give him away.

Some believe that certain gods delight in ruining the health of very bright boys, so they will shave off all of their son's hair, and call him "little priest," and make a pretense of mistreating him as if he were a hated priest. They also call him very unpleasant names to make the gods think they care nothing for him.

They place food and wine at a grave, and eat it themselves, as they think that the spirits of the dead only take the essential and immaterial elements of the food and wine, and leave them the coarse and material part.

They pour wine on grave stones to preserve their heauty, and to bring wealth and honor to the posterity of the one buried there.

They also place food before the ancestral tablets of the one buried because they believe that the ancestors in the other world invite guests on this day.

Red things are believed to keep away bad spirits. They mark the pauses in the Chinese Classics with red, to keep the demons from the one who is reading the book. Red cloth and strings protect one from evil spirits, and parents often put a red cloth in the pockets of their little boys to keep them from being cut off by the spirits.

Upon New Year's day, if one meets a fair man on first going out, it is considered an omen of good, but to meet a woman is not much better than to meet a Buddhist priest, which is considered the worst possible luck.

Also on New Year's night they will place a sieve on an empty stove and on it a pan of water, and on that a mirror. Then they will go out and listen for the first words spoken by a passer-by, and gather from it an omen for good or evil, for the coming year.

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WONDERFUL TREE OF LIFE

BY ALOYSIUS PASKULICH.

Adam had borne the burden of life for nine hundred and thirty years: Infirm and broken down by age and toil he never passed a single day without feeling the weight of this sentence of the Lord: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return to the earth out of which thou wast taken." Stretched at last on his bed of suffering, he called to him his son Seth, to whom he spoke thus: "My son, I am going to leave thee, for I feel that I am about to die. Death is coming to claim me; this is the fruit of my sin. Already have I seen Abel die, and now it is thy turn to behold me pass away."

Thereat his son Seth shed bitter tears. "Father," he said, "thou must not die! There must certainly be somewhere in the world, a herb possessing the power of healing thee. I am going to look for it; no matter where it may be, I will find it, even if I have to go all the way for it to that Eden of whose wonders thou hast told me and where grow the beautiful trees of life. Yes, I will persist in my search for Paradise until I find it and make sure whether any plant grows there that is a preventive against death."

"My son," said Adam, "what canst thou expect to find in Paradise, whence the

away from life. After having sought him everywhere in vain, Seth remembered the Angel's words, and, taking in his hand the branch of the tree of Paradise, he strove at least, to find his father's tomb. A little mound in the midst of a thicket he discovered to be the place; and there he planted the branch which was to bring consolation to Adam even in the earth's bosom.

And the branch took root in the soil that covered the first man's remains. It grew revived by the warming rays of the sun. The branch became a tree, surpassing in height the tops of all the trees around. It grew, and kept on growing until in the whole country there was not a tree left that could compare with it. Developed in all its strength and beauty, the tree spread its branches out so wide that its shade protected not only the grave of the first man, but those of his great-grandchildren as well.

And the tree ever kept on growing; every night the dews of heaven refreshed its verdant leaves; feathered songsters came to seek in its tufted branches shelter from the storm and over its roots was spread a many-colored carpet of myriads of flowers of colors both bright and subdued and of the sweetest perfume. Glee-fully did bees hum and butterflies flutter

heart and was never known to smile again in this world. And though every such person had the same experience, men spoke only with contempt of "the bridge of the big tree."

The Queen of Sheba alone, the beautiful Balkis, having to cross the torrent when on her way to pay homage to King Solomon and make him an offering of rich presents, did not wish to set foot on the tree spanning the torrent. On beholding it she fell into profound meditation, and a long, grief inspiring vision seemed to pass before her eyes. She became aware of the origin, meaning, and destiny of the mysterious tree: she saw in spirit that the salvation of the world would one day depend upon it. She would not walk over it, but, on the contrary, fell down on her knees and spent a long time in venerating the tree that had developed from a branch given to Seth by the Angel of Paradise. Then she waded through the stream, preferring to wet her feet and soil the cloth-of-gold trimming of her dress rather than trample underfoot the sacred tree. Now Balkis was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and several rank her among the Sybils who in the ancient world foretold Christ's coming. When she reached King Solomon she predicted to him that one day the kingdom of the Jews would come to an end through the instrumentality of this tree.

Solomon put faith in the Queen of Sheba's words; he caused a search to be made for the tree, in order that he might make out of it one of the columns of the temple which he was just beginning to erect. But it was found impossible to give it a fit place in the building. Every time an effort was made to dispose of it, it was discovered to be either too long or too short. And when it was decided to cut the tree again, it seemed to have shrunk so much all of a sudden that it was no longer possible to make any use of it. Discouraged by so many unsuccessful efforts, King Solomon had the tree carried back to the very spot from which it had been brought to him.

But Solomon fell into idolatry, and the men who surrounded him began to look with ever increasing complacency upon his crime. One day the Lord made known by tempest and thunderstorm that the hour of His wrath was nigh. The rivers overflowed their banks; plains and fields of rich crops became lakes and marshes. The tree gave way with the banks that it connected; and sank in the muddy waters of an immense morass.

When, after long ages, the water at last disappeared, it was at the place where the tree lay buried that the Pool of Purification was dug. The tree remained there. And it was not only by reason of the coming down of the Angel, but also by virtue of the wood that the water was stirred, and health was thereby restored to the sick.

But the tree was forgotten. Only the tradition now survived of a tree that had served as a bridge. It was still handed

down from generation to generation. And thus from mouth to mouth it passed from the Old to the New Covenant.

And when, according to the dispensation of the Almighty, the appointed time had come and, on that memorable night whose darkness concealed Christ's anguish, His enemies laid hands on Him, they remembered, as one remembers a dream, the history of the tree lost in the flood. It seemed to them this wood, saturated with man's iniquities, hardened by the medium in which it had lain, would be heavier to carry than any other. They unearthed it; they made out of it a cross with which they would burden the sacred shoulders of Jesus.

When, accompanied by His enemies, He had arrived on the summit of Golgotha, "His executioners sank the stump of the cross deep into the earth, and the place where the cross was thus erected was precisely the same spot where the grave had been dug to receive the remains of the first man. Adam's bones were scattered by his descendants, and his skull was thrown at the foot of the cross, where it was stained by the first drops of blood shed for the salvation of all."

Now when Christ expired, nature was convulsed; there was commotion both of the earth and of the heavens.

There was then living in Jerusalem a matron of patrician rank, who was so dangerously ill that no hope was entertained of saving her from imminent death. The Bishop had her brought to him, and in presence of the Empress, some priests and the whole people, he touched the patient in succession with each of the three crosses found in the grotto of Calvary. The first two produced no effect; but on touching the third the sick woman arose. She was cured.

From that moment the True Cross was restored to the veneration of the people. Immediately after the miraculous finding of the Holy Cross the Empress Helena sent a portion of it to her son, together with the nails of the Passion. She had the greater part of it enshrined in a silver reliquary which she gave to Macarius, so that he might preserve it for future generations.

Ere long the sovereigns and masters of the earth were vying with one another to get possession of fragments of the sacred wood, which in time came to enrich the most celebrated sanctuaries of Christendom. Recourse was had to the art of the most renowned goldsmiths to enshrine them in costly reliquaries of gold and silver, adorned with pearls and precious stones, and no metal seemed too valuable to be put to service for them; and they were often set in the crowns of emperors and kings, to whom it seemed that the wood of the cross guaranteed them power, confirming them in the spirit of justice, fortitude, and prudence, and reminding them that the most powerful emperor on earth is only the vassal of the King of Kings in Heaven.



"His executioners sank the stump of the cross deep into the earth, and the place where the cross was thus erected was precisely the same spot where the grave had been dug to receive the remains of the first man. Adam's bones were scattered by his descendants, and his skull was thrown at the foot of the cross, where it was stained by the first drops of blood shed for the salvation of all."

Lord banished me in His wrath? Even if thou succeed in finding the way thereto, art thou not aware that its entrance is guarded by an Angel carrying a sword in his hand?"

"Even so," replied Seth, "if the Angel be armed with a sword, I will melt him to pity by my entreaties. Father adieu, may thy blessing protect me! I am going, and I will return with the herb that shall restore thee to health."

And Adam blessed his son, while he felt the blood freezing in his heart. Yet Seth set out; he traversed the world in search of the tree of life, and at last, one day, worn out by fatigue and full of hope, he arrived at the gate of Paradise. But there he was stopped by the Cherub with the flaming sword, who thus accosted him: "Back! What hast thou come hither to seek? No foot of mortal man shall ever cross this threshold."

"Alas!" the traveler replied, "I am Adam's poor son Seth; my father is sick, and perhaps is going to die; I have come to see if in Paradise the Lord has not planted an herb that is effective against death."

"Retrace thy steps," said the Cherub; "my son, return. It is too late to look for charms and remedies. Thy father has long since been dead. However, I can yet do something for thee; I will give thee a branch of the tree of life; plant it over thy father's grave; and though Adam is wrapt up in the bosom of mother earth, he will be made conscious of this branch's virtues and shall feel its consolations."

Seth took the branch; and still entertaining some hope in his breast he set out on his homeward journey. But when he arrived at his father's house, bearing his branch, he found the dwelling empty and in disorder. Adam had long since passed

there all the live-long warm summer day, after the birds had sung there during the lingering twilights of spring.

But in proportion as the tree grew in its magnificence the succeeding generations of men became more perverse, more wicked. In their pride they cursed the tree whose shade protected them and whose beauty had delighted their eyes.

When the measure of man's iniquity was full, the Lord sent the deluge; the waters submerged the earth, and the men and animals that dwelt upon it were all drowned. But the tree did not perish; and when the waters began to subside and leave dry land, it was one of its branches that Noah's messenger, the dove, brought back into the Ark as a sign of reconciliation. And again, at a much later period, it was from one of its branches that Moses had the rod with which he struck the rock whence came forth the spring that refreshed the Israelites.

But one chastisement was not enough to bring men to their senses. Envious of the tree's beauty, and more envious still of the length of its life compared with the shortness of their own, one day they applied the axe to its root and cut it down as they would any other tree of the commonest kind. They dragged its majestic trunk along the highways, trying to sell it to the highest bidder; but no one would buy it. Then they applied the axe to it again and cut it into sections. Throwing the main portion of it across a torrent that came down from the mountain, they made a bridge of it.

For a great many centuries people kept crossing this bridge, but no one thought of asking of what wood it was made. And yet every person who passed over it became afflicted with an affliction of the



that the woman idealized was of what the French call "certain age," meaning far beyond the bloom and fragrance of the teens or twenties.

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THE MATURE CHARMER

Some of the most irresistible beauties in the history of famous amours were long past thirty-five when potentates of the world became enslaved to their charms. Cleopatra, for example, must have been forty when Mark Antony threw away the world for her. Mme de Maintenon was a mature widow of quite forty when the outworn voluptuary, Louis XIV became passionately enamored of her, and to the stupefaction of court and kingdom married her. History indeed, is full of the conquests of the mature siren.

In Greek art, too, it was found that the masterpieces, such as the Venus de Milo and the Vatican Victory, represent mature goddesses. In Shakespeare's sonnets it is clear



CONSTANTINOPLE==THE SULTAN'S PARADISE

BY PETER MACQUEEN.

Queen Jewel, set in sapphire seas, where the Golden Horn, Bosphorus and Marmora meet and commingle; erstwhile torn from the neck of Europe to be worn as a Koh-i-noor upon the head of Asia, beautiful for situation, desire of the whole earth, is Constantinople. First settled by Byzas the Megarian, in 658 B. C., and called Byzantium; then refounded by the Christian Constantine in 330 A. D., and called Constantinople; again wrested from the Christians in 1453 by Mahmoud the Conqueror and renamed Istamboul—it is the enigma of time, the glory degradation of Europe, the tempting bait for which today the dogs of war are snarling.

It was a fresh morning in last July that, with two friends, I came on deck of the Austrian steamer to watch the sun rise over the Asian hills and catch the first glint of light on the far fair minarets of Stamboul. A fog formed a white band on the horizon; above us the clear sky gleamed; in front appeared the Nine Islands of the Princess, the two shores of Marmoran still hidden. The ship advanced. Soon a slender shaft shot above the mist, silhouetted against the enfolding sky like an angel's spear; then another and another; then outlines of many houses stretched in lengthening file. What we saw was the curving outline of old Stamboul from Seraglio Point to the Castle of the Seven Towers. Under the houses began to appear the battlemented walls and towers which encircle the city in unbroken line, the Sea of Marmora breaking gently on them along its northern shore.

My Greek friend pointed out the objects on the hill, as one after another they emerged from their morning veil. "Santa Sophia," he cried, as a vast mass of great height and exceeding lightness rose and rounded itself gloriously into the air, surrounded by four delicate minarets whose silvery points glittered in the sun; "the mosque of Sultan Ahmed, of Suleiman, of Osman, of Bajazet," he continued, as if reading off the list of stopping places on a railway. The fog broke quickly now; through the rents and clefts shone towers, domes and spires, and the sun poured tawny gold-dust over sea and land. We recalled the words of the Koran: "City of which one side looks upon the land and the other upon the sea." Higher and higher rose the city, her broken, capricious outlines mirrored in the limpid waters of Marmora.

We moved ahead slowly; we came close in front of the Seraglio hill. From a mass of verdure rose, as if thrown by chance, kiosks and silvery cupolas, buildings of strange and graceful form. Arabesque windows half-hidden and leaving fancy to create a world of mystery and sadness. We riveted our looks upon those famed heights crowned with four centuries of glory, treasure, blood, intrigue—the citadel and grave of the Osmanli. But turning half around we discern Scutari, the golden city on the Asian side. The tide of life over there sweeps among the valleys and submerges the hills. Wonderful variety of color, charming and fanciful contrasts—Oriental, European—city of a thousand gardens of exquisite green and a hundred mosques of snowy whiteness; a cemetery the largest in a land of great cemeteries, sycamores and cypresses blending their shades with radiant flowers of the tropics in azure waters of the Bosphorus. And beyond Scutari is Kadi Keui on the Marmora shore, builded upon the ruins of that Chalcedon which was called by the Oracle of Delphi "the city of the blind," because its founders passed by the then unoccupied site of Istamboul. On the same side are the graves of the English soldiers killed in the fruitless Crimean war.

The streets form a vast dog-kennel. The dogs are unwashed, collarless, masterless—a great vagabond republic. They are, however, loved and sacred; and when a wise Sultan, Abdul Medjid, had them all deported to an island in the Sea of Marmora, the people grumbled and the dogs were brought back. The legend is that God gave to men their food and to dogs theirs. There came a famine among men, and the dogs divided their food with men. Ever since they have been honored. Another story is that the dogs came in with the triumph of Mahmoud.

Standing on the Galata Bridge one may see the most wonderful kinetoscopic view in the world. Whatever is most bizarre in walks or costume, figure or gesture, you may here discern in the space of fifty yards and in ten minutes. First there is an Albanian, with his white petticoat, his pistols in his sash; alongside of him is a Tartar dressed in sheepskins; behind him walk a Bedouin in a long mantle and a Turk in a muslin turban; then follows a Greek gentleman, with his servant; then the carriage of a European ambassador on his way from the Sublime Porte to the Selamluk. Hebrews from India, negroes from Cairo, Armenians from Trebizond, Yankees from Massachusetts, Englishmen from Yorkshire, Frenchmen from Châlons, Russians from Smolensk; Capuchin friars, Meccan pilgrims, Jesuits, dervishes—a changing mosaic of races and religions. Black eyes, blue eyes, gray eyes, almond eyes; eyes cold as the snows of Jura, eyes burning as the fires of Etna.



The Royal Palace of the Sultan.

beliefs of humanity. This you see on the Galata Bridge. It is an awful accumulation of crushing problems written in letters of blood, which will only be solved by rivers of carnage.

In a retired nook, amid sunshine and bird-song, rises the harem itself, composed of many small white buildings,

the kisses of Saffie the Venetian that kept peace between the Porte and the Mistress of the Adriatic. What deeds of darkness or of loveliness were done within these precincts shall never be told by human tongue. Flowers hide the blood, veils smother the groans; and often at midnight two shadows would flit away, bearing a burden between them. The sentinel on the walls hears a splash and knows that one of the luxurious chambers of the harem is empty!

Watching the sunlight eat up the shadows, I mused on the procession of the past. Out from these paths there came wives, sisters, and odalisques and slaves, budding girls and voluptuous women, some with strangled infants in their arms; some led graciously by the royal hand, one with bowstring around the neck, another with a dagger in the heart, the next all dripping with tangled seaweeds; some gorgeous with jewels, some ghastly with wounds. The sun went down; the night came on. My soul was filled with awe and with compassion.

One should take a day to ramble about the modern parts of Constantinople. There is everything for you to do. Do you want a siesta? there are the graveyards. Do you want to dream? there is the Bosphorus, with boats every thirty minutes, and the Golden Horn, with calques every five seconds. Do you want a view of the Golden Horn? there is the Galata Tower. Do you want a view of two continents? there is the Seraskiarat Tower in the grounds of the Minister of War. The cemeteries are dusty and forlorn, with cylindrical head-stones, all uncared for, leaning and crumbling—a picture of dismay, to which the morgue at Paris is gaily personified. Yet here the people keep holiday. The Turkish women—who, by the way, are fast becoming westernized—seem to find the "dolce far niente" of the cemeteries especially stimulating.

Golng through the great cemetery of Scutari on our way to the American Girls' School, we met a Turkish Pasha. He was a noble looking young fellow. My companion knew him and asked him to come with us part of the way. He did so and was most courteous and hospitable. When we left him, my acquaintance said: "That young Turk and I are very dear friends; yet in a massacre of Armenians he would be the one called upon to assassinate me. In the last massacre my life was saved by his asserting that I was a Greek."

It was always fascinating to leave civilization and go over the Galata Bridge into the barbaric world of old Stamboul. Accordingly we found ourselves often in the Hippodrome or near some of the entrances to Santa Sophia. Of this great temple it is impossible to write; one can only enter it and look around with wonder. The shields with the names of Allah, Mahomet and the six Imams; the columns which are the spoils from all the temples of the world; the mark of the bloody hand of Mahmoud on one of the pillars; the grave of Henry Dandolo; the porphyry basin from Bethlehem; the bronze-sheathed column with the hole which contains the healing dampness; the glorious nave and dome—all these suggest a world of fact and fable. Then there is the walled-up door through which the Greek priest fled from the church was profaned by the tread of the Moslem. No mason could ever open it; but it shall be



The Dardaneles in Constantinople.

eyes that congeal and eyes that melt. Faces clear-cut as the marbles of Pentelcus; faces hard as the granite of the obelisk in Et-Melden; faces tender as the streams of Boetia; faces black as the ebony of Thebes; faces white as the quarries of Marmora. All dresses, from that of Mother Eve to that of Madame Bloomer. Donkeys, camels, oxen, horses, mangy dogs, mingled in that human torrent—a terrible procession of the infinite folly, misery and discord in the laws and

where the priestesses officiated in that monastery whose religion was pleasure, whose god was the Sultan. What visions of lovely damsels from the Caucasus and the desert, from the Euxine and the Aegean, Mussulman and Nazarene—some won in battle, some stolen by corsairs—rise beneath these silvery cupolas!

Not alone puerilities and feminine rivalries went on in this sylvan seclusion. Those jeweled hands and those bright eyes swayed states not less than such charms did in the western world. The caprices of the ladies of the harem sent seventy thousand spahis and janizaries to strew the shores of the Danube with corpses, and dispatched a hundred ships to stain with blood the Black Sea and the Archipelago. But we have high authority for the statement that they who use the sword shall perish by it. The janizaries at last broke down the Gateway of Felicity and tore princes from their mothers' arms, dragged sultanas from the penitential by their feet and strangled them with curtain-cords. Three wives of Selim III., condemned to sack and cord, heard each other's death cries in the night.

Yes; great was the power of the Sultan and the harem in those days, until in later times the wrath of God and man combined to blight them. It was the caresses of Roxalana that tightened the bowstrings on the necks of the grand viziers; it was



St. Sophia in Constantinople.



MOHAMMEDAN WATER CARRIER IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

opened when Santa Sophia becomes a Christian church once more, and the priest will resume mass just at the point where he left off. Standing thus at a great historic focus, it is easy to imagine the scene when a hundred thousand cowering fugitives took refuge in this colossal building; to hear the doors give way; to see the savage hords of janizaries and dervishes, black with blood and transfigured by fury, rush on in hideous waves over the treasures of the East. Then suddenly the sea of violence is hushed, and upon the threshold of the great portal appears Mahmoud the Conqueror, superb as the living image of God's wrath, as, rising in his stirrups, he launches the formula of the new faith:

"Allah is the light of heaven and earth."

Perhaps the saddest, grandest sight of all Constantinople is the Dolma Bahgcheh Palace with its mate the Cheragan Palace, white marble gleaming over blue waters. In the latter, the insane brother of the present Sultan has lived for twenty years. No one has seen him since he entered. Passing there on the launch of the American Legation, Minister Terrell told us he often saw a shadow behind the gilded lattices and wondered if it were not the deposed Sultan.

The present sovereign lives on the hill beyond the Dolma Bahgcheh in the Yildiz Kiosk. Every Friday at one o'clock he comes to prayers at the Hamidieh Mosque, a magnificent gem overlooking

the cities and the waters. We watched the pageant from the ambassador's pavilion. It was truly Oriental. Ten thousand of the best troops in the empire lined the broad court which slopes from kiosk to mosque. The princes of the blood came first; then the carriages of the Sultan's wife and mother and of the Khedive's wife. The ladies stayed outside. Then amid the shout of soldiery and martial music came Abdul-Hamid II., driving a magnificent span of horses and accompanied by Osman Digna, the hero of Plevna.

The Sultan was a shrunken man, withered and blanched, with hooked nose and round shoulders—a human wreck. Osman, the soldier, was in every way a

contrast. The bands stopped playing, and the Sultan stepped out and ascended the little marble staircase leading to the temple. His little boy went toddling up the mosque steps behind him. The worn man turned and smiled sadly. Then father and son disappeared in the mosque. From within came singing and the sound of music—the Sultan was at prayers.

Child of the Prophet, pray on. If any tender star burns in God's sky thou sorely needest its light. The curse of God is on thee. It shall not leave thy gates till lipless famine mocks in thy proud palaces and thy dark empire falls into a sea of blood.

GEN. SHERMAN'S SWEETHEART STILL LIVES

BY JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

"Out of the hoary vista, through a mist of silent tears, An ancient city rises, gray with the weight of years; And by the crescent winding of her calmly sheltered bay She guards her fond traditions—grand old Monterey."

It is a delight to all the senses to wander through the quaint old village of Monterey, with its adobe ruins every where, and to revel in the placid life of those who live there. The charm of the yester years seems to unfold us as we pass on, and we are filled with the dreams and the poetry of another day, as we listen to the legends of the old historic town. The one which seemed most to attract us was the legend of General Sherman's sweet-heart.

Shortly after the war with Mexico Gen. Wm. T. Sherman was for awhile stationed at Monterey, which was then the Capital of Upper California. He was Quartermaster and Commissary, and at first lived in the Custom House, whose picturesque ruins still remain, and which we learn, with pleasure, is to be repaired and perpetuated. There were about a thousand inhabitants there then, but life was very primitive.

No vehicles were to be had, save the old Mexican carts with two wooden wheels, drawn by two or three pair of oxen, yoked by the horns. Sherman's company camped on the hill at the block house, and used the Custom house for storage. In Sherman's Memoirs, written by himself, he says: "Riding, dancing, shows of any kind the people liked. The girls were very fond of dancing, and were graceful. Every Sunday they had a dance, and sometimes during the week. . . . Learned a smattering of the Spanish language." Yes—the old legend says that he learned enough of the Spanish language to say "Te amo dulce-corazon" (I love you, sweet-heart) to the beautiful and patrician belle of Monterey—the Senorita Maria Ygnacia Bonifacio. Nor did he strive to conceal this fact,

but poured into the willing ears of his charmer his ardent cuentos de amor (tale of love).

She knew of no reason why she should not bestow all her warm young Spanish heart upon this cavalier—a West Point graduate, and a man of note, and of strong and dominating personality. She was beautiful. She was an aristocrat; what incongruity could there be in such a love? And so she met him everywhere, he wooed her everywhere, and at the dances to which he gives only a passing remark in his Memoirs, he gazed into the dark passionate eyes of the Senorita, and was intoxicated by their innocent beauty, and the touch of her lithe form, in the mazes of the dance.

"And eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Never name sounded sweeter than his own, when spoken by the lips he loved, in her own soft Spanish tongue—Guillermo—(William).

She did not dream but that the future would be always thus.

She was young, and she loved, and the flecha de cupido (love shaft) had gone forth, and could not be recalled. Every night found him at the quaint old Spanish home, under the rose bower with Maria. She played most beautifully upon the harp, and sang tenderly and meaningfully of love, for at that age there is nothing else worth the having, in all this great world, and Cupid played upon las fibras del corazon, (the heart-strings) and the melody has vibrated through all these years, and still vibrates, though the harp has long since rusted, and been laid aside. The human heart sometimes remembers.

One day, while she was still wrapped in the bliss of first love, she gave him a rose—Rose de Oro (Rose of gold)—as rich and beautiful as her own young heart, and he planted it in her garden,

and said to her, "I must go away, but when that rose blooms, I will return to you, Carita." . . . And she—being a woman—believed him. . . . Just at this time the steamer "California" had arrived, and on board were many of his friends. It was decided that he should then accompany General Percifer F. Smith to San Francisco, and act as his Adjutant—General. And so—he "loved and rode away," and—never returned. After listening to the recital of this legend by one of the oldest inhabitants, we were, naturally, very desirous of seeing for ourselves, this remarkable woman—remarkable in that she has been faithful to the memory of one man for a life time.

The old Mission bells of San Carlos were chiming musically when we entered the sanctity of the old family home, where she has dwelt all of her life, and for many years has dwelt alone,—all who loved her having long since vanished from earth. . . . O, perfect day in a world beautiful! The charm of the past lingers everywhere as we enter the gate, and walk under the bower of the historic Rosa de Oro; whose massive limbs are twisted into the shape of an interrogation point,—an eternal Why? Up to the door of the long, low adobe we go, feeling almost as if it were sacrilege to intrude upon the solitude of the woman who was true. But as sightseers one must trample on any such scruples, and so we boldly tapped upon the heavy door, and were rewarded by the sound of a light footfall, and there appeared before us—the world-famed Senorita Bonifacio. There is no mistaking the patrician blood of old Spain,—it survives all manner of ill-treatment. This is a lady: we could not probe the recesses of her inner life, and yet—we had come with the express purpose of interviewing her for the press. But we had hardly expected just this. We had thought perhaps we might be boldly accosted by some coarse, half-Indian creature, laboring under a superfluity of adipose tissue, and one who would even be glad to be looked at, and commented upon. But here was a small and refined gentlewoman,—a delicately nurtured lady, who showed in manner and tone the greatest refinement, and the traces of a deep sorrow in her sweet old face. We scarcely knew what to say, now that we were here, but she graciously ushered us through the coolness of the long low halls, with their thick Spanish walls, and into her little parlor, which is simplicity itself. We made desultory remarks about the weather, etc., but all the Spanish we had ever known seemed to vanish into thin air, and we could only make the most commonplace remarks. How peaceful and quiet it was, and, withal, how simple. No rich furnishings, nor gaudy hangings, only a photo of the Pope,—a crucifix—a beautiful table cover, which the Senorita herself had made of cigar ribbons, and upon whose yellow surface reposed a huge scrap book, filled with the letters and calling cards of all the world's great men and women. Prince and peasant alike were represented, for all wished to do homage to, and to be remembered by this sweet old relic of another day. Over the table hangs a life-size painting of Senorita when she was young. It was as she looked when life was the color of the rose, and love was young. But whenever we would venture upon a personal question and mention the name of Sherman, she would smile sweetly, and say in her melodious Spanish tongue: "No comprende—no comprende" (I do not understand), and one soon knew that though others might tell the details of the old legend and sightseers might come and go, yet never from her own lips would they get the story. She had long since decided that the better way to do was to say to any and every personal question: No comprende—no comprende—I do not speak English. . . . We have heard that an old chest holds the remains of her girlish finery, and O, how we longed to be in her confidence, that she might lift the lid and show us a leaf from the past,—the page of an old romance. If she only would, we could see the same soft clinging silk which she wore when she danced with "Guillermo"—the same little satin slippers—the self-same fragile fan which served to hide her blushes when the gallant lieutenant whispered to her of love. But we do not have the entree to her "holy of holies," and so—we wait. Per-

haps some day—if we go again—who knows?

From the quaint little parlor we are conducted out on the low balcony, and into the ancient garden, and it brings to mind Tennyson's Day Dream.

"Here all things in their place remain.
As all were ordered long ago."

The garden is a story in itself,—a beautiful poem set to the music of wind in the pines—and the ripple and roar of the ocean—the chime of old Mission bells, and the song of nesting birds. . . . It is the place of the siesta. . . . and it brings to life all the romance of one's nature. It was here, perhaps, in this old-fashioned garden that her hero first breathed love—under these giant rose and pear trees, which are almost immortal. She tells us that they are sixty-four years old. How more than beautiful it all is, for it is the season of the Spring. The wind makes delicious harmony harmony through all the tender network of the leaves, and the bees sing, and butterflies flutter in exquisite flashes of color, and seem to linger tenderly on the richness of the Rosa de Oro. The garden at the rear, as well as in front of the old home is shut in by a high old adobe fence, with picturesque red tiling, and Lady Washington geranium climbing upon it in a mad chaos of color; and heliotrope, and all flowers rare and beautiful riot in a bewildering and unconventional mass of beauty. There are all kinds of old fashioned flowers in this garden—the ones we knew in the gardens of childhood, but the patrician ones of higher rank nod and smile to them in a friendly way. . . . It is all so bewilderingly beautiful and yet so full of peace and sanctity, and the charm of another day. . . . The Senorita touches each flower as lovingly as she would the face of a child, for she doubtlessly loves each tree and shrub as some women love children,—and they are her children. How often has she paced to and fro under the beloved rose, and murmured "He cometh not," with thoughts akin to the drear sighing of the sea through the pines. . . . And now—the former belle of old Monterey sells these flowers and dainty Spanish work, to supply her humble needs. Vastly different it is now. . . . But the wind roughens the sea, and lifts audaciously with the black lace mantilla of this Spanish gentlewoman, and as the Mission bells peal out upon the air, she tells us she must go to the Mass; and so we get her photo, standing under the queen rose of all, in this old-fashioned garden,—Rose de Oro—which has bloomed for more than fifty years. We then have the privilege of accompanying her to the old Mission gate, and we shall always remember her as we last saw her—entering the great iron door of the Mission, her slight form in its somber garments silhouetted against the yellow of the adobe wall,—her prayer book clasped in her nervous little brown hands; and we can even shut our eyes and hear her say—"No comprende—no comprende."

AN OAKLAND LADY'S PLUCK.

"There is no such word as fail," is pluckily lived up to by a resourceful little woman of Oakland, Mrs. W. S. Palmer by name, who, by her individual effort, raised the last \$300 necessary to complete the fund for furnishing the children's room of the new library. The Ebell Society had agreed to furnish this portion of the building, but from lack of necessary funds the room has long remained cold and bare. Several propositions were broached by Mrs. Palmer, among which was a production to be given in a local theatre in which two hundred children were to appear. The Ebell ladies were fearful of their ultimate success in so gigantic an undertaking, and while they were casting about in their minds for another way out of the difficulty, Mrs. W. S. Palmer, without informing the other members of her plan, visited several of the Councilmen and was assured that the money would be appropriated.

The Ebell ladies are delighted over the happy ending of such a distressful problem and philosophically acknowledge that there are more ways to furnish a library than by talking about it.

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THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS OF THE G. A. R.

BY MARTHA P. OWEN.



MRS. ANNIE H. LEAVITT,
Treasurer Meade Corps.

O, little mounds that cost so much!
We compass what you teach;
And our worse grossness feels the touch
Of your uplifting speech.
You thrill us with the thoughts that flow
In eucharistic wine,
And by our holy dead we know
That life is still divine.

—Col. Richard Realf.

The covenant of the Woman's Relief Corps is as pure and exalting as a Sabbath psalm. For no taint of selfishness can mingle with its high purpose. The Corps is the handmaiden of the Grand Army of the Republic in all its good work, and her deeds are as sweet as the aroma of clover fields in spring. The basic principle of the organization is "One Banner, One Being, One Freedom, One Faith." It teaches lessons in patriotism by cherishing the proud and tender memories of our heroes who wrote with fingers of blood a new and sacred anthem of Liberty. In perpetuating all the glory that the Grand Old Army won, for the vast unlabeled dead that are shrined in the heart and the living braves that wait, it inspires the rising generation with deeper reverence for the institutions of government.

The national organization of the Woman's Relief Corps was instituted in Denver, Colorado, in August, 1883, at which time all State organizations came under the supervision of the national order. The first corps in California, the Heintzman, was organized in San Diego; the second corps

to be formed was the Phil Sheridan, in San Jose. Both were organized before the national organization, under instructions received from Massachusetts, as that is the oldest State in Relief Corps work.

Lincoln Corps No. 3, auxiliary to the Lincoln Post of San Francisco, was the first corps in this Department, organized under national authority on March 21st, 1884. It started with sixty charter members, Mrs. Elizabeth D'Arcy was its first president; and to her untiring efforts, executive ability and patriotic fervor is largely due the phenomenal achievements of this corps. It is composed of a strong, enthusiastic membership, who are in love with the work. Lincoln Corps has expended twenty thousand dollars in the care of the needy veteran of the War of the Rebellion and his dependents. During the first year of its existence it contributed seven hundred dollars towards furnishing bedding, etc., for the Veterans' Home at Yountville, at that time a struggling institution. Lincoln Corps also conceived the idea of erecting a permanent monument to the "Unknown Dead," and together with Garfield and Meade Corps a lasting tribute to "those who sleep in unknown graves" has been placed by the three corps named, in the Grand Army plot in the Odd Fellows Cemetery, San Francisco. This monument was dedicated with befitting ceremonies on

of California and Nevada was organized, and Mrs. Kinne was elected Department president, which office she held until March, 1886. The Department then numbered twenty-one corps; at the present time there are sixty-two corps in the Department, with a membership of 4,000.

The General Geo. G. Meade Corps No. 61, auxiliary to the Meade Post of San Francisco, was re-organized February 26, 1903, with a charter list of twenty-five members. Mrs. Kinne was the organizing and installing officer and the new corps, with sails full set, was launched under promising conditions.

The president, Mrs. Bessie Johnson, is an indefatigable worker for the cause, and under her wise and gentle administration the corps is certain to grow till it becomes a positive factor in the wondrous interlacements of patriotism and progress. Mrs. Johnson has been loyally and ably assisted in establishing this corps by Mrs. Anna H. Leavitt, the treasurer, and Mrs. Kate J. Woods, conductor. Other officers of the corps are: Martha P. Owen, senior vice-president; Anna Page, junior vice-president; Florence Barnes, secretary; Josephine Coles, chaplain; Corine Croal, guard; Margaret Miller, assistant conductor; Mary A. Rogers, assistant guard; Flora A. Bowley, patriotic instructor



MRS. BESSIE JOHNSON,
President Meade Corps.

in which she was interested. It is needless to say that Mrs. Kinne was on time, and received the first cash donation to the home. The second donation of one hundred dollars was given by Mrs. Emma McAuley of Lincoln Corps.

The State appropriated ten thousand dollars toward the building of the home. The Corps of the State, through various means, added \$15,000 more to the building fund. It is maintained partly by the State and partly by monthly donations from the various corps.

The home is located in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, in the little town of Evergreen, and is most favorably situated under the foothills. It has five acres of ground, upon which are grown all kinds of fruits and vegetables for the use of the home family. One of the inmates, the widow of a veteran and mother of three veterans, is 92 years of age, is well and hearty and possessed of all her faculties, and is very grateful for the comfortable home provided.

The Relief Corps of the West, as well as the posts of the Grand Army, are active in their preparations for the National encampment, which convenes in San Francisco next August.

California bids them welcome, those battle-worn veterans of "the grandest of all grand armies." As memory stretches across the abyss of time to the battle field, the prison pen, the unknown grave, and links our living hearts with these, the chorus swells from every mountain throne and sun-kissed vale of this fair land by "Balboa's Sea."



MRS. ELIZABETH D'ARCY KINNE, National Counselor, W. R. C.

Memorial Day, 1893, and each succeeding year sweet, fragrant flowers are placed around it in memory of some loved one, whose grave the tears of mother, wife or child can never moisten. Lincoln Corps can truly point with pride to its past record, which is at once a promise and a prophecy of its future.

From this date Relief Corps work rapidly spread throughout the State. Within three months, the following corps had joined in the march: John A. Dix of San Jose, Appomattox and Logan of Oakland and Frank Bartlett of Los Angeles.

A Provisional Department was organized in August, 1884, with Mrs. Elizabeth D'Arcy Kinne provisional president. She had under her charge six corps with full authority to organize others throughout the State.

In February, 1885, the Department

and organist; Louise Miller, Violet Salter, Florence Dermody and Almee Johnson, color bearers.

To the Department of California, Woman's Relief Corps, belongs the honor of establishing the first home for the destitute widows, wives, mothers, maiden sisters and daughters of the Union veterans and army nurses. The idea of such a home was presented by Mrs. Kinne at the Department Convention held in Los Angeles in February, 1886. At a joint camp fire of the W. R. C. and G. A. R. held at Hazard Pavilion February 23, Mrs. Kinne made some stirring remarks regarding the proposed home, at the close of which E. B. Spence, president of the First National Bank, arose and stated that if the lady who had just spoken would call at his bank at eleven o'clock the next morning he would give her one hundred dollars for the cause



MRS. KATE J. WOODS,
Conductor Meade Corps.



GENERAL JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Commander George G. Meade Post.

TO MOTHERS WHO TAKE THIS MAGAZINE

Your Baby's Photograph May be Worth Five Hundred Dollars This Year.

SPIM CO., of Johnstown, N. Y., proprietors of SPIM Soap and SPIM Ointment, have issued a little booklet, "How to Take Care of Baby's Skin, and Keep It Soft, White and Beautiful," which they wish to place in every mother's hands.

To do this they propose to establish a SPIM "CABINET OF BEAUTIFUL BABIES," which will contain the photographs of all such sent them under the following plan, made when completed into a booklet with names. Write to SPIM CO., Johnstown, N. Y., for one of their BABY REGISTRY CARDS, which contains blank spaces for information concerning your baby's birth, which if you will kindly fill out and return to SPIM CO., Johnstown, N. Y., for registry (followed afterward as soon as possible) with baby's photograph, will register your baby in SPIM'S CABINET OF BEAUTIFUL BABIES, and a complete copy will be forwarded to you when issued, FREE OF CHARGE.

When this CABINET is completed it will be submitted to a committee of 3 (not one of whom has ever seen the pictures before) who will pick out the HANDSOMEST BABY of all those pictured in the Cabinet.

To the one so selected, SPIM CO. will immediately place in bank, in its native town, the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, in trust, which sum, when the baby shall have attained its majority, shall become ITS ABSOLUTE PROPERTY, with all ACCRUED INTEREST.

This \$500.00 at ordinary Savings Bank interest COMPOUNDED, will (if the baby be a boy) start him in business at his majority, or if a girl, give her a fine educational advantage and place her beyond the reach of possible want.

PLEASE NOTE—The only conditions required for your baby to be eligible for this liberal offer, are that SPIM Soap or SPIM Ointment shall be used to preserve, purify and beautify its skin, scalp and hair, and a WRAPPER of one or the other sent us with the name of the druggist from whom you purchased them.

NOTE.—If your druggist does not keep SPIM Soap or Ointment, enclose with your request for a registry card 25c., and the card, the booklet and a CAKE OF SPIM SOAP will be sent you by return mail, all charges prepaid. SPIM Ointment is 50c prepaid. Address in full.

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Our booklet, "HOW TO DYE," gives special directions for coloring old and faded garments, carpets, kid gloves, leathers, straw hats and bonnets, for making wood stains, colored varnishes, shoe dressing, etc., etc., and is sent FREE together with valuable information how to MAKE and SAVE MONEY at home. Send at once for the dye, samples and booklet to: PERFECTION DYES, Dept. 14 Foxcroft, Maine.



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EDWARD H. THIELENS, 103 State St. Chicago

Timely Hints on House Furnishing

BY ELLA CASTILLO BENNETT.

The main thing in furnishing a house is to select that which you will not afterwards regret having purchased. This article is not intended for the perusal of those who have a fat pocket-book, but for those who must go carefully and see that they have their money's worth.

To begin with, if you are furnishing a six or seven-room flat, and your pocket-book will not admit of both good furniture and good carpets, select the good furniture in preference to the latter, for the reason that the carpets wear out. If it is necessary your furniture can last your life time.

I would suggest in place of carpets matting of the best quality. It is artistic, clean and economical. Now, with average wear, matting will last about two years, according to the wear and tear. That in some rooms goes much quicker than others. Then as the matting of each room is worn out, it can be replaced by a good carpet; and the whole house will look again newly furnished. Outside of the parlor, in which a velvet carpet gives a touch of richness, body Brussels is the best for all other rooms. It is durable, the dust cannot well sift through it, as in ingrain carpets, and it holds its color to the last. In the East one can furnish a flat beautifully and not buy a carpet, a few pretty rugs on the hardwood floor being all that is necessary; but here, owing to the exorbitant price of the ground, the houses for renting are poorly built. However, this may change later, and flat renters be able to dispense with carpets, which are neither so healthful nor economical as the hardwood floors.

In selecting the bedding, again, if one must economize, it is better to do so on the comforters than the blankets, for the reason mentioned above; one is in time replenished, namely, the comforters. The blankets last a life-time. Fair cotton comforters, covered with silkoline, may be purchased for \$1.25 to \$1.50, but do not buy cotton blankets. Purchase a fair quality of woolen blankets, say not under \$4; a very good quality can usually be had for \$5. Good ready-made sheets sell for 60 to 75 cents, and a pretty marseilles spread costs \$3.50. It does not pay to buy much cheaper than that.

As to the mattress, the most important thing connected with the bed, if one possibly can, buy a hair mattress. Nothing is so satisfactory. This all housekeepers know; but perhaps they do not know that the next best thing (if one cannot afford to spend much on the mattress) is one of silk floss, which only costs \$3 or \$10, and is comfortable and clean; but do not get a wool mattress for the sake of saving a few dollars, because wool mattresses soon get "lumpy," which necessitates renovation, therefore an outlay of cash, and are not to be recommended from any standpoint. Iron beds with brass trimmings are reasonable in

price, clean, durable and pretty and suitable with any kind of furniture.

In the East and Middle West they are now being made to fold and stand upright. This is a great advantage in small quarters, and when an extra bed for a child has to be placed in the sitting room.

There are none of these in San Francisco, but if a few housekeepers ask for them dealers will soon purchase them, even if it "knock" the sale of those they have already in stock.

If one cannot afford to get good lace curtains it is foolish to get cheap ones. Nothing spoils the effect of a room and gives it a common look quicker than imitation curtains of any kind, such as the Imitation Brussels, Arabic, or any of them. Never use Nottingham curtains.

Very pretty Irish point curtains can be purchased for \$5 and even \$4, and for bed-rooms and the dining room white Swiss or muslin can be had at 20 cents a yard. Neat curtains of this kind, made up, are shown in the stores as low as \$1.50 and \$2 per pair.

Pretty dressing tables can be made from dry woods boxes, covered with cheap but dainty material, and make a good place for extra clothing in the underneath part. In selecting draperies for the room it is well to have in mind the general color tone, and try and have the draperies harmonize with the carpet and wall paper.

Of late years the curtains are hung so as to touch the windowsill, not the floor, as formerly. It is more effective and artistic, and certainly takes a little less cloth, which is not a bad recommendation to an economical housekeeper.

As for that very important part of the house, the kitchen, a little outlay in the way of conveniences and granite cooking utensils will not be regretted. If one can afford a few pieces of aluminum the housekeeper will find it the ideal kitchenwear. A coffee pot, soup kettle and waffle iron, for instance. A gas range is just as economical for everyday use as a coal stove, far cleaner and easier to manage, and less expensive to buy. In the flats in the East these are furnished by the landlord the same as the window shades here; and in time San Francisco will have to fall in line in these modern innovations. Some of the new flats here have the stationary folding beds, and in time there will be other things to aid in house furnishing, as for instance, in the East, some of the flats have stationary book cases, stationary hall trees, settees and the most elaborate buffets; and if things keep on at this rate in the flat building line, furnishing a house will cease to be a problem. Time will be saved, and the young couple going to housekeeping can do just enough shopping to enjoy it, and not enough to wear them out.

CLEANSING FIRES.

[By Miss Harriet M. Skidmore.]

Let thy gold be cast in the furnace;
Thy red gold, precious and bright;
Do not fear the hungry fire,
With its covens of burning light;
And thy gold shall return more precious.

Free from every spot and stain;
For gold must be tried by fire,
As a heart must be tried by pain.

In the cruel fire of sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not falter or wall;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail;
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain!

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving.

Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, for ever;
Shine bright, strong golden chain;
And bless the cleansing fire
And the furnace of living pain!

COUNT TOLSTOI'S WIFE.

Countess Tolstoi, wife of the Russian nobleman and novelist, through whose devotion the most distinguished of the subjects of the Czar has just been nursed back to health from what was thought to be a mortal illness, is in her way almost as wonderful as he.

She is beautiful and tactful, and it is through her that the family has been saved from destruction. Her individuality and her theories are as marked and distinct as are his.

The countess is a woman of broad training and ripe education. Strong in her character and great in her ability, she is the type of woman who would best understand a man of her husband's kind, one who would be able to further the best in his and both their lives.



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STAR IN THE EAST — LESSONS FOR THE WEST

BY FLORENCE JACKSON STODDARD.



MRS. HATTIE J. D. CHAPMAN,
Recording Secretary.



NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER,
Prominent California Author.

"Justice, simple justice."—Lucy Stone.

CALIFORNIA WOMAN SUFFRAGE
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From out of the East there comes, across sea and land, a strange and hopeful rumor. It comes from a country about which the spirit of the West has felt the contempt youth often feels for age, and enlightenment considers it justifiable to feel for ignorance. For ignorance has been thought to be dense and well nigh universal in that far East which is now giving evidence of a wonderful spirit, though travelers and students have known that beneath the reticence of manners, and in spite of the difference in religious and social standards and forms of government, the Asiatic Mohammedan countries possessed great culture and a learning as profound as any the world has known. It is from these people, the followers of Mohammed, whose creed, we have always been told, taught that for women there was no heaven, no hereafter, no share in the Paradise the Prophet promised to the faithful,—it is even from these that there now comes the rumor that emancipation for the feminine portion of the nation should be brought about, so that "woman should be put on an equality with man socially and legally." And the preacher of this reform is—a man! It would need to be a man, for no woman of that race would venture to be so bold of assertion. We who are shocked and indignant at the mere thought of a Moslem's wives and daughters being forced to keep within prescribed bounds, how do we differ from them, so long as we are forced to keep within bounds of what should be proper and just opinion on the government of ourselves or our children outside of our home?

Kasem Ameen, the Mohammedan who believes that women should have equal rights with men, makes a startling assertion. He shows that the belief we have had, that the creed of the Prophet imposed restrictions upon women, is not founded on fact, but on a corruption of the real creed, and that the Koran teaches that woman is fully man's equal, that the contrary understanding of the difference in the sexes came through the Christian and other captives taken by the Mohammedans in battle, and whose faith in this respect gradually became absorbed into the customs of their conquerors. That it was the foreign women in their midst who first taught the Moslem women to screen themselves, retire from public places and take no share in general affairs. He declares that the Bible has not been the cause of the Christian woman's development, and well he may so declare, since, from the days of Deborah and Miriam, until the voices of the last generation began to cry

aloud, no women have been brave enough to lead the hosts in council or win what those women of old received. Reading the words of St. Paul—"let the women keep silence all" with limited understanding, the wise minded mothers of weak sons so long sat in dumb acceptance of the incapacity they were charged with, that even the present appeal of urgent need for effort to think and act is scarcely heeded. Must the light for darkened sight again come from the East and a star arise there among the people who were called, by the fiery crusaders, Infidels?

But an appreciation of woman's ability and also of the effort some earnest workers make to do what may be done, and to increase both the field and the workers, is being shown in other parts of the world. The recent death in England of Mrs. Helen Blackburn was noted in the British Review of Reviews, as being the sad loss of a faithful worker in the cause of emancipation of women. Contemporaneous literature takes up the theme, if not the cause in a book which is exciting the sympathies of all classes of readers. In "The Woman Who Tolls" which is "the experience of two gentlewomen as factory girls," the authors, Mrs. John Van Voorst and Marie Van Voorst, give detailed accounts of condition that can never be different among working people until a woman's word—her vote—her opinion—her thought—is worth expression, is sought for, and counted in the sum of "the people's voice." One instance may be cited: In a pickle factory where Mrs. Van Voorst worked, the women were required to scrub the floors of their department every week, and they did it. Going into the men's department on an errand Mrs. Van Voorst discovered that the men were playing the hose on the floor and rubbing it with rubber mops. Amazed she was when told: "What scrubbin' can't be done by inops ain't going to be done by me. The women wouldn't have to scrub either, if they had enough spirit, ALL OF 'EM, to say so." That is the secret, "All of 'em." Women have not learned yet, the secret of unitedness, and in spite of the name given to the sex for unselfishness, experience often makes one feel that it must have been the exceptions that made this rule, so rare are the individuals who are willing to help others to gain what they do not want themselves.

An amusing letter appeared in the "Woman's Journal" not long since. It was from an opponent of the equality of the sexes and it was so ill written and spelled that the editor inserted it

under the caption "An Illiterate Opponent." The writer makes a fine distinction (though he was evidently un-
 tion (though he was evidently un-
 shouldn't, I admit, hint there is such a
 thing since man declares she hasn't
 any,) between a poll tax and a prop-
 erty tax. He declares that if wo-
 men are allowed to vote they
 had ought to pay a poll tax "to be
 equal with men." Well, then in public,
 I hereby declare I should be allowed to
 vote, for I have paid a poll tax. True,
 it was in behalf of my darkey garden-
 er; still, I paid it, not he, for he "done
 borrowed it Missis." only—he never
 paid it back and I have an idea that
 many another woman has paid the poll
 tax for some man, other than a gar-
 dener. If those women are willing for
 those men to represent them in the
 government of their country, they must
 be like the ancient (not present) Mo-
 hammedan women and expect the men
 to represent them also in Paradise.

Alas, then, of what use for women to raise their sweet voices in songs of "Paradise, Oh! Paradise," "Jerusalem, the Golden," Beulah Land, "Ave Sanctissima," and all the thousand calls on a "life that is fairer than this." But truth, which is stronger than pretense, prevails. Even though they refuse to live up to it, women realize their ability to feel as earnestly and strongly, to think as wisely, to live as honestly as men can do; they realize that they deserve as just recognition and they expect that recognition in a future life from a just God which they have not the courage to demand in this world from unreasonable man. They have not the courage to help men to become greater than they are.

While I am writing, the Annual Convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association is being held in New Orleans. This is the thirty-fifth convention that has been held by the suffragists of America, and it is for half a century that our women have been meeting for the purpose of advancing those claims that will, they are confident, benefit not only themselves, but the world at large. This year there are great strides to report in the cause all over the world. Many thousands more than a million women are now voters in the English speaking countries including Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain and Ireland, which last, like a number of the States of the Union, grant a taxpayers and educational vote, while the two former, together with Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho, glory in the full privilege extended to women, of complete citizenship. The meeting at New Orleans opened on the 19th of March, but it is

too soon at this writing to have details of it. In the next issue the full report will be given. California is represented by Mrs. Mary Wood Swift, who will speak on "The Abolishment of Illiteracy, its Ultimate Influence." A speech I would, if possible, have gone all the way to New Orleans to hear, is that on "The Relation Which Government Bears to Civilization," by Mrs. Priscilla D. Hackstaff of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is one of the most able and convincing speakers I have ever heard. And mentioning Mrs. Hackstaff's name reminds me to correct an error that crept into the report of last month in these columns. Not Mrs. Hackstaff but Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, of Warren, Ohio, is the Treasurer of the National Association.

It may be well to mention that a life membership in the National Association can be had upon the payment of \$50, and in regard to this, communication should be made with Mrs. Up-ton.

The California Woman Suffrage Association has instituted (in place of State membership, which those not belonging to a club could formerly take) a Floating Club, under which are enrolled the names of those suffragists who cannot, or do not care to, join a regular club. This is a convenient way to acquire membership in the organization for many who live remote from places where clubs are in existence. In order to join this floating club the usual dues, 50 cents, sent with the name to Miss Clara Schlingheyde, 1536 Jackson street, San Francisco, will secure the membership.

The Australian states of New South Wales, South Australia and West Australia having gained the federal franchise, give an impetus to the whole movement. These states have the municipal franchise and shortly this will be granted also to three other states. Victoria is the most backward section of the country, the condition being charged to the action of the present government. Yet it is thought this will be amended before long.

One of the latest things that has been accomplished by a woman is the designing of a war ship which an American girl has made and patented as a model to show her ability as a naval engineer, for which calling she has passed an examination. Still another woman has been made a member of the Ministry of Education in France, a position of the most honorable kind and only filled by persons of the most advanced education.

PROMINENT CALIFORNIA SUMMER RESORTS.

Agua Caliente Springs

OPEN ALL YEAR ROUND THE NEAREST HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS TO SAN FRANCISCO. TEMPERATURE 115 DEGREES. NO STAGING. FARE \$1.00. SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, ASTHMA, AND ALL KINDRED AILMENTS. WE HAVE FIVE DIFFERENT HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS, TULE AND PLUNGE BATHS, AND THE LARGEST MINERAL WATER SWIMMING TANK IN THE STATE. TABLE AND ROOMS ARE FIRST CLASS. INQUIRE AT PECK'S, 11 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO, OR ADDRESS THEO RICHARDS, AGUA CALIENTE, SONOMA COUNTY, CAL.

Ben Lomond Hotel

Hotel Ben Lomond is a well known Summer Resort located in the pretty mountain town of that name, one minute walk from S. P. R. R. depot, 73 miles from San Francisco. Hotel, cottages and grounds lighted by electricity; running water and telephone in every cottage. Bowling alley, tennis court and croquet, boating, bathing, hunting and trout fishing. Hotel and cottages completely furnished and equipped for first-class conduct of a hotel. As the climate the entire year is more desirable than anywhere else in the State for Eastern people to winter in, there is no reason why the Hotel Ben Lomond should not be filled the entire year.

B. DICKINSON, Proprietor.

Tahoe Tavern

at Lake Tahoe

None better. A multi-millionaire guest from San Francisco writes: "I have never before seen so delightful a hotel as the TAVERN, nor one which sets so excellent a table; nor have I ever met with more uniform courtesy and civility in every way, than at the hands of yourself and all of your employees." Rates \$3.50 per day and upward. Open June 1st. Until then address Tahoe Tavern, Care Barr Realty Co., 204-6 Wilcox Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Woodworth's Howell Mt.

FOR REST, RECREATION, HEALTHFULNESS, ETC., TRY THE "WOODWORTH RANCH." HIGH ALTITUDE. PUREST OF SPRING WATER, ORCHARDS, VINEYARDS AND BERRY PATCHES. HOME VEGETABLES, MILK, CREAM, ETC. NO FOG. HUNDREDS OF ACRES OF WOODS AND FOREST. RESIDENCE OF 23 YEARS. TERMS, \$7 PER WEEK. ADDRESS WOODWORTH & MULLER, ST. HELENA, CAL.

Hotel Belvedere

Refreshing and recreative to the business man of San Francisco is the thirty-minute sail across the Bay, and upon arrival at Hotel Belvedere all the comforts of home are enjoyed, as the "cuisine" is unsurpassed. For rates, etc., address Mrs. A. T. Moore, Hotel Belvedere, Marin County, Cal., or call at Peck's Tourist Bureau, 11 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Sisson Tavern

Near Mt. Shasta, Cal., Mrs. L. M. Sisson, proprietor, rests among the tall pines in a big mountain meadow, facing the western side of Mt. Shasta. The elevation is 3,555 feet, while that of the mountain is 14,450 feet. Our rates are \$12.00 a week, which includes about everything most people want.

Camp Taylor

HOTEL, CAMPING GROUNDS AND COTTAGES. BOATING, SWIMMING, FISHING. INFORMATION, 20 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO, OR H. G. MARTIN, CAMP TAYLOR, CAL.

Woman's Position

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL DONN ELLY.

This paper is on the position of woman, looking backwards one hundred years. It is short, and I trust will not tire you but serve to awaken in the minds of some the fact that woman has gained a point in demanding her rights of her brother, man, within the last one hundred years. The dark cloud of intolerance is being swept away by the glowing light of reason, and right will at last prevail. Our beloved Longfellow said:

"All is of God. If He but wave His hand
The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud."

It is sometimes difficult to realize the changes that are constantly taking place in the thoughts and opinion of mankind except as we observe the past through the great moving atoms of enlightenment of the present. In no department of life is this change more conspicuous than in the opinion concerning the position of woman in the affairs of the world.

As an illustration of the position assigned to woman in this country one hundred years ago, the following, taken from a bound volume of the files of the Berkeley Intelligence, published at Martinsburg, Va., from April 17, 1799 to May 27, 1801, will be of interest to you all:

"To Be Sold—For Five Shillings—My wife Phoebe An Jane Heeband. She is stoutly built. Stands firm and is strong hiped. She is sound in wind, flank, and limb. She can sow and reap, hold a plough and drive a team. She is a good worker, and would answer any stout able man that can hold a stout tight rein, for she is hard mouthed and head-strong, but if properly managed would either lead or drive as tame as a rabbit. Her husband (that's me), Ebenezer Ephraim Heeband, parts with her because she is

too much for him. Enquire of the Printer for more particulars.
"N. B.—All her clothing will be given with her, even her new shoes which cost two shillings."

Is it not likely that one hundred years from now the student of history will look with amazement upon the fact that a great republic claiming to have a government "for the people, of the people and by the people," and that the most moral, and most religious, most law-abiding half are left out, with no voice in its affairs? Will he not look with a sneer at a government claiming to be founded upon the consent of the governed, and having for its battle cry, taxation without representation, will he not name it tyranny? The government has proceeded to govern its women without their consent, and tax them without allowing them a voice of representation, even after they have protested against the injustice for over fifty years.

Slowly, ladies, their lordships are yielding to the pressure; can one conceive of a greater inconsistency than the position of the woman in this country even now, as far as their political rights are concerned. Would you believe it, ladies? There is still lurking in the minds of many much of that old opinion concerning woman's government expressed in the advertisement, which I have quoted, within one hundred years ago.

Time is on its fleetest wing
To lay at woman's feet—
The Franchise, so long desired,
To make her rights complete.

For Liberty, the priceless gem,
Goes hand in hand with Love.
Their way leads through flowery fields
To realms of light above.

There angels join in sweetest lays,
In praise to Him their Lord,
There harmony and right abide,
And blend in one accord.

Educating the Body

BY MARY GOULD LYTLE.

Physical activity at all ages is a matter of will and industry. With the child these are involuntary; with the middle aged woman the physical activity must be attained and retained by direct will power and muscular effort. It cannot be said too often that any woman of any age, though it be a hundred, can keep her body active and graceful if there is no actual disease present. If there is disease, then she has a case for the doctor. If not, she is a splendid case for physical culture.

Did you ever notice how you rise from a chair? If the chair has arms, do you lean your own arms upon them and pry yourself up as if by two crow-bars? Or do you let your arms lie or hang quite loosely, not using them at all, and simply rise from your chair with the strength and power within your body, that noble, beautiful body the Creator gave perfect into your care and keeping? This latter is the only proper way.

If the chair has not arms, then do you put your hands upon your thighs and again pry yourself up to a standing position as though you were a log of wood instead of a woman? All wrong and lazy and horribly ungraceful. A glorious strength lies inherent in the region of the hips. It can be developed almost limitlessly. When you rise from a sitting position, simply get upon your feet. As a practice, sit down, fold your arms across your breast, then rise, sit down and rise again in the same manner till it becomes easy. In rising and sitting assume that you have no arms at all. Keep it up, for thus you will gain the habit of correct sitting and rising.

One point more along this line: There is a tendency in all persons assuming the sitting posture to sag upon and around the hips, as though the individ-

ual did not have backbone enough to hold himself, and especially herself, erect. This sagging tendency is indulged in till the woman sometimes becomes barrel shaped around the body.

How correct the sagged, barrel body? It is easy enough if you have clear grit. If you have not clear grit, you are not much good anyway. This is the way to restore the sagged, slumped body. After you have sat down in the above described proper way, without using your hands and arms in the process, notice especially whether your abdomen touches your thighs. If it does, then you are a badly sagged down woman, but not hopelessly so. By sheer force of will and the magnificent strength in the lower half of you pull your body up till it no longer touches your thighs. Try it! What a sense of lightness and exhilaration this simple movement gives you.

Now hold that position permanently when you sit. The woman who sits properly never lolls back upon her spine, pressing upon and injuring the great plexus of nerves in the back below the waist and getting for herself a weak back. If you value grace and health of body, do not loll back in a rocking chair or anywhere else. Here is exactly the right way to sit. Bear your weight evenly and squarely upon the pelvis and the strong bones at each side of your spine. Hold yourself perfectly erect, poised in this position upon the pelvis. As you sit draw your body up to its full height in front and hold it so. If you breathe deeply and fill your lungs with air, it will be a great help in holding your body erect. Thus shall you forever avoid the ugly protruding abdomen and stomach. Thus shall you maintain forever the graceful, queenly pose which nature meant you and all women to keep habitually.

**She was a great and
noble character**

PASSING AWAY OF A BRILLIANT WOMAN AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTER

BY ALOYSIUS PASKULICH.

**She was a gifted writer
and poetess**

It is with profound sorrow and sincere regret that we announce the passing from life of this great woman and brilliant writer. And it is not only her friends (and they are legion) that mourn her death, but the literary world has sustained an irreparable loss. For years this distinguished woman's name has been famous in the world of letters. Being a writer of great ability, whose mind was a store house of knowledge, and being also an accomplished linguist, she had contributed to periodicals in many lands. So when her first collection of poems was published in a volume called "Beside the Western Sea," it was eagerly sought for both in the United States and in Europe. Recently she issued another book of verse, entitled "Roadside Flowers." Miss Skidmore, always gracious and generous, was ever ready to use her pen and influence whenever or wherever she thought it was needed. It would be hard to enumerate the many institutions of learning and those also devoted to charity that she has helped in this way.

We would feel honored that even for a short period we were able to place her name at the head of this magazine; and had looked forward most eagerly to a time when we hoped she would be able to write

And here we think the following appropriate poem, written by Miss Skidmore "for the greater glory of God," should be republished:

"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

I saw from the radiant East unrolled
The curtain of cloud and gloom
And the bright young monarch, in robe of gold,
Arose from his risen tomb;
And the shining hosts of his herald—rays
Their limitless pathway trod,
And I read in their glittering banner's blaze:
To the greater glory of God.

They hurled their lances of light adown,
And the night-bound earth was free,
And jewels flashed in the mountain's crown,
And gleamed on the golden sea.
They traced in the sheen of the purple hill,
And wrote on the sparkling sod,
And the waves reflected with joyous thrill:
To the greater glory of God.

In the dim old wood, and the blooming bower,
The gladdening splendor glows—
On the dewy cup of the forest flower,
And the heart of the royal rose;
And the tiny leaf, and the bloom most rare,
That rise from the fragrant sod,
This legion fair on their brightness bear:
To the greater glory of God.

And earth awakens her grandest song,
To welcome the kingly day;
And soft are the notes of her insect throng,
And sweet is her birdling's lay,
And the echoes ring through the forest dim,
Where the breeze-stirred branches nod,
The glad refrain of her ceaseless hymn:
To the greater glory of God.

So the countless voices of earth resound,
While the sun's bright legions pass
Through the darksome caves of the deep profound,
And over the bending grass;
Till far o'er the mountain and stream and vale,
Height stretcheth her mystic rod,
That song still sounds on the singing gale:
To the greater glory of God.

Then the gladsome sounds of the daylight cease,
And over a silver stair
The shining wings of the hosts of peace
Float down on the dewy air,
And o'er the path of the moon-beams bright
That linketh the sky and sod,
They write in letters of silvery light:
To the greater glory of God.

And an awestruck hush o'er the earth is spread,
And the twilight murmurs die,
While the starry bands of the night queen tread
Their limitless realms on high;

**She was a model of
charity**

a series of articles for these pages. Alas! that Death should claim such a brilliant mind.

Miss Skidmore was ready and anxious always to further the advancement of her own sex. She was one of the organizers of the Women's Century Club of California, in which Association she held important offices, notably secretary and treasurer. She was their librarian up to the present time. The Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association was also proud to call her one of its valued members.

Some of the many charitable enterprises that she was interested in was the Ladies' Needle Work Guild, of which she was a section president. For sixteen years she acted as secretary of the Francesca Relief Society, and had been a faithful member of the Ladies' Sodality, attached to St. Ignatius Church, since it was first organized. The same valuable assistance she also gave to the Youths' Directory. For services rendered, the Young Ladies Institute, No. 1, elected her one of its honorary members.

Representatives of all these and many other organizations she had aided, attended her funeral, gratefully remembering the countless favors they had received from her.

The officiating clergyman who spoke, we may say, her eulogy on that occasion, said: "This lady is es-

pecially honored to-day, for she was an exceptional character. She worked incessantly, and used her great talents only to help others, and for all the good she could accomplish. It is easy for the millionaire to write his check for a few thousands to help some charitable enterprise or person. He will never feel the loss and perhaps be relieved from annoying supplications. Miss Skidmore perseveringly gave her time, talents, and energy to every good work that came in her way." Possessed of great talents and a wonderful memory, it was an education to converse and be in her company, and her keen intelligence remained unimpaired to the end.

Miss Skidmore's deep religious faith and great humility is shown in the preface of the first book, where she says: "For the greater glory of God." As the simple weed blossoming by the wayside, and the sparrow uttering its feeble chirp in the meadows thus present their acceptable tribute of praise to 'the dear All-Father,' so may my humble verses be received as a like earnest, though infinitely less worthy offering. And, if this, my poor mite, given to the cause of truth and virtue, find favor in His sight, then shall I even rejoice that I have sung my simple songs and woven my garlands of wild verse—flowers—'Beside the Western Sea.'

And the silent heart of the dreamer hears
Float down on the dewy sod,
The echoing song of the silver spheres:
To the greater glory of God.

O bend thou low unto nature's scorn,
Self-worshipping heart of mine!
O veil thy forehead, thou ingrate, born
To lead in the hymn divine!
Aye, bend thou low to the ruthless stroke
Of Nature's Nemesis—rod,
Thou mute when the glorious poet woke:
To the greater glory of God.

Forgive, and the heart of the wayward teach,
O nature's caroling throng!
And bid its lowlier echoes reach
The tones of your loftier song.
With the lark's note ringing above the skies,
And the bee's song on the sod,
O let its carol harmonious rise:
To the greater glory of God.

With the sunlight radiance let it shine,
With the moonbeam's brightness glow;
Be its glory won from the source divine,
And mirrored on earth below.
When night shall wave o'er its day beams fair
Her drear and darkening rod,
Be still the gleams of its starlight there:
To the greater glory of God.

And when the unending day shall fling
Its light o'er the "crystal sea,"
And the aisles of the endless ages ring
With the song of the countless free;
O'er the vast expanse of the kingdom fair,
By the pure and the ransomed trod,
Its voice in the echoing strain shall share:
To the greater glory of God.

Miss Skidmore was a native of New York, and came from a distinguished family on both sides. Her father, Mr. Wm. Edwards Skidmore, was a descendant of Sir Gersham Edwards, who in early colonial days received, for services rendered, a large tract of land on Long Island from the English Government. Settling there and intermarrying with the Skidmores, these two names are to-day the most prominent ones throughout the entire length of Long Island. Also they are connected by marriage with many old and noted families of New York City.

Miss Skidmore's mother belonged to a famous Irish family. Her first cousin was the late Sir Thomas O'Flanagan, an eminent pleader in the English Parliament, a noted orator and writer. Our gifted poetess was a worthy descendant of her famous ancestors.

Miss Skidmore left a large amount of manuscript, among which are several dramas of great merit. A volume of these will be issued at an early date. The three dramas that were published in her first book were eagerly sought for by schools and colleges, and those same institutions will gladly welcome, we are sure, this new collection, all from the pen of the same gifted author whose sad death has been a deplorable loss to the literary world.

**She lived never to be
forgotten**



THE LATE MISS HARRIET M. SKIDMORE (MARIE).

"Sursum Corda." ("Lift Up Your Hearts.")

Lift thy heart, thou idle schemer!
Lift thy heart, O sordid dreamer!
Turn from worldly plans perplexing,
Turn from visions vain and vexing;
Leave the fast-corroding treasures,
Leave the false and fleeting pleasures,
From its pageant-phantoms gliding,
From its glories n'er abiding,
Shifting scene and baseless vision,
False mirage of joys Elysian:
Sursum Corda.

Upward to the stores that fail not,
Upward to the dreams that pale not—
Sacred schemes, sweet rest bestowing,
Dreams with heaven's own brightness glowing;
Earnest toil for fadeless treasures,
Blissful search for purest pleasures;
Thought sublime, and aim supernal.
Hero-strife for fame eternal—
Turn to these thy life's endeavor,
Look not downward, linger never—
E'en beyond the shining portal,
Upward to the joys immortal:
Sursum Corda.

List the echo, softly ringing,
Of the far-off seraph singing;
Bid those wondrous tones be clearer,
Up, that thou may'st listen nearer,
For no minor wail of sadness
Mars that choral strain of gladness;
In its notes no discord blending,
Checks the tale of bliss unending;
To the song of unending sweetness,
Ripe with full and glad completeness;
To that poem tone of glory—
Fame's eternal triumph—story:
Sursum Corda.



CAMP TAYLOR—The Lake for Bathing.

Some of.... California's Famous Resorts

By CAROLINE E. VAHLBERG.



COTTAGE LIFE AT CAMP TAYLOR.

No country in the world has such beautiful summer resorts as those of which California can boast. Our flowers, our trees, our lakes, our seashore and our climate can not be surpassed by those of any other country. In the number of resorts, we are also far ahead of any other State, for we find delightful places of rest nestled

ers to judge for themselves something of the merits of these resorts, and see what nature has done to make pleasant nooks wherein her busy children may rest from their year's labor.

Agua Caliente Springs, with its matchless climate, healing waters and

continually courses through this section of the valley. The evenings are always pleasantly cool and the nights seem truly made for tired nature's sweet restorer, "halmy sleep." Flowers bloom the year round and several fountains and fish ponds lend an added beauty to the natural scenery. A tennis court, croquet lawn and archery

headquarters of Grant, Sherman, Hooker and others. This, of course, was before they became famous generals. The large room in which they planned war is now the most comfortable and sleep inducing room in the hotel. After the war General Hooker owned and lived a number of years on the beautiful farm adjoining the hotel, Hooker Falls and Canyon being named after him.

A beautiful swimming tank 65x60 feet can accommodate several hundred bathers daily, and the delightful temperature and excellent hot sulphur water combined places these springs high in rank with the finest mineral baths in the world.

Resting among the tall pines in a big mountain meadow, facing the western side of Mt. Shasta we find a quiet retreat and hotel known as Sisson Tavern, Shasta County. This is not a place for high-tone balls, parties, society, etc., and if you expect such it is not advisable to go there, for you won't like the quiet, comfortable, and restful peacefulness. The Tavern is large and comfortable—hard finished throughout with polished floors. Wide verandas are about the house, from which you can overlook miles of meadows and the mighty mountain, for old Shasta seems to start skyward from within a few miles of the Tavern. The scenery is magnificent—the air clear and pure—pine woods thick and green. The many walks and drives through groves near mountain lakes, furnish health and outdoor pleasure. Every morning you can have strawberries or raspberries right from the



SISSON TAVERN—Showing wide verandas, facing the Meadows, Sisson and Mt. Shasta.

among the mountains, along the seashore and on the banks of some of our most beautiful lakes.

On these pages we give a description of a few of our most popular resorts. These places of rest are very inviting, and attractive, as can be seen from the accompanying photos, which we have taken special pains to reproduce here, because we wish our read-

magnificent scenery is a most delightful suburb of San Francisco. It is situated in the heart of the Sonoma Valley, and its close proximity to the city renders it readily accessible. The climate is of that delightful softness so beneficial to those affected with asthmatic or throat troubles. The heat of summer is not excessive, being tempered by the fine mountain air that

grounds provide amusement for the guests. The hotel itself has much of historic value about it. The old Mexican adobe part, built early in the last century, is well preserved. To it has been added a more modern, commodious building, thus linking the Spanish and Mexican past to the American present. During the Mexican war this old part of the hotel served as the



THE U. S. GOVERNMENT HATCHERY, near Sisson Tavern, Shasta County. Thousands and thousands of trout are produced here every year.

garden, covered as deep as you like with rich, luscious cream from the dairy. From May until November the temperature is mild, refreshing and very healthful. Here are the headquarters of Mt. Shasta climbers—horses and guides are close at hand. July and August are the best months to climb the mountain. It generally takes one and one-half days to make the round trip.

When the wise Californian thinks of his summer outing, he considers first the redwood forests and the mountains. Beneath the fragrant sequoias there is always health and rest, and in the mountains the air is always pure and stimulating. Twenty-nine miles from San Francisco, up in Marin County, north of rugged Mt. Tamalpais, on the line of the North Shore Railway, is Camp Taylor. Here are forest and stream, shade and sunshine, mountain and valley—all combined with countless attractions and many recreations. There is a big hotel here, where cleanliness and good living are the aims of the management. There are also many cottages and tents for campers, and many families take advantage of the varied comforts offered. The spring water that comes to the hotel and is supplied to the cottages and camping grounds is the purest and best, and joined with the fresh air and sunshine form a powerful trio for health making. There are tennis courts for all-comers, shuffle board, and grounds especially set apart for all other popular out-of-door sports.

Nevada Mountains, and at an elevation of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, are located the Campbell Hot Springs, at Sierraville, Sierra County. This resort stands at the head of the great Sierra Valley, which covers an expanse of thirty miles long and five miles wide. Just back of the Springs is the great primeval forest of pine and fir trees, with their innumerable pathways leading to nowhere. There is plenty of good hunting and fishing on the little Truckee River or at the head waters of the Yuba. Besides, the great Sierra Valley is full of streams well stocked with good sized brook trout. During the season there are any quantity of quail, duck, snipe and grouse.

Excursions to Independence and Webber Lakes, two gems of the Sierras, are made every few days. The drive to these places is one of the most picturesque in the mountains. At either place guests may indulge themselves to their heart's content in boating, sailing, bathing and trollying for lake trout, returning to Campbell in good time for dinner.

The fame of the Santa Cruz beach has long extended beyond the boundaries of this State, and many prominent Eastern visitors have been attracted by the beauties of this delightful "City by the Sea." Being amply supplied with first-class hostilities and every facility for the pleasure and accommodation of her guests, Santa Cruz offers an inviting haven for the tourist or the seeker after rest and recreation.



MARINE VIEW—HOTEL BELVEDERE.

Santa Cruz has the reputation of entertaining more visitors than any other resort in California, and its incomparable bathing beach is the admiration of everyone who enjoys a dip in the "briny deep." The many interesting drives adjacent to the city add to the attractions of this garden spot of the world, and the famous Big Tree Grove is only eight miles distant.

Among the popular family hotels on Beach Hill is the Bay State Villa, conducted by Mrs. Lydia Mathison. It is only one block from the beach. The table and service are excellent, and the rates reasonable.

The site of Ben Lomond Hotel, Santa Cruz County, contains about six acres and was chosen by the late J. P. Pierce as an ideal spot for a summer hotel, at a time when he owned and controlled many thousands of acres in the Santa Cruz mountains. There is now on the property a main building containing a commodious sitting room, office and kitchen, and many cottages completely furnished and equipped. The hotel is situated in a natural grove on a high bank of the San Lorenzo river, live oaks, madrones, redwoods, and many other trees embower the place. The views in every direction are charming, a mingling of green clad hills and sparkling mountain streams. The location of the town gives it a superb climate, not excelled in the State. Sheltered on the north and west by the Coast Range mountains from the harsh winds and fogs, it is yet close enough to the sea to partake of the tempering tonic of the salt air. An ample and unfailing rainfall sustains the most luxurious growth and vineyards, fruits and grain are grown without irrigation.

Pino Grande Ranch, Guerneville, is situated in the midst of seven hundred

acres of redwood groves, with one of the most desirable climates in the State. An abundance of fish and small game can be found in the near vicinity. A natural swimming pool affords excellent opportunity for bathing, and boating and all out of door sports can be partaken of with keen enjoyment. This resort offers great inducements to those desiring a quiet place either to camp or board during the summer months.

The seeker after rest, recreation and health will find the embodiment of all that is necessary at the "Woodworth Ranch," Howell Mountain. The high altitude of this favored spot, combined with the purest of spring water, afford every opportunity for health-giving, and pure vegetables, milk, cream, berries and fruit are always in abundance. Messrs. Woodworth & Muller have catered to the wants of the public for years, and their well known hospitality has made "Woodworth Ranch" a popular resort.

To the mountains, the silent woodlands, or to the hills and meadows this summer? The reply that most naturally comes to the mind is, "Anywhere for rest." This not only means a recuperation for the body, but for the mind. It means a total abnegation of the world, and a forgetfulness of the pain, the trials, the troubles, and the perplexities of this life. A delightful resort for families lies hidden amid the mountain fastnesses of Sonoma County, and Camp Meeker opens up new ideas of that comfort which is sought after by the perennial camper. Under conditions which will keep out all but the respectable element, heads of families can purchase small sites, and can erect thereon a picturesque cottage, which will cost from \$30 up to any sum the owner may see fit to lav-



GENERAL VIEW OF BELVEDERE COVE.

And the boating—that idling luxury that ever attracts—will this season be better than ever before. All about here are shady walks and well made roadways and drives through forests and along attractive streams. Short-cut trails over the hills and through the canyons offer to cross-country walkers opportunity for this invigorating exercise.

Nestled in a little cove on the north side of San Francisco Bay is one of the most delightful resorts to be found on this coast. Just far enough back to be out of reach of high tide, is situated the Hotel Belvedere in Marin County. This is one of the most ideal spots for an attractive hotel. Behind it rise the mountains, which are covered with a thick growth of beautiful trees. Wind-ing up the mountain side are many paths leading to shady nooks, where one may linger among the tall trees, drink in the invigorating salt air, and gaze over the broad expanse of the Pacific. Situated only thirty minutes' ride from San Francisco this is a convenient place for a rest from the toils and worry of city life. The salt water of the bay furnishes abundant opportunity for fine bathing and splendid boating. Fishing is one of the most popular recreations, and when enjoyed in this delightful spot is most enjoyable and restful. No other place has such a genial climate and offers so many pastimes and attractions. Health, rest and pleasure are to be found at this watering place.

East of San Francisco, in the Sierra

Among the prominent hotels are the Sea Beach, Bay State Villa, Hotel St. George, Santa Cruz Hotel, The Hagemann, Riverside, Ocean Villa, Pope House, The Bedell, The Oaks, besides many private boarding and lodging houses. During the summer months,





HOW THE LITTLE ONES ENJOY CAMP MEEKER.

No healthier place on earth:
Here children find their high-
est bliss,
For they can play from morn-
till night

With not a thing to cause
them fright.
The water's fresh, the air is
pure,
And mothers here can feel se-
cure.



CAMP MEEKER HOTEL—a grand family resort in the Redwood Mountains of Sonoma.

ish on it. These little nests are erected in the primitive forest. There is no broad glare of the noonday sun, and the location is such that cold winds and fog can not penetrate the camp. To the east, within a radius of three or four miles, are smiling orchards, vineyards, and berry fields of all kinds. Sonoma County has no superior in the State in the excellence of its fruits, and many tons of cherries, peaches, apples, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, and other fruits are raised there every year.

Then comes the social reunions, music, dancing, literary exercises, and summer delights of all kinds. The society is of the best, there are none of the restraints of city life as to dress, etc. Reclining in your hammock, reading, smoking, or sleeping, while cool breezes fan your cheek; bathing, boating, fishing, hunting, or mountain climbing; picnicking in the umbrageous forest, or lunching on your equally-shaded veranda, there is a continuous round of pleasure, and what better rest. You can lie down, close your eyes, and exclaim with Caesar, "If anyone bothers me, there will be trouble."

Those who have gazed upon all the famous elevated waters of the world, awed by the size of one, the altitude of

another, the rich colorings of a third, the depth of a fourth, and the surroundings of a fifth, unite in the declaration that in surroundings, in size, in height and depth, and in the glorious colorings of its waters, Lake Tahoe stands incomparable and pre-eminently above them all.

Right on the banks of this wonderful lake, and at its most accessible point, nestling among the towering pines that reach to the very water's edge, hang out the "latch strings" of Tahoe Tavern.

Could there be a more fitting setting for an attractive summer resort? Nature has been so lavish in fitting up the finest location in the world; art has supplanted nature, or rather taken advantage of her lavishness to erect in this sylvan grove a quaint building of generous proportions; unique in architectural design and effect. The Tavern, together with its outstretched wings, has a frontage on the lake of nearly five hundred feet. The main verandas are twenty feet in width and nearly two hundred feet in length, and are amply provided with rustic chairs, tete-a-tetes and lounges, while most comfortable settees are hung like swings between the mammoth pines in front of the Tavern and overlooking the lake. It is only a minute's walk from the verandas to the lakeshore, where a broad pier extends far out into the lake, where the noble steamer "Tahoe"

lies tugging at her leashes, eager to be off and away with her two hundred passengers on her daily trip of seventy-five miles around the lake.

A most delightful summer resort, only sixteen miles from Truckee, is that conducted by Mrs. H. M. Clemons at Independence Lake. It is first class

in all respects, and the place affords fine hunting and fishing. Fresh milk and butter and pure mountain air combine to make this an ideal resort. If you want a complete change and fine climate you can find it here. New cottages have recently been built, more boats added and a new tennis court provided.

A BRILLIANT SOCIETY EVENT.

The McCasme bal masque given by Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckles on the 19th of March, in San Francisco, was attended by 200 guests and was a most brilliant affair. The guests were:

Miss C. Ayer, Miss Bessie Ames, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ames.

Messrs. F. Bottum, S. Boardman, W. F. Breese, W. P. Boole, J. R. Baird, T. V. Bakewell, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. D. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brander, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Susane Blanding, Miss Florence Bailey, Miss Ella Bender.

Miss Linda Cadwallader, Miss Bessie Cole, Miss Florence Cole, Miss Bessie Center, Mr. J. Carrigan, Captain Clark, Mr. E. Cadwallader, Mr. and Mrs. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Clark, Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Clark, Messrs. W. Carson, F. Coon, A. B. Costigan, E. de Conlon, B.

Cornwall, A. Conte, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Deering, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Miss Helen Dean, Messrs. R. McK. Duperu, W. Denman, B. L. Davis.

Miss Gertrude Eells, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Mr. R. M. Eyre, Mr. G. Field, Miss Alice Findley.

Miss Leta Gallatin, Messrs. J. B. Grimwood, E. M. Greenway, F. Goad, Walter Gibson, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gallatin.

Miss Hamilton, Miss Louise Howland, Olive Holbrook, Miss Adah Howell, Miss Miss Alice Hager, Miss Ethel Hager, Miss Minnie Hennessey, Messrs. W. Hough, W. H. Hamilton, W. P. Horn, R. Hart, E. W. Hopkins, F. C. Hotelling, H. Howland, W. B. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. D. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Annie Ide, Miss Marjory Ide, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Mary Josselyn, Dr. and Mrs. E. K. Johnston, Captain F. Johnston, F. King, P. L. King, J. L. King, Lieutenant Kuznik, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kimble, Miss Hazel King, Miss Genevieve King, Mr. and Mrs. L. Knight, Dr. and Mrs. J. Keeney.

Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Dr. Lorini, J. Lawson, E. Lynch, G. de Long.

Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Bessie Mills, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Alma McClung, Miss Gladys McClung, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. W. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. L. McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. G. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. F. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mullins, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McKittick, E. McCormick, W. McLaine, J. H. Mee, E. Mizner, L. Mizner, A. Mizner, A. McBean, K. Maddox, E. Murphy, F. Murphy, George C. Newhall, C. Norris, Miss Alice Owen, Miss Lillie Pringle, Miss Pease, E. Peixotto, J. Polhemus, Roy M. Pike, C. Pringle, Dr. Pressley, P. Pike, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. G. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. S. Postley, Mr. and Mrs. R. Pease.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ruyter, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Redmond, J. Reid, L. M. Robbins, G. Rathbone, Lieutenant Stewart, B. Somers.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Spaulding, Dr. and Mrs. G. Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. L. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. R. Sprague, Dr. and Mrs. G. Shields, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels Jr., Miss Cora Smedberg, Misses Sussman, Miss Edith Simpson, Miss Belle Smith, W. Sanborn, J. Sanborn, H. Scott, H. Stetson, F. Stringham, D. Searles, H. Simpkins, Mr. Stevenson, W. Smith Jr. H. McD. Spencer, A. B. Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Van Fleet, Miss Carrie Taylor, J. O. Tobin, Dr. Harry Tevis, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Jane Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. C. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. C. Worden, Emerson Warfield, H. Wright, O. Wilson, Miss Daisy Van Ness, H. Veeder, Miss Helen de Young, Mr. and Mrs. F. Zelle, J. Zelle, Dr. E. Zelle.



TAHOE TAVERN—Lake Tahoe, Cal.

RECEPTION TO ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

BY THE PACIFIC COAST WOMEN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.



MRS. ARTHUR W. CORNWALL.

Many and notable have been the gatherings in Maple Hall, of the Palace Hotel, in the past, but the reception tendered there to Mrs. Wilcox by the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association on March 27th, was pre-eminently brilliant and successful. Authors and newspaper people were most in evidence, while handsomely-gowned society women and prominent citizens were alike actuated by the desire to see this clever woman, whose work touches all hearts. Formerly a poetic vein only of her nature was drawn upon for impassioned verse that won her immediate recognition and a lasting fame, but of late years her essays, breathing the wisest, soundest philosophy, as well as a sweet strain of inspiring cheerfulness and trust in human nature, have delighted thousands of weary, world-tired people.

"The woman is as charming as her work," said the guests on this occasion, as they each received a pleasant, witty rejoinder when presented to her, and, indeed, her graceful manner won many compliments. She is not tall, but has a good figure, enhanced on this occasion by a beautiful gown of white silk crepe embroidered with red roses and sprays of green leaves, and made decollete. A pearl and diamond collar and natural roses, with a great sheaf of American Beauties were further adornments, while her red-gold hair fittingly crowned her. She was presented to her admirers by Mrs. Florence Percy Matheson, the president of the Association, and in the receiving line stood Mrs. Josephine Foster, head of the reception committee, Mrs. Sara Reamer and Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs, the first vice-president of the Club. The success of the largely attended function was mainly due to the able chairman of the program committee, Mrs. M. H. Cartwright, ably seconded by Mrs. Marion B. Foster. Delicious refreshments of champagne-punch, coffee, sandwiches and small cakes were served in an adjoining room, and perhaps the most delightful

feature of the evening was the ensemble playing of the three gifted Pasmore children, Mary, Dorothy and Susan, who under the leadership of their father rendered Schubert's Serenade and other exquisite selections for piano, violin and 'cello. No other program was offered, but the guests enjoyed the opportunity thus given for conversation, renewing old acquaintances and making new ones.

Mayor Schmitz, beloved of the ladies, and his charming wife, were honored guests, and Philip Verrill Mighels, author of "The Inevitable," a successful novel, and his clever wife, Ella Sterling Cummins, also a writer, were present. Madge Morris Wagner, who wrote "The Liberty Bell," Emily Browne Powell, the gifted poet, Alice Kingsbury Cooley, who as "Fanchon the Cricket" won lasting dramatic fame, Mrs. Grace Hibbard, whose poems and songs have gained a national reputation, and Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, whose "Stories of California," a text book accepted by the San Francisco Board of Education and county super-

pale blue satin with lace bertha framing her pretty white shoulders and piquant face, Mrs. Josephine Foster in a rosy lavender satin with the waist entirely covered with handsome lace, Miss De Neale Morgan, the water-color artist, in a charming pink gown, Mrs. E. M. North, Madame Guido Spitzzy and Mrs. C. O. Southard also assisted in welcoming the guests.

Among those present were Mrs. E. R. Oliver, editor and proprietor of the Pacific Churchman, Mrs. M. O. Stanton, author of an authoritative work on "Physiognomy," Mrs. W. C. Morrow, a writer and wife of W. C. Morrow, of story-telling fame; Mrs. E. R. Scaddan, Miss Genevieve Gleason and her sister, Mrs. M. C. Hassett, Mrs. Kate Boyd of Berkeley, Mrs. Franklin B. Poore of the same place, Mrs. Maria F. Gray, Mrs. Mary Lawrence, Mrs. Anna E. Pratt of the Chronicle, Miss Grace Fern of the Call, Mrs. Laura Bride Powers, author of "Historical Tales of the Missions," and other books; Mrs. Emily Loud, who wrote "Taurua, a Tale of the South Sea Is-



MRS. WILLARD E. HARRINGTON.

sively entertained, and to be the guest of other clubs during her sojourn among us, but the women who planned and carried to its auspicious ending this reception in her honor may rest assured no other function will excel that of the Women's Press Association.



OTHER RECEPTIONS TO MRS. WILCOX.

The California Club is working hard to gain the adoption of a "Juvenile Court" ordinance, whereby young offenders may be tried apart from the more hardened criminals, and may be provided with a place of detention, shielded from the contaminating influences of those older in vice and years.

A delightful afternoon was given by the music section of this club lately, when Madame Emilia Tojetti, the leader, gave a paper on the "Art Songs of Italy and France," illustrated by Italian songs by Miss Lotta Musto, and French songs by Miss Henrietta Grothwell, with R. A. Lucchesi as accompanist. Mme. Tojetti afterwards sang two most exquisite arias from Mascagni and Puccini. This section, through the efforts of Mme. Tojetti, is to add a library of music to the City Free Library, surely a praiseworthy aim. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is to be the guest of honor at the last Tuesday in March social meeting of the California club.



The same noted woman is to be presented to the members of the Forum Club by their president, Mrs. Henry Payot, at their meeting of April first. This popular organization is on the high tide of prosperity enjoying, as it does, its beautifully furnished home in such a central location that the members can always drop in for a cup of tea, or a few minutes' rest while out shopping.



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
The Gifted Poetess and Authoress now Visiting California.

intendents throughout the State, has brought both dollars and fame to the writer, were also noted. Mrs. John H. Jewett, in a dazzling imported robe of cut jet spangles enlivened with touches of pale blue and diamonds, was a noticeable beauty, and was warmly greeted after her recent illness. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wilson were Mrs. Jewett's guests, and Mrs. Austin Sperry with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Mann, Dorville Libby and wife, E. H. Mozart and Mrs. Mozart, in an exquisite black Chantilly lace and chiffon gown, enjoyed the affair.

One of the handsomest gowns in evidence was worn by the pretty and petite Mrs. Marion B. Foster, a decollete black lace, taffeta and chiffon-ruffled French creation, adorned with beautiful white chiffon roses and leaves arranged in sprays on waist and skirt. Mrs. Auguste M. Cahill, beautifully dressed in black, Mrs. Rose Bushnell Donn Elly, in black lace and diamonds, Mrs. Charles Newman in

lands," Mrs. Jean Washburn, Mrs. Lightner, whose charming reminiscences of early days afford much pleasure; Mrs. Ada Van Pelt, authoress and inventor, as well as a successful dramatist; Mrs. Elizabeth Vore, whose short stories are unsurpassed; Mrs. Emily Noble, Mrs. Briggs, also a short-story writer; Miss Mary Fairbrother, Mrs. Dr. Frederick Starr, Miss Maud Powell, Mrs. Christieson, in a magnificent imported gown; Mrs. A. D. Sharon, in a Paris gown of embroidered white satin; Mrs. James C. Crawford, and many others.

One of the most noticeable guests was the famous mind reader and psychologist, Dr. McIvor Tyndall and wife, just returned from a trip to Honolulu. The home of the Tyndalls is in London, but it is hoped the Dr. will remain here long enough to give more lectures in his own especial branch of inquiry.

Mrs. Wilcox, who is touring the State with her husband, is to be exten-



MRS. GEO. W. BUNNELL.



MRS. E. J. COTTON.



THE OPENING OF : RI





ING IN CALIFORNIA



The Most Original Cooking

BY MADAME DE LA VERITA.

Baked Apple Pudding—Half a pound of pulp of apples, half a pound of loaf sugar, four ounces of butter, the rind of a lemon, four eggs, puff paste. Pear, core and cut up the apples, then put in a stew pan with only sufficient water to prevent them from burning and let them stew up slowly until reduced to a pulp. Weigh the pulp and to every pound add half a pound of sugar, the grated rinds of a lemon and four well beaten eggs. Beat these well together, then melt the butter and stir it in with the other ingredients. Put a border of puff paste around a pie dish, pour in the mixture and bake for rather more than half an hour.

Chestnut Pudding—One pound of chestnuts, one pint of milk, quarter of a pound of sugar, two eggs and vanilla. Cut the chestnuts half through but do not divide them; pour them in a saucepan of boiling water and let them boil for twenty minutes. Drain and peel them, pass them through a smasher, and add the milk and sugar. Mix all together over the fire until boiling point is reached, then add the eggs well beaten up and a little milk. Stir them well in it, but do not let them boil; take off the fire, add the vanilla and stir well. Put in a glass dish and serve warm or cold.

Apple Custard—Pare and core four good sized apples, steam till tender, press through a collander, and while hot add a tablespoon of butter, the yolks of four eggs, four tablespoons of sugar and a cup of milk. Turn into little tin moulds and bake for twenty minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, slightly sweeten and heap over the top of molds. Dust thickly with powdered sugar, brown quickly in the oven. Serve cold.

Marmalade Pudding—One-half ounce of butter, one egg, half a teacup of milk, one teacup of flour, half a cup of white sugar, half teaspoon of baking powder, one tablespoon of marmalade. Butter a mold and lay in the bottom of it the marmalade. Pour in the mixture and steam for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with sauce.

Egg and Tomato in Aspic—Hard boil the eggs you wish to use and plunge in cold water. Stew four large tomatoes, put them through a potato masher and then rub them through a sieve. Mix this pure into half a pint of liquid but rather stiff, aspic jelly and color with a few drops of carmine. Cut the eggs in half, remove the yolks and pound with butter, pepper, salt, cayenne, chop parsley and a little curry paste, fill the whites of egg with this mixture; line a mold with the jelly, arrange the half eggs in it and if you have it, a little white chicken meat. Finish off the mold with the jelly and set. Arrange the eggs so that the yolks show.

Orange and Banana Compote—Take six rather unripe bananas, make a syrup of one cup of sugar and half a cupful of water. Flavor with whole cloves and a one inch stick of cinnamon. Boil

for eight minutes without stirring. Add the bananas and simmer until they begin to clear. Put in the strained juice of two oranges, half a glass of sherry and the juice of half a lemon. Remove the spices. Cut rounds of sponge cake, hollow out the centers to form a cup and fill with the compote. Serve with whipped cream.

Pear Trifle—Peel, core and cut into dice some ripe pears. Cook in a little rich sugar syrup until clear and tender. Line the bottom of a deep glass dish with slices of stale sponge cake, pour over a thick layer of the pears, cover with another layer of the sponge cake and the remainder of the pears. The dish should be two-thirds full. Just before serving, pile with cream over all. Scatter over chopped pistachio nuts.

Stewed Veal Cutlets—Cut part of the neck into cutlets. Shorten them and fry them a nice brown color, then stew them in some good gravy. Thicken with a little flour until tender; then add some catsup, cayenne, salt, a few truffles and pickled mushrooms. Force meat balls are a great improvement.

Boiled Spanish Onions—Skin the onion nicely and put it for five minutes into boiling salted water. Take it out and throw away the water. Wash the onion in a little cold water, and put it on again in plenty of boiling salted water to boil about one hour or longer, according to size. The water it is boiled in may now be poured into the stock pot and is as good for flavoring it as fresh onions. Mix two teaspoonsful of flour smoothly with one teacup of milk, a little pepper and salt. Stir till it boils and pour over the onions.

Salmon a la Lyons—This receipt, although apparently simple, makes a delicious dish. Take a pound can of salmon, remove bones and place in a stew pan, adding a pint of milk and bring to a boil. Add butter the size of an egg and salt to taste, after which roll two or three soda crackers to a fine powder and add just before taking to the table.

Ham Toast—This is a nice breakfast dish. Melt in a stew pan a small piece of butter. Put in as much finely minced ham as will cover a large brown or buttered toast, and add as much gravy as will make it moist. When quite hot, stir in quickly with a fork one egg, place the mixture over the toast, which is cut in pieces of a three cornered shape.

Stewed Celery and Egg Sauce—This is perhaps one of the nicest ways of cooking this valuable vegetable. Take the heart of a head of celery, trim and wash it well, put it in a pan with milk and water in equal proportions and a little salt, boil gently till quite soft, then drain off the liquid, make some long, finger shaped pieces of hot buttered toast, arrange some pieces of celery neatly on them and pour over some good egg sauce. Sprinkle over all a little chopped parsley.

Recipes by Mrs. Janet M. Hill.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Make a Béchamel sauce of one cup of chicken liquor, half a cup of cream, one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, salt and pepper and a scant teaspoonful of KITCHEN BOUQUET; add a beaten egg and one pint of chopped chicken; a few chopped mushrooms or almonds are an improvement. When the mixture is cool form into pear shape, egg and bread crumb, and fry in deep fat. Serve on a folded napkin or dish paper, inserting a sprig of parsley into the stem of the croquettes.

CREAM SAUCE.—Cook together one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, and add gradually one pint of milk; let simmer ten minutes after all the liquid has been added; season with salt and pepper and add KITCHEN BOUQUET to taste.

LIMA BEANS, HOLLANDAISE STYLE.—Cook the beans until tender, add salt when half cooked (when tender there should be but very little liquid remaining). For a quart of beans beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream, add the yolk of an egg, a tablespoonful of fine chopped parsley, one-fourth a teaspoonful of black pepper, and drop by drop, half a teaspoonful of KITCHEN BOUQUET and half a tablespoonful of lemon juice; when well blended stir into the beans carefully, to avoid crushing them, and serve at once.

Recipes by Miss Emily L. Colling.

BROWN SAUCE.—Add to the pan in which the cannelloni was baked one rounding tablespoonful of flour; rub to a smooth paste; add one cup of soup stock or boiling water; stir a moment and then place on the stove, stir until the sauce bubbles, add a scant half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of KITCHEN BOUQUET, one-half saltspoonful of white pepper and one-half teaspoonful of onion juice. Let it bubble up, and serve at once.

CANNELON OF BEEF.—Two pounds of uncooked beef (round steak is best) chopped fine or put twice through a meat chopper; yolks of three eggs, two level tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four rounding tablespoonfuls of soft bread crumbs, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, the grated yellow rind of one-half of a medium sized lemon, two level teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of celery salt, one teaspoonful of onion juice, mixed with one-half teaspoonful of KITCHEN BOUQUET, one saltspoonful of white pepper. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly, and form into a compact roll. Wrap in one thickness of buttered paper; place in a baking pan and bake for about forty minutes in a quick oven. Baste every five minutes with one-fourth cup of butter melted in one-half cup of boiling water. When done remove the paper and serve with brown sauce.

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WHAT OUR SOCIETY PEOPLE ARE DOING

BY MADAME CHARLANTE.

Notwithstanding the reign of silence usual in society's circles during Lent, many pleasant happenings have broken the monotony and interlarded the sombre shades of the season with bright glimpses of the coming scenes of gaiety and pleasures. One of the most noticeable of these entertainments was Mrs. Fred Hanson's recital before the Century Club on the second instant. Mrs. Hanson displayed much talent as an elocutionist rendering her selections with dramatic force and great sympathy, holding the rapt attention of her audience from the opening to the closing sentence. Mrs. Rodsan, the violinist, and Prof. E. W. Tilson, the accomplished pianist, added a great attraction to the enjoyable evening.

On the 28th of February, one of society's young blossoms, Miss Mamie Costigan, became the bride of Mr. Henry H. Blood. Their ship of life was launched on the matrimonial ocean by the Rev. Dr. Hemphill, and they were attended by Miss Alma Mitchell, cousin of the bride as maid of honor, and Mr. William Ellery as best man. They immediately started on their bridal tour through the Southern part of the State, and upon their return will take up their residence at the California Hotel. Mr. Blood is president of the Sterling Oil Company and senior member of the firm of Blood & Ellery. The young couple held their post-nuptial reception on the first Wednesday in April.

One of the most important approaching society events will be the early anti-lent marriage of our pretty young belle of Louisiana, where lovely girls abound, Miss Laura Werner and Mr. Daniel O'Callaghan of the commission shipping firm of O'Callaghan, Neilson & Co., of this city. The father of the groom elect, Captain James O'Callaghan was one of California's prominent pioneers and second assessor of San Francisco.

One of California society's most interesting even will be the wedding of a popular San Francisco business man, Mr. Ralph Harding, and Miss Helen Maud Little of Holyoke, Mass., which is to take place at the home of the bride's parents on May 6th. They will spend their honeymoon tour in Eastern cities, and will take up their permanent residence in San Francisco about the first of July.

The date of a most appropriate affair—all things being equal, the approaching marriage of Miss Nellie Arndt of Stockton, and Mr. Isadore Mielziner of New York, has not yet been named. But friends rejoice with the young couple in their approaching happiness and wish for them a long and prosperous life.

A very pleasant society event will be the musical recital given by Mrs. Beauford A. Mason at Steinway Hall, April 14th. Professor H. J. Stewart will assist her. Mrs. Mason, who is a society favorite, is a cousin of Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and Miss Ives and a sister of Mrs. Will McLaine. Mrs. Mason has an unusually fine voice but does not aspire to grand opera. The patronesses of the coming invitational recital are: Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. S. G. Buckbee, Mrs. Harry N. Gray, Mrs. E. G. Rodolph, Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mrs. N. D. Rideout, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. L. H. Bryan, Mrs. Chas. Moore, Mrs. George Bates, Mrs. H. C. Watson, Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. P. Hearst.

Perhaps it is not quite in good form to make public any feeling of jealousy or envy, but it is no secret that many less favored ones are pardonably jealous of Miss Dumphy on Washington street. Why? Because she has her beautiful gifted and wealthy young niece, Miss Viola Piercy, as an inmate of her home, the light of her household, and this beautiful young child of fortune is as gifted and versatile as she is lovely. She is highly original too, and is planning some delightful entertainments for a few favorite friends. This one I am permitted to mention, the first of a series to follow, is a charming outing, or picnic party to Mt.

Tamalpais to stay over night and enjoy the beauty of that glorious mountain sunrise. This lovely millionaire can indulge in any golden dream that her fancy may paint. Let us hope this same delicate friend who needs the fresh air and mountain scenery will be made stronger and better by these summer delights.

On Wednesday, March the 18th, one of the prettiest and most memorable weddings for many years took place at the First Congregational Church in this city. That of Miss Mary Gladys Merrill and Henry Sears Bates. The parents, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, issued 2100 invitations, fully two thousand of which were accepted. The church was exquisitely decorated and every feature was in perfect keeping with the youth, beauty and wealth of the happy couple. Rev. Dr. George C. Adams officiated and Albert Bates, brother of the groom, acted as best man. The company was composed largely of the youth of society, few being over twenty years of age. There were enough of the parents, guardians and chaperones to aid force and beau-

those present were: Mrs. Block, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Marcus, Mrs. Frank Symmes, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. William Ashburner, Mrs. Rosalie Kaufman, Mrs. Louis Lissner, Mrs. Marie Norris, Mrs. Fritz King and Mrs. Bessie Ashton.

Miss Edith Gibson of New York City, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bourdette at their country home, "Laurelwood," in Belmont. Miss Gibson's stay in California is indefinite.

The engagement of Miss Rose Breslauer to Mr. Henry Zellerbach has been announced and they gave a pleasant entertainment on the occasion.

An "Easter-hook Tea" is now being planned by the ladies of the Fabiola Hospital Association, to take place on April 3d. Mrs. William Cliff has kindly offered the use of her beautiful home on San Pablo avenue for the occasion, and the spacious apartments will undoubtedly be crowded. As the annual Fabiola tea is one of the notable events of the year, the book, which will be offered at the approaching tea



MRS. JOHN F. MERRILL.

ty to the brilliant scene, in fact every feature was in perfect harmony and keeping.

Mrs. Martin gave a dinner where she entertained a large number of the Catholic clergy. As usual the table was made attractive with spring blossoms.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Warner gave a party in the Palace Hotel celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. Many friends were royally entertained.

At the wedding of Miss Kate Gunn and Mr. Woods, shortly after Lent, the bridal party will include Miss Georgia Lacy, maid of honor, Miss Elizabeth Bener, Miss Gertrude Rithet, Miss Jeannette Hooper, Miss Gran of Canada, Miss Janet Bruce and Miss Helen Woods, a sister of the groom, bridesmaids.

Mrs. Horace Davis gave a pretty luncheon at her home, where a number were hospitably entertained. Among

consists of a hundred and fifty pages of selected verse, culled from the best poets and with especial view of their encouraging and helpful sentiment. There are two styles of binding. One of cloth and delicate color with gold lettering, and the other of ooz leather. The purpose is indicated by the appropriate title, "For Thy Good Cheer" and the volume will make a very dainty Easter gift.

A very enjoyable masquerade party was given to the Misses Irene and Stella Levy, at their residence, 1534 Ellis street, Friday night by their friends. The affair was successful in every way. The merry makers were: Blanche Levy, Edna Jacobs, Irma Jacobs, Camille Rosenberg, Aline Rosenberg, Rosalie Goldstein, Sibyl Goldstein, Jeanette Max, Francis Swain, Nellie Schuman, Arnold Kemp, Julian Kohl, Morton Max, Joseph Moyse, Phillip Silverstein, Wilford Tuska and Faun Tuska.

The Outdoor Art League has done some poppy-planting already this spring around the slopes of Tele-

graph and other hills, and promises to wield a great power for city improvement. To beautify the barren, unsightly school-dooryards is one of its aims, to plant trees and flowers and interest the children in their care also, another desire. A tree may be planted and die for lack of water, but to call the children into helpful care-takers mean saving many of the tender plants. If the ubiquitous tin-can could be banished from vacant lots, and persons brought to see the necessity of burning paper rather than throwing it, literally, to the winds our city would be greatly improved in appearance.

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1432 Laguna St., San Francisco, George Mayerle—Dear Sir: I am so very much pleased with the glasses you made for me that I feel constrained to volunteer my hearty commendation of your work. I have used glasses for forty-five years. During all this period I have never been so well suited. I wish that I had met you years ago. Very truly yours,

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CLUB HAPPENINGS

PAST AND PRESENT.

The Easter hat and gown, with summer outfits, have engrossed most of the club women during the past month, but April is heralded by many delightful affairs, when the Easter costumes will be much in evidence. Among the first of these is the open meeting to be given by the oldest literary club in San Francisco, Laurel Hall Club, at its unique and charming domicile in the Sorosis club-house, on April first. The program begins with piano solos by Miss Stella Schwabacher, followed by a paper, "The Gospel of Simplicity," by Mrs. Louis Weinmann. A violin solo by the noted virtuoso, Oscar Lind, a talk by Mrs. B. O. Carr, entitled "Is the Club Ceasing to Be of Value to Women," and a contralto song, "The Spring has Come," by Miss Xenia Roberts, conclude the afternoon's entertainment, when delicious refreshments are served to the fortunate guests. Laurel Hall has, under the guidance of the President, Mrs. Thos. W. Collins, advanced along new lines during the past year, having inaugurated and successfully carried out section-work as follows: Civic section, under Mrs. W. R. Parnell; French, under Mrs. John Martinson; Mythological, under the leadership of Mrs. O. V. Thayer, and under Mrs. A. B. Evans, the Shakespeare study section. Laurel Hall conforms to the custom of the State Federation this year by holding its election in May, the new officials taking their places after the summer vacation.

The new Papyrus Club, whose object is to develop wit and humor among its members, has already done wonders in that line, for at each meeting ladies with the utmost nonchalance tell funny stories, or jokes, on penalty of a fine for not being prepared, and the gentlemen will no longer monopolize "after-dinner story-telling" in the future.

A society vaudeville is to be given by the Papyrus early in April, when a play written for the occasion is to be produced, and the club quartet composed of Miss Millie Flynn, Mrs. Briggs, Miss Ella McCloskey and Miss Gertrude Wheeler, will sing. The "statue scene" from "Winter's Tale" will be given, also specialties by Miss Jean Logan, Miss Blanche Cameron and the clever Montgomeries. The President, Mrs. W. P. Buckingham, makes this club her pet and protege and the members have caught her own enthusiasm regarding it. Tickets for this affair may be had of the members, and the proceeds of the evening are to go towards a grand piano for the club.

Apropos of other parts of the Union it is gratifying to note that the Denver Woman's Club has raised and expended five thousand dollars for pictures and statuary given to the public schools of that city.

Our representative California woman among clubs, Mrs. Mary Wood Swift, has just been chosen president of the National Council of Women at its meeting in New Orleans.

Mrs. Rob't J. Burdette, first Vice-President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is to be a speaker at the thirty-fifth annual meeting of the oldest club in the Union, Sorosis, at its April date in New York. Mrs. Burdette expects to reach her lovely home in Pasadena the middle of next month.

Miss Annie F. Briggs, the well-known water-colorist, gave a "tea" at the Spinners' Club recently to Mrs. Thornburg Cropper of London, who is soon to return to England.

Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson, of Merrimac fame, will give his famous lecture "The United States as a World Power," at the First Unitarian Church, Oakland, under the auspices of the Ebell Society, Thursday evening, April ninth. Mrs. E. P. Bowles is to have charge of the music at the Ebell April luncheon, and on April 22d Mrs. A. H. Glascock is to be chairman of a "Russian Day" at the same club. Living Writers' day at Ebell was most interesting, with music by Miss Alma Berglund and Mr. John Metcalf, and Charles S. Greene and Jack London for speakers. "The Romancers," a play by Edmond Rostand will be given for the benefit of the Ladies' Relief Society of Oakland at Ebell Hall on Saturday, April fourth, at two o'clock, by the young girls who gave this fascinating drama at the Wellmans' some time since. Admission 50 cents, and tickets to be had of members of the Relief Society.

The Ladies' Relief is to have charge of the candy booth at the May-day fete at Arbor Villa for which all the charities are making elaborate preparations also, and many club women are hoarding dimes to have dollars to spend that eventful day.

At the Woman's Press Association social meeting on March 23d, the paper of the afternoon was on "Physiognomy, or How to Read Faces," by Mrs. Mary O. Stanton. A piano duet by Mrs. Cartwright and Mrs. Leightner, followed by some very interesting recollections of the days when the "water came up to Montgomery street," by Mrs. Leightner, and a poem by Mrs. R. Bushnell Donn Elly, were included in the program, after which refreshments were served.

The Alden Club, branch of the International Sunshine Society, has been doing excellent work all winter in sending Christmas boxes to forgotten children, books and magazines and helpful visits to invalids, succoring the poor and scattering sunshine generally. It is hoped that the Alden girls might entertain Miss Alice Roosevelt, who is a member of the I. S. S., if the President's family accompanied him on his western trip, but a letter received from Washington by Miss Mabel Adams Ayer, the Alden President, informed her that Miss Roosevelt would not be here. An election is on the taps in this club also, and three engagements are announced among the members, who are all society girls.

Rev. Anna Shaw is to be in California during April, visiting and speaking in the Southern part of the State.

The Contemporary Club of San Francisco, Mrs. Florence Kendall, President, devotes half-an-hour at each meeting to parliamentary drill. Papers recently given by members were "Wearing of Bird Plumage," by Mrs. A. V. Brown, the "Juvenile Court Bill" by Mrs. E. H. Moise, and "Was Cecil Rhodes a Benefactor of Humanity," by Mrs. Emma Woodruff.

Mrs. George Law Smith will no doubt have a second term in the California Club, and Miss Mabel Gray also another year as Ebell president. Mrs. Geo. Haight is talked of for Laurel Hall, as the present incumbent, Mrs. Thos. W. Collins, declines to serve again.

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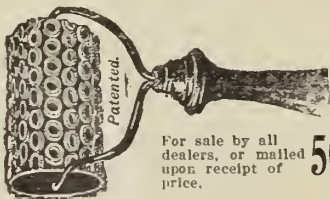
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Miss Katherine Ball, of the California Club, sailed for a three months' visit to Japan the other day, accompanied by Miss Bertha Runkle, author of "The Helmet of Navarre."

Club secretaries will please send their announcements as early as possible to the Club Editor, California Ladies' Magazine. Short papers on club life and other interesting topics will also be published.

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FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF CALIFORNIA

BY MISSES C. AND A. HARRISON

COMPANY.

The time I skip down cellar,
Or up our apple tree,
Or under jes what's handy,
Is when there's company.

It ain't a time fer choosin'!
You bet the coast is clear;
The minute ma commences
A callin', "Eddie, dear!"

They want to hug an' kiss me,
An' ask me if I'm smart;
An' say I favor pa's folks,
An' hless my little heart!

They want to get my reader,
An' make me read a page;
An' tell about what they did
When they was jes my age.

An' say they'd oughter brought me
Some cake or gingersnaps,
An' keep me fer long hours
A sittin' on their laps.

It's suffocatin' hidin'
An' twists yer legs up—gee!
But any sort o' sufferin'
Is better 'n company!

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

By M. E. K.

Aunt Ruth sat thinking. It was only a week before Christmas, and, as yet, no gift had been decided upon for her pet niece, who lived in a distant city. It was hard to know what to give Bessie—she seemed so well supplied with everything a little girl could want for comfort or pleasure. She was such a good child, and so unselfish, that she was a general favorite, and her friends, young and old, were always sending her some pretty trinket, until her own room was a kind of museum of love tokens; every corner was full, her bureau loaded, the table covered, and the walls adorned; in fact, it had almost become a proverb in the family—that "Whatever Bessie wished for always came." Now she was ten years old, had declared herself tired of Christmas trees, and announced that to hang up a stocking for Santa Claus to fill was too childish—she should like to keep Christmas some new way. This was what Aunt Ruth was puzzling over. At last, with a look of relief, she exclaimed, "I have an idea! I know it will please her."

She immediately went to her writing desk, wrote a long letter to Bessie's mamma, and folded into it a crisp bank note.

On Christmas morning Bessie opened her eyes upon a bright silver quarter which lay on her pillow. Beside it was a tiny note. She opened it and read:

"Dear Bessie: I am one of fifteen silver fairies which are to appear to-day, with a Christmas greeting from your Aunt Ruth. Take us all together down to some big store to-morrow, and we will turn into whatever small things you may wish for."

"Oh, how nice!" said Bessie. "What a funny Auntie! always doing something different from other people. I don't quite understand what it all means, but I am glad enough of this bit of spending money, for I hadn't one cent left."

And, wideawake, she jumped out of bed and began pulling on her stockings, when, to her surprise and delight, she found a shining piece of silver in the foot of each. Two of Aunt Ruth's fairies had taken possession of her shoes, another faced her in the wash bowl and a wee one was in the box beside her brush and comb.

These will almost fill my poor, little empty purse, she thought, as she took it from the drawer and touched the spring, but there, right between the red linings, was the biggest fairy that had yet appeared!

Such a merry time as she had dressing that morning! Mamma was called in continually. And how they laughed over every new discovery!

At breakfast she was served first to a small piece of silver coin, another of the same size shone in the bottom of the glass of water, Bridget brought her. It was really enchanting—quite like the story of Midas she had just been reading, only whatever he touched turned into gold. She wondered if the chicken, potatoes and rolls would turn into silver when she tasted them, but, no! Though she looked very suspiciously at everything on the table not another fairy showed itself.

How many times that morning she counted her ten silver fairies, I can-

not tell. But what fun she had hunting after the other five, upstairs and down stairs, from attic to cellar, under rugs, in work-baskets and in every conceivable place! Searching was all in vain, however; fairy number eleven did not appear until dinner time, when it flew out, most unexpectedly, as Bessie was unrolling her napkin, and its silver mate lay temptingly among the nuts, when dessert was brought in.

Bessie spent a happy afternoon sitting in the midst of her many presents, and planning how to spend her little fortune. Some of her fairy pieces should turn into a pair of warm mittens for poor Johnnie Davis; many times it made her heart ache as she watched him trying to shovel snow with such red hands. She would carry

treasures to put on her wrappings and felt in the pocket of her coat for her gloves. They were missing, but there she found a fairy, and another came sticking out from the bow of her hat in a most comical fashion.

That night, at supper, a little cake was placed before Bessie's plate, and fairy fourteen came near being eaten, but peeped into sight just in time to be saved from such a fate. How pleasantly and quickly the evening passed. All the new things had to be looked at and admired over again. But bed time came at last and there lay quietly on the snowy pillow the last of Aunt Ruth's fairies!

When she was undressing mamma explained all the mysteries of the day by reading her Aunt Ruth's letter in

JINGLES.

There was a small boy, with a toot
Whom the neighbors all threatened to shoot,
But the toot next day,
Was filled full of clay,
Which stopped all the toot of the toot.

Old Bob, young Bob,
Little Bob and big;
Molly Bob and Polly Bob,
And Polly Bobby's pig.
All went for a drive one day,
And strange as it may seem,
They drove six miles and hack again,
And never hurt the team.

The man in the moon who sails in the skies,
Is the most courageous skipper;
But he had made a mistake
When he tried to take
A drink of milk from the dipper.

He dipped it into the Milky Way,
And slowly, cautiously, filled it,
But the Little Bear growled,
And the Great Bear howled,
And frightened him so he spilled it.

SALLY SALISBURY'S PIES.

Well, it was in the winter and a cold day. So after Sally had allowed my plea to sit beside the kitchen fire rather than the chilly ceremony of the fore-room with its sputtering blaze, she proposed a mug of mulled cider and a cut of mince-pie, to which I graciously consented, and watched with satisfaction as the cider was set to warm in a copper saucepan bright as gold, and the tin baker pushed up to receive the pie; but presently Sally, who had been to the pantry, returned with a look of perplexity, and a pie in either hand.

"Parson," says she, "you know most everything, and maybe you can help me out in this. 'Twas only yesterday I baked both mince and apple pies, and keyed all the edges so tight to keep in the juice that there's no peeping at their in'ards; then by way of head-mark I cut in the middle of every mince pie 't. m.' which stands for 'tis mince,' and on every apple pie set 't. m.' to signify 'tis n't mince,' and now I can't tell 't'other from which, and I'm sure I don't see why." JANE AUSTIN.

RIDDLE-BOX.

RIDDLE.

My first two letters mean a man;
My first three mean a woman;
My first four a brave man;
My whole word a brave woman.

CHARADE.

Tommy was eating my first, when his sister, whose name was my second, called him and sent him to a neighbor's to borrow my whole, which she used to season her apple-pie. M.

PI.

Steven ear lony dewing thuslets ciwhh fyl form noe dles fo het mool fo file ot het throe, eribang het namy coolder hardset tou fo hihwc het catfir fo rou treachrac si dame. AUNT SUE.

EASY DIAMOND.

1.—In milometer. 2.—A young boy. 3.—A language used by the ancients. 4.—To delve. 5.—In milometer.

FAYE NEIL.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in mend, but not in tear;
My second is in tune, but not in air;
My third is in silver, but not in gold;
My fourth is in valiant, but not in bold;
My fifth is in jacket, but not in vest;
My whole make merry, and soothes to rest. DYCIE.

(Answer to puzzles in next number.)



A TYPICAL NATIVE DAUGHTER OF CALIFORNIA.

a basket full of fairy cakes, frosted with pink and white sugar, to old colored Susan (she had overheard her telling the cook that it was a long time since she had tasted anything nice); she would change her biggest fairy into a pretty doll for that distressed-looking cripple girl who lived around in the alley, and would carry out many other plans of the same sort.

But mamma was calling her to get ready for a walk, and rather reluctantly she turned away from her new

which full directions had been given. Then she told how busy she had been hiding the coins, as Auntie had suggested, and how successfully she had escaped being caught.

"Well, mamma, it's the merriest Christmas day I ever knew! I like all my presents very much but I think I have enjoyed my fairies the most. I know what I shall do tomorrow. Some other people shall see fairies too."

So, many sad hearts were made glad next day, and the whole year, by Aunt Ruth's Christmas fairies.

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THE LATEST SPRING FASHION NOTES

BY CATHERINE TALBOT.

PARIS, March 10.—Socially speaking, nowadays we are women without a country, for the functions which affect the mondaine in great lands like England, America and France react upon each other. This international feeling is having full sway here in Paris, where we have been almost as excited over the durbar as the English themselves, and the reflex action is felt in the number of costume dances which have cropped up modeled upon the very elaborate affair given by the Curzons in India. No doubt in America you are tripping the light fantastic en costume as enthusiastically as the Parisienne. The women here invite their particular friends to meet at one another's houses and listen to a costume talk given by an authority on the subject, who also illustrates the little lecture with historically correct pictures.

Of course my lady goes to a great couturier, and he selects the proper gown, but the fad just at present is to be able to talk as one having authority; consequently she must be posted as to the different periods which have decidedly influenced styles. We are almost of one mind concerning the becomingness and beauty of gowns worn during the Louis reigns. The majority of women look their best in a pal poude costume. Another very attractive consideration for choosing a Louis period gown is that if we go to a fancy dance as a lady of the French court we shall be able to use our brocade afterward.

Some of these brocades are very beautiful, especially the gold and white ones. If you get a thick silk, the skirt hardly requires lining when arranged in full folds or gathered from the waist. The wise woman who adopts a frock of the Louis XV. style will take advantage of the coy ringlet at the back of her coiffure, which should fall prettily on the neck. But she must not favor this sweet conceit unless the hair is well coiffured in a distinctly French fashion. A promiscuous curl hanging from lank locks dragged back from the face is ludicrous.

A regal costume, if one cares to be so magnificent, is the dress represent-

ing the Indian empire. The skirt is of chiffon of a lovely color known as rose fragonard, trimmed with roses and foliage. The foundation of the gown is of gold tissue, over which the exquisite pink chiffon permits the glitter of precious metal to be seen. The bodice and transparent skirt are trimmed with long vandykes of white satin ornamented with pearls and small elephants. A dark green velvet, bolero displays a decoration of gold elephants in relief, and the velvet is draped across the bust with pearls, showing the crown of England in diamonds and the shield in enamel. The turbanlike head dress is composed of green and white satin interblended with Indian ornaments, and the aigret is a bird of paradise plume. The day has gone by when one is content to represent little Bopeep or a peasant girl, and we must now be stately and elegant, classical and severe.

We may talk as we will of the superiority of mind over millinery, but there are occasions when to find ones self ill equipped or wrongly equipped is a matter of positive torment. And the matter is less one of extravagance than of thrifty forethought. It is often not so much a case of new and costly garments as of a sufficient variety of items which lead to success in this direction and of those little touches which make for variation the dexterous details of which can be added when required to give the superlative touch of smartness to a single gown. Nothing will achieve this result so quickly as a new hat.

Some of the demiseason affairs are really works of art. Hats and toques made for restaurant dinners have rarely been shown to better advantage than now. The principal feature seen in these creations is the combination of white tulle and illusion with silver and gold lace adorned with plumes and flowers. This light trimming composes broad toques and large picture hats.

Of many of the smaller affairs holly is extremely popular. It is seen to advantage when composing a crown of a long haired, broad brimmed hat with sprays of the shaded green leaves and red berries placed cunningly beneath



PRETTY COSTUME FOR RECEPTION WEAR.

Heavy tucking is the chief feature of this attractive and dressy suit of liberty satin. The skirt is unadorned save for the tucking, but the waist is trimmed with a broad collar of lace, with medallions of the same adorning the front, and with collar and cuffs of a similar nature. The belt is of black velvet, caught with a fancy buckle.

the brim on either side of the hair. Large picture hats entirely covered with gathered or platted white tulle and chenille work are artistically arranged with garlands of roses, lilies or violets as broad wreaths of flowers outlining the brims. Others display sweeping ostrich or amaze feathers falling from large pearl or ornamental buttons. These cabochons are quite as much worn as ever. They come in all sorts of shades and devices, but the newest are the green enameled varieties.

Draperies of lace still find favor, but preference seems to be shown to the large plume trimmed hats having the one end of platted tulle or mousseline falling down behind and encircling the neck, fastening in front with a long slide pin. This is a mighty fetching fashion, as tulle near the face is the most becoming thing on earth. There is a bewildering array of novelties in millinery even at this late day. Possibly the most startling is the vegetables. We have been educated up to fruits and nuts made of velvet, but radishes and carrots are now not disdained.

Making a market garden of one's head is not a pleasant prospect and

the eternal fitness of things is a little out of gear when a thing so very out of is demanded. It is charming to hear that we may wear pink and white camellias on our fur hats and toques. They are the rage and will continue the favorite form of decoration for some time to come.

The style of the moment is a large turban made of jet or flowers, and the prettiest combinations may be arranged with these. In jet, the hat must be all black or with just a drape of white tulle and either a black or white aigret or a couple of camellias and leaves. The flower turban lends itself to prettier ideas. A very smart hat is made with the brim of white velvet violets in a snowy compact mass. The crown is a plateau of parma violets, with a bunch of the same flowers falling on the hair. This modest little violet seems to have found its way straight to the heart of every woman never to leave its resting place, for try to supersede it by some other gaudier blossom as we will, in a little while we come back with renewed affection to our first love.

Poplin is a material which is coming once more into vogue for afternoon toilets. I have seen a lovely blue made



STYLISH EASTER BONNET.

THE LATEST SPRING FASHION NOTES

BY CATHERINE TALBOT.



MODISH GOWN OF SOFT SILK.

This pretty frock is of Nile-green silk, worked up attractively in self material, being applied with self-bands, self-buttons, bow effects, and other ornamentations. The style of band trimming on the skirt is particularly effective and original. The white chiffon hat is trimmed on crown with black and white batiste applique.

for gala day occasions. The skirt, tunic shaped, was formed of two plaited flounces, which at the outset were fitted close, but farther down the skirt flared out unconfined. The pouched bodice was also plaited with a vest of white lisse embroidered with blue motifs outlined by silver threads. The fronts were turned back and terminated in fringed ends down through a neat shaped belt of dull white kid embroidered with torquises and gold thread. The pouf sleeves had a wrist-band of the embroidered lisse. This gown when worn with a tricorne hat of pale blue zibeline felt with a cluster of the new white sparrows and cockade rosettes of blue panne makes an exquisite ensemble. If the weather permits, the addition of a stole and muff of petit gris softened with old lace is stunning.

Many of the social leaders adopted the fad of inviting a group of friends to dine en restaurant, followed by an invitation to the opera or theater, instead of the small dinner given at home. The toilets for these little affairs are of interest to Americans, as I hear they have adopted this mode of entertaining as their own. Two ap-

propriate gowns of this sort were recently turned out by Doucet for patrons going to the Riviera. The first is of eau de nil liberty satin studded with single strass stones. The corsage, having a habit basque, was trimmed with fan plaits of dark green velvet on the shoulders, while straps of velvet and miniature buttons ornamented the arm. Black and cream guipure formed a flounced train behind, producing a singularly original effect.

The other gown had a skirt of rose mousseline velour plaited on either side of a rose tablier trimmed with fringed taffeta ruchings. A novel arrangement of the lace on the corsage is cape fashion over the shoulder was shashed by bands of rose velvet jeweled with colored gems. Narrow black ribbon velvet appeared to catch the lace together in front of the décolletage.

Chiffon, lace and panne muffs and stoles are seen with touches of fur and marabou trimmings. In some muffs there is a little opening well protected by a silk lining for bouquets of real flowers.

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"The above implies the very best in this line that the world now produces, and it is quite unnecessary to go, or, worse still, send abroad for handsome costumes. At the outset let me state, therefore, that I do not import, and while I have access to the latest foreign ideas as incorporated in the dresses imported by our largest dealers, I seldom feel inclined to adopt them to any considerable extent.

"I believe the true gentlewomen of this country aim in their dress to display a certain degree of chaste and artistic elegance—originality. If you please—and such I aspire to furnish. "My success leads to the conclusion that I am in the right groove—one of the surest evidences of which is the large trade I am doing among the very best families of acknowledged taste and refinement in this city and vicinity."

At this time I desire to reiterate the above with an emphasis based on the success of my achievement. During these many years I have neither imported, smuggled, nor palmed off American-made gowns, furnished with belt tapes bearing the names of foreign makers, and yet my products were good enough to grace the inauguration ceremonies and ball, and to be worn exclusively through one administration at the White House.

Naturally I can sell much lower than importers, but my gowns are not cheap—seldom under \$65.00. They are all made with care, almost exclusively by hand, and under my personal supervision in my own sanitary work rooms. The tailors take no work to their homes.

Any desiring further information regarding this important branch of my service are referred to my general circular, which will be sent on request. It gives full information regarding my work, methods, plan of fitting those unable to visit the city and has references from satisfied patrons in every State and Territory.

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THE LATEST FASHION NEWS FROM PARIS

BY CATHERINE TALBOT.

PARIS, March 15.—The midwinter of modistic discontent is made glorious by the wealth of spring gowns which greet one on every side here in Paris. Columbine's and Ritz are crowded with gay and smartly dressed women, most of whom are en route to and from the fashionable winter resorts. These places even along the sunny Riviera are not at their best climatically this year. Still the cold there is a degree warmer than the kind the capital has been furnishing lately.

But to return to our spring styles. Many persons who have never visited the Parisian capital imagine the first French models to be exaggerated and hideous productions, whereas in reality the most beautiful modes in the world are those displayed by the best French couturieres. In this little word "best" lies all the difference between what is and what is not a creation. Take, for instance, the French stage and remember what lovely toilets are seen there. These of necessity are a trifle exaggerated, but are still in exquisite taste. Really, life is not the easy thing for women some people like to make us believe it to be—that is, for the smart leader of fashion who is obliged to hold the mirror of style up to her particular set. A man has no idea of the worry of dress, and worry is not too strong a word. One must be absolutely correct in one's ideas of what to wear on every possible occasion, and this in itself is no easy matter, although it is the secret of a well gowned woman.

We must be sweet and amiable and ready to meet every emergency, to be prepared for afternoon teas, morning walks, motor rides, small dinners and large receptions—in fact, for everything that comes along—and last, but by no means least, we must select all the costumes for these functions. Imagine buying one's summer gown when the snow is on the ground! But unless this is done the opportunity to get the most exclusive designs never comes a second time.

The keynote of fashion now is picturesqueness, and this effect is best carried out in the styles of 1830, with their dropping lines, which are beautiful when well put up and worn by tall, willowy femininity. Of late our manner of dressing has changed. We no

longer consider it necessary to wear one particular material at one season of the year only. We wear nowadays exactly what suits us—mousseline de soie, lace, embroidered net and crape, if it be our pleasure—from January to December. The times are past when velvets and dark cloths were essential in winter.

The tailor gown has changed somewhat this spring. It is less severe and more elaborate. Millady now has becoming vests and jabots to wear with this all round serviceable costume, in which she is mighty apt to look her prettiest.

Invisible stripes and checks in self colors are favorite materials for these frocks, which are built with skirts of the seven, nine or even thirteen gored variety. They drag just enough to catch all the dirt, but are called short skirts. The coats are blouse affairs, in most instances, elaborately trimmed in a horizontal fashion. Most of the skirts are made with a drop skirt of silk, the fluffiness around the bottom of these "drops" giving the requisite flare.

Most of the separate coats are of the Chinese and Japanese order of things—that is to say, loose, with long shoulder, or arm and shoulder cut practically in one. These are trimmed in lace and embroidery. The same style of coat is very effective in Irish lace and is often lined with cloth or, for evening wear, with satin and chiffon.

I have told you before that white and cream shades as well as pale tones will be the rage for the Riviera and the early spring and summer Parisian frocks. Blue of the pastel tones will have a great run of popularity. A stunning model seen of this pastel shade had a plain, rather long skirt with a reminiscence of the bodice at the bottom of the skirt. The pastel blue was relieved with a touch of black and the addition of double capes upon the shoulders, covered with innumerable rows of stitching. The bodice at the back was made with wide tucks from shoulder to shoulder, falling squarely over a black chenille band. The front was charmingly arranged with chenille spots of black and white



WALKING SUIT OF CHEVIOT.

The striking feature of this suit consists in the velvet collar and tabs in self-color which adorn it. These, however, are relieved by white binding and large white velvet polka dots. Down the front is a narrow fancy plait of silk.

over a loose chemisette of guipure just visible beneath the blue.

In white cloth gowns a delightful harmony of tinted cords and lace inserted in the material in a conventional design makes a grateful change from the stitched skirt with gathered hips in one tone.

Apropos of gathers, nearly all the skirts of soft fabric are hung in this way. The heavier materials have a shaped piece about the hips, from which fall kilts or flat plaits.

Foulards will also form part of our wardrobe this spring, the smaller and daintier designs being more fashionable—crescents, dots and tiny circles and inconspicuous scroll patterns. A white ground foulard covered with a pink scroll is charming with skirt and bodice decorated with pale pink comet velvet in a diamond pattern, with here and there medallions of guipure. Another combination equally as attractive was a frock constructed of china blue silk having an arabesque design trimmed with filet lace and transparent tucked mousseline de soie.

As the days get warmer we will see a great deal of alpaca and serge. These

fabrics will be a relief after the zibelines and face cloths we have been wearing during the winter. Nothing is nicer for traveling than a gown of alpaca made in the inevitable shirt waist style, with possibly a collar of English embroidery by way of variety.

Some of the linen gowns are works of art, with their wealth of lace and embroideries. Many of the sheerest kinds have an underlining of chiffon, which, by the way, when of the washable sort will be much used for summer dresses. Laces of all kinds are employed on the linen creations, as they are in everything in the sartorial world. Antique lace has come to the fore as the newest trimming for these deceptively simple costumes.

Speaking of laces, you must have remarked that, while this texture is almost universally becoming, some women are meant to wear bold patterned laces and others only look well in the delicate designs of the net and spotty order. It is quite worth one's while to study one's specialty in this line, as nothing is more durable and useful than a lace dress, especially a black one.

When made with long sleeves and a gulmpie, it will do duty beautifully



STREET GOWNS FOR EARLY SPRING.

THE LATEST FASHION NEWS FROM PARIS

BY CATHERINE TALBOT.

both for evening and day wear. This reminds me of many incongruous gowns one sees at restaurants in Paris worn by women not familiar with continental customs. Evening dress—that is, the kind considered de rigueur for smart functions, and, of course, décolleté—are never worn in a public dining room by the woman who knows. The neck and arms of the socially elect are covered ostensibly, the veiling only half concealing the charms of arms and neck. There is a great feeling for red, not only for tea gowns, but in day and evening dresses. This is a passing fancy. I am quite sure, as red is such an energetic color to wear in summer, except at the sea, where it is always good in tone.

Cardinal red doeskin evening shoes are being made to wear with the red frocks. Such shoes made up with stitched bands are dainty and show the foot off to advantage. We have been accustomed to shoes covered with stitched bands, but now they have been greatly improved upon. Instead of being carried across the foot they start in a point from the toe, forming a series of chevrons down the foot. A charming example is a white shoe with red bands and a pretty, large sized buckle on the instep at the base of the flap, where it mingles with lace. It is the shoe of the grande dame.

Regarding evening dress, which will blossom forth with renewed vigor after Easter, I should say that chiffon is more popular than ever, while oriental satin is tremendously used. Some of the most beautiful confections for evening wear are made in four or five different tones of one color.

A stunning frock for a brunette was fashioned of yellow chiffon, ranging from pale primrose to flame color. Palest shrimp pink to flaring coral is another daring combination. Vivid blues toned down by veilings of white or mauve, to my mind, are daintier and more refined. Many of these chiffon frocks, particularly if they are destined to be worn at balls, are trimmed with chiffon roses of shades to match the costume.

A soft taffeta lends itself admirably to the new gathered skirts, and when softened about the bodice with quanti-

ties of chiffon and lace is quite as becoming and more lasting than the perishable chiffon. I will tell you where there is a great change coming, and that is in the matter of headgear. There is a perfect craze in Paris to bring in a very tiny toque. Fine chip is the favorite fabric for these affairs, although coarse straw will be used as well.

We are devoutly thankful to say that the ridiculous streamers and curtains which suggested flying machines and all sorts of absurdities are disappearing. If rumor speaks truly as to what is before us in the hat lines, our choice will lie between two extremes—those with the high jam pot crowns and the flat shape after the Dolly Varden order. A pretty model shows the tall crown encircled with two bands of black velvet, clasped with a steel buckle. It is raised off the head on one side with a becoming curve and ornamented by a panache of ostrich feathers, drooping toward the back.

Rejane has been figuring in quite another kind of hat with a tricorn effect, but instead of wearing it over the face she places the tricorn well on the back of the head, allowing the hair to show around the face. Gorgeous ornaments and buckles will be lavishly used on millinery, also cords and tassels. A network of chenille over white tulle or chiffon is a favorite combination trimmed with wing, birds or Paradise plumes. Many of the coarse makes of straw have tiny layers of flower petals in between. Of course we will not be wearing these airy confections for some weeks to come, and the hat immediately before us is the floral toque, which regularly appears as a forerunner of spring and summer.

Some of the newest evening skirts are set into a close yoke, which is powdered with lace motifs or covered entirely with lace.

One very handsome model of primrose satin orientale had a hip yoke of white luxueil lace and long stripes of the lace running down the skirt from the yoke, the bodice being treated in the same fashion and finished with a bertha of lace.



A TYPE OF THE 1903 WAIST.

The light and airy chiffon is one of the prettiest waists that can be imagined. This effect is tucked in small tucks about three-quarters of an inch apart, and is applied with large, round, lace medallions, and has pearl buttons down the front.

The short loose bolero which reveals the waist is quite the style in Paris and Vienna, and this style is infinitely more distinguished than the belted blouse in Russian style and looks more suitable for outdoor wear.

Gray is to be much worn this spring, and there is a fancy for costumes all of one color.

Single artificial flowers are used to border flounces or outline the décolletage, and chiffon roses or lisse poppies made by the dressmaker are applied on to lisse and satin gowns.

The fine gossamer net generally

known as tulle is less fragile than it appears and acquires a cloudy appearance when mounted on one or two layers of chiffon over a foundation of satin. Contrasts in color are much affected, and dark velvet pansies are set on a pale pink or blue gown, or clusters of purple lilac or iris on a pale green.

The little sack boleros of lace or net, which are known as coffee coats, are extremely dainty and pretty for evening wear and are invariably made transparent to admit of variation when worn with different blouses.





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LESSONS IN EMBROIDERY WORK

BY MRS. V. A. JUNG.

Our reason for presenting the "Moss Rose," as a study for Color Studies is that amongst the very numerous embroiderers, there are comparatively few who comprehend the distinctive features of the study—that is, the moss upon the calyx and stem.

The paramount object of this lesson is to describe this feature as thoroughly as it can be done. The exact colorings used are as follows:

Rose.	
No. 1—1334x	No. 5—1801
2—1335	6—1802
3—1335½	7—1803
4—1336	8—1804
With	
No. 3a—1750	No. 6a—1753
4a—1751	7a—1754
5a—1752	
Foliage Line C.	
No. 1—1780	No. 4—1783
2—1781	5—1841
3—1782	6—1842
Line D.	
No. 1—1468	No. 5—1471½
2—1469	6—1471x
3—1470	7—1841
4—1471	8—1842
Line E.	
No. 1—1740	No. 4—1743
2—1741	5—1744
3—1742	
Moss Proper.	
No. 1b—1811	No. 4b—1814
2b—1812	5b—1884
3b—1813	6b—1795

Every color is marked with its number, and every "line" has its own letter, so if you will carefully take one thing at a time, you cannot fail to make an exact reproduction of the color plate.

You will notice I have used two lines of shadow-tone in my rose petals, the one marked from 1 to 8, the other from 3a to 7a, and I have endeavored to make it as simple as possible, in the way I have marked the silk.

The wavy line on each petal denotes how far the first shade is to run, and the "direction" that color, in that particular petal, is to take; then make every other color follow that first given direction and you will have a perfect petal, and at last a perfect rose, without the awful sameness that comes from running colors "straight across" or "around" your leaf. Make all your rose petals first, and I think I have so marked them that you will have no trouble. Next the foliage.

There are three lines of green given—C, E, D. Line C for leaves in shadow, and "middle tones," line D for leaves in extreme "high light" and to produce a "combination color" between the stems and line C "foliage," and line E for the under side of foliage. When you have the silks on hand would advise your using a little of 1880 to 1884 on leaves marked E on the lower part of the stem. It gives an artistic touch, and relieves the "sameness" of "gray greens."

To make it as easy as possible for all those trying to climb "shadow tone hill," I have marked every leaf with the "line number" to be used in the same, also sectional marking of different leaves, where it not only denotes the direction of stitch, but also the way I shade in rose foliage.

Next, the all-important part—stems and moss.

First, beginning with the half-open rose, and using line D, thread up No. 2 and begin with the sepal in the lower right-hand side, using No. 2 and No. 3. Take stitches three-eighths inch or longer and it is unnecessary to do the work very fine, as the irregularity of stitch will help out the moss effect, but be sure and keep a perfect slant. Then, also note serrated edge of the sepal. A great many make the mistake of working out the little saw-teeth just as stamped. Work in this way, running your stitches out beyond the stiff line of stamping. Then take sepal No. 2, and proceed as directed for No. 1, and be sure and run your stitches up irregularly over the rose petal so as to produce as sketchy an effect as possible. Continue as above directed for balance of calyx and stem.

This work forms the underlying portion of your moss, and is done in the 1468 greens, so as to give the yellowish color to your moss. Now, having come to this point, begins the trying part of your moss-rose, and which though seemingly very carelessly done has a certain "method in its madness."

Take line 1811, thread up a one-half thread split of each shade. Then taking shade 1b begin at the point of sepal I at the same place where we began with line D. Having fastened your thread, twist it until it is firm, and begin putting in your moss not only on the edges but all over the top of stem, or part you are trying to cover, making your stitches run riot in all and every direction, and in no case parallel your foundation stitch but over, across, between and every way.

The tendency of all my pupils has been to make these stitches come parallel with those they are working over. This causes your little split thread stitches to disappear and in place of the mossy effect you will have a smooth glassy surface. So much for the stitch. Use 1b all over parts marked with No. 2; 2b all over parts where Nos. 3 and 4 have been marked under, and so on, growing darker with your olives as your calyx grows richer green. But do not stint on the stitches; when you think you have enough, rest awhile, and put in a few hundred more, always remembering to keep your thread well twisted. It will take more of the little "whiskers" but they will fairly prick.

The 1468 line for foundation with the 1811 line worked over it, gives a greenish yellow cast to your moss. To give it the reddish tone and produce the gummy effect, thread up a split thread of 5b and tip off your little moss stitches here and there in this fashion, using 5b for this purpose on your right hand, or lighted side, and 6b on the shadow side.

But be very careful as to the quantity you use. My aim is to give a reddish cast to your moss, and not to make a red stem, and a very little goes a great way. When putting in the 1811 line it seems you never will get enough on, but with the reds, the contrary is the trouble. Returning to the leaves,



MOSS ROSE—SHOWING COLOR PLATE.

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LESSONS IN EMBROIDERY WORK

BY MRS V. A. JUNG.

would call your attention to the way they are marked; for example, 5 and 1 on one side of the leaf and 6 to 2 on the other. This means to begin your wedge with No. 5 and shade out to No. 1 on the edge, etc.

In conclusion: I have endeavored to write this study up just as I talk it and explain it to my pupils. It seems very plain to me and I sincerely hope that those who try it will find it so; but study, girls, study, with all your heart and soul and not only your mind. It will be reflected in your work and you will have a piece of needle-work that will appeal to all who view it, and not a piece of linen, stamped and covered with silk stitches.

WASHING EMBROIDERIES.

"How to wash embroidered articles," is a question quite as important as "How to embroider," because the finest work may be utterly ruined in the cleaning and ironing process.

Some ladies wash the article in cold water without soap, and then iron it dripping wet with a red hot iron and wonder why the silk "runs" all over the white linen background, not realizing that the hot steam generated by the iron produces a chemical change in some of the dyes that was never intended to take place in wash silks.

All good silks are "boiled off" in a very strong solution of soap before they leave the manufacturer's hands. Therefore, if pure soap, such as Ivory, is used, no harm can result from a thorough washing in strong soap suds, moderately hot. The rinsing should be done in water of the same temperature.

The article should not be immediately ironed, but should be rolled tightly in a towel, the rolling must be done so as to bring a fold of the towel between each roll of the article. Cover the ironing board with a pad made by folding a woolen blanket several times, over this stretch tight and firm a clean white cloth; unroll the article to be ironed from the towel, shake it thoroughly and place right side down on the ironing board. Now with a medium hot iron go over the surface rapidly until perfectly dry. A good make of silk will be more lustrous after washing than before.

A CHOICE COMBINATION DESIGN —NARCISUS AND PANSY.

An exceedingly graceful arrangement of a combination of a few pansies with Narcissus.

No. 280—Color numbers: 1299x, 1292, 1300, 1300½, 1301, 1302, 1303x for the pansy; Narcissus 1258½, 1259½, 1260, 1261 and 1262; 1526 for the cup of the Narcissus; 1414 to 1419 for the foliage of the pansy; 1373x, 1373½, 1374½, 1375½, 1376, foliage for the Narcissus.

The pansies were held purple and gold; gold and purple; and the Narcissus the delicate yellows with the thread of reddish gold, to bring out the cup of the flower.

The French knots in the border were made with a thread of yellow and purple, giving the iridescent effect.



MOSS ROSE - SHOWING SLANT OF STITCH.

OF INTEREST TO TEACHERS

There are hundreds of embroidery teachers now earning good incomes who never charge a cent for lessons, depending for their profits on material sold to the classes, and on the large number of customers secured by this means. The wise teacher will so far as possible instruct along general lines, inculcating a thorough knowledge of the rules governing modeling, light and shade, so that the pupils will be able to work alone, after the lessons are finished. Such pupils become good paying customers always, and a teacher having a class of 50 or 60 pupils so taught will find her sales to them most

satisfactory and profitable, indeed she may find herself independent of other trade.

The teacher who wishes to reap a harvest on free lessons during the season at resorts should have a fine line of pillows for displays, using jewels and spangles freely; introduce the couching of full skeins of silk and gold thread; free lessons on this work will bring large returns. A pillow stretched on a standing frame and partly worked, is a great incentive to a prospective buyer, because any point she expresses doubt of her ability to work can easily be shown her on this unfinished pillow. Then, too, in the sale of jeweled pillows little competition will be met.

THE LIGHTNING NEEDLE.

One of the most important items in the needle woman's list of materials and implements is the needle. There is a great difference in needles, and much of the worker's ease and comfort is affected and effected by this little instrument. For carrying silk thread of any kind the eye of the needle must be perfectly smooth—hand polished in fact—the point must be perfectly tapered, and the needle so tempered as to break before bending. There is only one needle on the market that combines these qualities—the Lightning. The only needle that approached it in any way had one fatal defect—the eye being long and narrow, ended in a sharp point at the lower end; into this little slit the thread was constantly getting tangled and ruined. Until the Lightning Needle was imported this vexation had to be endured. The new needle is a boon indeed. All who use it pronounce it "the perfect needle." The eye is hand polished, the needle tempered to the finest point, and there is no narrow rough slit in the eye for the thread to snarl in. With a "Lightning Needle" the finest silk thread can be used to the last inch of its length. This needle is sold by the dry goods trade in almost every town. If you cannot procure them from your dealer, write to Carlson Currier Co, 6 and 8 Sutter street, San Francisco.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SHADING A FEW POPULAR FLOWERS.

Autumn Leaves. Terra Cottas—Nos. 1253x, 1254, 1255, 1257, Browns—1293½, 1294, 1295, 1297, Yellow and Orange—1258½, 1260, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1268, 1269, Dull Olives—1212½, 1214, 1216, 1217, Bright Olives—1247½, 1248, 1250, 1252, Brilliant Reds—1203, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1209, 1211, Bronzes—1304½, 1305, 1305½, 1306, 1307½, Golden Browns—1346½, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1350, 1352, Tans—1561, 1563, 1565.

Any variety of autumn leaf may be imitated from the above colorings. It is always desirable to work from a natural leaf where possible, and many ladies preserve specimens in the fall for future reference. If carefully pressed they will preserve all their brilliance of colorings. 1464, 1466, 1434, 1260, Foliage—1467, 1468.

Apple Blossoms. Nos. 1201, 1287x, 1462, 1318x, Stems—1564, 1566, Centers—1260, 1470, 1471, Tip with 1323½, 1325, 1326, 1347½.

Asters. Purple—Nos. 1202, 1283x, 1284, 1285, White and Pink—1201, 1391, 1392, 1394, 1396, Red—1464, 1466, 1434, 1436, Yellow—1497, 1500, 1501, 1504, Foliage—1374½, 1375, 1376, 1377.

Arbutus. Trailing—Nos. 1334x, 1335, 1335½, 1336, or 1406½, 1461, 1463, 1465, Foliage—1479, 1481, 1483. In working, shade to the center of flower with lightest color.

Azalias. White—Nos. 1201 shaded to center with pale greens, 1239x, 1239½, 1240. Other artistic varieties may be brought out with 1530, 1532, 1534, 1535, 1535½, rare varieties with 1219x, 1219½, 1220, 1221, 1222, Foliage—1415, 1417, 1419, or 1467, 1469, 1470.

Blackberry. Green Berries—Nos. 1436, 1438, 1373½, 1567, Ripe Berries—1567½, 1568, 1569, 1570, 1203, Blossoms—1200, 1467, 1262, Foliage—1414, 1415, 1416, 1417, 1418, 1419, Tip with—1326, 1328, 1293½.



ANSWERS TO MANY ANXIOUS INQUIRERS

BY ALOYSIUS PASKULICH.

Really, I was very much surprised when Mrs. Sophie E. Gardiner, our editor-in-chief, or as usually called by our boys, "The Leading Lady," handed me a large bunch of mail with the request, "Here are some letters from prominent and wealthy families from many parts of our country asking us to be so kind as to advise them of the standing and reliability of the Realty Syndicate of San Francisco. I want you to spend all necessary time and be sure to answer every question correctly. Our Magazine must be a guide to our subscribers."

Our good editor-in-chief thought that because I have LL. D. attached to my name I must know everything that is done under the blue skies of the heavens. There is a great difference in being a Doctor of Law and a financial adviser, but as the Syndicate was in a flourishing condition, it was not necessary to spend much time in the investigation.

Within the letters which I received from the lady were all kinds of questions. Most of the ladies wished to know if their money would be safe in the corporation. Naturally, all were looking forward toward becoming suddenly wealthy such as the Fairs, Crockers, Huntingtons and Stanfords did in the early days of California.

Turning to one of the stenographers in our office I dictated a few letters to some prominent gentlemen who are well known throughout the State, asking them for information as to the safety, reliability and prosperity of the Realty Syndicate. From these gentlemen I received very encouraging answers, and I append a few of their replies:

Mr. Jesse B. Fuller, at present United States Pension Agent for the Pacific coast, and who was Bank Commissioner of the State of California from 1894 to 1898, expresses his opinion of the corporation as follows:

"In reply to your favor of the 11th inst. I have to say that I believe the Realty Syndicate reliable and fully as safe to invest in as any corporation of that nature can be. Yours truly,

"J. B. FULLER."

San Francisco, March 14, 1903.

The President of the Oakland Gas, Light and Heat Company, Mr. John A. Britton, speaks of the Realty Syndicate in the following manner:

"To yours of the 11th inst., I consider the Realty Syndicate a reliable and safe investment, as stated over my signature in a circular issued by that corporation, and from my personal observation of their investments since that time, have no reason to change my opinion at that time expressed. Yours very truly,

"JOHN A. BRITTON."

Oakland, Cal., March 15th, 1903.

Mr. J. E. Farnum, Bank Commissioner of California from 1882 to 1886, and who is now manager of the Bank of Haywards, speaks of the Syndicate in the following terms:

"Replying to your favor of the 11th inst. I beg to say that I consider the Realty Syndicate a solvent corporation, and would not hesitate to make an investment with it. Yours truly,

"J. E. FARNUM."

Haywards, Cal., March 13, 1903.

For my own satisfaction I went to the general office of the corporation, where I was met by a refined gentleman, Mr. John Chase, whom I found to be Assistant to the Manager of the Syndicate.

After many questions which were answered in a very satisfactory way, I was sorry that I was not a rich man, so that I could invest a couple of hundred thousand dollars myself.

Here are a few of the details which I find will answer all questions asked of the California Ladies' Magazine by our many inquirers:

Really and honestly, I can say that my opinion is that this corporation, The Realty Syndicate, will some day create many new millionaires in our beautiful Golden West.

The corporation in question is authorized under the laws of California to deal in real and personal property, including shares in other corporations, and also to issue Certificates of Indebtedness.

The sum of \$3,000,000 has been paid in by the capital stockholders, and

this amount has been invested in land and in street railway securities. All Investment Certificates must be paid before this money can be withdrawn; therefore, the \$2,820,282.11 received from more than 6000 investors, and which is also invested in land and street railway securities, is fully protected. These large holdings are located in Oakland, California, which I believe is a good investment.

The present advanced market prices prove that the real estate of the Syndicate has been purchased under the most favorable conditions. The property lies principally in a district which extends from San Francisco bay to, and including the Piedmont hills. With these hills only thirty minutes from San Francisco, I believe the present movement of home builders to this favored location will be greatly increased.

The new line of ferries which will soon be in operation across the bay will be one of the many good steps this corporation has taken.

After a thorough investigation of the accounts of the corporation, I find that the assets are as follows:

Real estate in Oakland.....	\$3,446,501.51
Stocks and bonds, consisting of shares in Oakland Transit Company Consolidated, California Improvement Co., Piedmont Development Co. and Mutual Investment Union, to the value of.....	3,241,304.59
Bills Receivable, consisting of Mortgages, Loans and Collections.....	130,421.15
Cash in Wells, Fargo & Co. Bank.....	229,448.71
	\$7,047,675.96

The liabilities are as follows:
Investment Certificates issued at par, bearing interest at 5 per cent and 6 per cent, and maturing ten, fifteen or twenty years after date, \$2,820,282.11
Bills and accounts payable.... 148,346.47
Mortgages on real estate..... 479,220.85

Capital stock paid in.....	\$3,447,849.43
Surplus.....	3,000,000.00
	599,826.53
	\$7,047,675.96

The Realty Syndicate owns 52,185 of the 69,000 shares of the capital stock of the Oakland Transit Consolidated. This system operates 144 miles of track in Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, San Leandro, San Lorenzo and Haywards. This company also owns the California Railway running from East Oakland to Leona Heights.

The present policy of the Oakland Transit Consolidated is to re-invest the earnings in improvements and thus increase the value of its plant, its income and its net earnings.

A comparative statement of the earnings of the roads now forming the Oakland Transit Consolidated shows that for the year 1902 the earnings were \$945,865.00, and for the year 1901 \$843,143.00, showing an increase of \$102,722.00.

The Realty Syndicate owns villa sites amounting to 4,838 acres of choice suburban property, and many residence lots. In seven years the Syndicate has acquired assets, the actual or market value of which exceeds seven millions of dollars.

The Realty Syndicate is a safe, permanent, and profitable use for the capital of the stockholders, and free from the ordinary risks of commercial enterprises. The success of this enterprise is furthered by the fact that its capital is increased by the interest of the thousands of individuals, the majority of whom look forward to a permanent residence in this locality.

The Syndicate is now issuing Investment Certificates in amounts of from \$100 to \$10,000. Interest is paid on these certificates at the rate of six per cent per annum, payable semi-annually; whenever dividends paid the capital stockholders exceed six per cent per annum, interest paid to investors for the same period will be increased to equal the rate of said dividends.

I hope that I have succeeded in answering every question asked by these inquirers, and I will also say that any money invested in the Realty Syndicate will be a safe investment and will bring good results, and the outlook for the future of this Corporation is very bright.

BIGGEST SIGN IN THE WORLD.

New Yorkers, who are used to big things, have been astonished during the past week by a painted sign at the corner of Broadway and Spring street, covering the north side of two eleven story buildings. The sign covers 15,416 square feet of space and is by far the largest advertising sign ever painted. The picture is the well-known figure of "Sunny Jim," who for so many months has testified to the goodness of "FORCE," not only over the entire United States, but in the United Kingdom as well.

In this picture "Sunny Jim" is 112 feet, 6 inches in height. His hat is 17 feet 6 inches tall and 15 feet broad. His nose is 10 feet long. His ear is 3 feet 9 inches high. His arm is 17 feet long; his legs 60 feet long. His thumb extends over a space of 5 feet. The height of his collar of 12 feet 6 inches, and his tie is seven feet 6 inches in height. His cuffs are 6 feet 3 inches wide. The buttons on the coat are 3 feet 6 inches in diameter, and his cuff buttons are 3 feet 6 inches in length. "Sunny Jim's" feet are 20 feet long, and the cane which he carries is 50 feet in length. His dog, which sports along by his side, is 42 feet 6 inches in height.

With this enormous sign the reading matter is very brief and fills but a small part of the space. It is as follows:

"Vigor, Vlm, Perfect Trim.
"FORCE" made him "Sunny Jim."

LEARN BOOKKEEPING FREE.

We have made arrangements with the British-American School of Correspondence, Rochester, New York, so that every reader of the California Ladies' Magazine may have a complete course in bookkeeping free. It is the best school of its kind and we would like to have all of our readers take advantage of this wonderful opportunity. Write to them.



PIEDMONT SPRINGS—PROPERTY OF THE REALTY SYNDICATE.

San Francisco Dressmakers and Ladies' Tailors who Take Our Magazine

Alexander, Mrs. Pauline White's Pl
Allen, Mrs. R. L. 619 1/2 Valencia St
Allen, Mrs. Maunle T. 231 Francisco
Alms, Mrs. Elsie 2503 Mission
Andrew, Mrs. Lizzie 1424 California
Anthony, Mrs. Louise 1304 Pine
Armand, Mrs. Celine 540 Washington
Barrett, Miss M. Ethel 230 Powell
Barrett, Miss Nellie 2709a Laguna
Bassitt, Miss Margaret 329 Hill
Baumsteiger, Pauline 1603 Geary
Baxter, Miss Minnie 524 Polk
Beander, Mrs. Jennie 116 Stockton
Becker, Mrs. May E. 171 Russ
Behart, Mrs. Alma M. 121 Post
Bellver, Mrs. Marie 1120 Sutter
Benson, Mrs. Marie C. 2235 Sutter
Benson, C. Christine Fifth
Blaglin, Miss Adelina 508 Greenwich
Blake, Miss Fannie 1621 California
Blout, Mrs. M. 710 Polk
Bodmert, Mrs. C. 785 1/2 O'Farrell
Bonini, Mrs. Esther 529 Green
Bowman, Mrs. Clara 324 1/2 Brannan
Bowman, Mrs. M. T. 227 Francisco
Bradley, Miss Julia 112 Scott
Breunin, Mrs. Kate 1933 Howard
Brooks, Mrs. Ada 1516 Clay
Brown, Miss Carry B. 2055 Mission
Brown, Miss Laura F. 10 Hopeton Ter
Brown, Mrs. Lucinda 36 Geary
Brown, Miss Rachael 927 1/2 Washington
Brown, Mrs. Rae Devisadero and Haight
Brown, Mrs. Sophia 1815 Mason
Brown, Miss Lucy 134 Alabama
Buech, Mrs. Joseph 1421 Mission
Cady, Mrs. W. E. 79 Third
Callaghan, Miss Annie 554 1/2 Bryant
Callahan, Miss Mary 330 O'Farrell
Campbell, Miss H. J. 319 Powell
Carey, Mrs. Mary 862 1/2 Mission
Cashel, Miss Kate 126 Kearny
Castro, Miss Anita 837 Howard
Celia, Miss Anita 143 Stockton
Cervelli, Mrs. Virginia 525 Union
Classen, Miss Annie A. 663 Shotwell
Clove, Mrs. Emma F. 1330 Grove
Colombo, Mrs. Mary 1017 Powell
Corcoran, Mrs. Margaret 786 1/2 Folsom
Crane, Mrs. Nellie C. 3767 23d
Crean, Miss M. 1626 Devisadero
Cronan Sisters, 14 Grant Ave
Cronan, Miss M. 505 Golden Gate Ave
Crus, Mrs. Rellie 1422 Powell
Cullen, Mary E. 1274 10th Ave
Cummings, Miss Mae 36 Geary
Darling, Miss Ida M. 905a Bush
Davalos, Charlotte 854 Broadway
Davis, Mrs. A. E. 163 Tehama
Deakin, Miss K. J. 515 Post
Deeny, Miss Mary 3222 22d
De Ferrari, Mrs. C. 354 Duput
Delahanty, Miss Ellen 585 Lombard
Dingle, Mrs. Wm. N. 626 Post
Dixon, Mrs. F. Donohoe Bldg
Doherty, Mrs. Mary E. 2087 Mission
Douleavy, Mrs. M. F. 1639 Mission
Dowd, Miss Lillie 720 Bush
Dray, Mrs. Marie 62 Third
Dreschler, Mrs. J. H. 204 Fillmore
Dudley, Mrs. E. T. 102 Devisadero
Durean, Mrs. Alice 2580 Folsom
Dyer, Mrs. M. 1912 Mission
Eastland, Mrs. A. J. 121 Post
Elder, Miss Alice 439 Jessie
Elliek, Mrs. F. C. 470 Waller
Emult, Miss Marie 667 Ellis
Emmett, Mrs. Mary Donohoe Bldg
Espy, Mrs. A. 221 12th
Estes, Mrs. Lizzie 209 Turk
Fair, Mrs. Mary E. 1513 Market
Faria, Mrs. A. 322a Broadway
Farris, Miss Mattie 14 McAllister
Faure, Miss Virginia 726 Green
Fawcett, Mrs. Sarah 629 Stevenson
Feeley, Miss A. 135 Geary
Flehter, Mrs. L. G. 319 Jones
Fischer, Mrs. Agnes 721a Union
Fisher, Miss Kate S. 1535 Polk
Fisher, Miss M. 918 Treat
Fitzgerald, Mrs. Ellen 935 Guerrero
Fitzpatrick, Mrs. E. 2133 Bush
Flynn, Miss May 2110 Bryant
Foote, Miss E. M. 3361 21st
Fraser, Mrs. N. M. 121 Post
Galvin, Mrs. Irma 658 Natoma
Garcia, Mrs. Marie 512 1/2 Taylor
Garrett, Mrs. A. G. 1535 Geary
George, Mrs. Lizzie 2222 Mission
Gheen, Mrs. Josephine 1715 Mission
Graham, Mrs. Jeannette 855 Broadway
Grant, Mrs. Eliza 209 Waller
Greene, Mrs. C. E. 331 O'Farrell
Griffin, Mrs. Martha A. 531 Sutter
Gross, Mrs. S. A. 902 Howard
Gustafson, Mrs. Eliza 554 1/2 Valencia
Haggerty, Mrs. A. 514 1/2
Hale, Mrs. Mary E. 121 Post
Hall, Miss Maud 2284 Bush
Hanley, Mrs. W. A. 111 Van Ness
Hansen, Mrs. A. 715 Gough
Hart, Mrs. B. A. 518 3d
Hart, Mrs. Eva S. 1418 Jackson
Hanser, Mrs. Kate 4137 24th
Heaney, Mrs. W. C. 643 Ellis
Hein, Mrs. S. E. 342 Prospect
Henkel, Mrs. C. S. 330 Sutter
Herlick, Miss Laura 1306 Pine
Higgins, Mrs. Marie 1236 Market
Hinsch, Mrs. T. C. 809 Pine
Hoehn, Miss Evelyn 3979 24th
Hoeltkorn, Miss L. T. 121 Post
Holden, Miss Fannie C. 212 Grove
Hood, Miss Minnie 171 Russ
Hopkins, Mrs. Julia 1329 Howard
Hoskins, Mrs. V. R. 705 Valencia
House, Misses 1306 Pine
Hunt, Mrs. Sophia 609 Taylor
Hunt, Miss Rose 121 Post
Hyden, Mrs. C. B. 1105 Scott
Iverson, Mrs. T. H. 207 Polk
Jacobs, Miss R. 220 Sutter
Jachetz, Mrs. Otto Camp
Joachim, Mrs. G. 37 Shotwell
Johnsen, Mrs. H. 1016 Leavenworth
Johnston, Miss Carrie A. 131 Post
Johnston, Catherine 2491 Mission
Julian, Mrs. N. B. 127a San Jose
Kaufman, Mrs. Mary 431 Turk
Kelly, Miss Annie 234 Post
Kemble, Mrs. W. R. 1344 Geary
Kennedy, Miss Annie 2020 McAllister
Kennedy, Mrs. G. A. 112 Fair Oaks
Kirkham, Mrs. Nellie Murphy Bldg
Kistie, Miss E. A. 139 Post
Kneeland, Miss Helen Donohoe Bldg
Labarere, Mrs. Mary 116 6th
Larson, Miss M. E. 210 Steiner
Laufenberg, Miss Lucy 6 Eddy
Palmer, Miss Edith 824 Mission
Leary, Miss Susie 68th Clementina
Leathers, Mrs. J. W. 410 3d

Lelong, Mrs. Ida F. Donohoe Bldg
Leouard, Mrs. Annie 917 Pt Lobos Av
Leuenberger, Mme. L. 139 Post
Lichau, Mrs. A. 455 Geary
Lion, Mrs. Martha 2046 O'Farrell
Lippl, Mrs. Jennie 3863 23d
Little, Miss Emma E. 14 Beaver
Lowe, Mrs. S. A. 131 Post
Machefer, Mme. Nellie 10 1/2 John
MacMeny, Miss A. L. 14 Grant Ave
Mahut, Miss Clara 117 1/2 Bernard
Maleom & Heath Phelan Bldg
Marchal, Mrs. M. 1315 Powell
Marouse, Mrs. Bella M. 2918 16th
Markos, Mrs. Josephine 142 8th
Marshall, Miss Julia 225 Filbert
Marshall, Mrs. Ida 504 Brannan
Marshall, Mrs. Lemeta 2927 16th
Martin, Miss Mary Phelan Bldg
Mayers, Mrs. E. 1105 Powell
McAravy, Miss Nellie 713 1/2 Union
McCourt, Mrs. L. B. 36 Geary
McDermont, Mrs. J. B. 2421 Clay
McDonald, Miss A. T. 121 Post
McDonald, Miss E. 2336 Mission
McDowell Dressmaking and Millinery School 1019 Market St
McGillan, Miss Minnie 211 Minna
McGinerty, Mrs. Mary 584 Natoma
McKibbin, Mrs. Mary 1211 9th Ave
McKillop, Miss B. A. 1003 Diamond
McLaughlin, Mrs. E. 217a 11th
McLennan, Mrs. Lena 917 Webster
McCreedy, Miss J. 1514 Hyde
Medard, Mrs. Sophia 709 1/2 Stockton
McFlynn, Mrs. C. O. 1305 Mission
Miller, Mrs. C. O. 720 Filbert
Miraglia, Mrs. Mary 1443 Stockton
Trainum, Miss A. 1814 Bush
Tully, Miss Katherine 718 14th
Vargas, Miss Mary 452 Montgomery
Vintera, Miss Rose 69 Portola
Missippio, Mrs. M. 1465 Sacramento
Voller, Mrs. J. H. 3562 22d
Monte, Miss Rose 1413 Kearny

Priest, Mrs. C. A. 36 Geary
Prince, Mrs. L. J. 804a Vallejo
Quigg, Miss B. 406 Sutter
Reek, Miss H. N. 717 Sutter
Rendall, Mrs. Mary 305 Larkin
Renhart, Mrs. C. E. 530 Sutter
Richards, Miss E. J. 1508 Pt Lobos Av
Richter, Mrs. Annie 934 1/2 Folsom
Robertson, Mrs. F. 1230 Mission
Roberts, Miss Esther 242 Mississippi
Roberts, Miss A. P. 407 Turk
Robison, Mrs. D. 1602 Powell
Rogers, Mrs. May 43 Shotwell
Rooney 1905 O'Farrell
Rouke, Miss C. N. 516 Taylor
Rutland, Miss Mary 672 San Jose Ave
Rutter, Mrs. Mable 3778 24th
Ryan, Miss Hanna 584 6th
Ryan, Mary E. 717 Guerrero
Santif, Miss E. 506 Herman
Sartia, Mrs. Marie 407 1/2 Green
Schmickel, Miss May 216 Turk
Schmickel, Mrs. Caroline 805 Ellis
Schryver, Mrs. L. 809 Mason
Schwartz, Miss Martha 14 Grant Ave
Shaddick, Mrs. N. B. 1028 Hyde
Shef, Lena 1513 1/2 Geary St
Sherritt, Miss Lena 1813 Polk
Skipper, Miss Lillie 153 Noe
Smith, Mrs. Copper 203 Leavenworth
Smith, Miss Lizzie A. 1108 Powell
Smith, Mrs. Lucy 1701 Scott
Smith, Miss L. T. 2012 1/2 Fillmore
Solley, Mrs. M. E. 1037 Post
St. Rose, Mrs. Francis 614 1/2 Post
Stacy, Mrs. R. J. 116 Stockton
Staphina, Miss Minnie 637 Sutter
Steward, Miss Mary F. 1415 Hyde
Streeter, Mrs. Maud 3283 24th
Suznet, Mrs. E. 1219 Sutter
Sullivan, Miss Kate 1825 Howard
Tartini, Miss Ada 2410 Sacramento
Terry, Mrs. L. 331 1/2 Eddy
Thomas, Mrs. Mary 127 Valencia

Friedenberg, Maurice 131 Stockton
Gadner, Alois 2012 Fillmore
Garren, Ben 324 Mason
Gerrard, Andrew 1810 Devisadero
Goldman, Isaac 1462 Market
Goldstein, Perry 1518 Polk
Goodman, A. 111 Turk
Hatch, Mrs. W. 6 Eddy
Hoenig, Adolph 3719 Geary
Hutt, Harry D. 528 Sutter
Joseph, S. A. & Co. 1170 Market
Kahn, Aaron 142 Geary
Kelly & Liebes 120 Kearny
Gouff, David 1426 Polk
Kraker, Joseph 502 Golden Gate Ave
Kramer, Henry 20 Sansome
Kramer, S. & Co. 220 Powell
Laseelles, Mrs. L. 1239 Polk
Lavin, Max 4 Golden Gate Ave
Lawson, William 1821 Polk
Lindstrom, Louis Donohoe Bldg
Livingston & Co. 867 Market
Lowenthal & Co. 914 Market
Manning, Margaret Miss 231 Post
Max, Kolman 1411 Polk
Mayer, Abraham 231 Post
Messenger, Etienne 509 Broadway
Mink, Louis 935 Market
O'Mearra, M. B. & Co. 225 Taylor
Reinhard, F. 651 Ellis
Reynolds & Co. 516 Sutter
Rothberg, Abraham 410 Ellis
Rothschild, M. 526 Sutter
Salowitz & Wilson 40 Ellis
Schimmel & Stover 408 Sutter
Sisler, Joseph 425 Geary
Simley, Mrs. Anna 1561 Market
Smith, Miss E. A. 317 Powell
Speler, Godel 319 Geary
Tranner, Max 706 Sutter
Uyeda, Mrs. S. 484 Geary
Verdier, Mrs. A. 324 Geary
Vishoot & Finkelstein 981 Geary
Werthman, Sigmund 812 Larkin
Zucker, Fishel 523 Eddy

Alameda Co. Dressmakers

Bardon, E. J. Mrs. 560 Fourteenth St
Brown, L. Mrs. 822 Center St
Brunson, R. V. Mrs. 211 Haven St
Caldwell, H. T. Mrs. 841 San Pablo Ave
Chandler, E. F. Mrs. 944 Thirty-sixth St
Clark, A. A. Miss. 1116 Broadway
Cowan, L. A. Mrs. East Fourteenth, near High
Cropper, A. A. Mrs. 1068 Broadway
Curtis, A. Miss. 509 Thirteenth St
Davis, R. Miss. East Twenty-eighth St, corner Ninth Ave
Dearborn, M. Mrs. 1162 1/2 East Fourteenth St
de Soto, L. Mrs. 916 Seventh St
de Soto, Madame 478 Thirty-seventh St
Dobbs, G. Mrs. 577 Thirteenth St
Donaldson & Swinburne 1156 Broadway
Garcia, M. Miss. 538 Twenty-third St
Gannon, M. Mrs. 811 Castro St
Gerstenberger, L. E. Mrs. 1748 Market St
Gohrmann, E. Mrs. 962 Seventh St
Hall, F. T. Mrs. 321 Thirteenth St
Hansen, O. Mrs. 976 Seventh St
Hart, J. 1116 Broadway
Heckman, H. Mrs. 610 San Pablo Ave
Johnson, E. W. Mrs. 738 Telegraph Ave
Kraus, H. M. Mrs. 834 Washington St
Larimore, M. G. Mrs. 1068 Broadway
Lilienthal, F. Mrs. 524 Eighteenth St
Maloney, E. Miss. 1620 Eleventh St
McAvoy, H. Mrs. 1681 Eleventh St
McDowell Dress Cutting School and Dress-
making Parlors 1018 Washington St
Mienow, G. Mrs. 1305 Capitol St
Olofson, A. A. Mrs. 834 Washington St
Petty, C. W. Mrs. 926B Seventh St
Reich, S. Miss. Forty-fifth, corner Salem
Rinekel, F. Miss. Playter block
Ronayne, K. Mrs. 42 San Pablo Ave
Rosenberg, C. C. Miss. 1233 Bush St
Rosenthal, E. M. Miss. 1604 Eighth St
Salback, A. Mrs. 1168 East Fourteenth St
Sawyer, A. Mrs. 951 Webster St
Smith, M. Mrs. 1455 Seventh St
Taylor, A. E. Mrs. 834 Washington St
Thompson, A. Mrs. 1156 Campbell St
Trees, H. Mrs. 1008 1/2 Seventh St
Whitlach, L. L. Mrs. 1520 Eighth St
Williams, M. Mrs. 1532 Thirteenth Ave
Wilson, W. H. Mrs. 622 Seventeenth St
Young, S. Miss. 1097 Stanford Ave

ALAMEDA.

Andresen, M. Mrs. 2020 Eagle Ave
Case, S. J. Mrs. 1352 Park St
Hubbard, M. A. Miss. Central block
McCahe, M. Mrs. 1519 1/2 Webster St
Murdoch, A. Mrs. 1321 Park St
Simon, A. Mrs. 638 Haight Ave
Weatherwax, S. M. Mrs. 1333 Park Ave

BERKELEY.

Barry, A. Mrs. Postoffice block
Burbank, J. S. Mrs. 1759 Alcatraz Ave
Davidson, M. Mrs. 2547 Shattuck Ave
Dexter, G. M. Mrs. 3220 Adeline St
Field, L. Mrs. 1532 Shattuck Ave
Houle, D. Miss. 2320 Bancroft Way
Kelly, A. Mrs. 2162 Shattuck Ave
Sweeney, A. Miss. 2007 University Ave

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. McLennan, 1324 Eddy—Wanted—Apprentices to learn dressmaking; paid while learning.
Mrs. A. T. Rumble, Imported Pattern Hats, 231 Geary street.
Miss Maud Miller, Piano Teacher, 1347 Eddy street.
Mrs. Hiltton and Mrs. Elliott, Curtin Renovating, 1232 Fillmore street.
F. G. Norcross, Melbourne School for Stammering, corner Market and Van Ness avenue.

Baby Wardrobe Patterns



A nurse of long experience will send her complete set of 35 patterns for babies' long clothes, with directions for making, material to be used, etc., for 25 cents, or 25 patterns of first short clothes, with directions, etc., 25 cents. Will send an illustrated booklet on baby things and helps and hints to expectant mothers free with order.

Mrs. ELLA JAMES, 311 S. Mitchell St., Petoskey, Mich.



SWEET PEAS.

A very pretty and attractive center piece is made embroidered with sweet peas. These can be made of all the varied shades found in the natural flowers, and when used in connection with a fancy border, as shown in the accompanying illustration, makes a centerpiece which is an ornament for any lady's home.

Morehouse, Mrs. Emma 949 Mission
Morgenstern, Miss Rose 809 Mason
Morris, Mrs. L. 519b Montgomery
Morris, Miss S. L. 131 Post
Morrison, Mrs. C. L. 314 1/2 Goldeu Gate Ave
Morrison, Mrs. Kate 6 Eddy
Morton, Mrs. Jennie S. 475 Eddy
Moshier, Mrs. Mary 1207 Mission
Moss, Mrs. Mary A. 139 Post
Moyon, Mme. Anna 956 Jackson
Mulhern, Miss M. A. 1236 Market
Mullally, Miss M. A. 14 Grant Ave
Muller, Miss Louise 1195 Bush
Munro, Mrs. P. 2917 16th
Munson, Mrs. C. C. 1454 California
Murphy, Mrs. A. J. 988 Harrison
Myers, La Rue Mrs. 113 Stockton
Nagan, Marie 38 1/4 Moss
Nelsson, Mrs. Clara 1017 Geary
Neollin, Mrs. Selma 510 Powell
Niehaus, Mme. E. 2208 a Fillmore
Noonan, Miss Mary 2245 Polk
Northup, Miss L. E. 1511 Golden Gate Ave
Ny, Miss Julie 6 Eddy
O'Brien, Marie 38 1/4 Moss
O'Farrell, Miss May 1222 Mission
O'Hearn, Miss K. 2123 Howard
O'Meara, M. B. & Co. 225 Taylor
O'Neill, Mrs. M. P. 14 Grant Ave
O'Neill, Mrs. 818 Powell
Olsen, Mrs. Sophia 1815 Polk
Orr, Mrs. Fannie 733 Pine
Ostrander, Miss Mary M. 231 Post
Palm, Miss C. 1037 Sanchez
Parker, Miss E. C. 50 Freedom
Parker, Miss Lucy 1013 Clay
Parker, A. 2320 Pine
Parker, Mrs. Minnie 126 O'Farrell
Peterson, Miss B. 730 14th
Pierce, Mrs. K. R. 309 Noe
Pelle, Miss 933b Jackson
Piehot, Mrs. Marie 206 Montgomery
Piehot, Mrs. Marie 6 Eddy
Price, Mrs. N. B. 40 Ellis

Tighe, Miss A. F. 163 Chattanooga
Van Wyl, Mrs. A. 106 Sadown
Van Horn 140 10th
Van Humbech, Mrs. J. L. 347 1/2 4th
Waddell, Mrs. Ursels 503 Mason
Wagner, Mrs. Mattie 14 Willow Ave
Wainwright, Mrs. A. J. 215 Kearny
Walker, Mrs. E. A. 524 3d
Wall, Miss Mary 42 Russ
Wendt, Mrs. M. E. 1509 Leavenworth
Werner, Mrs. Leonore 667 Geary
West, Mrs. Celestine 10 Beldeman
Williams, Mrs. G. J. 2507 Market
Wirtner, Mrs. A. 110 Mason
Wohlers, Miss Emma 11 30th
Wood, Mrs. Caroline 102 9th
Wormser 139 Post
Worth, Miss Carry 825 Pine
Wulffing, Miss C. 3996 23d
Young, Miss Monica 865 Mission

LADIES' TAILORS

Baron & Cohen 22 Grant Ave
Baruch & Cohen 622 Larkin
Bay City & Mercantile Co. 1236 Market
Bedros, K. 528 Sutter
Bette, Herman 424 Sutter
Biber, Mrs. B. 726 Sutter
Bloom, Hyman 409 Post
Bohni, P. F. 715 Broadway
Bowhay, Alfred L. 508 Sutter
Butler, Henry W. 310 Mason
Caro Bros. 299 Geary
Chabok, Isaac 139 Post
Chicago Tailoring 113 Grant Ave
Citron & Breit 123 Mason
Cohan, David 592 Sutter
Cohn, George 115 Geary
Danziger & Co. 237 Powell
De Saville, Mrs. 231 Post
Fedor, Morris 574 Geary
Flamm, Gustav 1435 Polk
Frances, M. 796 Sutter

Some of the Leading San Francisco Physicians Who Have Our Magazine

Abbott, P. F. City and County Hospital
 Abraham, Henry 1426 Fulton St
 Abrahams, A. California and Van Ness
 Adam, Geo. 1170 Market Bldg
 Agnew, W. P. 978 Sutter St
 Alderson, H. E. S. P. Hospital
 Allen, Fred E. 14 McAllister St
 Allen, Geo. P. 1272 Fulton St
 Allen, W. St. Luke's Hospital
 American, S. 1244 Mission St
 Anderson, J. A. 1170 Market St
 Anderson, Longworth 1802 Haight St
 Anderson, Winslow 1025 Sutter St
 Andrews, Harry A. 3402 Twenty-fourth St
 Anthony, J. C. Chronicle Bldg
 Apple, Benjamin 403 Sutter St
 Ardenyl, Jos. 1144 Sutter St
 Armstrong, C. M. Hearst Bldg
 Arnold, J. Dennis 1296 Van Ness ave
 Arizgues, Jos. E. 623 Vallejo St
 Assy, J. L. 530 Guerrero St
 Ash, Rachel L. 848 Fell St
 Athey, Wiley L. 705 Sutter St
 Atkins, M. H. 811 Van Ness ave
 Austin, Malcolm O. 409 Guerrero St
 Axelrood, Max 409 1-2 Post St
 Bacigalupi, L. D. 705 Vallejo St
 Bacon, T. E. 400 Hayes St
 Bailey, T. E. 502 Sutter St
 Baker, Clarence O. 1170 Market St
 Baker, Charles R. 1401 Gough St
 Ballance, Harriet E. Children's Hospital
 Barbat, J. Henry 590 Sutter St
 Barbat, Wm. B. F. 1310 Fulton St
 Barger, D. E. 997 Market St
 Barkan, Adolph 9 Geary St
 Barre, G. M. 1839 Polk St
 Barrett, G. M. 1121 Sutter St
 Barry Earnest 3444 Clay St
 Barsotti, C. Montgomery Bldg
 Bass, Frederick 105 Ellis St
 Bauer, William J. 3152 Twenty-second St
 Baum, R. W. 130 Post St
 Baumelster, B. H. 1536 Dolores St
 Bayer, Joseph 14 Grant Ave
 Bazer, Louis T. 908 Geary St
 Beck, H. M. 246 Sutter St
 Beerman, W. F. County Hospital
 Bell, H. R. Douehoe Bldg
 Bell, W. T. 131 Powell St
 Bello, Joseph 607 Washington St
 Bergstein, R. Crocker Bldg
 Bernad, R. M. H. 530 Fulton St
 Bertola, Marilana 1512 Mason St
 Besson, Edward A. 671 Turk St
 Bettencourt, J. De S. 1170 Market St
 Biehl, P. F. C. 927 Market St
 Bird, N. J. Mills Bldg
 Birdsall, G. W. 696 Sutter St
 Birby, E. M. 4042 Seventeenth St
 Black, Charles 1310 Ellis St
 Black, J. A. E. 406 Sutter St
 Blaisdell, F. E. 1906 Sutter St
 Blake, Alfred E. 50 Geary St
 Blake, C. R. 1344 Point Lobos Ave
 Blass, Barney 330 Eddy St
 Bloch, Herbert I. 807 Sutter St
 Blum, Geo. I. 1012 Mission St
 Blum, Sanford 803 Sutter St
 Blusome, Jos. Geary and Stockton
 Bodkin, Thos. P. Phelan Bldg
 Bontino, Fulvio 1608 Stockton St
 Boskowitz, G. H. 1106 Post St
 Bothe, A. C. 523 Guerrero St
 Botsford, Mary E. 590 Sutter St
 Botsford, William 1170 Market St
 Boughton, H. J. 1008 1-2 Market St
 Boyd, S. G. 140 Geary St
 Boyes, W. L. The Wenban, 606 Sutter St
 Brackett, T. F. Parrott Bldg
 Brady, Thos. F. Geary and Stockton
 Brennan, Thos. F. Hearst Bldg
 Brenton, P. R. 825 Eddy St
 Brigham, C. B. Mills Bldg
 Brown, Adelaide 1212 Sutter St
 Brown, Charlotte B. 1212 Sutter St
 Brown, Ella P. 1376 Pine St
 Brown, Henrietta 622 McAllister St
 Brown, Philip King 1305 Van Ness Ave
 Brownell, E. E. 1312 Van Ness Ave
 Brugulera, P. S. 1800 Franklin St
 Brunn, Harold 533 Sutter St
 Brunne, A. E. 135 Geary St
 Bryant, Wm. A. 820 Sutter St
 Buckland, Owen 610 Mason St
 Buckley, C. F. 813 O'Farrell St
 Buckley, V. P. 514 Kearny St
 Bucknall, G. J. 372 Sutter St
 Buell, W. E. 1170 Market St
 Bultock, E. E. City and County Hospital
 Bunker, Robert E. 630 Sutter St
 Bunnel, Edwin 111 Eddy St
 Burgess, O. O. 373 Geary St
 Burke, W. P. 603 Sutter St
 Burnham, Clark J. 1600 McAllister St
 Burnham, Wm. P. 1142 McAllister St
 Burke, Joseph G. 406 Montgomery Ave
 Burrows, P. G. 530 Sutter St
 Burton, E. T. 1031 Market St
 Bush, Ira C. 1001 McAllister St
 Bushnell, Geo. E. 1423 Van Ness Ave
 Bussing, James 749 Pacific St
 Cachot, M. A. 10 Turk St
 Cagliari, G. E. 6 Montgomery Ave
 Celderon, Eutorgio 578 Sutter St
 Callaghan, Daniel T. 1003 Devisadero St
 Cameron, Howard McD. 123 Ellis St
 Campbell, Mary E. Page 502 Devisadero St
 Can, C. W. 502 Devisadero St
 Card, E. F. Geary and Stockton
 Carlson, C. Hadley 140 Geary St
 Carpenter, Geo. W. 1422 Post St
 Carpenter, A. M. Surg S S Hong Kong Maru
 Carpenter, F. B. 590 Sutter St
 Carpenter, Lewis 1498 Fulton St
 Carson, Geo. H. Southern Pacific Hospital
 Castle, H. C. 1078 Valencia St
 Castle, C. H. 1612 Van Ness Ave
 Chalmers, W. P. 231 Post St
 Chanice, S. R. 25 Third St
 Chantreau, J. D. De 607 Sutter St
 Cheney, Wm. Fitch 906 Polk St
 Chesley, C. P. 754 Howard St
 Chismore, C. 705 Sutter St
 Christal, John 812 Hyde St
 Christal, John 1694 Stockton St
 Clippell, Savino 1009 Sutter St
 Clark, J. R. 1220 Sutter St
 Clark, W. D. 32 O'Farrell St
 Clark, W. R. P. 1101 Green St
 Clark, Will S. 3350 Twenty-first St
 Cleary, Stephen 267 Fourth Ave
 Cleveland, C. D. 602 Leavenworth St
 Clift, Frederic 939 Golden Gate Ave
 Clinton, Chas. A. Cor. 21st and Howard Sts
 Clinch, W. L. 406 Sutter St
 Cluness, Walter R. Jr. 406 Sutter St
 Coffey, Walter B. Parrott Bldg
 Cohen, Albert 2915 California St
 Cohn, David 1404 Sutter St
 Cohn, R. D. Geary and Stockton Sts

Condory, V. 429 Bush St
 Collischonn, Phillip 757 Polson St
 Conlan, F. G. S. 406 Sutter St
 Conlon, W. E. 109 Ninth St
 Connolly, T. E. 109 Ninth St
 Conrad, Agnes M. E. 1118 1-2 Treat Ave
 Conran, P. J. 872 Mission St
 Cook, Jessie W. 1334 Washington St
 Cooley, Emir D. 3025 California St
 Cooper, C. M. 590 Sutter St
 Corbett, Elizabeth J. 606 Sutter St
 Costigan, George D. 14 Grant Ave
 Cottingham, R. C. 304 Sutter St
 Couper, E. W. 3301 Mission St
 Cox, L. C. 233 Geary St
 Cox, Rosamond L. 705 Sutter St
 Crabtree, Hezeldah T. Children's Hospital
 Crees, Robert 2104 Market St
 Crook, Annie L. 2751 Polson St
 Crosby, Daniel 1510 Laguna St
 Cross, Charles V. 914 Market St
 Crowley, Thos. J. 602 Franklin St
 Cunningham, Chas. McD. 1939 Clay St
 Curtis, Henry L. Mills Bldg
 Curtis, R. G. St. Luke's Hospital
 Curtis, R. H. 406 Sutter St
 Cushing, Clinton 590 Sutter St
 Cutler, George A. 798 Hayes St
 D'Ancona, A. 1022 Sutter St
 Dabbons, Alme 614 Filbert St
 D'Arcey, W. N. 927 Market St
 Dangel, Mary A. 39 Broad St
 Davidson, J. R. 137 Montgomery St
 Davis, W. H. 65 Haight St
 Davila, George W. 406 Sutter St
 Davis, Loteta B. 131 Post St
 Day, Edgeworth 1025 Sutter St
 Deal, Loula B. 2602 Howard St
 Deane, Loula C. 606 Sutter St

Edmonson, W. J. 2330 Larkin St
 Edwards, Carrie H. 418 Golden Gate Ave
 Edwards, H. C. 907 Market St
 Edwards, W. R. J. 1139 Market St
 Edwards, Wm. 421 Powell St
 Ehrlich, Benj. P. 813 Sutter St
 Eichler, Alfred 1242 Mission St
 Eichler, R. 1101 Pierce St
 Eldenmuller, W. C. 1428 Powell St
 Ellinwood, C. N. 639 Kearny St
 Ennial, Frank S. 1106 Post St
 English, Charles F. 938 Geary St
 Esena, M. B. 209 Turk St
 Evans, G. H. 507 Sutter St
 Falck, Millicent E. 1303 Broadway
 Farnum, C. E. Parrott Bldg
 Feder, Adella M. 1224 Golden Gate Ave
 Feder, Grace 1224 Golden Gate Ave
 Fehleisen, Frederick 1210 Sutter St
 Fehlin, August 1032 Mission St
 Foulkes, Wm. Bruce Manila, P. I.
 Field, Edna R. 1230 Geary St
 Flindley, Park A. 927 Market St
 Finley, W. F. 2326 California St
 Fischer, Frank 143 Powell St
 Fitzgerald, F. T. 800 Mission St
 Fleming, B. F. 2212 Webster St
 Flood, John J. 137 Montgomery St
 Flood, P. H. 841 Ellis St
 Flynn, Anna M. 651 Geary St
 Folgers, Oscar H. 423 Golden Gate Ave
 Force, J. W. U. S. Marine Hospital
 Ford, Campbell 503 Montgomery Ave
 Foreman, Francesca I. 1035 Post St
 Forrest, R. A. 824 Mission St
 Fottell, M. J. Phelan Bldg
 Fox, Chas. V. 406 Sutter St
 Frankenhimer, J. B. 406 Sutter St
 Fraser, S. J. Parrott Bldg

Griswold, W. H. 6 Eddy St
 Gross, G. 328 Kearny St
 Gross, Louis 813 Sutter St
 Grosse, Alfred E. 2160 Post St
 Grossman, Edward L. 4134 Kearny St
 Grunig, Louis H. 972 Post St
 Guttard, Albert Presidio
 Haddeu, David 123 Ellis St
 Hall, A. P. 135 Geary St
 Halton, Mary G. 590 Sutter St
 Hammond, E. S. Children's Hospital
 Hanson, Edward R. 201 Gough St
 Hannab, J. B. 938 Geary St
 Hansen, C. C. 819 Market St
 Hanson, G. F. 233 Geary St
 Happersberger, A. K. 41 Third St
 Harris, F. W. 933 Market St
 Harris, Henry 502 Sutter St
 Harrison, Emily G. 705 Sutter St
 Harrison, Samuel I. 1249 Market St
 Hart, Henry H. 123 Ellis St
 Hartley, R. E. 105 Ellis St
 Harvey, D. Morris. 195 S. Park and Third St
 Harvey, Wm. A. 201 Taylor St
 Harvey, Wm. P. 509 Haight St
 Hashimoto, Shlugo 321 Powell St
 Hassler, Wm. C. 133 Powell St
 Hatch, Herbert W. 502 Sutter St
 Hawkins, Geo. W. 2405 Franklin St
 Hawkins, Wm. J. 404 Third St
 Healy, James Lick House
 Healy, John H. 383 Geary St
 Heilmann, J. M. 504 Kearny St
 Helntz, J. P. E. 794 Sutter St
 Helms, Geo. L. 1104 Market St
 Henderson, J. J. 813 Sutter St
 Henesey, W. J. 123 Ellis St
 Henry, Joseph W. 502 Sutter St
 Hensley, Wm. 807 Sutter St
 Hereford, W. S. 1115 Sutter St
 Herlick, S. S. 322 Haight St
 Herrington, H. 407 Geary St
 Herwig, Emil M. 911 Eddy St
 Herzog, George K. Lane Hospital
 Herzstein, Morris 801 Sutter St
 Hess, H. A. Stockton and Chestnut Sts
 Hickey, J. P. French Hospital
 Higgins, R. M. 1133 Polk St
 Hileman, J. E. Spring Valley Bldg
 Hill, H. P. St. Luke's Hospital
 Hill, Edmund E. 700 Ellis St
 Hill, James D. 1116 Sutter St
 Hill, John S. 1016 Sutter St
 Himmelsbach, Wm. 1815 Scott St
 Hinkle, Beatrice M. 2004 Devisadero St
 Hinkle, Beatrice M. 2004 Devisadero St
 Hirschfelder, J. O. 481 Geary St
 Hirschowitz, L. 923 Geary St
 Hodghead, D. A. 1025 Sutter St
 Hoffman, Lawrence H. 794 Sutter St
 Hoffbrook, G. S. 75 Third St
 Hopkins, E. K. 808 Sutter St
 Hopkins, W. E. 503 Sutter St
 Hopper, Wm. C. St. Mary's Hospital
 Howard, Edward S. 1016 Sutter St
 Howard, Kate I. 1410 Larkin St
 Howard, W. B. City Hall
 Howe, A. J. 723 Market St
 Hubbell, Geo. R. 1233 Polk St
 Hubbell, Harriet H. 1233 Polk St
 Huebner, G. A. 249 Sutter St
 Hughes, James V. 3273 Mission St
 Hughes, Jerome A. 313 Kearney St
 Hughes, John V. 39 Raueh St
 Ihlen, Vard H. Geary and Stockton Sts
 Hund, F. J. 759 Fulton St
 Hund, Otto H. 716 Howard St
 Hunkin, S. J. 1615 California St
 Hunter, Geo. T. Plymouth Hotel
 Huntington, T. W. 406 Sutter St
 Inman, Thos. G. 984 Valencia St
 Jackson, P. K. French Hospital
 Jackson, Wm. J. 44 Third St
 Jacobs, L. City and County Hospital
 Jacobson, Moses 530 Gough St
 Jadarola, Luigi S. 634 1/2 Broadway
 James, Tryphenie 1025 Sutter St
 Janss, P. 731 Market St
 Jellinek, E. O. 767 Sutter St
 Johnson, Emme 350 Bush St
 Johnston, E. K. Occidental Hotel
 Jones, C. E. 1518 Jackson St
 Jones, Henry I. 234 Post St
 Jones, Percy L. St. Nicholas Hotel
 Jones, Philip Mills Mills Bldg
 Judell, Malbina I. 2506 Pine St
 Kahl, C. W. 1197 Sanchez St
 Kahn, S. B. 814 Sutter St
 Kavanagh, Mary F. Children's Hospital
 Keane, G. S. 919 Green St
 Kearney, James F. 1920 Steiner St
 Kearney, P. A. 1203 Sutter St
 Keck, F. C. 312 Ellis St
 Keefe, John J. 235 Kearny St
 Kecker, George H. 139 Powell St
 Keenan, A. S. 402 Hayes St
 Keeney, W. 794 Sutter St
 Kellogg, W. E. 910 Devisadero St
 Kelley, Elmer E. 771 Sutter St
 Kelley, Katie 715 Taylor St
 Kengia, Louis A. 1121 Sutter St
 Kenyon, C. G. 901 Sutter St
 Kergan, John A. 8 Mason St
 Kerr, Wm. Watt 1200 Van Ness Ave
 Key, Walter J. 1424 Market St
 Keys, Elizabeth F. E. 606 Sutter St
 Kibbe, Maura E. 1025 Sutter St
 Kilborn, H. B. 551 Third St
 Kingwell, Jno. J. Third and Folsom Sts
 Kirehoffer, F. 3120 21st St
 Klrk, Albert W. 927 Market St
 Klrk, James M. 927 Market St
 Kleinberg, C. A. 1118 Turk St
 Klunk, F. W. Max 380 Sutter St
 Klotz, E. J. 1054 Post St
 Knopf, F. F. 1218 Mission St
 Knostman, C. P. 155 Perry St
 Knowles, Colvin W. Geary and Stockton Sts
 Knowles, S. E. Geary and Stockton Sts
 Koblick, Sophie B. 1220 Sutter St
 Korts, Benj. F. 1610 Howard St
 Koutzmann, H. 1018 Sutter St
 Krotoszyner, M. Martin 1018 Sutter St
 Kucklen, Franz 233 Geary St
 Kugeler, H. B. A. 813 Sutter St
 Kuhlman, C. G. 33 Eddy St
 Kurozawa, K. 322 1/2 O'Farrell St
 Lafontaine, Emma C. 1328 Jackson St
 Lagan, Edward 101 Van Ness Ave
 Lagan, Hugh 2606 Folsom St
 Lagan, John 1520 1/2 Mission St
 Laidlaw, Horace 986 Sutter St
 Laine, J. R. Wells, Fargo Bldg
 Laist, Otto 75 Howard St
 Lamore, Edith V. 1209 McAllister St
 Lane, Lucia M. 1214 Hyde St
 Larsen, Julia P. 1248 Ellis St
 Lathrop, Ida M. 812 Bush St
 Lee, Benjamin D. 907 Market St
 Lelevere, J. P. 14 Grant Ave
 Leffer, John 114 Geary St
 Leib, Thos. N. 608 Post St



GRAPE DESIGN.

Made in sizes 6, 9, 12, 18, 20 and 24 inch. Treated conventionally in white.

A wreath of small grapes is made very attractive by raising the grapes and tendrils, as follows:

Firstly, the stems and all the grapes are raised. The leaves are worked with two threads, shaded in with one, taking great care to keep the slant of the stitch perfect while shading in the one thread. Veins are outlined in one thread, and stems of leaf and the tendrils are all worked in a slanting stitch with two threads.

Each grape in the different bunches is padded in the same direction as the stem runs and then worked in the opposite direction with two threads, being sure to keep the shape perfectly round. The stems are worked in a slanting, solid stitch with two threads.

The large scallop with three curves is worked in buttonhole stitch solid in two threads. The lower part of the small scallop is done in long and short buttonhole and also in two threads, and the bar above it is padded high and worked straight up and down with two threads.

Use 1200 white filo.

Deane, Teulson 1217 Washington St
 Deardorf, A. G. Parrott Bldg
 Delano, Abbey E. Beaom. Broderick nr 14th
 Delmont, F. 1086 Union St
 DeLucis, Andrea 1604 Stockton St
 d'Ercole, Victor 422 Montgomery Ave
 De Marville, H. B. 533 Sutter St
 D'Evelyn, F. W. Phelan Bldg
 Dennis, S. W. Parrott Bldg (Dentist)
 De Vecchi, Paola Crocker Bldg
 De Witt, T. Byron 66 Geary St
 Dickie, Wm. M. City and County Hospital
 Dickson, A. T. 459 1/2 Bryant St
 Digzina, A. E. 5 Market St
 Dillon, J. F. 360 Fourth St
 Dodel, Xavier 1307 Howard St
 Dodge, Washington 1423 Van Ness Ave
 Donnelly, E. F. 1209 McAllister St
 Dorais, L. P. 1101 Van Ness Ave
 Dorr, L. L. Crocker Bldg
 Dorr, Wm. R. Crocker Bldg
 Dougherty, Wm. A. 1203 Powell St
 Doughess, J. F. 1324 Howard St
 Dowdall, Richard J. 3442 18th St
 Downes, Charles S. 160 Golden Gate Ave
 Dozier, Chas. A. 423 Ellis St
 Dray, F. R. 406 Sutter St
 Dresel, G. 139 Crocker Bldg
 Driscoll, E. P. 1030 Polson St
 Drossel, August A. 1203 Powell St
 Dukes, H. C. Surgeon P. M. S. S. Newport
 Duncan, F. T. 306 O'Farrell St
 Dwight, Wilder 488 Geary St
 Easton, Daniel E. F. Parrott Bldg
 Eastland, Orin 702 Market St
 Eaton, F. B. 590 Sutter St
 Eaton, G. L. 502 Sutter St
 Eblright, G. E. 590 Sutter St
 Eckhardt, A. O. German Hospital

Frederick, Marcus W. 139 Post St
 Freeman, F. B. Hotel St. Nicholas
 Freeman, G. M. 2907 Sixteenth St
 Frisbie, E. G. 1610 Van Ness Ave
 Frost, James 2324 Mission St
 Fuller, George W. 2101 Webster St
 Fuson, A. L. 2484 Mission St
 Gale, H. A. 46 O'Farrell St
 Gallagher, John J. Geary and Stockton
 Gallwey, John 602 California St
 Gaubetto, C. A. 611 Washington St
 Gardner, M. Wells-Fargo Bldg
 Gardner, S. J. Parrott Bldg
 Garwood, W. T. 301 Sutter St
 Gates, Geo. Wellesley 23 Second St
 Gavigan, W. J. Parrott Bldg
 Gedge, D. McC. 406 Sutter St
 Glanville, A. H. 502 Sutter St
 Gibbons, Henry Jr. 920 Polk St
 Gibbons, Morton R. 920 Polk St
 Gibson, N. S. 1902 Union St
 Gibson, R. E. Parrott Bldg
 Glaser, E. F. 832 Sutter St
 Gleaves, C. C. 239 Powell St
 Glover, Cosmos A. 628 Montgomery St
 Gonzales, Emanuel 965 Polson St
 Goodfellow, G. E. 751 Sutter St
 Graham, Gilbert F. 590 Sutter St
 Graham, H. B. 590 Sutter St
 Graham, W. F. 1097 Leavenworth St
 Graves, John H. 1003 1/2 Valencia St
 Gray, Frank P. 853 O'Farrell St
 Grazer, Fred A. 2221 Mission St
 Green, C. W. 303 Sixth St
 Green, Jonathan 1200 Mason St
 Gregory, A. M. 120 Eleventh St
 Greth, August 233 Twelfth St

Some of the Leading San Francisco Physicians Who Have Our Magazine

Leithend, Chas. E. 917 Van Ness Ave
Leland, T. B. W. 205 Montgomery Ave
Lengfeld, A. L. 202 Stockton St
Leonard, A. T. Phelan Bldg
Leonard, J. V. St. Mary's Hospital
Levin, Zernach 43 Fifth St
Lewis, C. G. 1316 Van Ness Ave
Lewitt, W. B. 500 Van Ness Ave
Lichau, Ernst 455 Geary St
Lieberich, Fred Haight and Filmore Sts
Lille, William A. 1765 Fulton St
Linthorpe, Grace S. 418 Bartlett St
Long, Seelye F. Geary and Stockton Sts
Lopp, Wm. H. 322 Ellis St
Lyon, Samuel B. 128 Sutter St
Lorin, Raphael 2720 Sacramento St
Lovett, Wm. B. 440 Van Ness Ave
Lowell, C. H. 2103 Filmore St
Lowry, Robert Jr. 342 Capp St
Lucas, W. St. Luke's Hospital
Lustig, D. D. 6 Eddy St
Lutz, Chas. A. Surgeon P. M. S. S. Pekin
Lutz, F. W. Mills Bldg
Lyons, Samuel B. 32 O'Farrell St
Mason, Philip 32 O'Farrell St
Macdonald, G. Childs 32 O'Farrell St
Macdonald, J. M. 318 Eddy St
Mace, Lewis S. 406 Sutter St
MacKay, E. S. Children's Hospital
MacKenzie, Edward E. 5 Market St
MacMonagle, B. 500 Sutter St
Madill, D. 330 Sutter St
Mague, Max 295 Geary St
Mague, Chas. S. 46 O'Farrell St
Mague, Thomas M. 281 Page St
Maher, Thos. D. 502 Sutter St
Mahoney, Margaret J. 909 Howard St
Mahoney, T. L. 1702 Washington St
Malaby, Z. T. 576 Sutter St
Malt, H. F. 601 Golden Gate Ave
Mant, C. S. 609 Sutter St
Mansfield, Oscar 605 Lagans St
Manson, Joseph I. 917 Van Ness Ave
Marquis, P. P. C. 1101 Van Ness Ave
Marshall, B. 924 Sutter St
Martin, Jeffrey 3123 Mission St
Martin, Robert S. 8 Market St
Martin, William Geary and Stockton Sts
Martin, William A. Geary and Stockton Sts
Martineau, E. D. 606 Kearny St
Martinez, Felipe 900 Powell St
Mather, S. R. 502 Sutter St
Matthae, E. H. 401 Van Ness Ave
Mathews, J. N. 234 Post St
Mayer, Oscar J. 822 Sutter St
McCarthy, C. F. Geary and Stockton Sts
McCarthy, W. D. 111 Eddy St
McChesney, George J. 1303 Van Ness Ave
McClure, James F. 1132 Sutter St
McConnell, Edward G. 705 Sutter St
McConnell, A. B. City and County Hospital
McConkey, Thomas G. 406 Sutter St
McCoy, Florence Mills Bldg
McCoy, G. W. Appraisers' Bldg
McCue, James E. Lane Hospital
McDermot, W. P. 1391 Valencia St
McDonald, J. A. 1296 Market St
McElroy, B. F. City and County Hospital
McFall, C. E. 1066 Bush St
McGettigan, C. D. 223 Powell St
McGill, A. B. 942 Post St
McGowan, E. J. 1224 Mission St
McIntosh, A. M. 717 Jones St
McKay, Emma E. 1164 Russ St
McKay, Albert B. 533 Sutter St
McLachlan, W. M. 142 1/2 Fourth St
McLaughlin, Alfred 11th and Railroad Ave
McLean, Alexander D. 123 Ellis St
McLean, R. A. 246 Sutter St
McMahon, F. A. 446 Eddy St
McMillan, D. 1073 1/2 Market St
McMurdo, J. R. Geary and Stockton Sts
McNulty, H. J. Surg. Oceanic S. S. Australia
McNutt, Wm. F. Jr. 1220 Sutter St
McNutt, Wm. F. Jr. 1220 Sutter St
McQueen, C. A. 230 Kearny St
Means, Victor C. B. 1534 Sutter St
Meierdierks, Wm. T. 21 Powell St
Meinhard, T. L. 1122 Golden Gate Ave
Meininger, Leo L. 807 Sutter St
Mendel, L. C. 2932 Washington St
Merritt, Emma S. 2323 Washington St
Merritt, Geo. W. 590 Sutter St
Merry, A. J. 406 Montgomery Ave
Merry, E. C. 1505 Stockton St
Meyer, Albert G. 2502 Filmore St
Meyer, Henry 916 Market St
Meyers, R. C. Union and Powell Sts
Middleton, J. V. D. Occidental Hotel
Miller, C. F. 713 Market St
Miller, J. A. 1044 Valencia St
Miller, Philip 1509 1/2 Devisadero St
Miller, Thurlow S. 927 Market St
Mills, Chas. W. Surgeon Alaska Packers' Assn
Mills, H. C. City and County Hospital
Milward, W. C. 1101 1/2 Broadway St
Mish, Sol. C. California and Van Ness Ave
Mizner, Wm. Garrison 502 Sutter St
Moffitt, Herbert C. 606 Sutter St
Mohun, Chas. C. 401 Van Ness Ave
Morgan, D. W. 1301 Van Ness Ave
Montgomery, Jno. 336a Bush St
Moody, Mary W. 2520 Howard St
Moore, Wm. G. 406 Sutter St
Mooser, C. E. French Hospital
Morgan, Chas. L. 401 Sixth St
Moroug, Frederick L. German Hospital
Morrill, F. B. 1050 Market St
Morrison, H. E. 137 Montgomery St
Morrisey, Jos. G. 602 California St
Morrow, Howard 590 Sutter St
Morse, F. W. Chronicle Bldg
Morton, A. W. Parrott Bldg
Mortgrove, Anna M. 1023 Sutter St
Moss, J. Mora 696 Sutter St
Mouser, S. M. 707 Bush St
Muench, Albert. Surg. P. M. S. S. San Juan
Muller, Frederick C. 318 Clement St
Muller, Otto J. 2285 Sutter St
Mulligan, A. P. 2000 Market St
Murphy, James D. 602 California St
Murphy, R. W. Jr. 1601 Gough St
Murphy, William J. St. Mary's Hospital
Murray, Chas. H. 2119 Hyde St
Nagel, Carl S. G. 1220 Sutter St
Nast, J. E. 1354 Polson St
Neal, J. G. 2701 Valencia St
Neale, Alex. 1240 Valencia St
Nelson, Arthur B. 1035 Golden Gate Ave
Nelson, J. A. 32 Ellis St
Nelson, Lois 1118 Sutter St
Neumann, Mark 253 Turk St
Newell, W. H. 1818 Devisadero St
Newgarden, George J. Fort Mason
Newman, Alfred 901 Sutter St
Newmark, Leo 590 Sutter St
Newton, F. C. 409 Eddy St
Niemegeer, H. A. 502 Clement St
Nishikata, Asazo 407 Post St
Noble, J. Albert Parrott Bldg
Noble, Maude 611 Baker St
Noble, Paul B. 611 Baker St
Nusbaum, Adolph 1032 Mission St

O'Brien, A. P. 123 Ellis St
O'Brien, J. H. 1802 Market St
O'Connell, M. W. 110 Devisadero St
O'Connell, R. J. G. 348 Hayes St
O'Connor, Jas. H. Parrott Bldg
O'Donnell, George W. 1018 Market St
Oliver, Harry R. 502 Sutter St
Oliver, Jos. A. 1825 Turk St
Ohrwall, H. A. W. 502 Sutter St
Ontill, Melville E. 845 Howard St
Ophuls, William Lane Hospital
Orella, F. R. 406 Sutter St
Orr, R. H. 2104 Howard St
Osmers, Wm. 1278 Fulton St
Osmun, W. F. H. 1604 Leavenworth St
Palmer, F. S. 1924 Steiner St
Palmer, M. McK. 1924 Steiner St
Pardee, George C. Chronicle Bldg
Parent, Charles E. 926 Sutter St
Part, T. C. 3302 Twenty-fourth St
Partridge, Harry 2632 Howard St
Paterson, Edie G. W. 1606 California St
Patno, C. J. 371 Geary St
Pawlicki, C. F. 813 Sutter St
Pawlicki, L. B. S. 1119 Van Ness Ave
Payne, Redmond W. Geary and Stockton
Peck, R. Emory Hearst Bldg
Peel, Jonathan M. Hearst Bldg, (dentist)
Perrault, Edward L. 386 Sutter St
Perrault, Jullian 386 Sutter St
Perrone, Osea 700 Broadway St
Perry, A. W. 1236 Market St
Peters, Birger 14 McAllister St
Petrie, Frank B. 211 South California St
Phelan, A. E. 139 Post St
Phelan, G. J. 11 Van Ness Ave
Phelon, W. P. 509 Van Ness Ave
Phillip, John H. 14 Grant Ave
Phipps, Chas. 1211 Jackson St

Robertson, John 2104 Market St
Robertson, W. H. 1500 Mission St
Robinson, E. B. 415 1/2 Baker St
Roche, T. B. 20 O'Farrell St
Rodgers, Lee O. 1209 McAllister St
Rogers, Charles H. 366 Geary St
Rogers, Nathan 20 O'Farrell St
Rogers, R. W. 637 Kearney St
Rosenkrantz, N. Hearst Bldg
Rosestern, Julius 932 Sutter St
Rostenthal, Adolph G. Geary and Stockton
Rostenthal, C. H. 1025 Sutter St
Ross, F. W. Surg. Alaska Packers' Assn
Ross, M. A. 631 Green St
Rothschild, Max 1209 Sutter St
Rumwell, M. E. 295 Geary St
Russell, T. G. 406 Sutter St
Ryer, M. B. 546 Turk St
Rykegel, H. A. L. 590 Sutter St
Sclomon, Max 360 Geary St
Sample, Thomas W. German Hospital
Sampson, A. T. 1220 Sutter St
Sanders, G. L. 123 Sadowa St
Sanderon, A. J. 145 Franklin St
Sankey, Mary J. 265 San Carlos Ave
Sartori, H. J. C. J. 628 Montgomery St
Sellers, Bertha A. 531 Sutter St
Sawyer, Frank E. 855 Bush St
Sawyer, H. C. Geary and Stockton Sts
Schirra, Ralph J. 1409 Van Ness Ave
Schloss, Aaron Parrott Bldg
Schmelz, Charles J. 720 Howard St
Schmitt, Lionel U. S. Marine Hospital
Scholl, Albert L. 375 Mission St
Scholtz, W. H. 426 Sutter St
Scroggs, W. R. 3404 Mission St
Seawell, J. Walter St. Luke's Hospital
Selch, Philip H. 590 Sutter St (Dentist)
Sentiehn, H. H. 3353 Seventeenth St

Spring, Charlotte B. 1217 Sutter St
Stapler, D. A. 1010 Sutter St
Stark, Bertha Wagner 973 Sutter St
Starr, Frederick R. 705 Vallejo St
Stearns, Victor J. 417 1/2 Third St
Stehle, H. F. 1312 Market St
Steltzner, E. J. C. Phelan Bldg
Stern, A. A. 246 Sutter St
Stern, Louis 632 Geary St
Stevens, W. E. 1403 California St
Stille, John 2311 Sutter St
Stillman, Stanley 14 Grant Ave
Stimson, James 1622 Jackson St
Stinson, J. C. 533 Sutter St
Stirewalt, H. W. 305 Kearney St
Stites, Ida M. 1403 Steiner St
Stone, J. S. 233 Geary St
Storror, Edward N. 711 Broderick St
Stowell, J. M. 666 Haight St
Strong, C. G. Sutter and Jones Sts
Strunks, Max 901 Golden Gate Ave
Sturge, E. A. 227 Pierce St
Sullivan, J. F. 3468 Seventeenth St
Sullivan, W. N. Phelan Bldg
Suburn, W. I. 844 Folsom St
Sussdorf, G. E. 105 Ellis St
Sutherland, F. B. Phelan Bldg
Swan, Benjamin R. Mutual Life Bldg
Sweeney, George J. French Hospital
Sweet, A. E. 916 Bush St
Sweet, G. W. 2219 Steiner St
Symonds, Harriet Geary and Stockton Sts
Takeshima, K. 991 Sutter St
Tait, F. Dudley 1054 Post St
Talcott, F. L. 997 Market St
Taylor, Charles E. St. Mary's Hospital
Taylor, Albert H. 123 Ellis St
Taylor, A. Miles 1116 Post St
Taylor, O. N. 3014 Sacramento St
Terrill, G. M. 287 Geary St
Tevie, Samuel 1316 Taylor St
Thayer, O. V. 2514 Washington St
Thomas, Benj. 910 Devisadero St
Thomas, W. E. 439 Third St
Thomas, P. M. 813 Sutter St
Thompson, Geo. H. 105 Ellis St
Thorne, Isaac W. 813 Sutter St
Thorne, Walter S. 813 Sutter St
Thornton, P. H. 140 Geary St
Thrasher, Marion 1170 Market St
Tierney, E. P. 310 Montgomery St
Thlman, F. J. 713 Market St
Titchworth, J. C. 2924 Bush St
Todd, Oscar 2302 Filmore St (Dentist)
Toner, J. M. 1200 Railroad Ave
Torrello, Emil N. City and County Hospital
Trask, Henry C. 349 Geary St
Trask, Sampson 349 Geary St
Traverse, A. W. 1170 Market St
Treviso, D. 842 Broadway St
Troppman, C. M. 452 Sixth St
Tugitt, S. W. 916 Market St
Tugle, Samuel P. Geary and Stockton Sts
Van Meter, M. E. 431 Howard St
Van Orden, Leander, Jr. 14 Grant Ave
Veale, Almer F. 526 Guerrero St
Veck, Victor G. 36 Geary St
Vestal, Hall Lane Hospital
Voisard, F. X. 1047 Mission St
Voje, J. C. 1065 Howard St
Von, Buclow, F. 517 Valencia St
von der Leith, H. O. Broadway and Powell
Von Hoffman, C. A. 1014 Sutter St
Voorheis, A. H. 1312 Van Ness Ave
Vowinkel, F. W. 903 Van Ness Ave
Wadsworth, Chas. C. 1104 Van Ness Ave
Wagner, H. L. 522 Sutter St
Wagner, John 483 Valencia St
Wahl, Hugo T. 217 Montgomery St
Walker, Agnes 1740 Ellis St
Wallace, Wm. S. 401 Filmore St
Waller, Newton B. 1217 Post St
Walters, F. G. 522 Van Ness Ave
Walters, St. D. Gynals California Hotel
Wanzer, Lucy F. M. 205 Taylor St
Waterman, Helen J. 1135 Polk St
Watkins, James T. 502 Sutter St
Watson, Dorothea 1109 Mission St
Wat, Fred Wm. Lane Hospital
Watts, Herbert C. City and County Hospital
Wefesburg, A. B. Von 443 O'Farrell St
Well, Conrad 828 Sutter St
Weiss, E. M. 622 Filbert St
Welch, Henry S. 536 Kearny St
Wemple, E. L. Jr. 406 Sutter St
Wemple, E. L. 406 Sutter St
Werner, A. F. 2332 Sutter St
Wetherby, J. 1501 Church St
Westerberg, Frederick 701 Howard St
Wetzel, Jno F. 813 Van Ness Ave
Weyer, G. A. 6 Eddy St
White, J. S. Presidio
White, Mark J. 641 Merchant St
Whitman, C. H. 303 Larkin St
Whitney, J. D. Crocker Bldg
Wigand, Theo. 2506 Sacramento St
Williams, P. Francis 1781 Haight St
Williams, Robt. E. 722 Bay St
Williamson, G. W. 725 Pine St
Williamson, J. M. 21 Powell St
Willits, Emma K. 1201 Sutter St
Willson, Hugh McG. 1206 Market St
Wilson, Frank P. Phelan Bldg
Wilson, Herman F. 927 Market St
Winterberg, W. 1208 Van Ness Ave
Winterberg, W. Hopfer 1208 Van Ness Ave
Wintermute, G. P. 1025 Sutter St
Woods, Alice M. 1135 Polk St
Woodward, A. P. 1025 Sutter St
Woolf, Michael J. H. 1017 Oak St
Woolsey, C. H. City and County Hospital
Woolsey, Mark H. Geary and Stockton Sts
Worley, Minnie G. 939 Clay St
Wyckoff, Lydia J. 704 Stockton St
Wynore, W. W. 805 Valencita St
Yanagisawa, Una Y. 146 Second St
Yeaglin, O. W. 6 Eddy St
Young, J. A. Surg. P. M. S. S. San Jose
Younger, Alex. J. Sur. Oceanic S. S. Mariposa
Zabala, J. L. 749 Pacific St
Zachariah Simon R. 73 Tehama St
Zelle, Eugene 1717 California St
Zobel, Alfred J. 1403 California St
Zussman, Samuel 830 O'Farrell St



PEACOCKS AND WISTERIA.

This design is a French idea—birds being invariably arranged with flowers, fruits and foliage. The wisteria blossoms have been described as similar to the sweet pea, and they are here shown in most irregular shapes and sizes, and if properly lighted, a beautiful effect is obtained. The breast of the bird calls for very careful direction of stitch, and the coloring is peacock blue and green, blended. The top wing is of the same coloring and the body below this of the tan brown and green.

The stiff wing feathers are of deepest brown veined with the reddish black. Body below these feathers another shade of brown, gold and green.

For the peacock feathers the greens are used for the feather outlines, the silk being twisted and the stitch caught down tightly so as to give effect and smoothness, evenness, and unbroken by successive back stitches. The eyes in the feather are the shades of blue used as spots, light on one side, dark on the other, background of the brown and the gold.

The border is shaded with soft greens.

Pischel, Kaspar Crocker Bldg
Pincz, J. C. 135 Geary St
Plymire, D. B. 246 Sutter St
Plymire, H. G. South San Francisco
Poehner, A. A. 1500 Mission St
Pollatsch, Jacob 1020 Howard St
Pond, Gardner P. Geary and Stockton
Potter, Samuel O. L. 1220 Sutter St
Potts, J. S. Y. M. C. A. Bldg
Power, Florence B. 3076 Seventeenth St
Power, Henry D. A. 1025 Sutter St
Powers, Geo. H. 533 Sutter St
Preston, Walton 343 Geary St
Price, T. L. 705 Vallejo St
Pring, Ernest 3003 Filmore St
Prosek, Jos. Phelan Bldg
Proschold, Henry 400 Golden Gate Ave
Purlesky, George P. City and County Hospital
Pursell, Francis Asst Surgeon U. S. A.
Putnam, Victor E. 696 Sutter St
Quigley, John M. 1501 Waller St
Ragan, D. F. 1170 Market St
Read, W. P. 938 Sutter St
Reiche, Cecelia Children's Hospital
Redding, G. Huntington 234 Post St
Regensburger, A. E. 14 Grant Ave
Regensburger, M. 803 Sutter St
Renz, Carl 922 Sutter St
Rethera, T. C. Geary and Stockton Sts
Rice, Albert J. 116 Stockton St
Richardson, George H. Alcatraz Island
Richardson, J. P. 819 Market St
Richter, C. M. 640 Geary St
Ridgdon, Rufus L. Hearst Bldg
Riley, Wm. C. Flood Bldg
Rinne, Frederick A. 1312 Market St
Rivas, I. 1716 Sacramento St
Rixford, Emmet 1400 Van Ness Ave
Robertson, Jno W. 1118 Sutter St

Serviss, Thomas W. 522 Sutter St
Seymour, Jas. H. 1106 Post St
Shaffer, Jas. C. 331 Montgomery St
Sharper, Jas. G. 590 Sutter St
Sherman, H. M. 1303 Van Ness Ave
Sherwood, H. D. 221 Van Ness Ave
Shiels, Geo. F. Geary and Stockton Sts
Shiels, John W. 590 Sutter St
Shores, A. J. 933 Market St
Shumate, Thos E. 794 Sutter St
Shultz, Nellie L. M. 427 34th Ave
Sleight, G. W. 231 Post St (Dentist)
Sleifkes, John L. 233 Geary St
Silverman, J. A. 105 Ellis St
Simon, Grace 624 Eddy St
Simon, Jules A. 813 Sutter St
Simmons, Hydm M. 618 Grove St
Simpson, J. A. 618 Twentieth St
Smiley, Virginia W. 1214 Hyde St
Smith, Alice P. 3400 Clay St
Smith, James F. Geary and Stockton Sts
Smith, John W. 1196 Kentucky St
Smith, Larz A. 143 Stockton St
Smith, R. B. Chronicle Bldg
Smythe, Hudson Southern Pacific Hospital
Sobey Arthur L. 3524 Twentieth St
Sohoslay, Julius 1044 1/2 Sixth St
Somers, Geo. B. 123 Ellis St
Soper, J. H. 347 Noe St
Soule, Milan Surg. Oceanic S. S. Sierra
Southard, C. O. 1220 Sutter St
Southard, W. F. 1220 Sutter St
Spencer, John C. 590 Sutter St
Sperry, Mary A. 1201 Sutter St
Spitz, G. 988 Sutter St
Sprague, W. P. 332 O'Farrell St
Sprague, Francis R. 1201 Sutter St
Spriggs, Gertrude A. 353 Polk St
Spriggs, L. W. 353 Polk St



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Adams, L. I. Central Bank Bldg
Adelung, E. Von 1068 Broadway
Akerly, J. C. S. 14 San Pablo Ave
Allen, M. Del. 572 12th St
Baldwin, R. O. 1115 Broadway
Barkwell, W. W. 1354 Harrison St
Bartlett, T. P. 963 Grove St
Beekwith, W. M. 1239 23d Ave
Blood, W. H. 1466 8th St
Bodde, F. 885 San Pablo Ave
Borcher, Bertha 1353 Castro St
Boyes, E. J. Central Bank Bldg
Boyes, E. B. Central Bank Bldg
Bradway, J. R. 726 11th St
Brinckerhoff, G. E. 1169 Broadway
Brown, W. L. 411 20th St
Brown, W. M. 974 Center St
Buekel, C. A. 925 14th St
Burchard, L. S. 1155 Broadway
Rutane, S. L. 1155 Broadway
Card, E. F. 1103 1/2 Broadway
Channell, B. D. 1018 Washington
Clarke, A. 1104 Broadway
Cole, Carrie C. Fahlola Hospital
Crowley, D. D. Central Bank Bldg
Curdts, Carl. Maedonough Bldg
Dell, Lillian A. 1311 Clay St
De La Rue, E. 629 E. 14th St
Dodge, V. A. 1065 Washington
Doddie, A. H. 1182 E. 14th St
Dukes, C. A. Central Bank Bldg
Dunn, J. P. H. Maedonough Bldg
Dunn, W. L. Maedonough Bldg
Ewer, E. N. 1111 Washington St
Fearn, J. R. 1163 Clay St
Fine, A. 521 12th St
Fine, A. H. 1020 Jackson St
Foster, N. K. 1266 23d Ave
Frick, R. 406 13th St
Green, J. S. Abrahamson Bldg
Hall, G. H. 1395 Telegraph Ave
Hamlin, O. D. 1103 1/2 Broadway
Herrick, L. R. Central Bank Bldg
Higgins, A. P. 1376 Webster St
Hillegas, G. W. 529 28th St
Holmes, Clara M. 702 Telegraph Ave
Holmes, T. B. 1266 23d Ave
Howard, J. L. Vernon Heights
Huntington, W. D. Central Bank Bldg
Hyde, O. C. 1111 Washington St
Johnson, M. L. Playter Bldg
Jordan, F. R. 1111 Washington St
Kane, J. M. 1115 Broadway
Kergan, H. S. 8th St
Kergan, W. W. 1156 Broadway
Kitchings, J. T. 906 Clay St
Knox, Myra W. 598 14th St
Kohlmoos, H. 1155 Market St
Krone, C. R. 1111 Washington St
Lanz, Paul R. 1068 3d Ave
Lawrence, C. L. 521 Twelfth St
Legault, W. 14 San Pablo Ave
Lilley, J. F. 1155 Broadway
Lillencrantz, A. 359 Telegraph Ave
Lillencrantz, G. 359 Telegraph Ave
Littlepage, S. B. 367 E. 12th St
Madsen, R. H. 1316 Grove St
Maher, J. Central Bank Bldg
Mauzy, W. P. 654 14th St
Maxson, Mrs. H. S. 1051 Market St
Maxson, W. H. 1051 Market St
Mayon, J. L. 1069 Market St
McCollough, F. E. 1552 7th St
McRae, Donald M. 856 Market St
Meacham, S. F. 1065 Washington St
Medros, J. J. Central Bank Bldg
Meigs, J. J. 1115 Broadway
Miller, T. J. 718 Chestnut St
Miller, J. A. 1115 Broadway
Milton, J. A. 1115 Broadway
Morse, F. W. 1204 Harrison St
Moutoux, C. G. R. 1161 E. 15th St
Mueller, H. E. 1155 Broadway
Murphy, W. M. 1082 56th St
Musser, F. R. 1169 Broadway

Nash, Nettie M. B. 19 Center St
Nicholson, I. E. 13th & Clay Sts
Nusbaumer, Pauline S. 850 1/2 Isabella St
Olmstead, T. 1115 Broadway
Oyend, E. J. Maedonough Bldg
Pardee, G. C. 672 11th St
Peck, A. T. 519 15th St
Piercy, A. T. 1111 Washington St
Pinney, H. B. 912 Broadway
Porter, W. S. 1111 Washington St
Pratt, A. H. 1155 Broadway
Purvis, J. Central Bank Bldg
Redington, Vidua 1668 10th St
Rice, E. J. Central Bank Bldg
Rinehart, M. 1223 8th St
Rowe, C. H. 1155 Broadway
Rutherford, G. B. H. 731 39th St
Sanborn, W. K. 1400 8th St
Shannon, J. M. 1155 Broadway
Shirk, Adam. 857 Broadway
Shuey, Sarah L. 952 14th St
Sill, E. R. Central Bank Bldg
Stirling, Charles. 1090 First Ave
Stirling, Marion F. 1060 First Ave
Stratton, R. T. 913 Market St
Thomas, H. G. 1111 Washington St
Todd, F. J. 520 10th St
Todd, J. H. 626 14th St
Vrooman, Sarah. 861 E. 13th St
Webster, L. R. 1229 Franklin St

Weitman, C. L. 467 7th St
Wheeler, P. L. 1155 Broadway
Whitehouse, L. H. 1175 Market St
Wilcox, W. J. 576 E. 14th St
Williams, F. A. Alcatraz Hall
Williams, T. A. Central Bank Bldg
Williams, R. B. 1111 Washington St
Wood, J. B. 6002 San Pablo Ave
Woolsey, E. H. 1103 1/2 Broadway
Worley, L. F. 621 Twelfth St
Wright, F. L. 1101 San Pablo Ave
Wythe, S. 825 14th St
Yoshida, S. 864 Washington St

ALAMEDA.

Bailey, E. L. 2015 San Antonio Ave
Ballard, D. L. L. 3237 Briggea Ave
Benkers, J. M. C. 1 O. O. F. Bldg
Brooks, W. A. Enclnal Hall
Brown, M. W. 1360 Park St
Bull, C. G. M. E. Church Bldg
Clark, J. G. Oak. 2248 Central Ave
Cletcher, Mary D. M. E. Church Bldg
Fierman, W. L. M. E. Church Bldg
Green, J. S. Enclnal Hall
Hitt, A. W. 1205 Chestnut St
Hosford, E. T. Water Works Bldg
Hosford, W. J. Water Works Bldg
Johnstone, E. R. 743 Railroad Ave

BERKELEY.

Adams, J. Q. Berkeley
Carpenter, W. M. Berkeley
Clark, T. J. Berkeley
Gillman, F. W. Berkeley
Gray, E. Berkeley
Green, Lulus Berkeley
Hammond, H. P. Berkeley
Hogland, G. B. Berkeley
Kelley, E. A. Berkeley
Kelsey, J. E. Berkeley
Kittredge, C. S. Berkeley
Magill, Z. T. Berkeley
McLeave, T. C. Berkeley
McNulty, H. J. Berkeley
Miner, H. N. Berkeley
Moore, Ellen D. Berkeley
Partsch, Herman. N. Berkeley
Payne, F. H. E. Berkeley
Reinhardt, G. F. Berkeley
Ritter, Mary E. Berkeley
Rowell, H. K. Berkeley
Rowell, Hubert N. Berkeley
Rowley, M. M. Berkeley
Stow, Eleanor M. Berkeley
Weed, G. A. Berkeley
Witter, G. F. Berkeley
Woolsey, F. R. Berkeley

Alexander, G. E. Hayward
Allen, Cyrus H. Centerville
Brownell, E. A. V. Hayward
Browning, F. W. Hayward
Chalmers, Geo. F. Niles
Clark, W. A. County Infirmary
Cooper, J. G. Hayward
Cope, Wm. H. Pleasanton
Davidson, H. B. Fruitvale
Dean, A. J. Hayward
De Puy, A. A. Golden Gate
De Puy, E. S. Fruitvale
Dukes, H. C. North Temescal
Eastman, J. S. Berkeley
Emerson, W. H. Livermore
Hammond, W. Livermore
Heilmann, J. M. Fruitvale
Henry, J. F. Dimond
Herschler, W. A. Pleasanton
Jump, A. Fruitvale
Jump, Carrie Baker Dimond
Jump, R. L. Dimond
Lynch, W. F. H. Elmhurst
Mason, B. F. San Leandro
Mason, D. E. Dimond
McGill, H. G. Sunol
McGone, E. W. Decoto
Miller, C. H. San Leandro
Miller, R. E. Fruitvale
Patterson, W. A. Alvarado
Taylor, W. S. Livermore
Prindle, C. E. Livermore
Reynolds, Geo. E. Hayward
Robertson, J. W. Livermore
Smith, Driesbach Livermore
Smith, Kirby B. San Leandro
Smith, L. B. Fruitvale
Summers, J. F. Livermore
Taylor, W. S. Livermore
Torney, J. P. San Leandro
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PRACTICAL ADVANTAGES OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

BY MRS. ABBIE ELVENIA KREBS.

Women's clubs are not entirely the modern institutions that we are prone to believe, for they existed (under other names, to be sure), in ancient days, as for instance, the great assembly of Roman Matrons, sometimes called the "Minor Senate," which received its title and sanction from imperial authority.

But clubs, in the modern acceptance of the word, are no longer the exclusive privilege of the male sex.

Women's clubs have a reason for being—especially under a Republic—for freedom of thought grants freedom of action. Hence the modern women's club is not a revolt from man's tyranny, nor yet, as some suppose it to be—a weak imitation of man's inclination for good fellowship and dining—but it is distinctly the result of the new conditions of modern life,—the result of woman's having arrived—arrived in the slow process of evolution, where she is more and more sure of

her status,—of her own thought, of her individualism and intellectual freedom—for in the car of progress, propelled by liberalizing and enlightening science, she has been part of the freight and could not well be left behind in the transit.

So, then some of her has arrived—some of here is already here and, as the French say, she is "ranging herself."

The expression of woman's thought and word is no longer considered a mere protest—but an intelligent force directed to useful and practical (private and public) aims and ends.

We admit, that this change of point of view, amounts to a revolution from the days of our grandmothers; but so also are changed all the manners and usages of society, even men no longer imitate the sterner virtues of their grandfathers!

The present conditions of life compel women to think—and serious thinking begets the "divine thirst for knowledge,"—which makes for a community thought and interest, and of such is the origin of the club.

The practical advantages of such association are manifold—the club admits the average woman to the best and most advanced thought of her sex; frees her from the bonds of prejudice, intolerance and deep-rooted opinion—which has been so merciless to her and has kept her in fear of doing that which might make her unwomanly or bring upon her ridicule and scorn for daring to think for herself—or hold opinions not already sanctioned by divine ordinance or man's authority—as though her own gentle and better nature and thought could harm her or subvert the order of society!

Club routine in the transaction of business, regulated by set rules of procedure, is of great practical advantage in training women for governing themselves by reflection and reason, rather than by impulse and emotion, which is an educating force by inspiration of liberality of mind and breadth of understanding.

The attrition of "mind with mind" soon directs discussion to channels of public interest and concern—such as

the schools, kindergartens, municipal government;—rules for the health and beauty of the city; preservation of our forests; preservation of historical and old and time-honored land marks; civil and social economics; the suffrage; the ballot, and enactment and execution of laws, and all matters of public concern and for the general welfare.

Women now do all these things in the various employments which were strange to them but a few years ago, and do them already so well that the sneer of the callow male newspaper paragrapher, backed by the man of low intelligence (who fears a brainy woman) no longer has its force or sting.

To sum up—the practical advantages of women's clubs we may say, they afford us the means of getting forward, and place us on a "vantage ground" for "further effort."

That further effort should be directed to a union of all clubs whose influence and power for good shall reach the furthest limits of human endeavor and achievement.



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Current Topics of Interest to Women

By SOPHIE E. GARDINER.

Our Homes—"Be it ever so humble,
there's no place like home," thus sang
the lonely poet while starving in a
miserable attic in London. Wander-
ing, homeless, through the crowded
streets, he stopped one evening in front
of one of the family residences of that
big metropolis. The curtains were
drawn back, and gazing into a brilli-
antly illuminated room, he saw a merr-
y group around a table. The remem-
brance of his own humble but happy
childhood home came back to him
across the span of years, and the
lonely man poured forth the longings
of his soul in those sweet, pathetic
strains, which have reached the chord
of sympathy in the hearts of people
of every land, and made immortal that
simple, touching melody.

"Home is where the heart is," chants
another singer; if so, no doubt the
home life can be preserved still even
in hotels or up-to-date apartment
houses, where we are rid of so much
trouble and annoyance. But is it quite
the same as the homes of yore? Are
we happier by being released from our
former responsibilities? Is it only sen-
timent that makes us ever associate
home with a garden, and merry laugh-
ter of little children?

Is the family tie as closely bound now
as it was in the old-fashioned home
life where we heard the pattering of
many little feet? And should we shrink
those responsibilities that mean per-
haps the happiness of others and the
welfare of our country. Are not these
same responsibilities of women what
make sturdy citizens and send great
men to rule us? It has often been
quoted "That the hand that rocks the
cradle rules the destinies of the world,"
then shall not woman do her mission
in life. Home has a quiet rest for the
tired head, and home is where all can
cry out their heart-weariness. Home
is earth's Eden to those who wish it
to be so, and strive to make it so.

A little more thoughtfulness; a lit-
tle less selfishness; a good deal of
sentiment and loveliness; an ideal
to grow and enough practicability to
keep things moving smoothly; such
constitute the heaven that most of us
look forward to, and that some of us
reach.

Selfishness—When selfishness enters
the home the bright spirit of happiness
withdraws. The household that is not
united together in mutual feelings of
love and interest must necessarily fail
to be an abode of peace. It seems to
me that of all the virtues, obedience
is the most conducive to good, for it
is the root from which they all blossom.
Those who have learned to obey well
will rule well and act well.

When members of the family do just
as they please without due regard for
each other there follows a long train of
unlovely traits, among them the dydra-
headed hostility. There is no liberty
which is not grafted on justice, and
there are no rights of others.

Unlawful liberties make their pos-
sessor not free but horribly bound.
Happy homes depend upon good hearts.
If we want happiness to linger at our
fireside we must learn those gentle
qualities that assuredly bring her to
us.

You have undoubtedly met disagree-
able girls who, without doing anything
especially spiteful or mean, have im-
pressed you as being girls to avoid.

But have you ever met the girl that
you and everybody else likes.

You are unfortunate if you have not
met her.

She is the girl who appreciates the
fact that she cannot have the first
choice of everything in the world. She
is the girl who is not aggressive and
does not find joy in inciting aggres-
sive people.

How to Keep Young—Personal
cleanliness is one of the chief essen-
tials to keep young. A daily bath and a
good rub will clear the complexion
faster than medicine.

Have plenty of fresh air in
your living and sleeping rooms.
Leave your bedroom window open
from the top every night, no
matter how cold the weather; have

your bed covering warm and light.
Beds and bed covering should be thor-
oughly aired during the day by scat-
tering the sheets and blankets about
the room, and keeping the windows
liberally open.

It is a mistake to go to bed at mid-
night and rise at daybreak, and imag-
ine that every hour taken from sleep is
an hour gained.

Sleep is indeed "Nature's sweet re-
storer;" it smoothes the wrinkles from
the face, and after a long, healthy
sleep the eyes are bright and the brain
is clear.

Nervousness is unknown to a person
who sleeps well. Children, especially,
should be allowed to sleep until they
awaken of themselves. Nature attends
to that and these are the ones that suf-
fer less from headaches and unnatural
nervous complaints, and grow to be
sound, hardy men and women. Sleep-
lessness is generally due, not to phys-
ical strain, but to mental overwork and
worry. The best cure for insomnia is
the open air. If troubled with it, take
a long walk before retiring. Don't walk
in a lazy, half-hearted fashion. Go in
a brisk, active way, like a soldier in his
review. Expand your chest, stretch
your legs, breathe steadily and get your
blood purified by the exercise of your
whole body.

And don't think of the things that
have bothered or worried you dur-
ing the day. Try to give your mind
some new food.

If possible, take another brisk walk
before breakfast. Be careful that in
walking up grade you do not expand
the chest and hold the breath. This
excites the heart by giving it an in-
creased pressure of blood for it to
beat against.

Sleep that comes as the result of ex-
haustion, provided that exhaustion
comes from a long walk in the open
air, will always be sweet. Soon there
will be no more nightmares or bad
dreams.

Suggestions—Try lemon juice for
whitening the hands consist in the use
cloth. High collars are largely respon-
sible for the ugly streak of brown often
seen.

Tincture of camphor and tincture of
myrrh are both excellent to add in the
proportion of ten or twelve drops to a
glass of water for rinsing the mouth
in the morning.

Simple remedies for softening and
whitening the hands consists in the use
of almond meal, cornmeal or oatmeal
instead of soap, and then rubbing them
with lemon juice or honey lotion or any
similar ungent.

A small piece of borax dissolved in
the mouth relieves hoarseness, and of-
ten allays a cough induced by throat
irritation. Used often as a gargle it
is healing for a cankered mouth or
throat.

Borax-water will not only remove
soils and stains from the hands, but
will heal all scratches and small hurts.
By always adding a little borax to the
water in which you wash (enough to
make it very soft) your hands will be
kept smooth, soft and white.

An admirable cold cream is made by
taking the tallow from a sheep's kid-
neys and fry it out slowly on the back
of the stove, adding a little powdered
borax and a few drops of spirits of
camphor. When cool, perfume with
rosemary and pour into a jar.

The clove, when chewed, temporari-
ly destroys the sense of taste. It is
thus sometimes used in medical prac-
tice, when very bitter or disagreeable
medicine is to be taken. After chewing
a clove, any unpleasant taste of cod
liver oil, for instance, cannot be per-
ceived.

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MESSAGE OF LOVE TO MOTHERS AND MOTHERS YET TO BE.

By ETTA PEARCE.

The position of mother is the most sacred on earth, the highest, the holiest, as the crown of womanhood is God's choicest blessing to the human family. It is woman who blesses and glorifies the world; it is she who builds and rules all nations. This broad assertion made in the opening of my article might cause some men to cast it aside as unworthy their perusal, some women to offer strong dissent. But mothers who feel the blessings and the weight of motherhood, as every woman should, will patiently follow me before opposing. It is to mothers I would speak—mothers I fain would help in the sacred duty of training their children. Could all women realize when her child's education begins, more than half the labor and time of educating them would be avoided, more than half the work would be done ere it is begun. Science has long since recognized the fact that parental conditions develop the child mentally, morally, physically, and spiritually, more of which we will speak anon. But, I cannot pass from this point without appealing to all mothers to make their coming child welcome—welcome from the fullness of your heart—the depth of your soul. If you would lift from its life many of the cares and burdens so many carry, be cheerful, kind, happy, and loving before the little one comes and your motherly welcome will doubly bless you by lessening your own cares as well as those of your child for what gives greater happiness than contentment and cheerfulness? By this method you will attain both.

When the sacred crown of motherhood is visited upon you, the most important thing to do is to recognize the rights of your child. Let your earliest lessons be fraught with this recognition. Let your children understand that whatever you tell them to do is told because it is for their good to do so, and be careful it is so. Too many parents fall into this error.

Mothers, develop your children's mind and heart by giving them a reason for all you tell them to do. And believe me, when once you make them comprehend that you only direct them to do anything you tell them to do because it is for their good, therefore, right that they should do it is a lesson you will never have to teach them the second time. They are quick to recognize after that that you always study their good, and they are just as quick to render unquestioned obedience. Let your children see that you regard their feelings and recognize their rights and you bind them to you with a chain of love so strong, and confidence and good fellowship so sweet that your duties as mother and teacher become the greatest joy and pleasure of your life. Make companions of your children early in life. Ask their opinions and advice and various subjects thereby leading them to think and at the same time, tacitly making them feel their importance in life as fellow beings. Never promise a child anything without fulfilling that promise and never threaten punishment without inflicting it. Every time you do the one or the other you lessen your influence over your child, because you thus break their faith.

In my early girlhood, I was assigned the most disorderly class in the public schools of the latter city in which I lived. I never spoke one cross word or struck one blow and yet in three months' time my class took the prize for being the best class in the primary department. Mother, I tell you this little incident merely to show you the power of kindness and love. That children have to be corrected and punished we all know, but there are more powerful, lasting, and better methods than a cross word or a blow. The first lowers you in your child's estimation, the second robs the child of its self-respect and proportionately its affection for you.

If there is discord in your home, strive never to let your children know it. But mothers, believe me, if you will exercise the patience and good judgment to educate and train your children in the manner herein suggested, you will hold the heart and admiration of your husband and reign queen of his heart and home while life lasts. I do not intend to imply that all of the duties of rearing and training children devolve upon the mother, by no means, but unquestionably, hers is the greater part, her influence the most lasting. Let us trace back as far as time has cast a shadow or history recorded an event and we will find that woman's influence was recognized.

In my opening remarks I asserted that woman was the builder and ruler of all nations. Now, let us see how this is so. By the mother's early training the girl develops into a noble woman, a loving wife, a wise mother. The boy develops into the man which is pictured upon the mother's brain, horn of her soul and perfected by the voice of her heart, ever murmuring a prayer for her boy's successful future. If all mothers had been wise and kind, patient and loving, the history of many nations would have been written in different tones and the reign of many monarch would not have been traced in blood.

Mothers yet to be, I say to you begin the education of your children before they enter the world and you will glorify their lives for you can make of them what you will. Study music if you would have your child a Mozart or a Handel. Art, if a painter; law, if a statesman, and so on, or give to it diversity of talent by roaming through every field of science and learning of which you would impart to them a part.

Mothers, if you accept, even a small part of my message to you as truth, can you for one moment doubt the importance of your position, the sacredness of your duties. If you act upon my suggestions, your labor as mother and teacher will be reduced ten-fold, and your reward be proportionately greater. Your heart will be filled with pride and joy over your boys and girls, life will be tinted with rainbow hues and flooded with sunshine, and you will have the comfort of feeling that your duties have been faithfully performed, your work will be done. My object is to do good and if I can hear one woman say that I have through this message been to her a help, I shall feel that I have not written in vain.

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CALIFORNIA INCUBATOR CO.

PETALUMA, CAL.

TESTIMONIALS.

Petaluma, Oct. 20, 1902.

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SAN FRANCISCO

DUTY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY GIRLS

By A GRANDMOTHER.

There was a time when a girl who reached twenty-five was thought to be an old maid; relegated to spinsterhood for the remainder of her life, sentenced to life loneliness, and judgment passed upon her, as necessarily cross and crabbed. Today all that is changed. The girl who marries under twenty years of age is looked upon as very foolish, rushing into the matrimonial waters where shoals and reefs abound, without due thought and consideration.

University education has done much to lengthen girlhood, and if for no other reason, that alone should be sufficient to make it endure. Not that marriage is not desirable, but that young marriages are not so. Twenty-five is the approved age today.

It is a generally accepted thing that the husband should be older by some years than his wife, and the transition of a girl from eighteen to twenty is perhaps greater than at any other time of her life, for it is the change from frivolity and carelessness to a realization of the serious things of life, the beginning of judgment and consideration of others. For childhood and youth are proverbially selfish, and maturity brings the nobler qualities such

as are more suited to make a husband happy and contented. And twenty should be the minimum age for a girl to marry.

Selfishness is the cardinal fault of youth, and it is due not so much to innate indifference, as to a lack of knowledge and appreciation of others. Girls are apt to think their elders "old fashioned," because their parents do not consider new fads important, whereas young girls often give to trivial things first place, the important ones receiving secondary consideration. A young girl will be annoyed if her middle-aged mother does not follow every dictate of fashion, every change in the ceremonies and formalities of life; and yet, forget the sterling virtues upon which character is built. Not that it is objectionable to be up on the fads and fashion's latest decree in the leaving of cards, the ceremony of calls, and the dozen and one things that go to make up the social code; but that these must not be given precedence over the things that make or mar a life. Kind-heartedness, consideration of the rights of others, respect of elders, and the following of that golden rule, which we are all taught, and alas! so few obey, are of paramount importance, and society's code of ethics, fashion's decree in gowns, and chance's circumstances should be where they belong, not at the head of the category of "Do's," where many girls are apt to place them, but at the end.

Every one concedes the right for every girl to make herself as attractive as possible, and every one realizes that nearly, if not all girls, want to marry;

that the married state, if husband and wife are suited to each other, is the happiest state one can well believe; and that girls do not rush into it now to avoid being old maids, or to get some one to take care of them, is a big move and a long stride in the right direction. Marriage is the most serious step in a girl's life, and even the romance in youth, with its rose-colored glasses, should take heed to the voice of a father and mother, whose clear vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be, nor not as we would wish them.

There is no one in the world so interested in a girl's happiness as her mother, and at no other time will a mother's intuition be so strong as when the happiness of her child is at stake. Of course, this rule, like all others, has its exceptions, but they are rare, very rare.

Every now and then we hear of a girl who, despite the fact that she knows a man is addicted to the drink habit, is still determined to marry him at all hazards, "to reform him." The wonder is that a sane girl will take the chance, but many do, and usually bitterly repent. For it is a herculean task, and nothing short of a miracle can help a woman reform a man who cannot reform himself. If one must be a reformer, better be a reformer in the abstract than the concrete. The making over of a full grown man—reforming him in any way—is an unsatisfactory job. For even an expert artisan, with the best of tools, has still a bad result when his material is poor.

Girls do not require a sufficiently high standard in the morals and char-

acter of the men they marry. Heretofore women have had little to say in the affairs of the world. Men have made the laws that govern society, the customs that rule in the land, and established a moral code, one for themselves and one for the women. Women have broken into the universities, the professions, and in four States they have fought for and obtained equal rights—and the other States will in time follow suit. Now, it is time to break the old code of morals, set up a high standard which men must reach to obtain the love, approval, friendship and help of women. And, girls, it is in your hands to do this. Your frown of condemnation or your smile of approval is the first stepping-stone to this mount of achievement. By doing this you will make better husbands for yourselves, better fathers for your children, and better friends for your home.

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For the convenience of our patrons and the public in general, we have removed the Sans. Soudi Dry Hot Air Plant for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Etc. from Van Ness avenue to Emma Spreckels Building, Rooms 426-427. Phone Mint 1552.

The Views of Three Good Husbands

By KATE SHARP.

The views on the woman question of a man who has been tried in the furnace of matrimony and not been found wanting are entitled to a most respectful hearing. Therefore a little time ago I addressed to three liberal minded, intelligent married men of experience the following questions:

1. In your opinion, should a husband give his wife regularly a fixed sum for her own use, which she is to spend as she pleases? If so, what per cent of his income should this sum be?
2. What do you consider the duties of a wife to be?
3. Are you willing to allow your wife the same liberty of personal action that you claim for yourself—for instance, in her comings and goings night and day and in her absences from home?
4. Has either a husband or wife any right to attempt to control the other in politics or theology?

Here are the answers:

NO. 1.

Dear Miss Sharp—It seems to me that the best way to answer these questions is to give you a peep into the conditions that prevail in my own home.

1. We run no accounts, except with the iceman and milkman, which bills we pay weekly. We have an arrangement that whenever my wife breaks into her last ten dollar bill she notifies me, and I give her whatever sum she wishes. If she has a dressmaker's bill to pay, she tells me the amount and that is added to the usual amount; if it is near rent day, the rent is also added. When a surplus accumulates in my pocket from my wages (my only source of revenue), it goes into one of three savings banks. We have three bankbooks—one a mutual one, one mine and one hers. If it is to be put to the mutual account, I give it to her and she deposits it; if to her account, she deposits it; if to mine, I deposit it. Thus there is no need of an allowance, as there is never any question brought up as to what my wife does with the money she handles.

2. To attend to the household duties, doing whatever work she desires and hiring the rest of the work done.

3. We freely accord to each other

equal liberty of personal action as to our comings and goings.

4. No.

NO. 2.

1. Yes. The percentage of course will depend entirely upon circumstances. I should say that of the surplus (over actual living expenses) she should have 25 per cent, while the remainder should be put in the bank.

2. Strictly speaking, to do the work equitably devolving upon her as conscientiously as the husband does that which falls to his lot; socially, to be the chum and adviser of her husband, just as he should be the chum and adviser of the wife.

3. This is a difficult question to answer briefly. Broadly speaking I should say "No." The very element of physical danger would make it inadvisable, to say nothing of the fact that, inasmuch as the wife's duties are mostly at home, it is but fair that she should spend the greater portion of her time there, just as it is necessary that the husband shall spend most of his time at his place of business. On the other hand, the woman who is worthy of the name will not wish to do anything which she should not do, and the husband ought to permit things to go pretty close to the limit before interfering and then only when he has such a good case that he will be able to convince his wife that what he says is prompted not by a desire to be captious or to abridge her liberties, but by the desire to point out an error of judgment, which she will see as readily as he has seen it. It will also strengthen his position if he is able to add that he should be thankful to have her do likewise by him if their positions were reversed.

4. No, no, never!

NO. 3.

1. Yes. The wife should have as much money to spend on herself as her husband has for himself.

2. To manage the household affairs and the servant or servants; to look after the children; to be cheerful, agreeable and companionable.

3. Yes, so far as such liberty may be exercised with due regard to her safety and to the proper conduct of the home.

4. No.

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MILLINERY NOTES.

There is going to be a marked change in millinery, so Paris milliners declare. They are trying to bring in the tiny toque. Fine chip is the favorite fabric, although coarse straws will be used as well. Some smart toques in moire are trimmed with cords and tassels. The all round shape in toques will again appear in straw. Somehow these are always useful and becoming.

One or two tiny toques are shown made entirely of bugle trimmings, forming a sort of fringe around the brim, a note of smartness being the bird of paradise plume or a big chou of lace at the side.

"STORIES OF CALIFORNIA."

This book was written by Ella M. Sexton, one of the best known authors on the Pacific coast. It is an excellent blending of history, biography and that sort of fiction which helps to make history. The purpose of the author is "to recount in simple, accurate narratives the early conditions and subsequent development of California," and she has succeeded in her endeavor. Whether the chapter is one of simple history, as of the early missions, or a narrative of actual events, like the building of the overland railroad, or the true story of how Polly Elliott came across the plains, or Senora Sanchez' tale of how things were before the Gringos came, or the story of the navel orange or of any other product of California, or of the history of a city like San Francisco, it is equally vivacious, interesting and true. To the writers of books like these the entire nation owes a debt.

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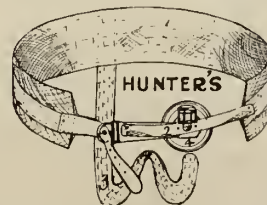
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CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE

MAY
1903



10 CENTS

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54.00 A YEAR *M.R.*

Several of the Best Scholars of the United States Will Contribute Articles for Our Magazine.

We are pleased to announce to our large number of readers that the California Ladies' Magazine has secured articles from the pens of many brilliant men in the educational world.

The series begins in the May number, and the first article is written by the brilliant scholar, His Excellency, Cardinal Gibbons, on "Christian Heritage." This will be followed by an intellectual article by the Rev. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger. The names of the others will be announced in future numbers, and the subjects will be as follows:

"Duty of Parents Toward Their Children."

"Do Women's Clubs Benefit the World?"

"Is Higher Education Necessary for Girls?"

"Influence of Intemperance."

"Duty of Children Toward Their Parents."

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Published by the
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EASTERN RECOGNITION

We take pleasure in publishing the following unsolicited letter which was sent to us by one of our subscribers.

San Francisco, March 20, 1903.

Please find enclosed a kindly criticism from the pen of a very courteous gentleman of the literary world. He called to pay me a visit this morning, and I placed a copy of the California Ladies' Magazine before him. He looked it through, his spontaneous and well-timed remarks will please you, I know:

"What impresses an Easterner with the California Ladies' Magazine is not only its resemblance to periodicals like the Ladies' Home Journal and the Woman's Home Companion in respect to general appearance, but the superiority of its articles, which appeal more directly to the class of readers it is designed to reach. A magazine which embodies the necessary qualities for success as this one does deserves a greater local support than ever before.

W. R. ANDREWS,
Special Representative
John Wanamaker."

FIFTY DOLLARS.

The California Ladies' Publishing Company will pay \$50 to any person who will find one hundred families in any city on the Pacific Coast who do not subscribe for the California Ladies' Magazine.

Send names and subscriptions and receive your check.

OUR SUCCESS.

In its four years' existence the California Ladies' Magazine has forced its way to the front until it is now recognized as one of the leading publications of the West. This is a clear proof of what women can do. The magazine offers the gifted ladies of the West a golden opportunity to show the world the marvelous charm and ability of the distinctive type of womanhood enrolled under the glowing skies and natural environments of our glorious State.



Native Daughters of The Golden West

Our next number will be devoted to the Native Daughters, who will hold their annual Grand Parlor at Red Bluff in June. The CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE will comprise fifty-two pages, ten of which will be devoted to this great organization of our State. The issue will be illustrated with over one hundred photos of the beautiful and attractive ladies of the Golden West.

MISS ELIZA D. KEITH,
Grand President,

Will contribute an interesting and attractive article, which will occupy three pages. She is one of the brightest writers in the State.

California Native Daughters have always been recognized as among the most beautiful and intelligent women of the world. Articles from their pens, paintings from their brushes, their music, dramatic art and high character have always been the charm of the world.

\$100 FOR SHORT STORIES

The California Ladies' Magazine will give \$25 for the best short story, not exceeding twelve hundred words. All contestants must be subscribers. We will reserve the privilege of publishing all stories received, and to the one considered the best writer by our judges we will send check for \$25. For the second best story we will pay \$20. Third prize, \$15; fourth prize, \$10. The next six chosen by the judges will receive \$5 each.

The contest will close November 1st, 1903, and all stories must be sent in before that date, and addressed to the Story Editor, California Ladies' Magazine, San Francisco, Cal.

ONE OF THOUSANDS.

Among the many thousand letters which we have received during the past month, we have the honor of publishing the following, which is from the pen of an able writer and physician, who is held in high esteem by the San Francisco public. This gentleman is acquainted with a large number of the stock-holders and contributors of the California Ladies' Magazine, and recognizes their ability:

Mrs. Caroline E. Vahlberg,
Sec'y California Ladies' Magazine
San Francisco, Cal.:

Dear Madame:

Your letter of the 25th ult. received. The "California Ladies' Magazine" came first. It is a marvel of everything that makes an A No. 1 magazine, from the Editor's chair to the last touch of the printer's fingers. I do not know whether I ought to say marvel, for, trained in a New England home, I early learned that "when a woman wills she will, and if she won't she won't." Enclosed find greenback and send me the magazine, which is a credit to the enterprise of the ladies of the Pacific Coast.

W. P. PHELAN, M. D.,
509 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco
[Doctor, excuse our liberty—Ed.]

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

We are pleased to announce that we have made arrangements with Dr. Emily Noble, the well-known lady physician, to conduct a page for health and beauty.

Ladies are invited to send questions to this Department every month, not later than the 15th, in order to insure publication in the next number.

SPACE LIMIT.

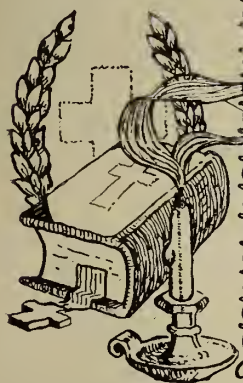
We have a limited space to offer to legitimate advertisers for 30c per agate line per month. Considering the great number of copies that we publish, we believe these to be the cheapest advertising rates in the United States, and according to the evidence of the letters which we receive every day from our advertisers, the California Ladies' Magazine is one of the best mediums in the country from which to obtain results through advertising.

California Ladies Magazine

Vol. IV.

MAY, 1903

No. 5



OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE

His Excellency Cardinal Gibbons.



The world is governed more by ideals than by ideas; it is influenced more by living, concrete models than by abstract principles of virtue.

The model held up to Christian women is not the Amazon, glorying in her martial deeds and prowess; it is not the Spartan woman, who made female perfection consist in the development of physical strength at the expense of feminine decorum and modesty; it is not the goddess of impure love, like Venus, whose votaries regarded beauty of form and personal charms as the highest type of female excellence, nor is it the goddess of imperious will, like Juno. No: the model held up to woman from the very dawn of Christianity is the peerless Mother of our Blessed Redeemer.

She is the pattern of virtue alike to maiden, wife, and mother. She exhibits the virginal modesty becoming the maid, the conjugal fidelity and loyalty of the spouse, and the untiring devotedness of the mother.

The Christian woman is everywhere confronted by her great model. Mary's portrait gazes down upon her from the wall. Her name is repeated in the pages of the book before her. Her eulogy is pronounced from the pulpit. Altars and temples are dedicated in her honor. Festivals are celebrated in her praise. In a word, the Virgin Mother is indelibly stamped on the intellect, the heart, the memory, and the imagination of the Christian daughter.

The influence of Mary, therefore, in the moral elevation of woman can hardly be overestimated. She is the perfect combination of all that is great, and good, and noble in Pagan womanhood, with no alloy of degradation.

Here is exquisite beauty, but a beauty more of the soul than of the body; it delights without intoxication. The contemplation of her excites no inward rebellion, as too often happens with Grecian models. She is the mother of fair love devoid of sickly sentimentality or sensuality.

In her we find force of will without pride or imperiousness. We find in her moral strength and heroism without the sacrifice of female grace and honor—heroism of silent suffering rather than of noisy action. What Spartan mother ever displayed so much fortitude as Mary exhibited at the foot of the cross?

It seems to me that some writers are disposed to lay undue stress upon the amiable and tender qualities of Mary and of holy Christian women without dwelling sufficiently on the strong and robust points of their character. The Holy Scripture in one place pronounces a lengthened eulogy on woman. What does the Holy Ghost especially admire in her? Not her sweet and amiable temper or her gentle disposition, though of course she possessed these qualities, for no woman is perfect without them. No: He admires her valor, courage, fortitude, and the sturdy virtue of self-reliance. He does not say: "Who shall find a gentle woman?" but rather: "Who shall find a valiant woman? As things brought from afar and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her." It is only heroic virtues or virtues practiced in an heroic degree that the Church canonizes.

In every age the Church abounds in women immeasurably surpassing in sturdy virtue the highest types of Pa-



HIS EXCELLENCY, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

gan female excellence. What woman of ancient Greece or Rome can exhibit evidences of moral strength so sublime as have been manifested in the lives of an Agnes, an Agatha, or a Cecilia, who suffered death rather than tarnish their souls? of a Felicitas and a Symphorosa, who encouraged their sons to endure torments and death rather than renounce their faith, and who shared also in their glorious martyrdom? Pagan history furnishes no instance of motherly devotedness comparable to the strong and tender love of Monica, who traversed land and sea that she might restore her son to a life of virtue.

Every impartial student of history is forced to admit that woman is indebted to the Catholic religion for the elevated station she enjoys to-day in family and social life.

We may recall in what contempt woman was held by the leading minds of Greece. She was kept in perpetual bondage or unending tutelage; she was regarded as the slave and the instrument of man's passions, rather than his equal and companion, by nearly every nation of antiquity; and she is still so regarded in all countries where Christianity does not prevail.

The Catholic Church, following the maxims of the Gospel and of St. Paul,

proclaims woman the peer of man in origin and destiny, in redemption by the blood of Christ, and in the participation of his spiritual gifts. "Ye are all," says the Apostle, "the children of God by faith which is in Christ Jesus. . . . There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither servant nor freeman; there is neither male nor female. The meaning is that in the distribution of His gifts God makes no distinction of person or sex. He bestows them equally on bond and free, on male and female. And as woman's origin and destiny are the same as man's, so is her dignity equal to his. As both were redeemed by the same Lord and as both aspire to the same heavenly inheritance, so should they be regarded as of equal rank on earth; as they are partakers of the same spiritual gifts, so they share alike the blessings and prerogatives of domestic life.

In the mind of the Church, however, equal rights do not imply that both sexes should engage promiscuously in the same pursuits, but rather that each sex should discharge those duties which are adapted to its physical constitution and sanctioned by the canons of society.

To some among the gentler sex the words equal rights have been, it is to

be feared, synonymous with similar rights. It was no doubt owing to this misapprehension of terms that the attempt was made, not so very long ago, by some of the strong-minded fair, to introduce the glories of the Bloomer costume. But though the attempt proved a failure, the spirit that impelled it still survives, as may be seen by the various masculine modifications that have crept into female dress during the past few years. Where is the flowing and graceful drapery of former days that jealously shielded the modest wearer from gaze on the public street?

But it was by vindicating the unity, the sanctity, and the indissolubility of marriage that the Church has conferred the greatest boon on the female sex. The holiness of the marriage-bond is the palladium of woman's dignity, while polygamy and divorce involve her in bondage and degradation.

The Church has ever maintained, in accordance with the teachings of our Savior, that no man can lawfully have more than one wife; and no woman more than one husband. The rights and obligations of both consorts are correlative. To give to the husband the license of two or more wives would be an injustice to his spouse and destructive of domestic peace. The Church has also invariably taught that the marriage compact, once validly formed, can be dissolved only by death; for what God hath joined together man cannot put asunder. While admitting that there may be a legitimate cause for separation, she never allows any pretext for the absolute dissolution of the marriage bond. For so strong and violent are the passion of love and its opposite passion of hate, so insidious is the human heart, that once a solitary pretext is admitted for absolute divorce, others are quickly invented, as experience has shown; thus a fearful crevice is made in the moral embankment, and the rush of waters is sure to override every barrier that separates a man from the object of his desires.

It has, again and again, been alleged that this law is too severe, that it is harsh and cruel, and that it condemns to a life of misery two souls who might find happiness if permitted to have their marriage annulled and to be united with more congenial partners. Every law has its occasional inconveniences, and I admit that the law absolutely prohibiting divorce a vinculo may sometimes appear rigorous and cruel. But its harshness is mercy itself when compared with the frightful miseries resulting from the toleration of divorce. Its inconvenience is infinitesimal when contrasted with the colossal evils from which it saves society and the solid blessings it secures to countless homes. Those exceptional ill-assorted marriages would become more rare if the public were convinced, once for all, that death alone can dissolve the marriage bond. They would then use more circumspection in the selection of a conjugal partner. Hence it happens that in Catholic countries where faith is strong, as in Ireland and the Tyrol, divorces are almost unheard of.

The enforcement of this law has been maintained by the Church against fearful odds, and has caused her many a mortal struggle. For if the strong government of the United States, with mil-

Italy forces at its command, with the sympathy of public opinion and Christian traditions on its side, is successfully resisted by a colony of Mormons, how violent must have been the opposition to the Church and how hopeless her task, humanely speaking, when physical force and inveterate custom were arrayed against her, and when she had on her side only moral power and spiritual penalties.

In vindicating the sanctity of marriage, the Church had to contend with a triple enemy—the fierce passions of barbarous tribes, the arbitrary power of princes, and the compromising spirit of rebellious churchmen.

From the fifth to the eighth century Europe was periodically visited by warlike tribes from the shores of the Baltic, from Asia, and from Africa. They threatened the overthrow of the Christian religion, and, in the general upheaval of society, the landmarks of Christian civilization were well-nigh swept away. The invading hosts were utter strangers to monogamy and the restraining maxims of the Gospel. But when the storm subsided, the voice of religion was heard in defence of female honor and the sanctity of marriage, and the triumphant barbarians voluntarily submitted to the yoke of the Gospel.

Virginal and conjugal chastity found still more formidable opponents among many of the petty princes and barons of the Middle Ages. Fortified in their castles and surrounded by submissive vassals, they recognized no power that thwarted their lust; they set the laws of the land at defiance; they intimidated the local clergy; they disregarded even the authority of the bishops. The only voice before which they trembled and which compelled them to surrender their prey, was the anathema of Rome.

The Protestant Bishop of Maine makes the following candid avowal: "Laxity of opinion and teaching on the sacredness of the marriage bond and on the question of divorce originated among the protestants of Continental Europe in the sixteenth century. It soon began to appear in the legislation of Protestant States on that Continent, and nearly at the same time to affect the laws of New England. From that time to the present it has proceeded from one degree to another in this country, until, especially in New England and in States most directly affected by New England opinions and usages, the Christian conception of the nature and obligations of the marriage bond finds scarcely any recognition in legislation or in the prevailing sentiment of the community." In confirmation of this statement, it may be remarked that, according to the latest census, there was one divorce to every eight marriages in Astabula County, Ohio, which is the focus of the Western Reserve, a colony founded by New England settlers. Had the indissoluble character of the marriage bond not already taken so deep and firm a hold upon the heart and conscience of Europe at the time of the "Reformation," it would have been uprooted by the storm of licentiousness aroused by the teaching and practice of the "Reformers."

What woman can calmly reflect on these facts without blessing the Catholic Church as, under God, the saviour of her sex? If virginal and conjugal chastity is held to-day as the brightest gem in the diadem of women; if the wife is regarded as the peer of her husband, and not as his slave, the toy of his caprice and passion, as are the wives of the Asiatic nations; if she is honored as the mistress of her household, and not looked upon as a tenant at will

as were the wives of Greece and Rome; if she is respected as the queen of the domestic kingdom, to be dethroned only by death, and not treated as the victim of rival queens, like the Mohammedan and Mormon wives, she is indebted to the Church which always held inviolate the unity and indissolubility of marriage, and especially to the Roman Pontiffs who never failed to enforce those fundamental laws.

And if woman has been elevated and ennobled by the Gospel, she has not been ungrateful for the boon conferred; she merits the eternal gratitude of the Christian world for the influence she has zealously exerted and is still exerting in behalf of religion and society. It is fearful to contemplate what would have become of our Christian civilization without the aid of the female sex. Not to speak of the grand army of consecrated virgins who are fanning the flame of faith and charity throughout the world, how many thousands of homes are there in our country from which God withhold His avenging hand, and which He shows mercy, solely on account of a pious mother or daughter, just as He was willing to show mercy to Sodom for the sake of a few righteous souls, and as He restored life to the young man borne to the tomb, for the sake of his mother, the widow of Naim! How many brothers, who had been long since buried in the grave of sin, are brought back to a life of virtue through the intercession of a pious sister, just as Lazarus was raised from the dead by the prayers and tears of Mary and Martha! How many daughters keep alive the spark of religion, which otherwise would be utterly extinguished, in many a household! How many are in their families angels of expiation, atoning by their prayers and mortification for the sins of fathers and sons!

Women, it is true, are debarred from the exercise of the public ministry and the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries, for they are commanded by the Apostle to 'keep silence in the churches.' But if they are not apostles by preaching, they are apostles by prayer, by charity, and by good example. If they cannot offer up the Sacrifice of the Mass, they are priests in the broader sense of the term; for they offer up in the sanctuary of their own homes and on the altar of their hearts the acceptable sacrifice of supplication, praise and thanksgiving to God. Viewing, then, woman's dignity and her work in the cause of Christ, well may we apply to her these words of the Prince of the Apostles: "You are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people."

The noblest work given to woman is to take care of her children. The most important part of her apostleship should consist in instructing them in the ways of God. The education of the young should begin at the mother's knee. The mind of a child, like softened wax, receives with ease the first impressions, which are always the deepest and most enduring. "A young man, according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it." A child is susceptible of instruction much earlier in life than parents generally imagine. Mothers should watch with jealous eye the first unfolding of the infant mind, and pour into it the seed of heavenly knowledge.

For various reasons the mother should be the first instructor of her children:

1st. As nature ordains that the mother should be the first to feed her offspring with her own sub-

stance, so does God ordain that she should be the first to impart to her little ones the "rational milk" whereby they "may grow unto salvation."

2d. Those children that are nurtured by their own mother are usually more healthy and robust than those that are nursed by strangers. In like manner they that are instructed by their own mother in the principles of Christian piety, are usually more robust in faith than those that have been guided exclusively by other teachers.

3d. It cannot be doubted that maternal and filial affections are mutually nurtured by the closer and intimate relations that mother and child have with each other, while these affections are chilled by a prolonged separation.

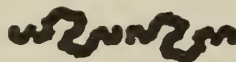
4th. The more confidence a child has in its preceptor, the more he is apt to advance in learning. Now, in whom does a child confide more implicitly than in his mother? In every danger he flies to her as to an ark of safety; he will place the utmost reliance on what she says. The mother should not lose the golden opportunity of instructing her children in faith and morals while their hearts are open to receive her every word.

5th. Lastly, the mother occupies the same house with her children, frequently the same apartment, and eats at the same table with them. She is the visible guardian-angel of her children. She is therefore the best calculated to instruct them, as she can avail herself of every little circumstance that presents itself to draw from it a moral lesson.

Let Christian mothers recognize their sublime mission. Let them bear in mind that to them is confided the most tender portion of the flock of Christ, which on that account should be watched with the greater care. On them devolves the duty of directing the susceptible and pliant minds of their children, and of instilling into their youthful hearts the principle of piety. It is theirs to plant the seed of the word of God in the virgin soil, and when a more experienced hand is required to cultivate it, the ministers of God will not be wanting in developing its growth.

We would exhort mothers in the name of the holy religion they profess; in the name of their country, which expects them to rear not scourges of society, but honorable and law-abiding members; in the name of God, who requires them to have their offspring fed with the nourishment of sound doctrine; in the name of their eternal salvation and that of the souls committed to their charge, to provide for their children at home a healthy, moral, and religious education. "If any one have not care of his own, and especially of those of his house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

And, then, what a source of consolation it will be to them in their declining years when they reflect that they will leave after them children who will inherit not only their name, but also their faith and virtues! They will share in the beautiful eulogy pronounced by the Holy Ghost on the mother of the family: "Who shall find a vallant woman? * * * She hath opened her mouth to wisdom, and the law of clemency is on her tongue. She hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread idle. Her children rose up and called her blessed; her husband, and he praised her. Many daughters have gathered together riches; thou hast surpassed them all. Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."



Some Youthful Reminiscences of Adelina Patti

Adelina Patti is never tired of recalling the incidents of her early days in America. At Craigynos she is wont, for the entertainment of her guests, to dive into the storehouse of her reminiscences, and will laugh over each in turn with all the zest of one still a child in years; for, like other women of Italian parentage, the great singer will ever remain a child in heart. It was not very long ago that questioning her on those bygone times, she told me the tale in her own pretty, spontaneous fashion, smiling half gladly, half sadly, as one memory after another arose before her.

"You ask me," she said, "what I can first remember. Indeed, I hardly know; but I can, at least, repeat all that my parents had to say of me from my cradle upwards. My dear mother declared that my first cry was a song in itself—a melodious call for help. But for my part, I believe I cried just as shrilly as any other baby."

"Let me see, how can I first picture myself? I think the picture must be of a tiny girl with pale face and very, very big black eyes, running down Broadway trundling a hoop. Oh, the pride and fervor I put into my task. And I trundled my hoop well. Whatever I did I always put my whole heart into it. I am not sure that hasn't been the secret of my success all through life."

"After a while I can remember my father and mother taking me with them, night after night, to the opera-house, where they were engaged for a season, at New York. That remembrance is a vivid one. I used to watch their performance through a hole in the curtain, and the singers, as they passed by, often gave me toys and kisses, and filled my pockets with sweets. No other artist did I consider equal to my beloved mother. One great soprano who appeared for a few nights as a 'star' must have thought me a strange little creature. She had just finished a long aria with a trill at the end, and was coming off the stage to the sound of tremendous applause, when I ran up to her, quite naively saying, 'Oh, dear! how badly you did that trill. Not nearly close enough. Listen to me. There, this is the way!' I had not been taught how to 'shake,' but it came to me naturally, and I am told that trill was a very good one. After being put to my bed on my return home from being at the opera, I used to hop out again when I was quite certain that my father and mother and everyone in the house had gone to sleep. I can see myself, now,

dancing and singing, dressed up in all the oddest costumes I could lay hold of. I was particularly fond of death scenes. 'Norma' was my favorite of all; and if satisfied with my own performance I cried out, 'Brava! Brava! Adelina!' and threw bouquets and wreaths at my own little bare feet. Those bouquets and wreaths were made of old newspapers."

"After a while my mother gave me lessons in the theory of music, and, as far as I can remember, I practiced a few solfeggi with her. I was only seven years old when the opera company to which my father and mother belonged began to fail. I can now recall how sad and anxious they both were; how money was wanting; and how at last, one day I could bear my father's troubled face no longer. 'Don't sell your beautiful turquoise pin to help us, papa,' I said. 'I will help you. Let me be a little singer. I am sure I sing well enough.' My father's eyes filled with tears at the thought. 'No, no,' he said. 'what you say is impossible.' But the idea had taken hold of me. I gave no peace to my family, until my appearance at Niblo's Gardens as a prima donna of seven summers was a fait accompli. My anxiety to be dressed like a 'real prima donna' was great; and to please me my mother braided my hair and powdered my tiny brown face. I don't think I was nervous or frightened; and when I came to sing 'Una Voce' and the 'Sonnambult,' I was full of childish faith and hope. The non Dieu was at my side. I became a great success from that moment. Money poured in at every appearance at Niblo's Gardens, and my father and mother were once more at ease. I don't think there was a prouder heart in all New York than when a cosy red-brick house was bought with my earnings and my whole family installed there. Ah, that house is standing now."

"You asked if, as a child, I ever heard the prima donna of a by-gone time? Yes; I once heard Jenny Lind, and dear Alboni with the grand, rich voice, and wonderful method, and Henrietta Sontag. She sang like an angel from heaven. I can hear her now in the 'Dove Song' from Mozart's 'Nozze di Figaro.' It was glorious. Of me she formed the opinion that I had been too early brought out to succeed later on in life; but she was very kind to me, and when I left her she gave me a charming souvenir—a real fan which she had worn at her girdle. Then Mario and Grisi. Their debut in New York was one of the excitements of my life. So eager was I to see and hear the king and queen of song, as my

father and mother had taught me to consider them, that I could think of nothing else for weeks before the grand event came off. I saved up my every cent to buy a bunch of camellias, which I intended to offer to Grisi as a proof of my admiration. At length the great day arrived, and I cannot tell you with what joy, what fear and trembling, I clung to my mother's skirts as we went together to the artists' room at the close of the performance to be introduced to the gifted couple. Tightly I clutched my bunch of flowers, and with my eyes fixed on Grisi's face, advanced to lay my little tribute in her lap. I cannot say whether Grisi, in the press of people around her, quite realized my breathless expectation. With a wave of the hand, she moved aside to speak to an acquaintance standing by. Quivering with pride and disappointment, my fingers tightening on the precious offering, I turned away. Someone caught me in his arms. My eyes were too blinded with tears at first to realize who my champion was. But Mario himself proved the kind comforter. 'Give me the flowers, little girl,' he whispered in his kind, gentle way, 'and I will always keep them for your pretty sake.'

"Years afterward I met Mario and Grisi again, and we were all happy and friendly together. In my drawing room, if you look inside my little glass cabinet, you will see a ruby brooch and a pair of long ear-rings which they gave me at the time of my marriage, and which I count among my most valued possessions."

"My childish recollections are chiefly bound up with my father and mother, whom I fairly adored. No man could have surpassed my father in courtesy and goodness, and as for my mother, there are few like her nowadays. She was always most devout, and never missed going daily to church whatever might happen."

"Years later, when I appeared at Convent Gardens to sing as 'Amlina,' 'Lucia,' and other characters, with the success that you know, it touches me to remember how my mother would attend each performance, and afterwards offer me a little hint here and a little encouragement there. This mother of whom I had once stood in awe of as a great artist, ended by standing a little in awe of me."

"But now, you see, I have reached the period when I was eighteen years old, and a full fledged prima donna, so I must talk of childish recollections no more."

FOUR YEARS LATER



"He sauntered forth that he might taste and realize his new surroundings."

BY W.H. MALLUCK

In a small oval frame, enameled and set with diamonds which had been taken for this purpose by a woman from her lover's first gift to her, was the miniature of a little boy. His irises were blue, like the blue of the Southern sea. His hair was yellow and bright like Southern sunshine, and his lips were red like anemones tossed at some Southern carnival. Wondering at the truthfulness of the portrait, the woman who had thus used her diamonds brooded over it with eyes that were wells of motherhood. She, too, was fair; but the child's fairness differed from hers; nor did it resemble the colorings of any face with which, at that moment, tender recollections associated it. Her mind, however, held for her a clue to this beautiful mystery, and the following story would have suggested to her little but what she knew already.



"Count Stephen's hand fairly trembled as he carefully examined it."

C

THE hour before noon was clanging from church and convent and the red tiles of walled gardens from which each warm overhanging roof had beneath them a cornice of sable shadow when, down a road that descended between hillside villas and cypresses were stabbing the polished sky, a light carriage rattled to the music of jingling bells. The horses had red collars; their harness was ornamented with tufts which streamed and fluttered like pieces of dried pampas-grass; the driver's laughing face was bronzed above his scarlet handkerchief.

In this carriage was seated a distinguished-looking man, especially well cared for in the matter of his cuffs and collars, his short dark hair, and his moustache that was slightly grizzled. His age might have been anything between 28 and 40, for whilst his expression was of the kind that is very rarely produced except by thought acting on varied and full experience, yet his complexion, clean and clear, although it was slightly turned, the poise of his head, and his certain alert bearing, showed all the vigor of the years when the blooded at least is still hopeful. His carriage whirled him in a powdery cloud of dust, past the villas and gardens, down among the streets and boulevards, and at last drew up, on the great marine promenade, where a porch of gilded iron work protruded against the pavement. The huge white building to which this porch belonged, blazed with letters proclaiming it to be the Hotel Victoria; and on the steps which led to its plate glass doors was a leisurely movement of figures coming and going. The porter with starry buttons hurried out to the carriage; and its occupant giving the name of Count Stephan Skarzinski, asked "has my servant come; I sent him with my luggage before me." The answer was prompt and satisfactory; and the newcomer entered. He had driven since his early breakfast between mountains, pine woods, and lemon-groves, along twenty miles of the most beautiful road in Europe.

Count Stephan Skarzinski was the son of an exiled Pole; but his mother was English—an heiress of distinguished family: from her he inherited a considerable estate in Worcestershire; and to all intents and purposes he had been born and bred an Englishman. There were qualities, however, in his character which hinted of his mixed origin. United with the taste of a scholar, which had distinguished him at Oxford, was a certain



"His attention diverted by a boy organ grinder."

spirit of chivalrous adventure, which had impelled him to devote the superfluous energy of his muscles not to following hounds, or to shooting either birds or tigers, but to travel in remote regions, especially in some of the least visited portions of Asia Minor, where the castles of strange crusaders and temples of Greece and Rome exist in magic solitudes which are guarded by Kurds and Turcomans. But, on the other hand, he had by no means neglected civilized life, and admirably linguist he had mixed in many societies; and his family connections were such that even in Vienna, he had been almost as well received as in London, his adopted home. Such, however, is the constitution of human nature, that the very qualities and advantage which strike an observer's eye as best calculated to secure for a man the most delicate pleasures of life often become the instruments of its most wounding pains and disappointments; and although Count Stephan never in social intercourse was guilty of the epicene indecency of betraying any sentimental sadness, he on one occasion let slip an involuntary confession, when in answer to some friends who were wondering at his vagrant taste he had said that, "traveling is the happiness of unhappy men."

Anyone, indeed, who had heard this accidental remark of his might have found in it some key to the meaning of the habitual expression of his face—the faint bitterness, the restrained melancholy underlying this calm bonhomie. Today, however, and when, having been washed and brushed, he presently descended to the hall of the hotel from his bedroom, his whole air and the look betrayed more exhilaration than usual. He glanced, with amused interest, at piles of belabeled baggage; and read the various notices which hung near the clerk's bureau, beginning with announcements as to the carnival and bal masque and ending with a list of the services at the church. People who passed and repassed him—most of them well dressed—attracted his attention also. The men he scanned with a kind of remote criticism; but the women, of whom several were conscious of beauty, whilst one or two really possessed it, roused in his eyes a keener, though only a passing observation. There was nothing bold in his regard, still less was there anything impertinent; but on the other hand, there was nothing shy; and, occasionally when he turned away there was an involuntary smile on his lips, as if he and every beautiful woman possessed some common history.

But if the excitement of his drive



"So You Have Come."

and journey had done as much as this to exhilarate him, the experiences which awaited him out of doors presently did much more. He sauntered forth that he might taste and realize his new surroundings, the scenes before him were like something which meant in moments of depression, things that exist and glitter in a voluptuous imagination only. It was, however, eminently real—the bay and the curving town—half capital, half cosmopolitan watering place. Color was flashing everywhere, white and Mediterranean blue; and the air fresh from the waves seemed to be mad with morning.

To those who have never known it, it is hard to describe the thrill, the exhilaration, the electric resurrection of the faculties that takes place under influences such as these. But some idea of it may, perhaps be given by saying that everything which Puritan radicalism hates, envies, is unable to understand, and would profit by law if possible, seems about to flaunt its fulfillment unshamed before the eyes of everybody; and such tremulous nerve is expecting the realization of its own dream. Hopes soar up like the flying toys of children, memory flutters her innumerable shining petals; and the standard of life seems written not in the ten commandments, but in the smell of violets straying at street corners.

Such, to a marked degree, was the effect now produced in the mind of Count Stephan Skarzinski when he issued from his hotel and looked at the life about him. The broad pavement, bordered by glittering shops, was a long aisle of awnings, and was gay with the moving crowd. He sauntered along it. Every fresh physical sensation added something to the ferment that filled his mind, and made a revel there of unsought, undecipherable happiness. Cigars left trails of subtle dissipated incense; perfumes from women's handkerchiefs wooed him like a woman's whisper. Objects d'art, bronzes and old embroideries, yellow Parisian novels, meerschauts and rows of photographs displayed their attraction—a prolonged luminous medley. The mere odor of roasting coffee, or some sudden breath from a boulangerie touched him with a sense of holiday. A cafe with its white tables, or the windows of an Italian warehouse, made eating seem an act of adventure in the world of untried surprises. The journals sold at the kiosques fluttered at him like news from Fairyland.

Soon he crossed the road and looked at the bay and harbor. Palm trees cut the air. The happy Souther boy lay basking on parapets polished by the human friction of centuries. On a row of old cannon, glossy with burnished rust, the dazzling sunlight flashed like a series of level lances; and beyond, rising and falling with a movement hardly perceptible, were masts and lateen sails, and prows so brightly painted that they floated like children's toys, or the beaks of semi-fabulous triremes. The whole world seemed playing the overture to some new experience.

He returned to the shops, the awnings, the gay crowds and the cafes, full of fresh excitement. The incredible brilliance of the moon, and the crystal air, were in his blood. The slow swell of the sea beyond had passed itself, raising his expectations like the movement of a woman's body, who sways rhythmically to music before she begins to dance. Actual women, daintily dressed, and many of them beautiful, were passing him, and were walking before him, carrying parasols folded in the shade like flowers. Now it was some Russian princess, with a jeweled bracelet on her wrist; now some English woman, with a toilette captivating in its insidious simplicity;

now some Parisian cocotte, her glance swimming with histories older than civilization itself, and younger than this year's lilacs. He watched them, as they passed, with interest—the mystery of their eyes, the flowers in their jackets, the tints of glove and feather. But they suggested no thought to him with which any censor could have quarreled—no thought specially connected with themselves. They were merely like flowers from the garden of some un-conjectured paradise; and they moved his imagination in all directions at once, making it stir itself like a flock of startled pigeons. Then something further happened. All of a sudden a band began to play; and the floating passion in the air seemed suddenly to convert itself into music. He walked toward the chorus of sound. The sense which filled him, of a happiness that could not appease itself, was now strained at last until it became sadness. "Here I am," he thought, "in ecstasy with this delightful fever. Siren voices are singing to me—I know not what; here is the point of it all—and I shall never know. Today will go by to the years that have gone before it, and another to-morrow will look back at them, like Rachel weeping for her children."

Reflecting thus, he arrived at a public garden; and here, close to the roadway, the band was playing in a pavilion. A crowd was listening, and by the pavement were some open carriages. One carriage caught his attention presently, owing to the fact that it was filled with a yellow heap of mimosa blossoms, and with bunches of scarlet flowers. From these his eyes turned to a woman who shared the seats with them. She also formed a piece of attractive and tantalizing color. Her face was turned away from him, but her hair was of a sunny brown, which made the daylight gold in its curls and coils; and her fur-trimmed cloak was a pale turquoise blue. As he watched her, she leaned forward and spoke a word to her coachman. The carriage left the rank, and, as it rapidly wheeled round, it passed close to the spot where Stephan stood. He, however, at that moment, chanced to have his attention diverted by a boy organ grinder, who begged him for a few sous; and the carriage, when he looked again for it, was just driving away. But whether it was a fact or whether it was only fancy, he received the impression that the lady with the blue cloak had been looking at him, and a light was lingering on the retina of his own eyes, which seemed to have been thrown to them across her shoulder from hers.

He turned and followed the carriage, if indeed, it could have been called following, to watch it for a few moments, and see it vanish round a distant corner. But he noted the direction which it took; it was that of his own hotel; and this reminded him of the fact that he was getting hungry. Stimulated by thought of luncheon, he began to walk back briskly. His mood had lost something of its first wild exaltation; but a new excitement thrilled him, and in his ears were whisperings of adventure. As he passed along the promenade in which his hotel was situated, the scene was even gayer than it had been half an



"The Wonder of All This Beauty Chokes Me."

hour ago. From tall poles, like masts, on either side of the way, men were rapidly stretching festoons of fluttering flags. He concluded that some royal wedding was taking place or being commemorated. At all events a festival of some kind was afoot. His luncheon was served in a room of which he was the sole occupant. The walls were of sky blue, covered with a trellis of vine leaves; birds and cupids floated on clouds above; and his glass of burgundy blushed like a solitary rose. He had just finished his meal, when, announcing himself by a knock at the door, the manager entered, full of obsequious impotence, and asked if Monsieur Le Comte would like a carriage for the afternoon. The Count looked puzzled at the empressement with which the question was put to him, and the manager answered, "Perhaps Monsieur is not aware that this afternoon is the Mid-Lent Battle of Flowers. Every voiture re remise in the whole town is engaged; but it so happens that, owing to a lady's illness, I could place my own victoria at the disposal of Monsieur, if he pleases."

Count Stephan thought of the figure in the blue cloak. He thought of the mysterious interest which he had come to feel sure he had aroused in her. He engaged the carriage, and was told it would be ready presently. The hall of the hotel was by this time full of animation. Baskets of flowers were being carried out of the door. Interspersed in groups which had all the aspect of good breeding were ladies with fans and masks, with short sleeves and long gloves, with pink complexions and unnaturally dark eyes; laughing with them were appropriate males, whose cravats fluttered in bows, and whose mustaches were curled like horns; and all—the reputable and disreputable alike—were obviously preparing to start in the same pursuit of gaiety. There were sounds outside. Horses tufted with flowers were seen through the glass doors drawing up by the pavement. There were visions of bouquets shining in place of lamps, and wheels with all their spokes smothered in gaudy blossoms; and gradually group after group departed and drove off. Count Stephan was far too English to really enjoy this childishness. He looked for his own victoria with a certain feeling of shame, and was pleased to find it guiltless of the smallest floral decoration. In self-defense, however, he bought some bunches of violets; and when a pretty little demi-mondaine threw a rose at him as he descended the steps, he thought for a single moment of asking her to be his companion. But it was a momentary thought only, and he entered the fray alone.

However childish it might be, the spectacle was no doubt pretty—the double line of fantastic and glittering vehicles, of which one half were perpetually meeting the other and both, as they did so, joining in the mimic conflict. Count Stephan's carriage was presently filled with bouquets; and when he noticed the glances that would now and then accompany them, he warmed to the work sufficiently to send back a perfumed answer. But the scene soon palled upon him. He had scanned each carriage carefully. There was a blue cloak in none of them; and the brightest eyes that had looked at him left no mark on his memory. In little more than half an hour he was preparing to tell his coachman to drive him back to his hotel; and the vague chance presented itself to him that somewhere amongst the deserted streets the missing figure might be visible. "Cocher"—he had begun his order, when, thrown with soft precision, there lighted on his lap a bunch of red anemones. He started and looked, and slowly drifting past him was, not a woman in blue, but a woman in deep black, and a basket of red anemones was rest-



"Go Now and Be True and Tender to Her Memory."

ing on the seat opposite her. For the first moment he was disappointed, but then, all of a sudden, what before had been an impression only was turned into a burning certainty. He was certain that the woman in the blue cloak had been watching him by the band that morning; for the same glance which then he had felt rather than seen, was now cast at him by the retreating woman in black—cast at him over her shoulder, with the same turn of the head. There was something in it which moved him he knew not why or how—some earnestness mixed with what might be the mere coquetterie of a stranger; and it was all the more mysterious, more interesting, more provocative, from the fact that her eyes were the only feature visible to him, the rest of her face having been hidden by her hat and a black fan.

She was very soon out of sight. It was physically impossible to follow her; and he could only hope that, if he again went round with the rest, a second meeting would afford him a fuller view of her. His hope was, however, vain. Three times more he completed the weary circuit, and each time he recognized other carriages passing him; but hers was to be seen nowhere. She must, he concluded, have grown tired of the procession and left it—a thing which at several points she could quite easily do; so at last he accepted his discomfiture and followed what he presumed to have been her example.

He was disappointed, but not depressed. For some reason he could not explain a romantic melancholy fell on him, like a starry night upon the sea, but it was freshened by vague expectations stirring through it like a twilight wind. The restaurant of his hotel was one of the best in Europe. He engaged a table there; and he came down to his dinner intending to go afterwards to some theatre or casino. His mind was, however, diverted from any such thoughts as these by finding, as he took his seat, that a letter for him was lying beside his wineglass. So far as he knew, he had no acquaintance in the place. His arrival had been announced to nobody. There was no stamp on the envelope. It had evidently come by messenger. Count Stephan's hand trembled a little as he examined it. The writing was strange to him; it seemed to be the writing of a woman. A wild fancy began to quicken his pulses. It was a pleasant fancy to play with—too pleasant to kill; so he ate his soup deliberately before breaking the seal. When he did so the blood rushed to his face. From between the leaves of the letter fell the petal of a scarlet flower. The letter was in Italian. Count Stephan read it as if he could hardly believe his eyes, or realize the meaning of the extraordinary communication before him. It ran:

"You will be surprised at receiving this, but it comes from one who, though you may know little about her, not only knows your face, but also your history. See if this is not true. Eight years ago, at Cannes, you met an imaginative English girl. She was sixteen then. You lent her books, and you told her stories. You were pleased at the intense, almost morbid, pleasure she took in the scenery round her. Her English home was in the same country as your own. Four years later you loved her, and wished to marry her. She had many faults of character. So far as her affections were concerned, she was sensitive to an extraordinary—to a foolish—degree. Her parents at the same time were what English people call 'worldly'; and to a certain extent they communicated their own worldliness to her. You no doubt have now quite forgotten her; and, indeed, she can hardly complain of that, since she left you for another man—a man of great position. But her conduct was not quite as bad as you probably imagined it; and my seeing you unexpectedly today, has filled me with a wish to set you right as to this subject. You will wonder who I am, and what business this can be of mine. I will tell you. Your friend, as you know, had certain Ital-

ian cousins. You saw them in London once, for a few moments only, and you remarked to her on their family likeness to herself. You knew, too, that one of these cousins was your friend's correspondent and confidante. You remember the name, Bice. That cousin am I. She and I were like sisters. I have never forgotten your face, since I saw it for those few moments, I have often fancied that you might have felt pain at her treatment of you, and wished that some one could have told you the exact truth. But since that time you have been such a constant traveler. Indeed, I imagined you were somewhere in the far East still. I, too, know what sorrow is. I have been married and am now lonely; and I felt that by telling you what I can I might perhaps be doing some good. Will you come and see me this evening for half an hour? I have a villa here. On the chance of your having no better engagement, I will send my coupe to fetch you at nine o'clock. If your friend had

much needs—by a complete intimacy with the world. He had consequently sought relief, not in sighs, but in activity; and although he had never, since the woman he loved abandoned him, recovered his former faith and elastic hope in life, his existence had been ultimately blighted, not by a useless longing for her, but merely by the fact that her falsehood had left him little to long for. He had now, indeed, for a considerable time past been rarely conscious of a thought of her. His fancy had even been taken by several other women, but these light passions or preferences had neither wronged her memory nor evoked it, any more than a dance of fireflies suggests or supercedes the sun.

But the image of his correspondent, her eyes shining above her fan, her letter so utterly unexpected, his own remembrance of the name "Bice," and her tender feminine interest in his bygone romance and sorrow—all this coming on him in his present excited mood stirred his imagination as he thought it would never have been stirred again. It roused in him nothing akin to his early love; but it made his heart throb with some tumult of reckless feeling, and the music of passion sounded with an echo of its old melodies.

He had finished his dinner by a little after eight. Nearly an hour stretched vacant before him. He went out of doors to think and to kill the interval, and he found the whole place enchanted by warm moonlight. The waves, all pearl and shadow, trembled in living wickerwork; innumerable lamps shone, and distant bands were playing. The entire scene was like one wild and dreamy serenade. At last the time drew near. He stationed himself on the hotel steps, and true to the stroke of nine, the expected coupe came. He entered; he slammed the door and was driven rapidly away. He recognized the direction in which the coachman was taking him. He was hastening towards the hill of the villas down which he had come that morning. Spikes of aloes, the hanging heads of roses, masses of vague leafage, and vases that shone like alabaster, made through the windows blurred and vanishing pictures. And at last the carriage stopped before a pair of iron gates. A stone arch surmounted them, covered with old carving. He let himself out, as no concierge appeared; and the coachman, touching his hat, said, "I have the key for your Excellency. You will find the villa before you; and to the left of the fountain is a bell."

Count Stephan entered, the gates creaking as he opened them. He was in a tunnel of foliage, with a flight of steps at the end; and he mounted them somewhat embarrassed at this unannounced approach. But, when he reached the top, embarrassment gave way to wonder what he saw before him so much surpassed his expectations. The villa was directly fronting him, elevated on a bank of masonry, and reached by two flights of curving and balustraded stairs. The whole rose mysteriously amongst clouds of pink camellia blossom; and in the middle were pouring basins, rising above each other in

tiers, and fed by fantastic Tritons from the hollows of marble shells. Around him was a world of aloes and palms and oleanders; the scents of unknown flowers were stirring amongst all the leaves. He approached, as directed, the left hand flight of steps, looking up meanwhile at the house, whose windows were pink with lamplight. But before he had time to begin his search for the bell, he saw that a noiseless figure was coming down to meet him. For a moment his heart stopped beating. The petal of a white magnolia slowly loosed itself from its flower, and fell silently at his feet. She was now near him; a faint perfume breathed from her. As he advanced to meet her, he felt at a loss for words. The skirts of her dress suggested an evening toilette; but a long fur-lined cloak left little of this visible. She wore a hat with feathers, and her face was closely



"He Distinguished Himself at Oxford."

understood her own happiness, she would never have left you. With you she might have been happy now. Come, Count Stephan, if you can."

This letter filled him with agitation of the most unexpected kind. It did, indeed, contain the history of his secret life; only the love and the pain which it alluded to had been, both of them, far deeper than anything suggested by the writer's somewhat careless phrases. The woman in question, after a two-month's private engagement to him, had thrown him over for a man more than twice her age, whose character was frigid, though blameless, and who seemed to have little to recommend him beyond the fact of his riches and brilliant rank. Stephan Skarzinski possessed the sensitive temperament of a poet, and he had loved as only imaginative natures can. But the poetical element in him was kept sweet—a process it

veiled. She was the first to speak.

"And so," she murmured in Italian, "and so you have come? How good of you!" She glided close to him, and extended a slim gloved hand. He took it, and, holding it, murmured some incoherent answer. "Come," she said, "let us walk round the garden; or sit, if you are not cold, on a seat which overlooks the sea." She released her hand from his, and they moved on together.

"Listen," she began presently, "what I want to tell you will not take long. It is something about myself; and it is something about the woman you loved. Which shall I tell you first?"

She turned her face to him, and lifted her veil carefully, so as just to show her lips. "Which shall I tell you first?" she repeated.

He seized her hand. He drew it within his arm. He held it there with a sudden pressure.

"Tell me," he whispered, "about yourself."

He could not have spoken louder if he had tried. She paused for a moment and suddenly drew back.

"No," she said gently, "I will first tell you about her. You must not think of her hardly; and yet she deserved hard thoughts. But, she had an excuse. She believed false things about you. There was a lady—an Italian forgets your English names—a married lady—she lived near your country home. You know the lady I mean. You do? Of course you do. You remember a certain occasion when you broke an engagement to spend a day with my cousin, and you told her—I know not what—it was something about urgent business. You told her that; and you went to London."

"The lady," said Count Stephan, in a hard, constrained voice, "I had known all my life, and had helped her in many ways. She is now divorced; I may therefore speak of her freely. And that journey. Do you mean to tell me that idle gossip about her was enough to turn the heart of your cousin from me?"

"I see," said his companion, "what I say does not touch you. You despise her. You do not pardon her, but you know not the power of parents. It was they who worked against you. It was they who destroyed, and who wished to destroy her faith in you. They wished for this other marriage. But there was one thing they did not destroy. I know this for a fact. They did not destroy her love for you. It was quite otherwise. They only wounded it; so that it hurt instead of sustaining her. But it only hurt her because it was still alive. I can tell you this only in a few words now. You will hardly believe me—you will hardly understand me; but if you will come and see me tomorrow, I will show you letters of hers; she had no secrets from me. It will do no good, perhaps; but I often wished that you had understood. Tell me, will you come tomorrow?"

"Yes," he said, half impatiently and half reflectively. "Yes, I will come. And now, tell me about yourself?"

"Ah," she murmured, drawing a deep breath, "how soft and warm and how full of flowers the air is—of the flowers and the earth they spring from. Here is the seat I spoke of; let us sit down. Look at the sea and the moonlight melting into mystery, and the golden lamps of the town, how their crescent stretches along the silver. Do you know why I say this? I have only met you once, and only for a few minutes. But I have heard much of you, and I know you; and I know how these things move you. They move me also."

He took her hands and looked at her. "You are called Bice," he said. "You make me think of a namesake of yours. You have a mouth like that of Beatrice Cenci." In another moment he gently turned away from her, and once more looked straight before him. "Come," he went on, with a slight change of tone, "you must now tell me about yourself."

"Have I not told you?" she answered—"told you enough already?" Neither looked at the other, and for some time neither spoke. At last she said to him, almost timidly: "What is it that you are thinking about?"

"I was thinking," he replied, "of this morning, with its yellow and scarlet blossoms, and its ultramarine skies; and the life it seemed to offer me, like an elixir in a cup of crystal—the elixir which we never taste. And I was thinking of the night, and of you and your garden, and the waxen sleep of your camellias, and the tinkle of your fountain, and of the smell of the flowers that are meeting together as if at some witches' sabbath. They seem to me like the souls of the unknown kisses and foregone affections, pleading with the living—with the hearts that still beat—not to waste, as they did, the precious, unreturning moments."

"Do you think," she murmured, sinking her voice so low that she seemed to be speaking rather to herself than to him, "do you think that we are wasting them?" Then she roused herself and said in a clear, equable tone, "I told you that I know you: I doubt if I do so yet. You are a poet; and what you speak from now is your imagination, not your heart. It is late. Come back towards the house with me, and then you must say good night."

They went together to the curving steps. At the bottom of the flight she paused. Her lips were still bare. As she moved her hand to say good-bye to him, he saw her sigh. He came close to her, and one of his arms slid around her. Drawing his head back, yet still supporting her with his arm, he led her, with gentle force, a little way up the stairs. "Wait there," he said. "Lean—yes, so—over the balustrade. Let me talk to you from below. Ah! you are like another Juliet. And now," he said, "listen to me." He was by this time standing under her, with rockwork between them, peopled with violets. "Listen to me. Though I have never seen your face, you have the charm of beauty, in every tone and movement. I will not waste time in paying you useless compliments. There is no madness to which you could not have moved me—no madness, if it had not been for one thing. You have indeed done what you said you would do; you have thrown a new light on the conduct of one whom I had forgotten—you have undone the philosophy of three, nearly four years. When I sat with you just now, on the seat there, when I touched your hand, when I almost took you in my arms, my thoughts were with her, not you—I was meeting her in the past. I was forgiving her."

"But it is not only what you told me about her that has moved me this way. It has been you yourself, and the many little points in which you re-

mind me of her, and seem to resemble her; and these have drawn me toward you, and at the same time have repelled me from you. It is to you I should be false if I approached you now, not to her. I could bring no heart with me; and I would not bring it if I could. My heart is too sore to bear even the touch of love. How little I knew myself this morning—how well to-night!"

The figure above him, leaning her hand on the marble balustrade, looked down on him across the violets, still as a statue except for her deep breathing. At last she spoke, struggling to calm her voice.

"And I, too, know you, as well as you know yourself—as well as we both of us know the meaning of this garden at night, and the souls of the un-kissed kisses that trouble us in the scents of flowers. Go now—go; and be true and tender to her memory. I will not seduce you from it. But before we go, let me tell you one thing plainly: I love you—yes, I—far better than she did; and that, Count Stephan, is not saying little. But you need not fear me. Come and see me to-morrow, and you shall see what she wrote of you before she married, what she wrote of you after her husband died."

"Died!" He exclaimed. "And is her husband dead?"

"Yes," she said, "he is dead. I will tell you all to-morrow. Come in the morning—come at eleven o'clock, when the sky will be ultramarine and the flowers yellow and scarlet."

She waved her hand to him, and slowly went up the steps. "You have the key," she said, pausing to look back at him; "you will be able to let yourself out; and to-morrow morning come to the front door, and ask for the Contessa. Remember—this is the Villa d'Este."

Count Stephan's night was feverish, haunted by dreams like fireflies—dreams of which some were painful on account of the woman he had left, whilst others had veiled faces, so as to hide their dazzling brightness. The morning came, clear as the morning of yesterday, streaming into his bedroom, through the bars of the pale-gray persiennes, and flashing when his servant opened them from the tumultuous sparkling of the sea. He was out of doors early. He wandered about the port, where snells of tar floated and the red caps of fishers moved. His whole being was like a sail fluttering for some new voyage. He strayed along streets where the houses had palms in front of them, and where windows were open to drink the early air. Curtains and mirrors glimmered from strange interiors. Life began to flash on him from a hundred facets. The sun grew hotter; the sky grew a deeper blue. He determined to walk to the villa, instead of driving, for his progress toward the rendezvous would in this way begin sooner. The clock at last pointed to half-past ten; and then he turned his steps in the direction of the Villa d'Este. He found his way easily. The front door opened upon the road. The plaster of the building was already baking with the heat. An Italian servant, wearing a shabby jacket, as Italian servants are apt to do in the morning, and bearing in his hand a duster opened the blistered door. He scanned the visitor, and Count Stephan saw that he was expected. The vestibule was cool and bare, and the walls roughly frescoed. He was taken up a flight of carpetless marble stairs, and ushered into a room that opened from a bare landing. But when once he was inside the aspect of everything was changed. All about him were signs of a comfort almost English. The floor was strewn with mellow, Oriental carpets; there were screens and cushioned chairs; and a clock, as he entered, broke into a cascade of chimes. His eyes, expectant of the Contessa, and bewildered by this medley of objects, were some moments in discovering that he was alone. He surveyed the room curiously. There were books in all directions, and various little ornaments, pretty, though not extravagantly costly; but the charm of the whole effect was due mainly to some bowls or red anemones, and to pinz azaleas standing in blue Val-lauris vases. On a stool by one of the chairs a battered book was lying. He took it up. It was a copy of Grimm's "Fairy Tales." The sight of it pierced him like a stiletto. It was a book which, in her girlhood, the woman loved by him had delighted in. This might, indeed, have been her own copy. It opened at the story of "Snowdrop"—a story which he remembered had been her favorite. He began reading the following well-known words: "Once upon a time, there was a queen who was sitting by her window sewing. Before her was an ebony mirror. It was winter and there was snow outside. As she sewed, she pricked her finger with her needle, and a drop of blood fell on the kerchief she was embroidering. 'I wish,' she said, 'for a child as red as blood, as white as snow, and as black as ebony.' And in due time Snowdrop was born. Her lips were as red as blood, her skin was as white as snow, and her hair was as black as ebony." As Count Stephan read this passage a certain remark which the girl had made about it came back to him, and his lips smiled gently. He laid the book down and moved to the open window, impatient for the appearance of the Contessa, and yet half afraid of it. What would the woman's eyes be like who approached him as she had done last evening? And yet her mouth was almost as girlish as that of the woman he had loved.

As he reflected thus he was startled by the slamming of a door. He turned round and before him was a figure in a long blue cloak. He stared at her. He gasped in exclamation. He called her by her Christian name. The name was not Bice.

She was more of a woman than when, four years since, she had parted from him; and yet hardly less of a girl. Her cheeks were fresh as ever, and the soul of girlhood was laughing and pleading in her eyes. As he stood before her, petrified, hardly believing his senses, a laugh, like the laughter in her eyes, broke audibly from her lips. He, too, he knew not why, heard himself laugh also. Had he been told ten minutes ago what this meeting was to be, the expectation would have overwhelmed him. Had he been told that, when it took place, he and she would laugh, he would not have believed it. He advanced toward her; but laughing again, she retreated, shrinking mischievously—this woman, who the night before had moved with such sedateness.

"You will think me mad," she exclaimed. "I am a child this morning. I hardly know who I am. Hark, hark! it is the carriage. You must come. We must not wait."

"The carriage," he exclaimed. "The carriage! Where are you going?"

She took him by the hand, as a child takes the hand of its nurse, and dragged him, more bewildered than ever, toward the door.

"I am going," she said, "to take you for a drive—a quick drive—in the sunlight, a drive amongst the crowds, by the shops, by the band, by the blue sea; and I shall bring you back. I have planned this. Come, you must humor me."

Before he knew where he was he found himself sitting by her in her victoria—the same that yesterday he had seen full of flowers. The rapid movement, as they sped downward towards the town, calmed the nerves of both of them. For a time they said nothing. They merely shared sensations, as the wind of their passage blew all the morning in their faces.

At last she said, "And so, Stephan, you did not know me? My veil and my Italian together were a good disguise. It was only by chance yesterday that you did not see my face; and if you had, you would not have been here now. But no, I will not talk yet—not yet of anything about you or me. Stephan, be amused, be happy. Look at the people and laugh. Look at the shops, the crowds; look at the sea. You feel nature as I do. It goes into you; it goes through you. Hark! there is the band again. What a cry is in that music! And what for? I sometimes think that violins are made of heart-strings."

She stopped abruptly and gave some directions to the coachman. Then she turned again to her companion.

"We will drive," she said, "a little farther, by the sea. The sea and mountains and the music are all saying the same thing."

They whirled past the moving crowds, the gay awnings, the flashing houses. They hardly spoke till they were once more in her villa—in her sitting room, full of the shadows that are the clear children of the sunlight.

"Breakfast at half-past twelve," she said to the servant, as they went upstairs. "Stephan, you can wait a little?"

The face of each was by this time grave and pensive. The windows opened on a loggia. They moved out on to it. From one of the bowls, as she passed, she took some red anemones. They both stood. She laid the flowers on a little marble table, and pulled off her gray gloves. He looked at the beauty of her sensitive, slim hands.

"Had I seen your hands last night," he said, "you would have been betrayed by these."

She made no reply to his words. She was looking at the luminous landscape.

"Ah, Stephan," she murmured, "what does all this mean? The wonder of all this beauty chokes me; it takes my breath away." She took the flowers up again, and looked into their scarlet depths. "Look at these," she said, "and look at the sky—the sea!"

The slow, glossy swell was visible, undulating beyond the foliage; and each separate sparkle smiled like a sleeping child as it rocked on its floating cradle. The movement of those waves was like the movement of a woman's body rhythmically swaying before she begins to dance. The scene for both of them was burdened with the same meaning. It all made up an inarticulate litany, crying for some unknown fulfillment. Vague and faint at moments came the sounds of the distant bands. Were they praying for the lilies of a Paradise, or mourning for the lost roses of Paestum?

"I feel," she said, "as if the heart of the sea was throbbing in my own heart. If we knew what it all meant we should know the secret of existence, I suppose. Who shall teach it to us?"

He watched her face as she spoke; he watched her mouth, that reminded him of Beatrice Cenci's, and the little downy shadows quivered along its curves of carmine. He drew nearer to her, and fixed his gaze on hers. Her woman's face, with its childhood that had so lately laughed at him, was transfigured beneath his look, and became neither young nor old; it had lost all connection with time; and all the mysteries of life and nature, of motherhood, of love and death—he saw them opened before him in the depths of her sacramental eyes.

"You shall teach me," he said; "you shall teach me the meaning of the sea, of the sunlight, of the scarlet flowers, and the altitudes of the unfathomable sapphire."

He took her hand. She let the red flowers fall. The sun shone on; but it shone on an empty loggia.

By-and-by came the tinkle of a bell that announced breakfast. A man and a woman were standing in the room with the pink azaleas. What new life was shining in the eyes of both of them? When the bell had ceased, before the door was opened and the Italian servant announced that "the contessa was served," the man bent towards the woman, and he gravely kissed her on the forehead, on which her hair broke curling like a ripple.

"You are mine," he said—"you are mine for ever and ever, bound to me by this holy mystery."

A few weeks later the formal fact of their reconciliation was duly celebrated and recorded under the auspices of the British Consulate, but as for the hour which had just passed, that was its own historian and held its secret sealed. The shadows and the sunlight and the azaleas kept no record of it. It was written only in the fact that there was a new life in their eyes, and that there hung in her happy cheek the tint of a pinz azalea.

Whilst the miniature that has been already mentioned still continued to absorb the attention of the mother, a man entered. She raised her head to look at him. He leaned on her shoulder, with his head close to hers; and they contemplated the miniature of the little boy together.

"Do you remember," he said to her, "the story of Snowdrop which you used to read when you were only a little girl at Cannes—when I first knew you—when you were only a little girl to me? You amused me one day by a wish of yours, of which you then did not then know the meaning, and you were thinking, very likely, of a doll rather than a child. 'I should like to have a child,' you said, 'not like the Queen's, but with eyes blue as the sea, with hair yellow as sunshine, and with lips like a red anemone.' The greatest miracle of which we any of us can dream has accomplished it."



SOME OF CALIFORNIA'S PRIZE-WINNING DOGS



SEEKS HER LOVER EVERY HUNDREDTH YEAR

BY JESSIE JULIET KNOX.



I had gone with a party of young people for a drive out to the large Sutro Baths in San Francisco, which seemed cheerful, indeed, compared to the darkness, and the sullen moans of the ocean outside, which dashed in fury upon the long strip of beach, and against the huge rocks which supported the Cliff House. Within all was light and sparkle and gaiety. A large crowd of pleasure seekers had come out from the city to disport themselves in the warm salt water, and listen to the seductive harmony of the orchestra. Suddenly—I know not why—an irresistible something seemed to draw me away from the lights, and music, and laughter, away, until I found myself in the great museum, I knew not whither I went, or for what I searched, for I seemed to be led by an unseen hand, and a feeling of the supernatural crept over me as I entered the long museum, and mechanically made my way to the great glass cases where reposed the bodies of Egyptian mummies. Something seemed to draw me to the first one, and I stood there as if riveted to the spot—mentally congratulating myself that I was young and alive—not one of those brown, uncanny objects, that my future loomed up brightly before me, and that somewhere there awaited me the rapture of a woman's love. As I stood there deep in thought, and gazing upon the mummy, and its swathings of linen, brown with the touch of centuries upon centuries, the faint strains of the inter-mezzo stole upon my senses, and the wail of the cello seemed human. Suddenly the place was enveloped in a pale, opalescent mist. * * * The familiar sights of the museum vanished, and there glided before my astonished gaze scenes of Oriental life and beauty. * * * On a stream of silver sailed the barges of ancient time; barges decked in gaily-colored silks, while palm branches were waving, and over it all crept the sensuous fragrance of the lotus flower. * * * From the place where

the casket had stood there stepped forth in youth and radiance, an Egyptian maiden of such transcendent loveliness that I knew she was not of this earth. Her features and dress indicated Egyptian origin, and her voluptuous Oriental beauty thrilled and swayed me with a depth of emotion I had never deemed possible to my nature. I seemed to be completely under the spell of this sorceress of the Nile, and yet—it could not be a wicked spell, for the soul of purity looked forth from the depths of her mysterious eyes, but what passion and tenderness transformed her face as she gazed at me.

"Once in a hundred years I come to earth—once in a hundred years." She spoke in a musical voice which thrilled my very heart strings. "Century after century I have become human, and searched for the object of my old passion, and each time I was doomed to disappointment, but now—at last—O, sun-god—have I met thee." * * * She gazed at me with love unspeakable, and I said: "Tell me, Lily of Egypt, by what name you were known to human lips?" "Nydia," she replied, in tones like unto the faint breathing of an aeolian harp, saying which she placed her dimpled fingers in my outstretched hand, and I was at once filled with a rapture unspeakable. The



clasp I encountered was hot. It seemed that a fire burned beneath her fine skin. I reached out my arms to take her to my heart. Then, with a wondrous light and glory quivering on her face, and transfiguring it as the break of day changes the earth and sky, she stretched out her white arms to the ghostly light around her, as if in an oath to some unseen god. I drew her to me, and kissed her on the mouth. Her kisses were hot and fresh upon my lips, as she said: "To you alone have I given love and caresses; never before has my heart been touched. I have waited century upon century for this supreme moment. You, Rex, who loved me thousands of years ago, in my dear old Egypt, have been re-incarnated and brought back to earth to live again, and have no consciousness of the ancient time when you loved me. But I—but I—remember. During all the long centuries when I was shut up in my casket to be gazed upon by the ever-changing multitudes—I have naught else to do—save but to remember."

"Nydia! My Queen!" I answered. "When I remember that no other has known you thus—that none have kissed your lips, nor touched your hair as I have done, a great joy comes over me. O, fair one—born of the sun, have mercy! I cannot let you go—stay with me—entreat the gods! Surely a supplication from thy pure lips would melt to compassion even the hearts of Isis and Osiris."

"Oh, my earth-love," she cried, "I will entreat the gods. And then—and then—" the blood that had surged so wildly in my veins a moment before, seemed now to ebb away, leaving me cold and benumbed. She stood looking at me with wide, horrified eyes, as the last dying chord of the glorious inter-mezzo was wafted to us.

"For the love of Isis," she moaned, "in a hundred years—a hundred years—" and then she vanished.

The Right Way of Entertaining Children

BY EDITH LAWRENCE.

How often one hears a mother say, "I have offered my children almost anything if they would give up the idea of having a party." In some cases the mother's objection may arise from her own laziness or indifference to the children's enjoyment, but often from her inability to make a party of this kind successful.

It is not a difficult matter to make children have a jolly good time at a party if you go about it in the right way. Many persons imagine all that is necessary in this direction is to invite a certain number of children who are likely to be congenial, provide a dainty supper, and when some one to play for them is secured they think the success of the whole affair is assured.

This hit or miss method is a very dangerous one, as you never can tell how your small guests are going to act. I have seen children who have played together for years in the happiest kind of fashion, behave like perfect sticks at a party, and, in fact, act as if they had never seen each other before in their lives.

Children are not sufficiently unto themselves at these functions. They require someone to suggest and lead and make things "go." When this is done, they are only too ready to follow and are the merry little creatures of their own games in the street or playground.

Large and smart children's parties are, of course, outside the question of practical details as the important item of expense does not affect their arrangements. It is simply a matter of ordering things and engaging the services of an "entertainer," who sees that everything is bright and gay. A number of attractive women have gone into the entertaining of children as a business, and their services are very much sought after.

If a juvenile ball is given—and the up-to-date young ladies and gentlemen, who are nothing save a reflection of their elders, demand these elaborate functions now—the ballroom is decorated as for an ordinary grown-up person's ball. There are music and flowers and a ball supper is served by a prominent firm. The cotillion favors are costly and dainty, and everything is most conventional and unchildlike. The parties we are writing about are of the old-fashioned variety, where children are not dressed up puppets, but healthy, pleasure-loving, normal developments. But the average affair, even of this description, is not given without effort, for it is an effort to convert a pretty drawing room into a children's playroom, and to crowd a number of little ones into a small dining room. It is hardly necessary to say that as much space as possible should be gained in a room by moving all movable things, and putting out of danger valuable china, as games when played are apt to become boisterous. If carpets are on the floor they should be covered with crash.

When a dozen or so children are to be asked, little notes written by some member of the family are sufficiently formal. For larger affairs regular "at home" cards should be used, with "Juvenile Party" printed in one corner.

A perplexing question to most hostesses is that they have so many different sets to entertain that it is not easy to give a party for those of one age only. Most children have brothers and sisters who cannot be left out of the invitation. Consequently the guests often include big boys from school, girls in their teens and tiny mites from the nursery.

The best way to dispose of this motley crew is to detail one person to lead each group. The tiny tots, when possible, should have a room to themselves,

and if a kindergartner is procurable her services are invaluable in playing the pretty Froebel games with the little ones. Dancing for the older boys and girls is the favorite amusement. After general dancing, pretty german figures, such as the scarf and mirror dances, are always enjoyed. To be sure, they are not new, still the very fact of their age insures success, as everybody is sure to know them. Cotillion figures founded on fairy tales and nursery rhymes can be made attractive, and it is a good idea to make them appropriate to the season. In the summer a Maypole dance is an excellent scheme.

An important point to remember is to start the ball rolling as soon as a few of the guests have arrived, with some simple game—for instance, hunt the slipper, London bridge, or drop the handkerchief, and as the others come in they will join, and the holiday spirit is caught before they know it. The success of the party depends upon just how these first few minutes are handled.

It is well, when planning the games, to have first a sit-down one and then a more active one, and always keep in mind that children like to be doing things. They don't want to sit still at a party and be told stories. Zoological blind man's buff is an excellent stand up game. Blind one of the company and set him in the center of the room with a wand or feather in his hand. All the other players must form a ring around. Imitating the noise of any animal he chooses the blindfolded person touches one of the members of the ring. He, in his turn, must imitate the sound to the best of his ability, and if the blindfolded person can decide who he is, be blindfolded, and the other released, and so the game proceeds. This is a new form of blind man's buff, and it is most amusing.

Modern Way of Punishing Youthful Offenders

BY ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

Do you know what a children's court is? It is a court where children are tried and sentenced for the various offenses against the law that boys, and sometimes even girls, are guilty of. Lawbreakers under the age of sixteen may be tried in the children's court; after that they are considered to be old enough to know what they are about and must be classed with the grown-ups and be marched off to the grown-ups' prison when they are found guilty of crime.

It used to be that if children did wrong under the law merely because they did not know any better, they were taken to the same court with the hardened criminals, tried by the same judges and sentenced under the same laws. Worst of all, they were herded in the same prison with the wickedest and most desperate of criminals, those for whom there seemed no hope of reform. These wretched men taught the boys all the evil they themselves knew and delighted in it. The consequence was that a boy who had been shut up for his first offense against the law, even possibly when he had never been taught any better than to do wrong, came out of jail a hopeless criminal—as nearly, that is, as anybody can be hopelessly bad. The prisons of America were in some cases a real school for criminals.

It took more than a hundred years for people to find this out. When at last they did, some ladies and gentlemen tried to get laws passed establishing

courts where children that do wrong the first time might have a chance to learn the right way to live and do, and in spite of having gone wrong once might yet learn how to be useful citizens.

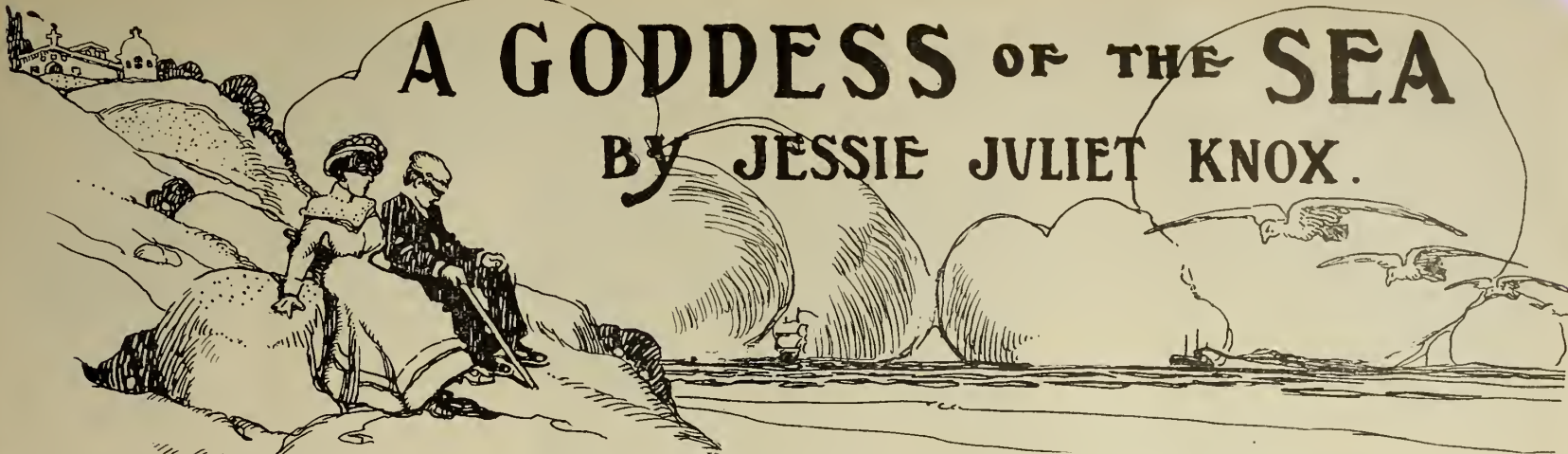
In two or three of the largest cities of the country there are now such courts. A judge is selected who is known for his kind disposition. Among the officers of the court are women as well as men, women with motherly hearts, to see that the young offenders are mercifully dealt with. It is bad enough to be arrested and brought before the child's court, but it is not considered so disgraceful as being tried in the grown-up people's court, for the children, if found guilty of offense, are sentenced to a house of correction, not a prison. If they have only done a little wrong, they are let off with a warning and some fatherly advice.

The things boys are usually arrested for are stealing and truancy, which last they themselves call "playing hooky." The boy who stays out of school is apt to get into much mischief. Sometimes parents themselves bring their children to the court and ask to have them put out of harm's way because these children are incorrigible—that is, will not obey their parents or anybody else, but will bid fair to go to the bad altogether. Many of the girls appearing before the court are brought to their mothers. They run the streets and associate with evil older companions, and their parents feel sure they will come

to a bad end if they are not stopped. So they are sent to a reform school, where many become good girls after all.

It is an odd thing, but most of the children sent to these courts are about twelve years old. Twelve seems, somehow, to be the awful age of a boy or girl. I wonder why it is? Another fact, which is not surprising when one comes to think of it, is that the youthful offenders brought to the child's court do not generally look wickeder than other children. They do look mostly pale and small for their age, and dirty, ragged and hungry. They appear, somehow, as though they never had a mother to bathe and care for them or a father to earn money to get them good food and pretty clothes. They stole because they were hungry and suffering; they ran the streets because they had no happy homes. All the same, though, occasionally a well-fed boy smashes a beautiful plate glass window or defaces statues from sheer wanton destructiveness. This boy, though he often has respectable parents, is about the worst of the lot. There is no excuse for him.

The children's courts are a great improvement on the old way of dealing with youthful offenders, and it is to be sincerely hoped they will be established soon in all parts of the country. It is also to be sincerely hoped that none of my youthful readers will ever get into one of them.



A GODDESS OF THE SEA

BY JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

Paul Tempest gazed searchingly at the girl who was waiting on him at luncheon. He had just arrived at this summer boarding house in the pine woods near Monterey, California, and from the open window was drinking in all the wondrous tints of sea and sky, in which his artist soul reveled. It was for the purpose of transferring all this beauty to canvas that he had sought out this spot, for Tempest was an artist of no mean ability.

It did not matter to him if he were boarding at a place where the people were uneducated and uncouth, so long as he could revel in the sparkling beauty of the curving bay, dimpled and blue and smiling, and the wonderful purple of the mountain for a background. The girl was beautiful, too, with the dark beauty of the Spanish race, for Monterey is a Spanish town, and in olden times was famed for the beauty of its women. Somehow this girl seemed superior to her surroundings. She possessed an innate refinement and courtesy strangely out of keeping with the manners of those with whom she lived. She could not belong to them, he thought. I could do no harm to conjecture, and Tempest, being an artist, was a keen observer. He could not fail to notice her eyes—such mystical eyes—black as night, and amorous-lidded; the dark eyes of Spain, and a mouth like the half-closed bud of a flower.

When she spoke to him her voice was low and sweet, and in keeping with the refined beauty of her face. The meal being ended he expressed a wish to go and see the old Spanish town, and could not resist the impulse to ask her to accompany him, as he was a stranger to the place, and she would be able to show him the points of interest. They were soon walking together, through the deep forest, permeated with the incomparable odor of the pine, mingled with the perfumed breath of the sea. As they walked along he learned that she was an orphan. These people had brought her up and she repaid them by working for them. Her education had ended when her parents died, which was when she was about twelve years old. She only knew what she had been able to glean from the books loaned her by the summer boarders. She was haughty and shy, and seemed to be restraining her true nature all the time. He longed, as men will, to put some human feeling into her face, and wondered how those dark eyes would look transformed with the light of a great passion. Soon they emerged from the coolness of the pines. Before their dazzled sight stretched out all the beauty of the sea—the blueness of the waters meeting the blueness of the skies; radiant with all the warmth of its countless hues, softly stirred by a low wind that sighed across it, filling the quiet air with ceaseless melody. The cool, fresh smell of its water shot like new life through all the warmth of the day. The white foam curled and broke on the smooth floor of sand and dashed against the old pier of Monterey, which stretched far out into the water. Innumerable birds that gleamed like silver, flew above its surface, and dancing about over the dimpled water were hundreds of little boats with Spanish and Chinese fishermen. To the right they could see Del Monte, the fashionable resort for the swell set. Its beauty was half concealed by the foliage of the great live oaks, with their spreading branches, draped with long gray moss. It was a perfect scene, and a perfect day in spring, and huddling leaves and nestling birds were in the great oaks, and warm winds fanned the tender wild flowers into being, and wooed the red rose into blossom.

As the girl, Dolores, stood there, framed in all the color and light and glory of nature, she looked like some goddess—so thought Paul Tempest—man and artist. He seemed to forget all else, as he stood and drank in her beauty. The purple shadows were lengthening on the mountains, and a grayness stealing over the sea as they walked homeward. Dolores

was thinking that she would doubtless receive some very hard words when she reached home, for her long absence from the routine of duty. But then, it was worth it—this strange and beautiful afternoon had been an epoch in her young life, and would dwell in her memory as long as she lived.

That night when the evening meal was ended the artist asked permission of the old people to make a portrait of Dolores. Having gained their consent, he told the girl, as she stood under the great pine by the doorway. He was surprised at the sudden illumination of her face. It entirely transfigured her; but as if ashamed of betraying her feelings, she gave her consent quietly and in a perfectly apathetic manner. The murmur of the sea came to them as they stood there and looked far out over its surface, now gray with the falling shades of night.

"What does it say?" she questioned.

"It speaks of eternity, boundless and without end," he replied.

"It seems always to beckon me," she said. "And I always feel that sooner or later I must obey."

Next day he began on the picture—"A Goddess of the Sea"—and as he worked he talked to her of many things—of his great world which she had never seen, of people, of art, of books. Again her face was transfigured when he spoke of books.

"O, I love them so; but I never bet any of my own.



Where the Young Man Stopped.

I have read all that I could ever see, but they were so few."

After that, when they went out together he always read to her, and she drank in every word like a soul athirst, and this seemed to draw them together, somehow, and to break down the barrier of her reserve. She knew every nook and corner of the Spanish town, with its old Missions, and all the spots of which history tells. His artist's soul reveled in the dim mysteries of the old Carmel Mission, and he sketched every part of it. It was sweet to stand within its sacred walls, and to have its old legends explained by this fair young creature. Small wonder that Tempest, being a man forgot for a time that there were other things in his life in the great world.

The days passed like a dream, each filled with the sweet, intangible nothings which make of life so fair a thing.

"I will take you to 'Devils' Cave' to-day," he announced, one morning at breakfast (for some peculiar reason the old folks had long since given their consent to her wanderings with him). He needed a guide he said, and she was a good one, and—gold always wins, you know. The young girl did not stop to wonder why they were so good to her, all at once. She only knew that life had become a beautiful and wondrous thing, filled with vague, sweet possibilities.

"I hate the 'Devils' Cave,'" she said, "but it is something you would like to see. At low tide we can walk right around it, but when the tide comes in it fills the cave."

It proved indeed to be a spot calculated to frighten almost any one. It was a terrible place—uncanny, and awful; "but," thought Paul, "it will make a good sketch, and I will return and sketch it soon." As they started homeward he noted the wonderful change that had come over Dolores, and how beautiful she was; and then—he thought of another face—another marvelously beautiful face—but with eyes as blue as the sea, and a heart true and tender. He forgot Dolores for a moment.

One afternoon he decided to go and sketch the "Devils' Cave," but Dolores, for some reason, could not go that day, so after telling her his intention he started out. After he had made the sketch in the cave he read awhile, until finally, some evil spirit must have overpowered him, for he dropped the book and—fell asleep. He did not know how long he had been asleep when he awoke with a start of horror. He saw at once his position. The tide was already

in—above and beyond him were the rocks—unscalable and stern. There was absolutely no way of escape. He should go mad, watching the insidious tide which was slowly but surely creeping toward him, and giving him just so many minutes to live. He hid his face in anguish. When he looked up there was a boat, and in it—Dolores.

He sprang forward and caught her cold hands and pressed them to his heart. "Dolores, little one, you have saved me; I can never thank you."

When they were in the boat he looked into her eyes and saw in them a look which caused his heart to stand still with amazement. He had been holding her hands, but now he dropped them suddenly, and moved away from her side. Her voice trembled as she said:

"O, I was afraid I would be too late. If I had arrived a few minutes later—"

"Neptune would have had another victim," he said lightly. Then they were both silent until they reached the shore.

The sun had sunk, leaving long tracks of blood-red light across one half of the heaven. Around stretched the vast country dark and silent, as in a trance; the stillness broken only by the sound of the Vesper bell pealing from the old Mission tower.

Through a window in Monterey she caught a glimpse of two lovers. The maiden was reaching up her dimpled arms, while her lover stooped to kiss her. Dolores drooped her head; she was stirred with a vague, passionate wonder. What was this love that was about her everywhere, and yet, with which she had no share. She had only thought of it with haughty scorn, and yet—

He left her at the house, saying he wanted a walk to compose his nerves after his narrow escape. She moved away from him as he spoke. She was afraid of this strange, passionate sweetness which seemed to fill her veins with fire, and make her drunk and blind.

He was grieved at the discovery he had made; he really was not a flirt, and where he had only meant to help her, what had he done? He saw that he had acted unwisely, and knew he must depart at once. He must also tell her what he should have told her long ago.

Next morning Tempest was sketching "Lover's Point," as the breakers dashed against its rough sides, when she came. Both were silent. "I do not feel inclined to work, to-day," he finally said. "I suppose it is because my vacation is so nearly over. I shall be going home in a few days, now."

He dared not look at her as he said this, or he would have seen that she turned as pale as a lily. "I have had a pleasant summer, and shall be sorry to leave Monterey."

"But—you said you would come back—next summer?" said Dolores eagerly.

"Yes, I may—that is, we may—for if I come I shall bring my wife with me; she will be my wife then, for we are to be married in June."

She was silent for a time, and then said in a perfectly emotionless tone: "It is very kind to tell me this—she is beautiful, I suppose?"

"Yes, you can see for yourself," and he handed her a picture. She looked at it searchingly. Yes—the face was one of surpassing loveliness.

"One must love such a beauty as that," she said, "but it is getting late, and I will be needed at home."

Her calmness reassured him: "I was mistaken, after all," he said.

The day he had said good-by she went to "Devils' Cave," and sat there holding a picture he had given her. She saw the treacherous tide coming in, but—she sat motionless.

Nearer and nearer it came until it dashed upon her; and—she lifted her head and smiled.



Statue of Junipero Serra, Monterey.



Carmel Mission, Monterey.

When the Old Slavery Days Were Over

BY BESSIE M. O'BRIEN.

Fred West, a great big, handsome fellow, with a heart of the same order, was standing at the corner talking to a friend. He held a cigar in his mouth with his left hand, and with his right had just struck a match against a lamp post, when at, or rather under his elbow a voice exclaimed cheerily: "Busted agin, Mas' Fred."

Fred threw a glance over his shoulder, and there stood "little Tom," a small, misshapen negro, about fifteen years old, with crutches under his arms, and feet all twisted out of shape, his toes barely touching the ground as he hopped along. He wore an old straw hat with only a hint of a brim. There must be some law of cohesive attractiveness between straw and wool, for little Tom's cranium was large, while the hat was small, and set back much nearer the nape of his neck than the crown of his head, yet held its place like a natural excrescence or a horrible bore. Tom had met with very few people mean enough to laugh at him; for though he possessed all the brightness, cheerfulness and pluck of deformed people generally, there was a wistful look about his eyes which his want of height and his position on crutches, perhaps, created by keeping them upturned while talking with anyone taller than himself; and this is generally the case, for there were no grown people so small as little Tom. His shirt was torn and pantaloons ragged, but to gild those faded glories he wore a swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, which some one had given him, whether from a sense of humor or a sentiment of charity let the gods decide.

"Busted agin, Mas' Fred."

"What busted you this time, Tom?" asked Mr. West.

"Lumber, Mas' Fred. I was in de lumber bizness las week, buying old shingles an' sellin' 'em for kindlin'; but my partner, he maked a run on de bank—leas' ways, on my breeches pocket—an' dem runned away hisse'f. Ain't you gwine to sot me up agin, Mas' Fred?"

"What business are you going into this week?"

"Fekshunnery," replied Tom, taking the quarter Mr. West handed him.

As Tom limped off to invest his money, his poor legs swinging and his swallow tails flapping, Fred's friend asked who he was.

"Poor little boy, the good Lord and the birds of the air seem to take care of him. I set him up in business with twenty-five cents every week, and look after him a little in other ways. Sometimes he buys matches and newspapers, and sells them again. Sometimes he buys ginger cakes and eats them all; but he is invariably "busted," as he calls it, by Saturday night. Tom—oh Tom!"

Tom looked back, and with perfect indifference to the fact that he was detaining Mr. West, answered that he would be there directly, continuing his negotiations for an empty goods-box lying at the door of a neighboring dry-goods store. "What you want, Mas' Fred?" he asked on his return.

"Miss Nellie is going to be married week after next and you may come up to the house, if you like. I was afraid I might forget it."

"Whoop you tis! Thanky, Mas' Fred. I boun' to see Miss Nellie step off de carpet. But Lord-a-massy, dem new niggers you all got ain't gwine to lemme in."

"Come to the front door and ask for me. Cut out now and don't get 'busted' this week, because I'll need all my money to buy a breast-pin to wait on my sister in. Come James, let us register."

Tom's glance followed Mr. West and his friend out of sight. Then he turned, and paused no more till he reached an out-of-the-way grocery store, in the window of which were displayed samples of fish, and soap, and calico, and kerosene lamps, and dreadful brass jewelry, among which was a frightful breastpin in the shape of a crescent, set with red and green glass, and further ornamented by a chain of the most atrocious description conceivable. Before this thing of beauty, which to him had been a joy for weeks, Tom paused and lingered, and smote his black breast, and sighed the sigh of poverty. Then he went in.

"What mout be de price o' dat gent's pin in de corner of de sto'?"

"I don't see any gent in the corner of the window," said the proprietor of the store.

Tom took the mild pleasantries, and inquiring, "What mout be de price o' de pin?" was told that it might be anything, from nothing up, but it could go for seventy-five cents.

He stood again outside the window, looking sadly and reflectively at the attractive bijou then seated himself on the curbstone, his crutches resting in the gutter, he thoughtfully held between his finger and thumb the twenty-five cent piece Mr. West had given him.

"Ef I take dis and de one Mas' Fred gwine to gimme nex' week, dat'll be fifty cents; but it won't be seventy-five, so I got to make a quarter on de two. Ef Miss Nellie knowed, I 'spec' she'd wait anoder week to git married, an' den I wouldn't run no risk o' dese; but I ain't gwine to tell her, cos I know she couldn't help tellin' Mas' Fred, and I want to s'prise him. Mas' Fred's made me feel good many a time and I want to make him feel good wunst. He doan nubber come dis way an' ain't seed dat pin, or he would ha' had it 'fore now."

Then little Tom bestirred himself, and, obtaining the assistance of a friend, took the dry goods box up to Union Square. Then he turned it upside down, spread a newspaper over the top, and proceeded to display his wares.

A pyramid of apples stood in one corner, a small stack of peppermint was its vis-a-vis; a tiny glass of peanuts graced a third, and was confronted by a lemon that had seen life, and was now more sear than yellow. But the crowning glory was the centerpiece—an unhappy looking pie of visage pale and thin physique, yet how beautiful to Tom. He stepped back on his crutches, turned his head from side to side as he surveyed the effect, took up a locust branch he had brought with him to brush away the flies, and lean-



ing against the railing with calm dignity awaited coming events.

His glance fell on the face of a negro boy who stood gazing with longing eyes on the delicacies of his table, and it was with a strange feeling of kinship that little Tom continued to regard the newcomer, for he had been branded with misfortune. He appeared about Tom's age, and should have been taller, but his legs had been amputated nearly up to the knee, and as he stood on the pitiful stumps, supported by a short cane in one hand, his head was hardly as high as the iron railing. He had none of Tom's brightness, but looked ragged and dirty and hungry, and evidently had no Mas' Fred to help the good Lord and the birds of the air to take care of him. His skin was a dull, ashen hue, and the short wool which clung close to his scalp was sunburnt till it was red and crisp and formed a curious contrast to his black face. One arm was bare, only the ragged remains of a sleeve hanging over the shoulder, and it seemed no great misfortune that his legs had been shortened, for he had hardly pantaloons enough to cover what he had left.

He looked at the pie and Tom looked at him. Presently the latter inquired seriously, "Whar yo' legs?"

"Cut off," was the answer.

"How came dey cut off?"

"Feet was frost bit. Like ter kill me."

"What yo' name?" asked Tom.

"Jake."

"What yo' ole mas' name?"

"Didn't have no ole mas'."

"Was you a nachel free nigger?"

"Donno what you mean," said Jake.

"'Fore we was all sot free," explained little Tom.

"Was yo' born wid an ole mas' an' a' ole mis', or was yo' born free?"

"Free," said Jake, thus placing himself, as every southerner knows, under the ban of Tom's contempt. "Umph, my Lor', dat pie do smell good!"

"You look hungry," said Tom gravely.

"I is," said Jake—"hungry as a dog."

He stopped suddenly and grinned ferociously at Jake. Jake gazed stolidly back at Tom. Then Tom stepped to the table and took up a rusty old pocket knife, and cutting out a piece of the pie handed it to Jake. Jake bit off the point of the triangle with his eye fixed on Tom, as if in doubt whether he would be allowed to proceed; but finding that the liberty was not resented, he eagerly devoured the remainder, drew his coat sleeve across his mouth and said: "Thanky." And thus their friendship commenced.

It was very touching and beautiful the attachment which was formed between these two unfortunate creatures. Neither could perform the labor or join in the sports incident to their age, and they seemed joined together by the attraction of a common misery. Every day some little service, pitiful in its insignificance except to themselves some little act of self-denial—perhaps the saving of a few cold potatoes that had been given to Jake, or the sacrifice of a buttered roll that Tom had got at Mr. West's—every day some little thing served to cement this friendship which gave to each a companion who did not mortify him; and they became inseparable, Tom taking Jake to the little shed where he spent his nights, and making him an equal partner in the business during the day.

The next time Tom came to be set up he gave Mr. West a knowing wink, and said mysteriously: "Doan you go buyin' no bres'-pin to w'ar to de wedding, Mas' Fred."

"Why not, Tom?"

"'Cos ain't no use in two bres'-pins; and dar ain't no tellin' what mout happen 'fore dat wedding comes off."

Mr. West laughed, but he had no premonition that Tom had entered into a successful negotiation for the grocer's execrable crescent, and the shock was therefore unbroken when, the evening of the marriage, Tom entered his dressing room and presented it to him with an air of pride so pitiful that it would have made a woman cry.

Fred was as fully surprised as Tom had anticipated, and affected to be as greatly delighted; and when he had completed his toilet of faultlessly quiet tone he pinned the horrible thing in his shirt bosom, and thanked little Tom for the gift with all the gracious courtesy of his fine nature.

When, however, as the bridal cortege passed through the hall, he saw Tom nudge a fellow-servant with his elbow, and point to the pin, he felt repaid for his sacrifice of pride.

The next morning little Tom came to the office: "What did yo' folks say bout yo' breast pin, Mas' Fred?"

"Say? Why they didn't know what to say, Tom. They couldn't take their eyes off. That pin knocked the black out of everything there. The bridegroom couldn't hold a candle to me," said Mr. West. And Tom laughed aloud with delight. "Did they give you your supper?"

"Did dat, Mas' Fred; an' I tuk home a snow-ball an' a orange to Jake," said little Tom.

Late on the evening of the same day Mr. West was about leaving his office when little Tom's crutches sounded in the doorway, and little Tom himself appeared, sobbing bitterly, tears streaming down his face: "Oh Lordy, Mas' Fred, oh, Lordy."

"What is the matter, Tom?"

"Oh, Lordy, Mas' Fred. Jake's done dead."

"Jake! Is it possible? What was the matter?"

"Oh, Lordy! oh, Lordy!" sobbed little Tom. "Me an' him went down to the creek an' played baptizin'; an' I'd baptize Jake, an'—oh, Lordy, Lordy,—an' Jake was jes gwine to baptize me, an' slipped out too fur, and his legs was so short he lost his holt on me and drowned. An' I couldn't ketch him, cos I couldn't stan' up without nothin' to hold on to. Oh, Lordy! I wish I nubber heerd o' baptisin'. I couldn't git him out, and I hes kep on a-hollerin', but nobody didn't come till Jake was done drowned."

"I am so sorry for you, Tom; I wish I had been there. But as far as Jake is concerned, he is better off than he was before," said Mr. West.

"No, he ain't, Mas' Fred," said Tom stoutly: "leas' ways, Jake didn't thing so hisself, and if he wanted to die he could ha' done it long an' merry ago. I doan b'lieve in no sich talk as dead folks bel'n' better off dan dey was befo'."

Fred was silent, and little Tom went on with renewed tears: "I come up to ask you to gimme a clean shirt an' a par o' draw's to put on Jake. You needn't gimme no socks, as he ain't got no feet. Oh, Lordy, oh, Lordy," sobbed little Tom; "ef me an' Jake had jes' feet like some folks, Jake wouldn't ha' been drowned."

"Take this up to the house," said Mr. West, handing him a note, "and Miss Nellie will give you whatever you want."

"Thanky, sir," said Tom. "I know you aln't got no coffins handy, but you can gimme de money an' I can get one. I don't reckon it will take much, as Jake warn't big."

Then Mr. West wrote a note to the undertakers and directed Tom what to do with it.

The next day was cold and dark and misty, and the pauper's hearse that conveyed Jake to the graveyard was driven so fast that poor little Tom, the only mourner, could hardly keep up as he hopped along behind on crutches.

The blast grew keener and the mist heavier, and before Jake was buried out of sight the rain was falling in torrents that drenched the poor little cripple sobbing beside the grave, and the driver of the hearse, a good-hearted Irishman, said to him: "In wid ye, or get up here by me if ye loike, an' I'll take ye back."

But Tom shook his head and prepared to hop back as he had hopped out. "Thanky, sir," he said, "but I'd rather walk; I feel like I'd be gitting a ride out o' Jake's funeral."

For several days little Tom drooped and shivered, and refused to eat, and at length he grew so ill that Mr. West was sent for; but Mr. West was out of town, and did not return for a week, and though when he got home, the first thing he did was to visit little Tom, he came too late, for Tom would never rise again from the straw pallet on which he lay, nor use the crutches that now stood idle in the corner.

His eyes brightened and he smiled faintly as Fred entered, like a breath of fresh air—so strong, fresh, and vigorous that it made one feel better only to be near him.

"Why Tom, how is this?"

The little cripple paused to gather up his strength; then he said: "Busted agin, Mas' Fred, an' you can't nubber set me up no more."

"Oh, stuff; Dr. Linden can, if I can't. Why didn't you send for him when you found out I was away?"

"I dunno, sir; I nubber thought 'bout it."

Turning to the woman with whom Tom lived: "And why didn't you do it?" said Fred angrily.

"I didn't know Tom was sick," she said. "'Tain't no use sen'in' fo' no doctor now. I jes' been tellin' Tom he better not put off makin' peace wid de Lord."

"I doan reckon de Lord is mad wid me, Chrissie. What is I done to Him? I didn't use to cuss, an' didn't play mahles on Sunday, cos I couldn't play 'em no time, like de boys dat hab feet."

"Ef you doan take care, you'll be too late, like Jake. I ain't a saying whar Jake is now—'tain't for me to jedge," said Chrissie; "but you'd better be a-tryin' to open de gate o' paradise."

Piping the words out stoutly and slowly and painfully, little Tom replied: "I doan b'leebe I keer 'bout goin' less Jake can go too; but I spec' he's dar, cos I doan see what de good Lord had agin him. He oughtn't a-thought hard o' nothin' Jake done, cos he wa'n't nubber nothin' but a free nigger, an' didn't hab no ole mas' to pattern by. Maybe he'll let us bofe in. I know Jake is waiting for me somewhar, but I donno what to say to him. You ax him, Mas' Fred."

He spoke more feebly, and his eyes were getting glazed, but the old instinct of servitude remained, and he added: "Ain't you got nothin' to spread upon de fio', Chrissie, so Mas' Fred won't get his knees dirty?"

Immediately and reverently Fred knelt on the clay floor, and, as nearly as he remembered it, repeated the Lord's prayer.

"Thanky, Mas' Fred," said little Tom feebly. "What was dat—ole—mis'—uded—to—sing? Oh, Lam' o' God—I come—I—" the words ceased and the eyes remained half closed, the pupils fixed.

Little Tom was dead.



THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF JAPAN

BY LURA B. STARR



The present Emperor and Empress of Dai Nipon are, without question, two of the most striking figures in modern history. The Emperor was born but a little more than a decade and a half before the Restoration, and he and his royal consort were reared in that strict seclusion obligatory upon families of rank under the old regime. The celebration of their silver wedding and the general magnificent festivities attending the anniversary throughout the length and breadth of the Island Empire, remind the thoughtful observer of the remarkable changes that have taken place among the people of that country within the quarter of the century just ended.

It must be remembered that until 1868 the Emperor of Japan was considered the spiritual ruler of the people, and so sacred that none might look upon his face and live; that the people worshipped him as a god; that when he granted an audience, which was very seldom, his face was veiled from the visitor, who must stop a certain distance away from the dais whereon the Mikado squatted; that he was never allowed to wear the same garment twice, nor to eat off the same dish a second time, both clothing and china being destroyed at once. When one bears these things in mind, then will the present position and condition of the Imperial Family of Japan seem like a modern Arabian Nights' tale.

From the strictest seclusion, forth he came, this twentieth century Mikado, into the broad light of day, the glare of which must have at first half blinded him. In 1868 the Shogun resigned and retired to the quietude of private life, the various wars were ended and the Restoration complete. The Emperor, at this time, in view of the new duties involving upon him, received the envoys of foreign countries at his palace in Tokio.

The Emperor is rather taller than most of his subjects, but walks with a halting step, the result of rheumatism or a slight paralysis. His oblique eyes are dark and piercing; his scanty beard, which is trimmed à l'Anglaise, and his short thick hair, are black as a raven's wing. He has thick lips, with heavy projecting under-jaw, which indicates the force of character and determination already shown. He cannot

by any stretch of imagination be called good looking, still there is a calm, dignified composure about him, which makes his ugliness rather picturesque than otherwise.

He was the first Mikado ever to appear in person at a state council; boy that he was, he took an oath before the court nobles and daimos that he would become an actual ruler of his people and promised that a deliberative assembly should be formed, that all measures should be decided by public opinion, that the uncivilized customs of former times should disappear, and that the impartiality and justice displayed in the workings of nature should be adopted as the basis of action; and furthermore, that intellect and learning should be sought for throughout the world in order to establish the foundations of his new Empire.

The Empress has made quite as great a name for herself as has the Mikado, and has proved herself a proper mate for the Emperor, who will go down in history as the most remarkable man of his age. She was born on May 29th, 1850, and was reared in the strictest seclusion and conventions of old Japan, and when she married expected to lead the same secluded and retired life that had been the lot of those who preceded her in the same position; but she had scarcely become accustomed to the name of wife before she was precipitated into the midst of public life, which must have been as strange to her as if she had been born again and born into another world.

When she married she followed the old Japanese custom of blackening her teeth and shaving her eyebrows, to make up for which she painted two false ones high upon the forehead. In a very few years she gave up these disagreeable practices, and now leaves her face as nature made it—not pretty, judging from an Occidental standpoint, but calm, placid, and far from ugly. She is a tiny creature, and adds somewhat to her height by rolling her glossy black hair à la Pompadour. Her face belongs more to the aristocratic type than does that of her husband. She, as well as the Emperor, wears European clothing. Her gowns are made of the most beautiful Japanese brocades, and native lace-makers under her patronage furnish her with suitable trimmings.



EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

Many amusing tales are told of the time when the court was ordered to appear in European garments. Things were put on upside down or wrong side out, and in several cases the Biblical declaration that "the last shall be first and the first last," was verified literally. Those were hard days for the poor creatures, but with stoicism born of the centuries of calmness and placidity, they made no outward visible sign of the misery they endured in the unaccustomed garments. When I think of the struggles they must have had with the French corset and high heeled slipper, these women who had worn only loose, flowing garments and sandals all their lives previously, I feel that a martyr's would be an altogether inadequate compensation for their torment. The majority of the women of the court did not adopt European garments willingly; they were compelled to do so by proclamation from the Empress, who declared that the change in the life and habits of people, particularly that from the sitting and kneeling etiquette of the Orient to the standing ceremonies of the Occident, required this change in the fashions of women's dress as well as that of the men. In a way, she was right, for it is said a Japanese man in European dress will treat a Japanese woman clothed in the same fashion with far more respect than he will one clad in the flowing kimono.

The sacredness of the royal person hindered the change in dress for the Empress for some time, we are told, for no ignoble dressmaker was allowed to touch her. Countess Ito, one of the handsomest and most accomplished women at court, came to the rescue, and had the garments of the Empress fitted to her until patterns could be made. Both men and women are now less self-conscious, and somewhat accustomed to the change, but to my mind neither look so well as they would if they were arrayed in their national costume. If the strong anti-foreign feeling which has been growing up for the past few years drives them back to their own picturesque and becoming garment, all right-minded people will be heartily rejoiced. There are few, if any, who share the feelings of a

spinster missionary who said, when discussing the matter of dress with a clergyman of another persuasion than her own, who claimed that the kimono was quite suited to the people and the climate: "Well, Mr. Blank, you must acknowledge that the kimono shows a woman's ankles, and even you will admit that ankles are immoral."

The Empress is admittedly a clever woman, according to the Japanese standard. That she is amiable goes without saying; she is deeply imbued with Western ideas with regard to the status of woman, and the influence she has exercised in the state as well as the domestic circle has been worthy a woman born and reared among the most liberal ideas of the Occident. Her readers and teachers have found their seed falling into good soil. She began at once to interest herself in silk culture, lace-making and embroidery. Competent women were selected to instruct Her Majesty in the art of silk weaving and care of worms, etc. Lace schools are under her patronage, and she has never failed to encourage any industry and education among women. She is most benevolent, giving to charity with a free hand. It is said that she gives so liberally of her private allowance, that were it not for the care of the Chancellor of the Exchequer she would be a bankrupt before the end of the first week of the quarter.

The Peers' School is especially under her fostering care, as well as several of the hospitals of Tokio. She is particularly fond of children and often goes into the children's ward with her arms full of gifts for the little ones. Each autumn there is held a fancy fair or bazaar for the purpose of raising money for the public charities, and Her Majesty makes a point of spending one afternoon there, buying liberally, and if one did not know that she was the Empress there would be no outward sign to discover her identity. She wore a tailor suit of dark blue, a sealskin cloak, and blue bonnet, with feather and algettes, when I saw her, and was fair to look upon. She has no children of her own, and her life is undoubtedly clouded by this fact, for a childless wife in Japan is an object of pity, and she sees the Emperor's son, but not hers, growing up to succeed his father.



EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

The Princess Bamboo An Idyl of Lotus Land

BY EDITH LAWRENCE.

"There would he stay if he could, contented with the eaters of Lotus, Plucking and eating the lotus, forgetting that he was returning."
—Edwin Arnold.

I am disgusted with you, Princess!" cried Desmond Hillier angrily. "You are ungrateful. I delivered you from the dirty hands of a Semitic curio dealer, who regarded you as Japanese trash. I planted your genealogical tree, and watered it with my own hands. I have compromised myself irrevocably for your sake. A deus ex machina we inhabit this domain, in the teeth of convention and the charwoman. You revel in unlimited bibelots, chiffons and chocolates. I regard you as I have never regarded woman yet. I treat you as my mental equal. You enjoy the inestimable advantage of becoming acquainted with my work while it is still in manuscript. I even permit you to imply suggestions. What is my reward? You smile. And it is because your smile is a particular type of smile that I object to it. It is provoking—tantalizing. It hovers round, and tickles one corner of your little red mouth, while the other pouts on in polite, impassive nothingness. It lurks in your eyes, which you will not, however, permit to sparkle. The wings of your impertinent little nose tremble, and are on the point of inflating; but you control them in time. A faint flush rises to your clear olive cheek. I could almost swear that I see the great winged bow of your magnificent obi quiver like a gorgeous butterfly palpitating with the ecstasy of his one-day existence. But no, you are pitiless. You smile on until you get on my nerves—until I almost regret your rescue, your installation—until, in fact, I throw a silk handkerchief over you, as I do now, that I may forget you, Princess!"

The outline of the vase stood out in sharp relief under the silken covering.

"Pish!" cried Desmond Hillier; "I can't see you any more, but I know you are laughing at me in those long sleeves of yours, Princess. And you are thinking that I am in a vile temper, and that I am abusing my privilege of speech by nagging, and that after all is said and done I am only a Western barbarian upon whose chimney-board a perverse fate has ordained your honorable presence, until such domestic earthquake shall arise as shall free you for ever from the hateful bondage."

And then Desmond waited, as if he almost expected a disclaimer. But all was silent under the silk handkerchief.

"Believe I'm getting a bit cranky," he muttered, as he threw himself with a sigh into his favorite chair. "Comes of living alone, and being faithful for two years to a memory. Neither of them good for a man."

"And then he lit his pipe and fell to smoking vigorously, and unsummoned out of the smoky haze rose the face of a woman whom he had striven his best to forget. On its heel followed a voice whose haunting cadence had once made the world's music for him.

Through the tobacco fumes floated a familiar perfume. "All the old ghosts," he muttered bitterly, but fainter—always fainter."

And he poked the fire savagely, and sent the blue and yellow flames spurring out of the old ship logs, and flashing in hundredfold reflection from the quaint mirror and shield.

Desmond Hillier was just struggling into notice as a rising young writer of the realistic-cum-impressionist school and managed with the help of a modest patrimony to keep the wolf from the door of his third floor flat in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

He was accredited with having suffered considerable damage in a love affair, and suspected of having applied the salve of cynicism to his wounds. Be this as it may, he was generally liked by his men friends. He was never able to keep any women friends, for they had an awkward habit of falling in love with him, which, as we all know, is apt to put Friendship's nose out of joint. His fantastic relation to the girl in the Japanese vase, which adorned his sitting room by day and his bedroom by night was a source of un-falling interest and amusement to his friends.

He lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields because here he was in the heart of his world, and he could see the trees and grass as he sat at work. His rooms were crammed with Japanese curios. Bizarre masks, shields and daggers, covered the walls; quaint cabinets and cupboards filled every corner.

But of all his possessions he cherished most his vase, on which smiled the Princess. To her he gave his morning greeting, to her his last good night. To her he railed of the world's ingratitude and cruelty. For her he became a child again and left chocolates and little pieces of ginger beside her for regalement; and when the charwoman ate them he pretended that she would be ill and have migraine.

When he quarreled with her seriously he would put the vase in a cupboard and turn her face to the wall. But the cupboard was always an open one, and he could not help stealing furtive glances now and then at the graceful outlines of the vase, until his anger was appeased, and she was restored to her place at his right hand, and he and she were friends once more.

When it was only a tiff he threw a handkerchief over her, as on this Christmas Day which had found him solitary and alone, although it had not failed him for friendly biddings to Christmas cheer.

Without—slush and fog, dark and thick. Within—a mystic warmth, a fitful glow falling on gleams of burnished metal; here and there weird shadows cast on grinning masks.

In the old house all was still. The housekeeper was spending her Christmas at Clapham. From the offices below came no sound.

"By Jove," exclaimed Desmond, jumping up with every sign of despair on his handsome face, "I've forgotten to order any food, and they're all out!"

And then he took up an old iron lamp, and began to forage. In a few minutes he returned triumphant with a half pheasant, a loaf of Vienna bread, and a bottle of Burgundy.

Good wine and rare old glass especially appealed



It Was But a Dream.

to Desmond. "Not half a bad spread," he muttered, "with no repentance to follow, thank God! What would you say, Princess, to the conventional plum pudding and mince pie, I wonder? What, sulky, eh? Ah! pardon me, I forgot you were still under the cloud of my displeasure."

Desmond removed the handkerchief with a boyish laugh.

"Come now, we'll have a jolly evening together, you and I." And he laid out his food on a low table in front of the fire, which he built up high to the chimney's mouth.

"In honor of you and the occasion, Princess," he said, as he changed his coat for a gorgeously embroidered Japanese dressing gown. "After dinner we will discuss Madame Chrysanthème. Loti's views on your adorable countrywomen always seem to me in need of editing. You shall enlighten me."

The wine was strong, and its fumes soon rose to Desmond's brain after his light meal.

"I feel less platonic than usual tonight, Princess," he said ruefully, as he lit his pipe and drew the vase nearer to him. "If only you were not so confoundingly prudish!"

With an impatient exclamation he drained his glass, and was soon immersed in Pierre Loti's fantastic chronicle of his petit marriage in Lotus Land.

The book was entirely in unison with Desmond's mood. Its semi-sensuous, semi-sad note attuned exactly with the chord which vibrated through his whole being. Loti's wistful desire for the unattainable found its echo in his own heart.

On the wings of potent Burgundy he entered into the Land of the Sun.

"Whoso has tasted the honey-sweet fruit from the stem of the Lotus

Never once wishes to leave it, and never once wishes to go homeward."

"Ah! that was what I was trying to find!" he cried suddenly, and somehow the sound of his own voice out of the gathering gloom startled him.

"And you shall tell me whether it is true or not, Princess. Listen: 'A Japanese woman's smile is the badge of high breeding and self-respect. Her primary, all-important training is to smile. Whatever the circumstances, no finely bred Japanese woman would ever transgress the iron law which forbids her betrayal of any emotion save that of pleasure.' Is this true, Princess?"

A log fell, throwing up a jet of multi-colored flame which strangely illuminated the face of the girl on the vase.

"You are laughing at me!" cried Desmond with an oath, "and you—" And then he fell to laughing at himself, and finished the Burgundy.

A delicious drowsiness stole over him. He read how Pierre Loti had been irritated in the small hours by the rattle of Madame Chrysanthème's pipe on the fire-box of their rice-paper doll's house in Nagasaki. He fell asleep.

"I have waited long for your honorable company, dear friend," said Princess Bamboo, handing him a tiny cup of yellow tea with an elaborate obsequiousness.

And Desmond could not determine in what language she addressed him. He only knew that he understood her, that he had attained the unattainable, that they were together in Lotus Land, and that she spoke to him in just the voice he knew was hers, only that she would never speak to him before, in—where was it?—some garden in a country where the sun never shone. She was no lady of high degree, but a little musume with whom he had contracted a marriage like—like—how his memory for names was going! Was he getting old? And then he looked at the Princess. No, he certainly was not old yet. All at once he remembered that he had always been a littleasperated by the smile of hers. But before he could speak to her about it she took up her samisen, and somehow, as he listened to its minor strains, they were in a tea-house on the heights above Nagasaki, where the sake cups were of the same pattern as those in the black country which he dimly remembered. Two pretty little geishas were dancing before them.

The Princess smiled, but he felt uncomfortable. "I have always been addressed as 'O Take,'" she replied. "These girls!"—and she pursed up her little red mouth with the old prudishness he knew so well, and emptied her little pipe with the noise which he had read somewhere was so annoying in the small hours.

"Why did you wear a red petticoat in those days?" he said with a sudden flash of memory.

"What days?" she asked. And he could not reply, for the past had once more left him.

And then followed what seemed to him a long silence, and he fancied he heard one of the geishas say mockingly to the Princess:

"O Take! Love leaves with the red petticoat—Love leaves with the red petticoat!"

"I shall never black my teeth or shave my eyebrows," returned the Princess with some heat: "I have not lived for nothing in—" But the word floated away from him, and he heard nothing more.

After this he gave up trying to recall what had happened before he inhabited Lotus Land with Princess Bamboo, but he drifted on the wave of happy uneventfulness. And yet in the midst of all his happiness he knew there was some reason why he should be unhappy if he could only remember it. At length he became conscious of a desire which, as he awoke to its call, cried out with reiterated clamor for its appeasement. For days it abode with him, yet found no tongue.

Then all at once the truth flashed upon him. That was what was lacking! He had never seen the Princess sad. He had never once been able to pierce through the crust of her conventionality. She had never accorded to him the sweet privilege of drying her tears. He jealously recalled every little disturbing incident of their mutual life.

The first cloud rose in their horizon when he had laughed at the little colored paper lanterns, tied on the end of a stick, which they carried when they went out at night, and he had said that her country was a land of toys and dolls.

Then her flowers, her tender pride, blooming in every corner of their fragile, fairy-like habitation, and arranged with the hand and eye of a poet, or a woman—had he not openly scoffed at them, and, crushing their delicate blooms, ruthlessly trodden them under foot to death? Ah, yes! And that night when, without a word of warning or explanation, he did not return till early dawn from the French ship lying at anchor in the bay. What other girl-wife would not have been devoured with anxiety, torn with dread of impending evil, and have wept tears of joy at the safe return of her lover? But no, the Princess received him, as always, with her unvarying smile. No shadow of impatience clouded, no word of reproach escaped that red, smiling mouth.

Close on the heels of these memories came maddening doubts of her love for him. He became haunted by a burning and uncontrollable desire to be assured of the truth of her passion by the demonstration of her grief.

This need grew and grew until it dominated him body and soul. Waking and sleeping, his one endeavor was to break through the impenetrable walls of reserve with which the Princess surrounded herself. It was like the enamel on china, cool, smooth and beautiful.

He became exacting, morose, gloomy. She exhausted every imaginable resource in her efforts to distract him.

He tried to excite her jealousy by flirting with the prettiest dancing girls in Nagasaki. She smiled, and proposed to give them permanent house-room.

"To distract your honorable weary hours," she added.

When she said this he could have struck her down as she stood. He even lifted his arm. She thought he desired to draw her to him, and came slowly towards him. As she gently passed a brown arm round his neck he lost his head, and bit into the soft flesh deeply.

"Can't you see I love you—love you?" he cried hoarsely.

"Oh, yes, I see," she replied. And then she smiled, although she was white to the lips, and he knew that the wound he had made was burning and throbbing with exquisite pain.

At last he became aware in some mysterious way—and all that he felt was curiously veiled and mysterious, although of such passionate intensity—that the Princess was awakening to a sense of contest; that she was pitting her pride of race and power of endurance against his power of torture. He instinctively divined that her pride and her traditions were barring his path to the sacred source from which grief flows, although below the surface her passionate and sensitive heart lay wounded and quivering.

But in spite of his dim consciousness of all this, his greed to taste the joy of seeing her eyes filled with tears overmastered him.

He had tried all else; his desire grew stronger and more irresistible. He will force that enamel-crusted heart to acknowledge its master. He will strike that last fatal blow—he will break the roseleaf fetters which bind her to him. He will leave her.

He watched her hungrily as she received the news of his departure. His fate hung in the balance of her tears.

Now—surely now—the hidden spring will flow! No. She smiled, a little sadly perhaps, with the corners of the little red mouth quivering dangerously, but still she smiled.

The hour of parting came. His eyes were fixed on her face, but no shadow, no agony of regret was there.

As he was passing out he heard a little cry. He turned. She staggered towards him with arms outstretched, the warm tears streaming down her cheeks.

He hungrily devoured their blessed salt bitterness, and—

The pipe fell from his hand and he awoke. The Japanese vase lay shattered at his feet.

Princess Bamboo smiled no more.

"Did you ever dance like that, Princess?" he asked innocently.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE GLOBE

By Herman LeRoy Collins

A traveler who makes the journey around the globe finds "railroading" one of the most changeable institutions he encounters, as well as one of the most interesting. Most people cherish the delusion that railway fares are dearer in their own country than in any other. After you have bought tickets in all of them for all sorts of trains and distances it is easy to fix the extremes. Traveling is cheapest in Japan and dearest in England. It is the most luxurious in America, and the traveler here has the minimum of bother about meals, sleeping cars and luggage.

I traveled from Nagasaki to Yokohama, in Japan, without a break in the journey. The distance is seven hundred miles, and the best trains require exactly forty-eight hours for the trip. Of these, six hours are occupied crossing the Inland Sea by boat. The first-class fare is \$9.80; second class, \$5.80, and third class one half of the second. Only an occasional train has a dining car or a sleeping car attached to it. Like everything else in Japan, the railway carriages are top like, usually having only two or three compartments. In the dining cars you eat from tables hardly larger than little girls have for their dolls. At all stations, which are frequent, you can buy freshly made tea for three half-pence—pot, cup, tea, and all. This you take in the car, and the dishes are thrown out the window, usually. Europeans dislike the prepared luncheons sold in boxes. They consist mainly of boiled rice and undercooked fish.

Smoking is permitted in all compartments, for all Japanese men and women smoke almost continually. A native lady enters the carriages, slips her feet from her tiny shoes—which have wood or rice straw soles, stands upon the seat, and then sits down demurely, with her feet doubled beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette, or her little pipe, which holds just tobacco enough to produce two good whiffs of smoke. All Japanese people sit with their feet upon the seat of the car, and not as Europeans do. All of them have first removed their shoes. When the ticket collector—attired in a blue uniform—enters the carriage, he removes his cap and twice bows politely. He repeats the bows as he comes to each passenger. More than 90 per cent of all the travel in Japan is third class, and about 2 per cent only is first-class. Nearly all the locomotives are English.

When the traveler reaches India he meets an entirely new condition. Distances are great, and night journeys are imperative; but there are neither sleeping cars nor dining cars. Each person is obliged to carry rugs and a pillow to make his own bed. Ordinarily four persons can sleep in a first class compartment, and five in a second. The latter have a seat in the middle of a car. Each passenger is entitled at night to what in England is an entire seat. These are two top-shelf berths which are let down and held by straps. Rungs are spread upon these, and you have quite a comfortable bed. The majority of the cars are upholstered in leather. I bought at one time 5000 miles of railway tickets in India. This covered the distance from the extreme southern point at Tuticorin, to the snow-covered barriers of the north, the Himalaya mountains, at Darjeeling; and from Calcutta to Lucknow, Carnpore, Agra, Delhi, Jeypore and Bombay. The first class fare was exactly \$121.50; second class would be just half of that, and third class about one-sixth of it. India is provided with the best system of railroad restaurants in the world. Trains make stops of half an hour at given stations for early tea, breakfast, luncheon being two shillings each, and dinner two-and-six. There is plenty of food, which is well cooked.

An old man could have spent his life traveling in India and still not have gone very far. Trains are abominably slow. The quickest one can do the trip from Tuticorin to Calcutta, about 1500 miles, in three full days and four nights of continuous going. Stops at the little stations are excessively long. India and Japan have by far the most efficient porters at railway stations, who carry one's luggage for a third of the fee demanded in Europe or America.

After Oriental traveling the French railways in Egypt seem like extravagant luxury. The carriages are small and rather jolty, but are mostly well upholstered. Trains running through the desert sands from Port Said to Cairo make scarcely any noise; the sound is deadened, like that of an American train sweeping over the snow-covered plains of the west. The fares are about the same as in France. Surely the dustiest ride in the whole world is from Cairo to Luxor, where the sand gets through and covers everything. And yet, along the way for hundreds of miles on both sides you see the finest wheat fields. The contrast between the sand and the wheat fields in February is most striking. From an eminence the superb valley of the Nile looks like a bright green ribbon stretched across a yellow pine floor.

The railways in Greece are conducted like the French. Fares are similar, but distances are so insignificant that no attempt is made to have an extravagant service.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in one of his stories, says the porter on the train from Paris to Constantinople, spoke eight languages. I heard the porter on our rather portentous express from Constantinople to Budapest speak six—English, French, German, Arabic, Bulgarian and Hungarian. There are enlightened lands where few college professors can do that. The distance from Constantinople to Vienna is 660 miles, the first class fare, including sleeping car berth, is \$33.00, and the second class, 22.35. By the best every-day express the journey requires two full days and nights continuous traveling. As a matter of comparison, the distance from Philadelphia to Chicago is 880 miles, the first class fare, including sleeping-berth, is \$22.35, exactly equal to the second class on the Oriental train, and the journey is made by the



Royal Palace of Hanover, Germany.

In Memoriam

Dedicated to the Late Harriet M. Skidmore

ON THE BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN.

By Rose L. Bushnell Donnelly.

I stand on the beautiful mountain,
Glad crowned, and made free
From the doubts, that gathered at will
O'er the heart of a mortal
Whose feet faltered not
Till they stood at the brow of the hill.

I stand on the beautiful mountain,
And smile at the shadowy past
That death has swept from my sky,
Leaving only the tint
Of violet and rose,
With not even the hush of a sigh.

I stand on the beautiful mountain,
And incense from fields afar
Over my memory flow;
And I call back the songs
From the shores they have kissed
With the zephyrs of long, long ago.

I stand on the beautiful mountain,
Selfishness left in the past,
That welded and fastened the chain.
That bound to the dross
My thoughts that were pure,
Now born into glory again.

I stand on the beautiful mountain,
Where I'll wait till you reach out to me
Dear friends of my life!
The hands that I clasped
As I entered the boat
That bore me across the dark sea.

I stand on the beautiful mountain,
That to me were fulfilled
From the land I ever hath loved
The promises made:
"In the temples of light
That are built in the cities above."

I stand on the beautiful mountain,
In a mist that hides me from view,
And "loop back the curtains that fall"
Between the there and the here
With the voice of my soul,
As I hear from the earth-shore a call.

I stand on the beautiful mountain,
And listen to anthems of love;
My name is called with the blest,
To dwell in the mansion above.
Farewell, farewell, to the valley I trod,
I'm with my Redeemer, my Savior, my God.

express trains in twenty-one hours. However, the so-called rapid service from Constantinople to Vienna is one of the most comfortable in all Europe, but the trains are exceedingly deliberate about reaching their destination.

All travelers agree that the Italian railways are the worst in Europe. The fact that they are owned by the government and leased to private companies does not seem to be of any advantage to the public. As there can be no competition, there are no extra inducements in the shape of fine cars, swift trains, or good dinners to invite travel over a particular line. These are the very things that produce the excellent service, in some directions, in England and America. Fares are lower in Italy, but trains are slow. The carriages are small and unclean, and the roadbeds are badly kept. Apart from these there is the incidental annoyance of having ticket-sellers deliberately hand you the wrong change; the man who vices your ticket illegally demands a fee for doing his duty; and the ticket-collector seeks a bribe for letting your small luggage pass through the gate. I heard a clerk demand a fee of ten francs to put his vice upon a ticket. At Genoa I saw the ticket inspector stop an English lady's porter and refuse to allow him to pass with several bundles until he had paid a small bribe. He did it as openly as a Turkish Customs official will accept five piastres and pass your trunk unopened.

Mark Twain once described the French road-beds as being as smooth as glass. All in all, the service there is the best on the continent. The express trains between Marseilles and Paris are excellent; but I consider the service between Paris and Brussels as the finest in Europe. The schedule time is about fifty miles an hour; the heavier corridor coaches are long and steady, and the compartments are nicely arranged. The second class compartments throughout France are usually equal in appearance and comfort to the English first class. Fares are cheaper in both France and Germany than in England. The coaches are usually superior, but the trains in England run more swiftly as a rule. The Continental system of registering luggage is fairly good, but expensive as compared with the American. Railway restaurants in France and Germany are of little value, but in the former country good prepared luncheons in baskets can be purchased.

In Germany there are fourth-class cars, although why anything worse than third was provided appears strange. The thrifty Germans crowd the fourth and the third, and permit strangers to have a monopoly of the first and second. The seats of the third and fourth are not upholstered. The only difference between the first and second is the color of the cushions and the price of the tickets. Everything in Germany is done in an officious manner, and there is an excessive amount of official interference and direction. Many of these employees are old soldiers. All wear military looking uniforms, and stations seem to be full of them. The stations master looks as gorgeous as a Mexican brigadier general. He faces the train as it moves from the station, and stands at rigid attention like a soldier before an officer. Even at a little flag station along the route you catch glimpses of old men, and sometimes women, in a very erect attitude as the train rushes by, holding the flag in a certain position. Railway station employees, like tramway employees, in Germany are far better and more neatly dressed than anywhere else in all Europe. Extra fares are charged on many of the express trains.

Railroading is cheap in Switzerland. There is a peculiar system much used by residents whose business demands much traveling. For about twenty pounds you can purchase a second-class ticket which will entitle you to ride anywhere in Switzerland, and as much as you like for a whole year. They are like a free pass, but the photograph of the owner must be upon the ticket.

The three most noticeable things about British railroads are the high price of first class tickets, the lack of officials at stations, and the worst system of managing baggage in all the world. It is sometimes difficult to find any one at a station who seems to have any official knowledge or authority. And even then they do not always seem to know things. I asked the "information bureau" at Belfast about a certain train, and after hesitating a moment the official replied: "I do not know the exact time, but Cook's will tell you."

Three English railroads have, as every one knows, been racing trains from London to Glasgow and Edinburgh. I saw it stated that one train, after August 1st, would run the 400 miles in 420 minutes. That is a splendid speed, and for that long distance, I believe it is the swiftest train in the world. The first-class fare to Glasgow is just 30 per cent higher than for a similar distance on the finest American express trains, which also includes sleeping-car fare. To a person who travels in all directions in Great Britain and Ireland it is apparent that all effort at standard speed and comfortable service is expended upon the very few trains to Liverpool and the two large cities in Scotland. Consequently, travel in other directions is not nearly so comfortable or rapid. The thing that every traveler notices is that one is obliged, except on these few "flyers to the North," to be changing carriages constantly.

The trains de luxe in Europe, which run say from Paris to Constantinople, and to other great capitals, about twice a week, are far more expensive than the everyday rapid service in those countries, the fares of which I have referred to. The de luxe fares are from 50 to 75 per cent higher than on any of the finest American trains, which far excel in speed.



LONG ago, in the days when men were three-fourths fools—that is to say, when only one-fourth of their time was devoted to the acquisition of wealth—there dwelt in Spain a weaver of industrious habits with a kindly heart, and well beloved by his neighbors.

This weaver had a son who was generally reputed to be a worthless fellow, destined to come to some bad end. In the presence of the virtuous he was usually silent, and when he did speak he never failed to assure his auditors of his incorrigible stupidity. With his boon companions he was, however, another individual. Then none laughed louder, drank deeper or swore more effectively than he. By them at least he was respected. Nor was he entirely invulnerable to the fascinations of the fairer sex, for he vouchsafed them no little attention—in his way.

It was in vain that his indulgent father besought him to restrict his attentions to the mastery of that trade, which, during the period of his own life, had secured him the means of earning an honest livelihood. It was in vain that his devoted mother with tearful eyes implored him to desist from his dissolute conduct. He heeded them not, but continued to live on as he had lived before.

At length, however, after his parents were assured that their protests were of no avail, a change came over the boy—for he was scarcely yet a man. It is true that he did not entirely discontinue his dissolute habits, but it was apparent to all that he had at last found some purpose in life. His nights were oftentimes spent in revelry, but he was seldom in the company of his associates during the day. It was also observed that it had become his custom to pass the greater portion of his time in an unused stable which occupied a place at the rear of the dwelling of his parents.

One day his mother, while renovating the sleeping apartment of her son, came across the clay image of a woman. She surveyed it for a few minutes in silence; then hurled it summarily from the window.

"Oh, that boy," she exclaimed, as she resumed the dusting of the furniture.

In the course of a few months numerous other images of a like nature were picked up in the vicinity of the dwelling of the weaver, and the neighbors whispered among themselves that the old man had either a genius or a fool for a son—the majority inclining, as in fact they had always done, to the latter opinion.

One day the lord of their domain honored the humble cottage of the weaver with a visit, his purpose being to inspect the work already done on a piece of tapestry which was being woven in accordance with his directions.

During his presence in the cottage one of these fragments of modelled clay met his view. He examined it carefully, and then inquired of the weaver how it had come into his possession.

The old man shook his head sadly as he replied that it was the work of his worthless son.

The nobleman expressed a desire to see and converse with the lad, who was summoned in haste by his agitated parents.

The courtier took the youth aside, and a long conversation ensued between them; then together they visited the stable where the youth had been accustomed to spend his days.

The result of this incident was that the nobleman, believing that in the boy he perceived the latent genius of a great sculptor, resolved to secure for him a master who might fully develop it.

At this time, in a distant city, there dwelt a man who had been crowned by Fame with the greatest of her laurels. He was aged now, and his hands were far too tremulous and old to guide the chisel over the rough surface of the stone; but in his prime he had produced such marvels out of marble that, it was said, in all Spain there had never lived a man who could equal him in his art. His works were not numerous, but these were of such a nature that they excited the wonder of all who viewed them. They were remarkable not so much because of their exquisite beauty and symmetrical proportions as on account of their marvelous facial expression, for it was in the delineation of the emotions of the heart, as revealed in the lineaments of the human countenance, that this sculptor excelled all other of his brother artists. No one who had once gazed upon the marble images of his creation

could ever forget the smiles, the frowns, the love, treachery and hatred, which gave them character. It was because of his scrupulous fidelity to nature that he was known among his countrymen as "The Master of Life."

One day the weaver's son sat alone in the shed which had been appropriated to his use. Before him on a rude stand was a statuette which he was moulding from clay. The youth had already received initiatory instructions in the art of modeling from a sculptor whose services had been secured by his noble benefactor; and now so absorbed was he in his work that he failed to mark the approach of a stranger, who paused at the door and silently contemplated the progress of his labor.

The visitor was a man of tall stature. His white hair rose from a lofty brow which was deeply seamed with the wrinkles of age. His eyes, keen and penetrating, glittered beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows. He was enveloped in a gray cloak, and carried a stout staff in his hand.

"Who is thy master, boy?" he asked at length, as he advanced and bent over the damp clay.

The youth raised his eyes and calmly surveyed his questioner.

"Lorello, señor," he replied.

"And yet thy work appears to be not of Lorello's school," returned the visitor.

"Ah, no," replied the young sculptor—"not this indeed. Lorello is my master, but I like another better."

"And who may he be?"

"The 'Master of Life,'" answered the boy.

The old man smiled, and took from the hand of the youth the little image upon which he had been at work.

"What is thy subject here?" he asked.

"Virtue," replied the youth.

Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old man, as he held a finger to the light, "and yet it is not carved badly; but thou has added to the brow and eyes of a Madonna the nose and lips of an Aphrodite, until the face appears like that of a gospel-prating courtesan. This will not do, my boy, if thou wouldst be a disciple of mine." Then, raising the staff which he carried, he smote the little image to the floor, shivering it to fragments.

The youth started forward impulsively, but paused and gazed long and earnestly into the face of the destroyer of his work.

"Art thou the 'Master of Life'?" he asked.

"Then call me so," responded the old man. "Thou hast many models on thy shelves. Let me see them, and if among them there is aught of worth, thou shalt be my only pupil and I will make thee my successor."

A flush of joy suffused the face of the youth as he turned and took from a shelf another image, which he placed before the master.

"Thy subject?"

"Love."

"Thou has chosen a modern Spaniard for thy model. Was it thy purpose to express the regard of a brother for a sister, a son for a parent, or of a man for a man?"

"Neither the regard of a relative for a relative, nor of a man for a man," replied the youth.

"Then it is not Love," returned the master. "If thou had named it Affection, it were well done. It represents indeed the ideal love of Plato; but platonic love does not exist between man and woman in whose veins there flows no kindred blood. Thou shouldst have said Affection."

As he finished, the staff of the old man sent the image to join the demolished Virtue on the floor.

Then one by one the youth placed before the master the creations of his youthful fancy, and one by one they were shattered by the remorseless staff of the aged "Master of Life"; until at length he stood with bowed head and folded arms among the fragments of his images.

"Well hast thou done! Hast thou shown me all?" asked the master.

The youth was silent. Large tears welled from his eyes, and his features bore the impress of despair. The old man surveyed him searchingly.

"Hast thou shown me all?" he repeated.

"There is one other," answered the youth; then, directing his steps towards a cupboard, he opened a door and slowly took from the shelf and placed upon the table an image somewhat larger than those which had been destroyed.

This, the last image offered by the youth for the inspection of the master, was the figure of a woman. The body was of exquisite proportions, neither stout nor frail. The limbs were beautifully rounded, and the hands and feet small and shapely. From the shoulders downward it was an almost perfect counterpart of the Venus Genetrix of the Villa Borghese, combining with the lithe gracefulness of a girl the maturity of a perfect woman. Yet in this, as in the masterpieces of the "Master of Life," the beholder could not but admit that the physical beauty of the body was subordinate in interest to the marvelous expression of the face. The luxurious hair was combed back from a brow which was neither so high as not to be lovely nor so low as not to be intellectual; the nose, ears and chin were delicately chiselled, and the lips and eyes—ah, who can describe them! It was upon these that the young sculptor had exhausted the resources of his art.

The master contemplated the image long and earnestly, holding it first to the light and then in the shadow.

"This is indeed far better wrought than any thou hast yet shown me, for in this thou hast at length given the correct expression to a true conception of Life's most dangerous phantom. The body's charms

allure men to draw near, the parted lips do promise joy, as flowers offer their sweet juices to the bee; but the smile—ah, hoy, it is indeed thy masterpiece! Both seem like those the siren wore while contemplating the expiring mariners at their feet. Its mockery is complete. Boy, I congratulate thee! I need not bid thee name thy subject, for the image itself bespeaks Deception."

"No! no! no!" cried the youth passionately—"it is not that O God! Deception! Do not call it that!"

"Then thou art a fool," exclaimed the master contemptuously! "Thou hast moulded virtue a courtesan, and dost conceive the face of a lover contemplating his mistress only to carve the features of a man assuring his mother of his filial devotion; and now, what have we here? Deception, surely—thy conception of 'constancy, most likely.'"

"I have not named it yet," replied the youth; "but listen, master. For many months I have worked within these walls, moulding these images which thou hast broken. They were the creatures of my fancy, and represented in their forms the various phases of life as they appeared to my young eyes. They were imperfect, for thou hast assured me they were, but this—this is none of them. It is indeed the image of a woman I have seen. I saw her only once—in a cathedral. Our eyes met; it was only for a moment, then the rising congregation obscured her from my view. I never saw her again, nor have I since, by word of sign, communicated with her. Her name is even unknown to me, yet since then she has never been out of my thoughts. Her face is ever before my eyes; her form is ever near me, bending above me as I work, sitting beside me in the firelight and mingling in my dreams at night. We converse together in the language of my fancy. She points to horizons which I cannot see, and tells me that there success will crown my efforts. She bids me toil unceasingly, and makes light that toil with her smiles. My secrets are all known to her, my follies and my virtues—all. I love the shadow and I seek the woman."

"And thou didst find the woman, thou wouldst then admit the shadow, viewed through the rose-colored spectacles of thine idealistic fancy, to be the more satisfactory," said the master. "Thou sayest thou hast no secrets from her: does she reciprocate thy confidence?"

"Ah, no," replied the youth; "she speaks not of her past in words, but her eyes tell me that she too has suffered sorrow and disappointment. She seems to tell me that life to her is what it is to me—a day of sunshine and of shadow."

"Thy mental mistress tells thee truth, my boy," returned the master kindly; "but before the sun come the hours which precede dawn. Those hours are dark, and little likely to tempt with future promise one who is already revelling in sunbeams. The original of thy image is not for thee."

"Thou knowest her, then?" exclaimed the youth.

"I have seen her many times, and know her well," replied the master; "but, be assured, she will not turn back to cast in her lot with thee."

"Why should she not?" cried the youth. "Have I not youth, ambition and love? Will not these insure her happiness?"

"It is not enough," returned the master; "she is not for thee. This," he continued, as he pointed to the image, "this is entirely a child of air—a creature of thy fancy. Thou wilt find the shadow a vast deal more satisfactory than the living, breathing presentment. This will certainly not forbid thy caresses or doubt their wisdom, but will fatuously agree to all thy mad schemes in the pursuit of the phantom. Happiness; yet the damsel who inspired thee will not do so."

"And are my hopes indeed so mad, then?" asked the boy.

"Perhaps not; but she will think them so," replied the master. "Thy path is a thorny and toilsome one. Thou must travel it alone."

"Now, by our God, I know thee to be right, O master. Yet I will not name her now. Nameless has she existed in my fancy, and nameless shall she perish. I will not carve Deception on my image."

Then, seizing a stick from the floor, the youth raised it to destroy the embodiment of his delusion; but the iron hand of the master grasped his wrist and averted the blow.

"Stay!" he said; "this is indeed thy masterpiece. Thou hast only to name it to make thee famous."

The youth paused, and his flashing eyes riveted their gaze upon the threatened subject of his disappointment. Then an expression of remorse overcame his countenance, and the stick fell from his hand.

"Thou art right," he answered; "and yet the world shall never know it as my masterpiece. I will chisel it in cold marble and keep it near me, and it shall evermore be sacred in my eyes. I knew its original only for a moment, but I loved her; and that which I have loved I will not destroy. In marble it shall endure—the last image—ay, the monument of the dreams of my youth."

Then, taking a chisel and mallet, he carved a name upon the pedestal of the image. This done, he threw himself upon a bench and buried his face in his hands.

The aged master contemplated him with pitying eyes. Then he advanced towards the image and read the words which the youth had inscribed there on.

It was Fate.

The old man gently laid his hand upon the bowed head of the weeping boy, and his eyes, looking through the open door, seemed to gaze far, far into the receding vistas of the past. He smiled—yet it was a smile of neither joy nor pain.

"Thou has yet much to learn," he said, as he gazed upon the fragments with which the floor was strewn; "but by this, thy last image, do I know that thou art indeed a disciple of the Master of Life."





MRS. WILLIAM KEITH
President Berkeley Political Equality Society.

"Justice, simple justice."—Lucy Stone.

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Review of Work of the National Suffrage Association

BY FLORENCE JACKSON STODDARD.

A TRULY RADICAL AND GREAT meeting has been that which was held in New Orleans the last week in March. The writer, herself a Louisianian, glories in what the conservative Southern State has done to acknowledge the worth of earnest, honest feminine thought and effort in promoting better conditions in municipal affairs, and feels, with all suffragists, that a great gain has been made in overcoming unjust prejudice to a woman's taking her rightful stand with responsible and thinking citizens.

The convention in New Orleans was, Miss Susan B. Anthony said, "A campaign of education." It would, and in the end it did, show in what measure woman's effort toward accomplishing reform was needed, and what the effort so far has done. She said that there was more rejoicing over the taxation suffrage gained by the Louisiana women than over anything that had happened in the cause. "To think," she said, "that the staid State of Louisiana should be so far ahead of many other States of the Union in allowing women a voice in their taxation."

Miss Kate Gordon, the corresponding secretary of the National Association, is a Louisianian, and was the greatest worker in New Orleans at the time the taxation suffrage was gained. She, it was, who so ably helped to carry the election in favor of pure water and good drainage for the city, and she has the distinction of having cast more votes than many men ever did. Taxpayers may, in New Orleans, vote by proxy, and many of the women at that time, new to the honor and shy of accepting it, deputed Miss Gordon to vote for them, so that in one day she voted 300 times.

The opening of the convention was a great and impressive event. Crowded to the doors was one of the largest audience chambers in the city, and the spectators, whether or not in agreement with the spirit of the occasion, were not of that bitter opposition that years ago greeted promoters of the movement with jeers and missiles of unsavory kind. Flowers, blossoms of sweetness and beauty are now the portion of the four great ladies whose unswerving work for right, truth, justice, has made the path every woman in the land treads to-day easier than it would have been but for the struggle against wrong.

WELL MIGHT MISS ANTHONY FEEL the enthusiasm shown at sight of her to be a contrast to earlier times when scoffers greeted every step. Those of us who have been met with discouragement, if not with jeers, who have traveled thousands of miles, spent force, time, money, to do our own little mite—to help in the cause—who, invited to speak to friends of the movement and co-operate in the means of advancing the end sought, have gone to hold meetings at representative clubs and found—five persons present here, three there, a dozen yonder, half that many beyond, and have felt that the indifference of professed friends of the cause is a more deadly hindrance than the open opposition of enemies; those of us to whom this has happened, can, I say, readily understand how comforted Miss Anthony must have been at the greeting New Orleans gave her, and we can understand and reiterate her words. When asked if she thought the majority of women supported the movement, she said: "So our association is not the majority of the female population. One who is not a member of our association I don't consider as one of us. Those who support the movement morally should support it actively by joining us."

Susan B. Anthony is now 82 years old, and has been 52 years in the work. She is the last of the four pioneer Suffragists. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who died last fall, presided at the first meeting called to consider the equal rights of women, and this took place at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848. Lucretia Mott, the Quaker pioneer, had, with Mrs. Stanton, gone over with great earnestness the causes that made it seem proper for women to be considered in the 19th century, in a different way from that in which they were regarded in the dark ages. The anti-slavery agitation had begun, but women of heart, soul and education were no more than slaves before the law. At that time they could not, however urgent the need, go out alone; they had no rights over their own property; their husbands owned them as they owned slaves or

cattle; even their clothes did not belong to them; if deprived of support there was no kind of work allowed them but domestic service, sewing and washing. Even literature was afraid to admit them, and if they wrote at all, they took men's names. As an instance of the effect of this, there was the Brontë sisters, who hid their personalities under names that could be either male or female; Charlotte, Anne and Emily being respectively Currer, Acton and Ellis Bell; and George Eliot is still seldom known as Mary Ann Evans, or George Sands as Mme. Dudevant.

WHAT COURAGE IT TOOK THEN in the middle 19th century to dare to make a stand for just recognition. To the three other leaders must be added the name of Lucy Stone, long since passed away, but who has left an undying influence. As Miss Anthony remarked at this last convention, no good word or thought is ever wholly lost, and this was proven in the reports made at that meeting. Not the least discouraged are the workers that the amendment which passed the Arizona Legislature should have been vetoed by the Governor. To him the light of truth and justice is withheld yet a little—perhaps for his own better development. So, too, in New Hampshire, where the cause was so narrowly defeated, there has been working against it, strangely enough, a man I have heard openly declare that he owed everything of success he had attained, to woman's help and uplifting encouragement—Dr. Lyman Abbott, with all his learning, short-sighted in the cause of his country's best good, opposes the white, educated woman's plea for voice in her own government, and admits it just to allow ignorant black and foreign men to vote on vital questions. No doubt this reverend man has often preached from the text, "O! contrary and perverse generation, how long shall my spirit stand with thee!" without finding those words turned against himself. But this will come in time.

If space only permitted, I should like to give extracts from the full and final reports made of the convention by the New Orleans Picayune, which is, indeed, a friend to the cause. What Mr. Tom Richardson, manager of the New Orleans Progressive Union said in his welcoming address is reassuring, that a city which can testify to having been bettered by what women have accomplished in its municipal government is the strongest witness in behalf of the cause. The Hon. Edgar Farrar, who became entirely committed to the movement during the proceedings, said: "It seems to me that if the education of women continues along the lines pursued for the past few years, the time is bound to arrive when they will get the suffrage. Every man who remembers his mother, can say Godspeed to the work which the women are undertaking."

CALIFORNIA IS ENTITLED TO SEND seven delegates to the annual convention. They had been appointed at a Board meeting, and were as follows: Mrs. Mary Wood Swift, San Francisco; Mrs. Waymire, Alameda; Mrs. Hattie J. D. Chapman, Alameda; Mrs. Mary McHenry Keith, Berkeley; Miss Keene, Oakland; Mrs. Ely Lowe Watson, Cupertino; Mrs. Anna K. Bidwell, Chico. Seven alternates were also appointed to serve in place of the delegates should the latter not attend. But it transpired that of delegates and alternates, only Mrs. Mary Wood Swift was able to attend the convention.

Mrs. Swift spoke on "The Abolishment of Illiteracy and Its Ultimate Influence," quoting from the Report of the United States Commissioner of Education, and from Chas. W. Dabney, President of Tennessee University. Mrs. Swift stated with the premise that "the production of wealth depends upon public schools, and education increases the wealth producing power of a people in direct proportion to its distribution and thoroughness," but she declared "that the moral effect of education cannot be computed in figures, yet the statistics of penitentiaries show the immense majority of criminals to be illiterate, and though the labor strikes are planned by men of brains, the mob violence into which they often degenerate is the work of the illiterate. The United States goes far beyond all other nations in money, time and effort

spent to educate its people, yet at the last national election 2,300,000 voters could not read their ballots. In spite of this showing, the Congress just adjourned struck out the educational clause in its act to further regulate immigration. The most dangerous feature of the situation is that these ignorant male immigrants march so quickly from the steerage to the polls. To add further to the ignorant vote, the government enfranchises every Indian who will abandon his blanket and his moccasins, and some who will not. An ignorant voter may be an honest one, but unless he is intelligent enough to study public questions for himself, he is an easy prey for the political sharper. It is because we have a noble ideal for the future of our government that we make our demand for woman suffrage. We point to official statistics to prove that there are more white women in the United States than colored men and women together; that there are more American-born women than foreign born men and women; that the proportion of illiteracy is much less among women than among men; therefore we urge that this large proportion of patriotism, temperance and intelligence may be allowed to impress itself upon the government through the medium of the ballot."

Mrs. Swift's claims for greater intelligence among women than among men, is corroborated by a statement made by Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, namely, that in the public high schools of the United States the attendance is 260,413 girls to 189,187 boys. No claim could be greater, too, than Mrs. Swift's in saying that "unless a voter is intelligent enough to study public questions for himself, he is an easy prey for the political sharper," which means that unless he is conscientious enough to insist upon knowing and understanding what his vote is to support, he is a moral menace to the country. It is because we believe that woman will insist before she casts her vote, upon understanding what it is to stand for that we claim she will make the more honest citizen, and ought, therefore, to welcome such.

In the next issue extracts will be given from other of the Convention addresses. It is hardly necessary to add, since the readers of the California Ladies' Magazine will have seen the announcement in the daily papers, that the entire board of officers of the National Suffrage Association was re-elected.

"If women had the ballot, they would all vote just the way their men told them to." Would they, then? Read the story of the recent school election in Cleveland and find out whether they would. In Cleveland school suffrage for women has for once entirely knocked out party politics and resulted in the election of Mr. Starr Cadwallader, who is at the head of a social settlement in the slummiest district of the city. He is an honest man, a brainy and eloquent man, and has a "striking personality." The striking personality no doubt helped elect him. It is a quality the ordinary political candidate is conspicuously lacking in. There has been dissatisfaction with the management of the Cleveland public schools for sometime. An impression was on that they must be taken out of politics, so far as was possible to imperfect human nature. Mrs. May Hanna, ex-daughter-in-law of Senator Hanna, had her share in rousing the women before the election. An enthusiasm not previously observed prevailed among both Republican and Democratic women. The large registration of 15,000 female votes was recorded. A woman's Republican league was first formed, then a Democratic one. Both "hustled" for their candidates in the liveliest manner. Cadwallader was on the Democratic ticket. The Republican candidate was a man of high standing, but a strictly party man, which Cadwallader was not. Cadwallader appealed to the women voters as the other men did not, although many of the ladies were the wives of prominent and influential Republicans. So many of the Republican ladies voted for Cadwallader, because they considered his election best for the public schools of the city, that he ran far ahead. Women attended the political meetings during this of his ticket, and reached the goal triumphant, exciting campaign as they never had done before, and listened and learned.



HISTORICAL CASTLES



BY RENA SHATTUCK.

Nothing is more interesting to sight-seers in the old world than the famous castles round which cluster so many reminiscences, rich in historical events of the past and present ages. Some of the castles, hoary with age, are in a remarkable state of preservation. They have stood the storm of the besiegers in warfare and of the elements and are still the same massive fortresses. Some have been rebuilt or patched up, and others are picturesque ivy-clad ruins, surrounded by a halo of interesting memories.

SKIBO CASTLE.

One of the most famous castles in Scotland is the Skibo, situated in Sutherland, in one of the northernmost counties of the Scottish Highlands. It is five miles from the nearest station. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the "father of many libraries," as some one has termed him, is now the possessor of this fortress of a century ago, and is residing in it with his family. It has cost Mr. Carnegie the modest sum of forty thousand pounds to enlarge and improve the old castle. One of the features of the new building is the hall, where the greatest taste has been displayed. It is of noble dimensions, with marble columns, beautiful stained glass windows, and elaborately paneled ceilings. The staircase is of the purest white Sicilian marble. This hall in itself is a great work of art. Oak and walnut are the woods mainly used throughout the castle, and in the drawing rooms and boudoirs fibrous plaster has been extensively utilized in decorating by the artistic workmen.

As it is to be expected in the mansion of this generous donor of free libraries in Scotland and elsewhere, he has given free scope to everybody's friend—good books—and his library is one of the finest apartments in Skibo castle. In dimension it is twenty-eight feet four inches by twenty-two feet four inches and fitted up in the most approved style. It is a haven of rest and pure delight to the book-lover, and the special pride of Mr. Carnegie. The tower has a flat roof and on a clear day a magnificent view can be obtained from this beautiful retreat in the Highlands. Donoch Firth, the kyle of Sutherland and the glens and ranges of hills stretching out before you like a grand panorama. What is known as the "gun-room" is enough to make a sportsman turn green with envy, it is so thoroughly and finely equipped with the paraphernalia of the angler and nimrod. The room itself is sixty-three feet long by eighty feet broad. Here is also the gymnasium with all the latest and most modern appliances for the training and enjoyment of this healthful exercise.

In architecture Skibo Castle is of the Scottish baronial style and has the corbelled and gabelled roofs which are associated with the sixteenth century. Behind the parapets there is a communication way all round the house. All of the stone used in the castle was quarried not three miles distant on Mr. Carnegie's own land, so was an inexpensive item in the re-construction work. No quieter or more health-giving situation could be had for a summer residence than Skibo. In the winter the scene changes, however, and it is bleak and cold with snow-covered land and a wild and boisterous sea.

Skibo castle was in the olden days the residence of the Bishop of Sutherland and Caithness, and thereafter was for a long time a fortress. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, who was defeated by the Presbyterians at Bonar Bridge in the year 1650, was kept a prisoner in Skibo. Subsequently the sturdy castle was dismantled until early in the past century, the present castle was built. Skibo has fallen into good hands, and from now on its preservation is an assured fact.

FLOOR CASTLE.

The Scottish Highlands boasts of another fine old castle, which, if its walls could speak, would tell many an interesting story. Some of them told in history and historical novels, others sealed in the walls which will never echo the secrets which it holds. It is the Floor Castle, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Roxburg, and is seen towering grimly among the trees for a long distance. The Duke of Roxburg has kindly thrown open the gates on Wednesday of every week, when sight-seers are allowed to visit the castle. In every foreign guide book in that part of the country you will find Floor Castle, and the necessary directions to reach this famous old place.

BLARNEY CASTLE.

Who does not know Blarney Castle? Who has not heard of the celebrated Blarney Stone? Blarney Castle is situated about five miles northwest of the City of Cork, in Cork County, Ireland. It was erected in 1446 by Cormack MacCarthy, and now forms a picturesque, ivy-clad ruin centered about a high, square, battlemented, machicolated keep. The fame of the castle in this beautiful Emerald Isle, is due to the possession of the wonder-working Blarney Stone, a block bearing the name of the founder, and the date, built into the south angle of the keep, twenty feet below the top. Since access to it is almost impossible, a substitute has been provided within the battlement to receive the kisses of the tourists. The Blarney Stone is chiefly celebrated as giving name to a peculiar kind of eloquence, alleged to be characteristic of the natives of Ireland, and the kissing of which is said to confer this faculty. He who has traveled through Ireland and not kissed the Blarney

Stone is an odd number. It is as familiar to young and old as Erwin's harp.

CONWAY CASTLE.

One of the most historical of the old fortresses is the Conway Castle, in Wales. It is situated near the mouth of the river Conway, and stands on a deep rock. At high tide the river sweeps over the base of the castle. Its general figure is irregular. Eight large round towers flanking the sides and ends were used in the olden times to defend Conway. From these towers ascend slender circular turrets, constructed for the purpose of commanding an extensive view of the country. Toward the land side it is surrounded by a moat. The walls, which are embattled, are from twelve to fifteen feet thick, and would have been a formidable barrier to any foe. The only part of Conway Castle which seems to have been ornamented at the time of its erection was a small room known as the "king's chamber," which is a Gothic niche finely carved. King Richard II fled to Conway castle on his arrival from Ireland in 1399, and here he agreed with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl of Northumberland to surrender his crown to the Duke of Lancaster, afterward Henry IV. This laid the foundation for the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, which for so long a time deluged England in blood. The castle was repaired and fortified by King Charles I, in the beginning of the late civil wars. There is a tradition current in Wales, that King Edward I, when he had completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards to be put to death. Gray founded his beautiful and famous Pindaric ode, "The Bard," on this tradition, which so impressed the inhabitants of Conway, who had read it, that they have endeavored to fix the exact spot where the grief-stricken and unfortunate bard plunged into the roaring tide. Some of the inhabitants to this day strongly believe in the tradition.

Going back to the early history of Conway Castle, we find that King Edward I, having summoned Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, to do him honor for his principality, as his grandfather had done in 1237, to Henry III, the Prince refused. This offended King Edward, and later he led an army into Wales and obliged him to submit and give hostages for the payment of fifty thousand pounds sterling for the expenses of the war. This debt he afterwards remitted.

In the year 1281 Llewellyn, relying on a prophecy of Merlin, wherein it was foretold he should wear the crown of Brutus, King of the whole island of Albion, again revolted. He was defeated and slain in a battle near Snowdon. To protect him from these frequent insurrections, and to hold his new subjects, the Welsh, in 1284 King Edward built Conway Castle at the mouth of the River Conway, on a spot which had been formerly fortified by Hugh, Earl of Chester, in the time of William the Conqueror.

Conway Castle is one of the noblest structures in all Britain, as well as one of the most picturesque, and the center of many historical facts. Sir Richard Colt Hoare has given a striking word picture of it in the following: "I have seen no town where the military works of art are so happily blended with the picturesque features of nature, and no spot which the artist will at first sight view with greater rapture, or quit with greater reluctance." The shape of the town is said to resemble a Welsh harp, to the form of which it really bears much resemblance.

BALMORAL CASTLE.

Everyone is familiar with Balmoral Castle, it being the Highland home of the late Queen Victoria. It is charmingly situated on the river Dee, about forty-five miles west of Aberdeen. It is of comparatively modern date, the property having been purchased in 1852, and the castle erected in the Scottish baronial style in 1853-55, but it is just as interesting to the friends and admirers of the sterling worth and womanly character of the late Queen Victoria, as the above mentioned castles of the past century, possibly more so to many, for she was worshipped by her willing subjects. Some of the happiest days of the Queen's life were spent in Balmoral Castle, in her beloved Scottish Highlands. Thither she went when she wanted to escape from the worries of court life. Here she found rest in the hills of the Scottish heather and within hearing of the Highland bagpipes—not the sweetest music in the world, but it awakens patriotism and touches the heart of every Scotchman. Queen Victoria was very fond of this retreat beside the river Dee. Within a mile of the castle is the little church where she attended divine service. The cairns or monuments of stone, which crown most of the hills surrounding Balmoral are memorials erected by friends of her majesty.

HAWARDEN CASTLE.

Hawarden Castle, known as the home of that "grand old man," William E. Gladstone, is the Mecca for all tourists. Everybody must make a pilgrimage to this interesting spot, and whether they go in groups, or by crowds which are carried by the tourist trains, or by the family, big and little, carrying their lunch with them, which they enjoy in true picnic style under the trees after the sightseeing is over, it is just the same, everybody is welcome at the castle. Hawarden came to Mr. Gladstone through his wife, the daughter of Sir Stephen-Glynne. Hawarden

Castle—the new one—is a gray-turreted, machicolated mansion separated from the park by fences and hedges and with these is surrounded by gorgeous flower beds and gravel walks. It was built by an ancestor of Mrs. Gladstone's about one hundred and twenty-eight years ago. But the old castle, of which little except the keep remains, was one of the links in the chain of fortresses, like Conway and Carnarvon, which the Edwards built to maintain their dominion over Wales.

Hawarden Castle is located on an eminence in the village of Hawarden, five miles east of Chester, and was the seat of the Barons of Montalt, stewards of the Palatinate of Chester. In the year 1281 the Lord of Denbigh, being reconciled to his brother, Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, besieged and took this fortress, putting numbers to death, and carrying Clifford away captive. The castle was destroyed, but was rebuilt. On the night of Palm Sunday, 1282, during a tempest which favored the design, it was stormed by David, Brother of Llewellyn, in their last struggle with the English. In the time of the civil wars of Charles I, a portion of his army that had served against the Irish, being recalled to support the royal cause in Britain, landed at Mortyn and laid siege to Hawarden Castle. They sent a verbal summons, by a trumpet, to the garrison, in return to which they received a refusal, together with an admonition to change Papist for Protestantism. The besiegers replied that "They came not to hear the garrison preach, but to demand them to surrender." After a fortnight's siege the castle surrendered without much bloodshed. It is supposed, however, to have fallen again into the hands of the Parliament before the taking of Chester. The building, probably, was laid in ruins by virtue of an order of the House, in a commotion (occasioned by long arrears) among their own soldiers in North Wales, when in 1657 many castles were demolished. Hawarden is a Saxon name, and the place was, probably at the time of the conquest, one of the residences of Edward, Earl of Mercia. Another historian tells us that it had been a stronghold of Saxon, Dane and Norman, and that later the Cavaliers and Roundheads played havoc with it, pulling it to pieces, stone by stone.

The more recent history makes Hawarden Castle two-fold more interesting, it being the home of one of the greatest men in the Victorian age. The view from the castle is lovely. The river Dee is in sight, creeping toward the sea between low sand banks overflowing and covering the banks at high tide. The ground is rolling and well-wooded, and the sound of rippling brooks come up from the glens and mingle with the rustle of the ever-whispering leaves of the beeches and oaks. Over the glades the derricks and chimneys of neighboring coleries are visible. In the distance the clear air is thickened by a brownish cloud. It is the smoke of Liverpool, where Gladstone was born. Everything is plain and substantial about the place, but there is any amount of rare books, rare prints and rare and valuable bric-a-brac.

The most interesting room to many at Hawarden is the library, furnished simply with a couch and a few wicker and leather-covered chairs. The bookcases not only surround the walls to within a few inches of the ceiling, leaving no space for pictures, and barely enough for a few busts, but are built out laterally from the walls into the room, forming alcoves just wide enough to admit one person at a time. In the room are two desks, one Mr. Gladstone had used purely for political matters, and the other for literary work, from which he never allowed himself to be wholly estranged.



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CLUB HAPPENINGS PAST AND PRESENT

BY ELLA M. SEXTON.

The strenuous life of clubdom goes on bravely during the spring months, when pleasant weather, new costumes and the proximity of the summer vacation bring out the great majority of the members. So the clubs are gay with well-dressed women attentively listening to lecture or discussion, taking active part in elections or chattering over the teacups in the delightful half hour that winds up such meetings.

Time was when the club-woman was a novelty; an innovation, and consequently glanced at askance, perhaps frowned down a little, for no one knew the purpose or outcome of such foregathering. But nowadays clubs are legion, and the woman who does not belong to one the exception. Women have learned to appreciate the good times and loyal fellowship one's club stands for, and men mark, and stand ready to assist in forwarding the higher standards of living aimed at by most of the organizations.

May is the election-month, and several clubs have signified their esteem and appreciation of their presidents by giving them a second term. Sorosis is to have the charming and witty Mrs. Louis Lane Dunbar, who can respond to a toast or conduct a large meeting with equal grace and humor, for its chief official another year. This club is noted for the success and high quality of its entertainments, the recent monologue "The Bible As Literature" given by Mrs. Hugh Hume of Berkeley before Sorosis being, perhaps, the best of its programs.

The Twentieth Century Music Club gave its large audience a treat indeed at its last concert. Schubert's compositions made up the first part of the program, a quartet, including Mrs. Wagner, Miss Buckley, Miss Coleman and Mrs. Wheeler, rendering the beautiful "Night" with delightful harmony. Mrs. Richard Bayne gave "Margaret at the Spinning Wheel," and the Symphonie in B minor with B. G. Lathrop, violin. Miss Ames, bass viol and Mrs. Lathrop and Mr. Wilson at the piano, was one of the best numbers. Arthur Balfour sang two of Schubert's songs with great sweetness and sympathy, and Wenzel Kopta, the violinist, interpreted Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin with much power, assisted by Gyula Ormay at the piano.

A very amusing farce called "The Euchre Prize" written by Mrs. Albert Gerberding and showing up the card-party of to-day and its prize-winners, was given by the Spinners' Club lately. Mrs. Gerberding was formerly Elizabeth Bates and has written many good stories and one or two plays. She is to spend a year abroad and the talented young Spinners must therefore choose another president. All the women in this club the workers, as their name implies, and either write, paint, or are musicians or sculptors. They have picturesque rooms of their own, and their Saturday afternoon functions call out many newspaper men or artists to share the witty conversation and cup of tea always on hand.

A remarkably fine program was given at Laurel Hall Club on April fifteenth with Miss Beulah George as musical director. Miss Hazel Boyd of Mills College played Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor, her delicate touch and sympathetic expression proving her a mistress of the piano. Miss Jessie Burns sang "The Lorelei Song" with great success, and the child-violinist, Miss Kathleen Parlow, accompanied by Mr. Fred Maurer, gave several selections, in which her marvelous touch and mastery of technique were well shown. This being the day for the nomination of officers, Mrs. George W. Haight was unanimously placed at the head of the ticket, with Mrs. Ella M. Sexton for First Vice President. Mrs. Thomas W. Collins, Laurel Hill's present president, having absolutely declined to serve again, much to the regret of the members.

At a recent April meeting of the Forum Club, Miss Ellen Stone, the missionary whose capture and long detention last year by Macedonian brigands aroused the sympathies of all civilized people, was present and delivered a most graphic and eloquent account of her imprisonment. The ladies were moved to tears by her pathetic story, it is said, and will never forget the pleasant, kindly face of the woman who had suffered so much at the hands of her captors. Mrs. Henry Payot, the genial president of this delightful organization, is to have another year in office. This club enjoys its own rooms with every comfort at the disposal of members, a fine library being a treasure most enjoyed.

The Corona Club will, in all probability, elect Mrs. E. G. Denniston as its well-loved chief official for another year. This organization of Mission women mainly works along literary lines, the women-writers of America being the subject of an April meeting lately held. Miss Ruth Comfort Mitchell gave a critique of the poets, Mrs. Ruthrauff a talk on Helen Hunt Jackson and Mrs. Keith a resume of Miss Alcott's life and works. With its annual breakfast in May this club closes a most successful year of work and pleasure.

Mrs. George Law Smith, who has won all hearts in the California Club, by her tact, her graceful way of presiding and her much-needed innovation of a monthly reception where members may become acquainted with one another, will certainly be at the helm during the ensuing year. This is the largest and most progressive of San Francisco women's organizations, and the various sections, Art, French, Whist, Forestry, Physical Culture, etc., accomplish much good work along their several lines. The Social Science Chairman, Dr. Mary Roberts Smith, gave a lecture on "Folk Lore," illustrated by songs, before

the club on the twenty-first of April, and Mrs. John Knell will have charge of the social day on the twenty-eighth. The California hopes to build a clubhouse of its own some day, and the members are asked to raise \$3,500 to complete paying for the lot on Clay street, after which subscription will be in order for the building of a suitable home.

At the annual meeting of Ebell Society Miss Mabel Gray was paid the compliment of re-election, and general satisfaction was manifested at the pleasant prospect of her gentle, tactful reign next year. Mrs. P. E. Bowles was chairman of the April luncheon program and the feature of the music was the delightful ensemble playing of the Sherwood family. Master Warner Sherwood sang "A May Morning," and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" as a quartette by piano, violin, mandolin and lute gave this talented family much applause. Mrs. George W. Haight of Berkeley spoke on Browning and recited two of his poems. Mrs. C. Mason Kinne of San Francisco, president of the Papyrus Club, briefly sketched its origin and aims.

Los Angeles has a new club called the Discussion Club composed of both men and women. It meets in the evening and is founded on broad principles for the discussion of questions pertaining to social and political life. The president is a Catholic clergyman, and the secretary is a woman.

The vaudeville evening given by the Papyrus on April thirteenth, proved an entire success, though the program was almost too much of a feast of good things. Under the direction of Mrs. Buckingham several unique novelties were presented, notably Miss Jean Logan's dancing. First as a Japanese geisha-girl clad in embroidered satins shimmering under the calcium lights she gracefully floated through the regulation dance of the cherry-blossom time, then as a piquant French dancer all in brilliant red she surpassed many professionals in the airy lightness of her motions. An amusing farce "The Artist's Revenge" was well presented, and the "Statue Scene from a Winter's Tale" with Mrs. Buckingham, a beautiful

picture in her gown of antique brocade and Mrs. Bush as the lovely Hermione received much admiration. The court minuet danced by army officers and club members in exquisite costumes of the time of Louis Quatorze closed the program, and dancing ended a charming entertainment.

Many country clubs kept Arbor Day by planting trees along the roads in towns and between ranches. Miles of trees around Hanford, Bakersfield, Fresno, Woodland and Sacramento will attest in future years of green, shady growth the forethought of women's clubs in planting and nurturing them.

Colorado club-women are striving to have Congress declare the Mesa Verde of their State containing the largest remains of the Cliff Dwellers to be a national reservation and therefore protected from the destroying touch of tourists and other vandals. These prehistoric residing-places of a vanished race should certainly be preserved and scientists and the great educational institutions of the country are to be asked to lend a hand in this noble work.

Sorosis of New York celebrated its thirty-fifth birthday in March, this date also marking the formation of the first women's club in the land. The retiring president, Mrs. Dimies T. Denison is also the head of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

The Socorro Club of Riverside has been instrumental in having one of the original navel orange trees from which Luther C. Tibbets propagated every Washington Navel or seedless orange in the State transplanted to the head of Riverside's famous Magnolia avenue. A tablet suitably inscribed is to be placed at its base to perpetuate the memory of the father of the orange industry, and the man who changed Southern California from a barren, treeless waste to a land of orange groves set with charming homes.

The biennial meeting of the G. F. W. C. will be held in St. Louis during the Exposition year of 1904.



MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE OF PASADENA

A prominent member of the Federation of Women's Club of the United States and First President to the Federation of Women's Clubs of California, who will be invited to attend the laying of the corner stone of the new home for the California Ladies' Magazine.

COME BACK TO ERIN, THE LAND OF THY BIRTH

BY RICHARD E. WHITE.

"Teresa, you have not treated me right."
"What have I done to you, Jennie?"
"You have monopolized Mr. Whittaker all the evening."

"You had always some one with you, and I did not ask him to sit by me. I like him."
"Like him! Why, anyone can see now you are dead in love with him."

"I! In love with him!"
"Yes, and he is in love with you; but you do not act right. Mr. Whittaker has been coming here for years—just as long as I can remember. Since you came, his manner to me has changed. Last evening it was most marked, except when he came, and when he went, he did not speak to me."

"Am I to be blamed for that?"
"Yes, you are; you have done everything to win him from me. Before you came he liked me. Now he does not care for me. You are really a most heartless, selfish girl. Why, even papa seems to think more of you than he does of me. I was the favorite of everyone before you came. Now I am nobody. Everything you do is for effect. You want to fascinate everyone—to bring them completely beneath your control. Teresa, I hate you!"

"Oh, Jennie, do not talk so."
"I will talk so. I wish you had never come here. I wish you had remained in Ireland."

"Jennie, you are talking foolishly. Do not say you hate me, for no one has ever said anything like that to me before. It is not a nice word for one so good as you are to use, and some day when I am far away, you will wish it unsaid."

"When you are far away, Teresa? Are you going away?"

"Yes, I am going away."

"To Ireland?"

"Yes, to Ireland."

"Oh! dear Teresa; do not go. Do not mind what I have said. I was excited and did not mean it."

"No, Jennie; I know you do not hate me. When I came here a year ago I had no idea Mr. Whittaker was paying any particular attention to you. If I thought he was, I might have acted more guardedly; but, Jennie, for the short time I am with you, you will find no rival in me."

"But, Teresa, are you really going?"

"Yes, Jennie; I am. I cannot tell you more about it now. I will have to speak to uncle first. I have to write a letter now to Dublin, so I will leave you."

Teresa was still writing when Mrs. Keegan announced that Mr. Whittaker was in the drawing room and wished to see her. She immediately joined him there. After making a few commonplace remarks, he said: "I am not much of a society man, Miss O'Reilly; I have been a pretty faithful student, and have earned the reputation now of attending to my professional duties. I am not much accustomed to young ladies' society, so you see I am at a disadvantage. I am doing moderately well at my profession, and I can afford to keep my wife in pretty good style. This is why I have called on you."

"I think I can help you in the matter," Teresa interrupted. "You are at no disadvantage whatever, for any girl of sense would prefer a man who has some profession or calling to the young men one generally meets in ball-rooms. Miss Blair is a dear girl, and I am sure she will make a good wife for you. But why not ask Jennie herself?"

"Well, for the simple reason I don't want her."

"You don't want her! Then why do you introduce the subject?"

"I wish to propose for you."

"For me! Let me beg of you, do not ask me. I would not suit you at all. There is no one I think more of than I do of you, but it can never be."

"Miss O'Reilly, you say you think well of me—why, then, do you reject me?"

"Mr. Whittaker, be generous with me; do not press me for an answer. I will always be a sincere friend of yours—a sister, if you will, but I can never be your wife."

"Miss O'Reilly, you have no heart; you ask me to be generous while you are cruel. You are like the rest of women. You wish to marry a swallow-tail coat, a white tie and a bank-account."

"It pains me very much that you speak so. You misunderstand me, but it is impossible for me to explain further. I do not blame you for what you have said. You are not the only one who misunderstands me."

"You might have given me some intimation that you did not care for me. I have been visiting you for a year, and you have led me on only to add one more to your list of conquests," retorted Mr. Whittaker.

"You have been, as I am informed, a constant visitor at my uncle's house long before I came here," was her quiet answer. "Might not Miss Blair have reasonably supposed that you liked her? I do not deny that you have been very kind to me, but coming as a stranger here I think I might expect a little attention from one who was an old friend of my uncle's family."

"Miss O'Reilly, there is something behind all this. You have some other reason for refusing me. I see by your manner you wish to conceal something."

"Again I ask you, Mr. Whittaker, to be generous with me; do not question my motives; do not press me to be more explicit."

"Miss O'Reilly, I have some right to know why you refuse me, why you thus blast my every hope of happiness. I demand your reasons for acting so."

"Mr. Whittaker, you are acting unkindly, cruelly. Do not question me on this subject any more."

"O, nonsense; when a man is drowning, etiquette is laid aside. Miss O'Reilly, I again ask you why do you refuse me?"

"Well, since you press me, I do not love you well enough to be your wife."

"I don't believe what you say."

"Please leave me. I am not able to speak further on this subject," the poor girl said, pleadingly. "I did not expect this interview. I do not wish to say anything to offend you. God knows this is painful

enough. Do not try to prolong it. Do not say anything to make it more painful."

"You wish me to go, Miss O'Reilly; I will go. You have trifled with a man's heart. You have achieved a victory. You will laugh when I leave, will gloat over the sorrow you have caused. You are a heartless coquette. May God forgive you for the ruin you have wrought."

She stood cold and proud before him, as if conscious of her own rectitude, and also as if feeling she had a certain duty to perform. At the commencement of the interview, Teresa was somewhat agitated, but as Mr. Whittaker got excited, she became calm, and as he rushed out of the room, after speaking the last cruel words, she bowed down her head in silence. She was still standing when Mr. Whittaker returned.

"Miss O'Reilly, forgive me for what I have said," he urged.

"Rather forgive me, Mr. Whittaker; I have been unkind. Why did you not write? Both of us might have been spared much pain."

"Miss O'Reilly, I have made a mistake, for had I thought calmly over the matter, I might have seen that I was not worthy of one so good and beautiful as you. Whatever my faults may be, I am at least sincere in my love for you, and I trust that, knowing so much, you will forgive my rudeness and unkindness."

"I shall always look upon you, Mr. Whittaker, as a noble, a true friend, and one who has done me the greatest honor a man can confer upon a woman."

And saying this she reached her hand toward him as if in farewell. He took her hand in his own and, bowing down, pressed it to his lips, then turned away in silence and left the room.

Teresa stood a moment in thought. Then tears began to well in her eyes, and kneeling down she cried aloud: "God help me! God help me!" Just then Mrs. Keegan came into the room, and seating herself on the chair, before which Teresa knelt, drew the weeping girl to her.

"Mary, I am glad you have come! My heart is broken!" and she burst into a paroxysm of grief.

Mrs. Keegan pressed the girl closely to her heart, and, as years ago in a far land, she had quieted her, then a motherless babe, with some old Irish lullaby, she now sang tenderly and sweetly:

"Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back aroon to the land of thy birth,
Come with the shamrocks and springtime, Mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth."

"Thank you, Mary; thank you. Yes, I will go back to Ireland with you," Teresa said, in a sorrowful way that told her heart was indeed broken.

Next day she visited her uncle at his office on Market street.

"Why, Teresa, you seldom pay me a visit here, but you look pale; are you unwell? Is all right at home?"

"Yes, uncle, all is right at home, and I am quite well; but I wish to talk to you."

"Well, sit down, my child, and tell what you want."

"I want to go back to Ireland."

"To go back to Ireland! I don't understand you. Are you homesick?"

"Don't ask me, but let me go away."

"Oh, my child, you don't know how your words pain me. Since you have cast your lot with us, you have endeared yourself to everyone. Perhaps we have not been kind enough to you."

"Oh, uncle how can you say so? but I want to go



CALIFORNIA FLOWERS

By Rose L. Bushnell Donnelly.

Beautiful May flowers, sweet and rare,
Your perfume fills the heart with bliss;
No posies on the earth more fair
Than pinks and roses found in this.

Velvet rose leaves blushing red,
Violets wistfully lowly copes,
The lily raises her saintly head,
While pansy whispers dearest hopes.

God's gift of love! Stay in my soul,
Nestle there in brightest bloom;
While His benedictions o'er me roll
I wait the flower-crowned month of June.



back to Ireland. Don't ask me why, but let me go."

"Teresa, if you wish to go, in God's name go; but your going seems as a punishment on me for something that occurred twenty years ago. I will tell you. I had a dear sister. A young Irishman in my father's employment fell in love with her. He asked her to marry him. She accepted his proposal, but my father would not give his consent. The young man lost his position, and immediately afterwards, my sister ran away from home and married him. My father said he would never speak to his daughter or look upon her face again, and forbade me to hold any communication with the pair. Sickness and poverty came upon them, and my father and I might have helped them; but our hearts were closed, and we did not do so. When things were at the worst with them, a letter came from Ireland, by which it appeared a brother of this young man had died, leaving his business and also some money to him. The young couple left for Ireland, and I never saw them again. My father took to heart very much the loss of his daughter, whom he tenderly loved, and almost the last words he said to me on his death-bed were: 'Why does not Nellie come?'"

"When my father died I wrote to Ireland to that young couple, your father and mother, begging them to forgive the wrong I had done them, and offering to share with them all I possessed. Your father wrote in reply, generously taking on himself the blame for the sorrow brought to his wife's family. Fortune had smiled on him. He had everything he desired in this world, but he would soon lose what he treasured most of all—his wife, who was dying."

"Your mother also wrote to me a few words of farewell. She spoke of her husband, how nobly he had acted, how hard he had struggled; and now at last, when all was sunshine and prosperity, how she had to leave him. And she asked me, if her husband died before I did, that I would take care of her little girl. When you came to me after your father's death, you almost seemed as a messenger from those in the other world, bringing forgiveness to me."

"But, Teresa, I thought, from the number of admirers you had, some one would have won your heart. Only the evening before last a friend of ours asked me if I would object to him as a suitor for your hand. Of course I told him you were your own mistress, but that he had my best wishes. I allude to Mr. Whittaker."

"Uncle, please do not speak of him. I cannot marry. I would like to go away from this place. I am very unhappy."

"My child, I wish you had some one to confide in, some one who would recommend you what to do. If you so wish it, in two months from now, you, Jennie and I will start for Dublin. We will travel in Europe for some three months, and at the end of that time you can decide whether you will return with us to San Francisco or remain in Ireland."

"Uncle, you are so kind, and it seems so ungrateful for me to leave you; but I must go."

"I am afraid, my child, there is something behind all this—something I do not understand. I think you are making a sacrifice; why or for whom I cannot guess. Take care you are not going too far, my child. I know whatever you do it is noble and generous and good; but, my child, do not make too great a sacrifice in a world where there is a great deal of selfishness. May God direct you for the best. In two months from now we will start for Europe."

The trip to Europe was never to be made. Before the time set for it had arrived, Teresa O'Reilly's health had failed so much it was feared it would be unsafe for her to undertake the trip. Lake Constance, Santa Barbara, Lake Tahoe, and other health resorts were tried, but without any change for the better. So at last they brought her back to San Francisco. She was anxious to be here, for when the slightest improvement would be in her health, she could at once go home to Ireland.

It was now the middle of July. Teresa failed rapidly in the few weeks she had been in San Francisco. Without it was cold, foggy and disagreeable. Teresa was sleeping quieter than usual, while Mrs. Keegan watched by her bedside as she had done day after day and night after night with scarcely any intermission during the girl's illness.

Suddenly Teresa woke up with a start, and, seeing the old faithful nurse seated by her bed, tears welled in her eyes and she reached out her hand, saying: "You dear, good, kind Mary; you are always so attentive."

"Stay quiet, Alanna, stay quiet."

"I am going to get well, Mary. I am all right again. I was dreaming of home. I thought I was back there once more. I was sailing along the Irish coast. We had landed at Queenstown and I bent down to kiss the ground, but even as I did I awoke. I am strong again. I can get up, now the sickness is all past away. Oh, Mary, don't blinder me from getting up. I assure you, I am quite well again. I will stay here, if you say so, till the doctor comes; but he will tell me to get up. Do I talk too much? Am I excited? I will be quiet, but do let me talk a little. Let me tell you how much I love you and how good you have been to me. You will come to Ireland with me. I know you will never leave me again."

"But, sing me that song again—you sing it so sweetly. I would like to sing it with you, but I don't feel quite strong enough."

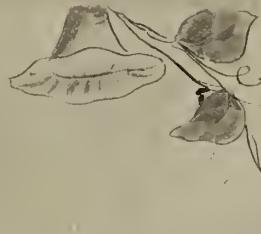
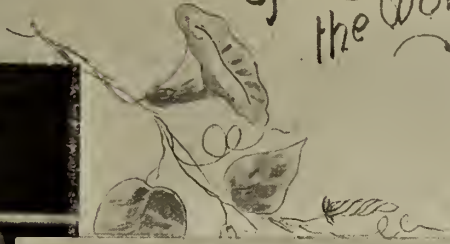
"Then stay quiet, Alanna and I will sing it."

"Yes, darling Mary. I will stay very quiet while you sing; but, dear old nurse, you must promise me once more to come back with me to Ireland."

"Yes, Alanna, I will go back to Ireland with you." Again the old nurse sang, and again the restless girl was quiet, very quiet indeed. There was a smile upon her face as if she was dreaming of the green fields of her native land. To Mrs. Keegan there came a strange feeling of loneliness and desolation. She ceased singing, and, bending down, kissed the face of the lifeless girl, and as she did she repeated the promise she had made a few moments before:

"Yes, Alanna, I will go back to Ireland with you."

Ye are life's Morning-Glories
Hanging round the casement
of the World.



❧ A Bevy of California's Beautiful Babies ❧



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

BY SOPHIE E. GARDINER.

Editorial comment upon any incident must always give those incidents additional significance and in drawing the attention of our readers to two notices made in the daily newspapers of April 12th we would emphasize the meaning that women may find in the action two of their sex have shown, as narrated in the public press. Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, of Oakland, in refusing to pay taxes because she is denied a voice in choosing the rulers who impose the taxes, has made a bold and valiant strike in behalf of a just consideration of all citizens irrespective of sex. To make such a stand is no easy matter. It requires resolution in any one and brings notoriety upon himself or herself. Notoriety, be it understood, is unpleasant prominence, not that agreeable and pride fostering eclat that attaches to a deed that is praised and honored. Yet this deed and such as this, merits equal praise and honor, for it is a blow aimed at injustice and courageously struck whether or not with the desired result. That the result to the strike may be disastrous makes the effort the more admirable. In the way of example, if no more, it must stand as an incentive to those timid ones who would "bear all things" and "resist not evil," in the mistaken interpretation of these words.

As has been well said, the incentive and strong action must first be personal and then the perception of a duty to others, become possible through the experience of that personal instigation that roused the remittance for self.

Quite as noteworthy a stand as that of Mrs. Howard was taken by Mrs. Kate Woolsey, of Covington, Ky., who refused to longer remain a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution because, as the report gave it, she joined the order "under the impression that the Fathers of the Republic intended to include women as units of power in the government." As this has not been done, Mrs. Woolsey feels it would be a want of self respect to honor fathers of the nation that had repudiated and disinherited daughters of the land, and she, therefore, retires from an organization whose name is really a misnomer.

Mrs. Woolsey is the author of the work entitled "Republics versus Women," and is in a position to speak with authority on the duties of citizens. Many other women are no less able judges of the same thing, and from north, south, east and west the same impulse animates the most earnest persons, that of seeking and claiming justice. It is what is again making the question of the position of the colored race so important a one, and what Grover Cleveland said at a recent meeting in New York is true of both problems, that just estimates of conditions only will solve them.

Not long since San Francisco was treated to the spectacle of a Chinese girl orator proclaiming before a public audience of white and Oriental men, and a few Oriental women, fenced off in a gallery by themselves, that the time has come when the female sex of China must be enlightened. The old order must give way to the new.

The speaker was Sieh King King, Chinese maiden, who has come from her own land to receive the education of a white woman at the California University at Berkeley. She lives with her uncle there, and he approves entirely of her revolutionary ideas. Sieh King King makes some statements that are surprising. She says the Chinese men are ready now to give their women both liberty and education; that they would be glad to see their mothers and sisters raised to a level with the feminine sex of western nations, but the women themselves are afraid of the light. These stunted, timid creatures desire freedom above all things, but when it is offered them, they are cowards like their sex everywhere, and they run away and hide.

China itself, Sieh says, is in a dangerous situation, and nothing short of enlightenment among its women as well as men, can save it. Sieh is the first woman public speaker China has known, so far as appears.

In Shanghai, in the public gardens, she once spoke eloquently against the proposed scheme of Li Hung Chang, to give Manchuria to Russian control. Sieh King King is only eighteen years old.

The New York newspapers have been making a ridiculous do to over the appointment of women inspectors for steerage female passengers on board incoming steamers. These perspicacious journals start out with the general proposition that no woman can climb a ship's ladder; then they caused to be interviewed those persons who are suppose to agree to the proposition. One lady, maybe a member of the four hundred, perhaps, says it is terrible to think of a woman trying to climb a steamer's side; another individual, perhaps a retired old foggy doctor, who has never crossed the Atlantic in his life, says its preposterous to think a woman could possibly do so unladylike a thing. To cap it all, one of the journals represents the women inspectors in a state of distress over devising a costume that will enable them to perform this perilous feat of climbing an iron or rope ladder. In the tropics, and in the Orient women passengers board ships in that manner every day, because it is the only way. There are very few docks built out in the harbors to enable a passenger to walk aboard. The steamers at Hongkong, at Manila, at nearly every one of the Chinese and Japanese ports, at Colombo and Penang, and the list might be extended indefinitely—anchor a mile or two off shore and are reached by lighters and tenders. At Colombo to-day is a young woman medical inspector with her own row boat and crew, who boards every

incoming steamer and examines the women passengers. Along our own Maine coast women passengers go out to sea to catch steamers, and once in Behring sea, a steamer captain said: "Well, I can climb a rope ladder as spry as anybody of this ship, unless it is Mrs. Blank." So there!

Womanly beauty and charm will grow themselves when character is formed on lines of eternal truth, self-reliance and graciousness. Every girl should be helped at home and in school before she is far in her teens; first, to become expert in all the work which centers in the home and in the care of the wardrobe, and, second, to study some occupation, trade or profession by which she can earn a comfortable living for herself and those who may be dependent upon her. Domestic is put first because no matter what her wage earning occupation may be, or no matter what riches she may seem to have in reality or in prospect, every girl should be practically prepared to be the wife of a poor man. In no other way than by strict training in cooking, laundry work and general housekeeping, plain sewing and dressmaking, can such preparation be made. This doesn't sound the least bit romantic, but it is really dictated by the very heart of romance—namely, helief in marriage for love, and for love alone. "Love in a cottage," in a cabin—nay, in a city tenement, and a flat besides—is a reality; but when carelessness sits by the fire; when a peevish woman serves burnt fried steak every day, when unkempt children clamor and the window shades are all awry, then poor love flies away and never comes back, and to our helpless, dreaming girl, how hard the reality seems.

There is no shuffling or dodging in the attitude of President James, of the Northwestern University at Evanston in the matter of co-education. He comes out calmly and candidly in favor of it and says the American policy is to give woman as full opportunity as man for higher education. Then he calls attention to the necessity for two entirely separate and equally equipped sets of college buildings, where the sex line is drawn among students. He says it will be a long time ere the American people can afford to erect two such sets of buildings for every scholastic institution; then he adds, "Nor will such a duplication of educational facilities ever be justified by the fancied evils of co-education." Let us not forget that President Edmund J. James, Ph. D., L. L. D., of the Northwestern University is in favor of justice to women, and says so.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a delightful conversationalist, but she is not a great talker. She sees and hears everything that passes around her, being very observing, and nothing of a dreamer. Her will is strong and her reason and intelligence are well poised. She is cool, calm, intellectual. She is not sentimental nor emotional, but she would die for her children none the less, because she is their wise trainer and the dictator of their education while, so far as her own personal ambitions are concerned, she has simply blotted herself out and merged her existence into that of her husband.

She is a linguist, a musician and a woman of literary tastes. She has a singularly graceful and dignified carriage, and a low, cultivated voice. She has two peculiarities—a sense of humor and no fads.

The present agitation for the emancipation of women is by no means the novelty which its promoters would have us believe. For nearly four hundred years women have found ardent believers in their absolute equality with the rougher race of men. Cornelius Agrippa, once a great power in the world of letters, as long ago as 1509, published his "Treatise on the Superiority of Women to Men," which he demonstrated in thirty chapters by a cloud of theological, physical, historical, cabalistical, and moral proofs. In 1552 Rucellai brought out a fresh book on the same side, based on the Platonic philosophy, as Plato was understood by the theorists of the Renaissance. Women writers followed in the same path, and not ably a fair Venetian, Lucrezia Morinella, whose book was called "The Nobleness and Excellence of Women, together with the Faults and Imperfections of men." What effect upon the vagrant affections of Henri Quatre these same views may have had when first expounded in the form of letters by his first wife, Margaret de Navarre, it is not difficult to surmise; though M. Baudrillart does not tell us whether she published them before or after her marriage with the king. The Seventeenth century was equally prolific in books asserting female pretensions. One such essay, according to its title, "demonstrates that women are more noble, better politicians, more courageous, more learned, more virtuous and more economical than men." Even the friars, which is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, wrote in the same strain. Hilarion de Coste published two huge quartos filled with the praise of a hundred and seventy women who, in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries had been distinguished for their talents and their virtues. Even this was not enough for the Italian Ribera, whose book celebrates the "Immortal triumphs and heroic enterprises of eight hundred and fifty women." "Eight hundred and fifty heroines!" exclaimed M. Baudrillart. "What panegyrist has ever treated men with such liberality as this?" For the "strong minded" female herself he has no sympathy whatever, and asks why an absurd war of the sexes should be added to the war of classes which trouble modern society.

Mrs. DonnElly, the new vice-president of the California Ladies Magazine, has been connected with the Christian League of Chicago for years. She is one of the progressive women of the age, broad-minded and of sterling character. She possesses a bright and cheerful disposition that endears her to her home circle as well as a large number of friends, both at home and abroad, and shows her true worth in thought and deed, taking all the sunshine in this world and turning away from the shadows which would darken and make wretched others with less resolute natures. She is fond of the beautiful and is surrounded by the things that make life worth the living—books, flowers and friends—and her companion in life is a gentleman of the highest type, a true and devoted husband and father.



Mrs. Rose L. Bushnell DonnElly

BY RENA SHATTUCK.

I had a charming visit with Mrs. Rose L. Bushnell DonnElly, who has been elected vice-president of the California Ladies' Magazine, to take the place of the lamented Miss Harriet M. Skidmore. I found her in a domestic home, filled with beautiful bric-a-brac and works of art, much of the latter being her own handiwork, and surrounded by books, magazines and literary lore in general. Mrs. DonnElly is well known in literary circles. She has been a member of the San Francisco Press Club for the past fourteen years, having joined at their second meeting. She is one of the pioneers and enthusiastic members of the association. She has been a valuable contributor to the Progressive Thinker of Chicago for years, and of the Sterling Standard as well. She was also assistant editress of the Golden Wave, published in San Francisco, and has written for the Santa Barbara Press. Mrs. DonnElly is also a poetical genius, and has written many beautiful poems. She read an exquisite little gem on "Mt. Shasta" at the Press Club of Chicago during a visit to that city.

Mrs. DonnElly is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and is of Scotch and English parentage, her mother being a daughter of Lord Tenant of England. The Tenants came to this country in the reign of Queen Anne and settled in New Brunswick, N. J. She relates an interesting incident of her grand-father, Rev. William Tenant, who laid in a trance four days and was resuscitated just as they were performing the last rites at the grave. Mrs. DonnElly is a great traveler and has crossed the continent twenty-six times during the past twenty years.

I had the pleasure of meeting a few chosen friends of the literary world at an evening luncheon given by Mrs. DonnElly. The gracious hostess is at her best in her own home circle, and both Mr. and Mrs. DonnElly devoted themselves to making the evening one that would be long remembered as one of the pleasant memories by her guests. W. R. Andrews, special representative of John Wanamaker, of New York, was the guest of honor. Dr. and Mrs. Spitz, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Vahlberg, Dr. Emily Noble of the Women's Press Club, who has just returned from India, where she has an extensive practice, and others were present. The table was artistically arranged with sparkling silver, cut glass, gold and a wealth of flowers. A delicious menu was served, and toasts were the order of the hour. Harmony and music by Prof. and Mrs. Mansfield, the well-known musicians, crowned the evening's entertainment.

The following exquisite little anthem is one of Mrs. DonnElly's most recent poems, and it will shortly be set to music. She has entitled it

"Farewell for One of California's Sweet Days"

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see
Which beckons me away."

Farewell, farewell, sweet day, sweet hour,
Fading like a withered flower,
Beloved from thy first morning's ray,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour, sweet day.

Good-by, good-by, most sacred day,
On thy fair bosom floats away
My heart, nestling there in calm repose,
In the ruby folding of a rose.

I loved thy glancing smile at morn,
Thy glowing face, thy fairy form,
Thy golden brow so bright at noon,
The evening shades have claimed too soon.

Cans't thou one moment longer stay?
Call back thy bright departing ray,
Thy music, thy entrancing power—
Farewell, farewell, sweet day, sweet hour.

Thou never wilt return, sweet day,
To bless the souls that kneel to pray;
The flowers that blossomed in thine arms,
They fade with thee and all thy charms.

O blue-eyed morn, noon's golden ray!
Come back, a moment longer stay;
A good-bye kiss, one more I pray,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour, sweet day.

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A new era is dawning upon the women with the opening of the Twentieth Century. In the decades of the past women were considered weaker, and greatly inferior to their brothers. Their ability and intellect lay dormant, but when once a chance was offered, they forged ahead en masse, and the time is not far distant when they will surpass their husbands and brothers both in literature, art, and finance. Many proofs of their work are found in the organizations already established by women, the literature produced, and the business enterprises inaugurated by them.

One of their latest achievements was the establishment, four years ago, of the California Ladies' Magazine, the object of which is to furnish a journal containing high class literature that shall be a guide and an educator to their sisters. The growth of the Magazine has been phenomenal, and the steady demand for it is increasing throughout the entire world.

The new building which will be erected for the Magazine by the intelligent and enterprising women of this State, will stand during succeeding generations as a monument to the loyalty, ability and worth of our women. The California Ladies' Magazine has found its way from the most humble cottage to the grandest mansion of the first lady of the land. It is welcomed by the wives and families of the leading officials in the United States, and far away in the royal house of England.

In the near future, at Sixty-second and Baker streets, Oakland, the corner stone will be laid for the handsome six-story structure. In the first floor of this building there will be room for thirty Miehle presses, which will rest on a solid concrete foundation. The second floor will be occupied by the bindery, while the third story will be devoted to the business office, artists' department, library and editorial rooms; the mailing department will occupy the entire space of the fourth floor; In the fifth story will be found the composing and electrotyping departments; and the top floor will contain the art engraving and photo engraving departments, which are to be fitted with the latest improved machinery.

The intention of the stockholders is not only to build a home for the California Ladies' Magazine, but also to establish the handsomest printing house in the west, where books from the pens of western authors can be printed.

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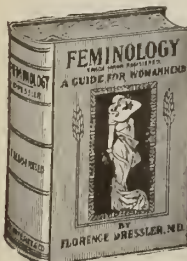
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CUPID'S TRICKS

BY BEATRICE YOUNG.

The old doctor and his young partner sat in their office late at night. Their visitor had just left them and both were thinking of him as they sat smoking before the grate.

"Well," the old doctor said, "How do you like my nephew?"

The young man opposite sat gazing steadily into the fire and answered without looking up, "I like him very well."

"But what was there about him that you seemed so interested in? I saw you looking at him as if he was some sort of an animated Chinese puzzle."

The young man laughed.

"There is no use trying to hide anything from you. I believe you're as good at mind reading as any professional. You are right about my being puzzled,—he does puzzle me. There is an air of youthfulness about him but it is overshadowed by a gloom or melancholy that is very strange."

The old doctor puffed away in silence a minute and then said:

"Well, I'll tell you what makes the gloom. It is a strange turn fortune has given her wheel. You, I dare say, who are so invulnerable to Cupid's darts, will be surprised when I tell you that Robert, my nephew, was never gloomy until he was in love. But I'll begin at the beginning."

"My brother had five sons and they all grew up to be fine fellows, intelligent and prosperous. About seven or eight years ago the oldest fell in love with a girl and was engaged to be married to her. One evening, just about two weeks before the time set for the wedding, he called to take her to a party or reception or something, and she came down stairs to show him her new dress. Of course he admired it exceedingly, telling her that the light gauzy stuff was very becoming, and she ran upstairs laughing, her heart made glad by her lover's words of praise. Presently he heard a scream, followed by a crash as if something had fallen, and he rushed frantically upstairs to behold his sweetheart in a mass of flames. In putting a lace scarf around her throat she had thrown a bit of the gauzy stuff of her dress against the candle on her dressing table and when Paul reached her the flames were leaping clear to the ceiling. He snatched a rug and wrapped it around her and finally succeeded in putting the fire out, but she was badly burned and three days later she died. Paul has never married."

"The next one, Edward, a year or so afterward, became engaged to a girl in St. Louis. In the summer he and some of his chums took a trip to the lakes for an outing one bright day, when the water reflected the sunlight with a dazzling glare, three of them went out rowing. They had been out an hour or more when my nephew said they had better go back, as a storm was approaching. "Storm?" the others replied. "We don't

see any signs of a storm." "But it's getting so dark," Edward said, and five minutes later my second nephew was stone blind, caused by the sun on the water. He has never seen the daylight since. Of course he went to the girl in St. Louis and told her he would not expect her to keep her promise to him, and she bade him good bye then and there. So he is a lonely old bachelor too."

"The third one did get married and was perfectly happy for seven months, but then an evil fate overtook him also. His wife became insane and had to be taken away. She recovers her reason at intervals, but never for long at a time."

"And the fourth nephew is the one you saw this evening, my favorite, who has, perhaps, the saddest story of them all. He was engaged to a very pretty girl here in the city. Shortly after they became engaged his bosom friend and college chum came to visit him. He took his friend, John Weston by name, round to call on all the young ladies of his acquaintance and among them, his sweetheart, but for some unaccountable reason he said not a word of his engagement. After that he and John used to go to see her together quite often and sometimes John went alone, but Robert thought nothing of it and still maintained his strange silence concerning his engagement. He was sitting alone in his room one night after his friend had been here about three weeks, when John burst in upon him, his face smiling and his eyes glowing, to tell him he was the happier man alive, for his lady love had promised to be his. Robert rose and congratulated him heartily. "But who is the fair maid?" he asked, and he heard for a reply the name of his own sweetheart. He was astonished beyond measure, and how he managed to listen to the rest of his friend's talk Heaven only knows, but John went away happy, with Robert's promise to be his best man. Two months later he kept his promise. He stood, as pale as death itself, during the ceremony that gave to his friend the woman he loved. He had never seen her since the night John had told him of her engagement to him."

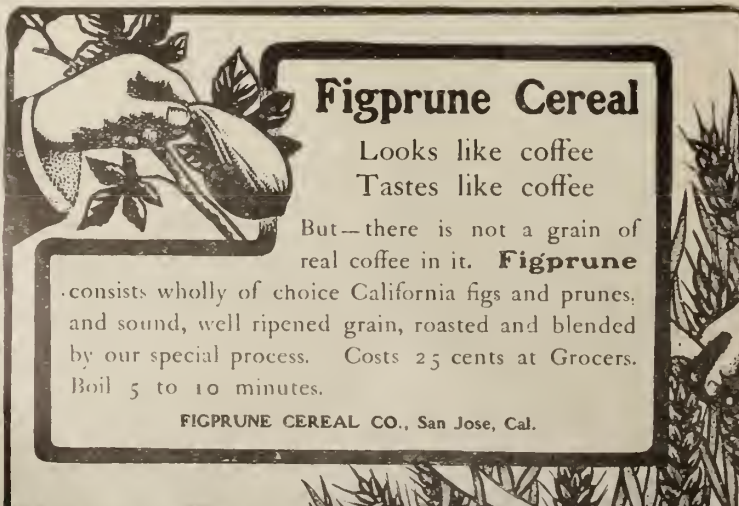
"There is one brother left, a boy of twenty, and Robert hopes he may never fall in love. Robert has grown morbid and pessimistic in thinking of the unfortunate endings of his own and his brother's love stories, and he watches his young brother like an eagle. I don't know what Robert would do if the last one should be disappointed like the rest."

The old doctor stopped talking and leaned toward the fire. His pipe had gone out and the embers in the grate were dying slowly.

He lifted his head at length and asked "Do you wonder at his gloom?"

And the young man opposite, thinking perhaps, of a brown-eyed girl he knew, softly answered, "No."

White Horse, Yukon Territory, Canada.



Figprune Cereal

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Tastes like coffee

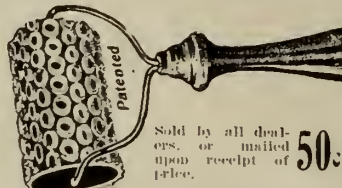
But—there is not a grain of real coffee in it. **Figprune** consists wholly of choice California figs and prunes, and sound, well ripened grain, roasted and blended by our special process. Costs 25 cents at Grocers. Boil 5 to 10 minutes.

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FASHION'S FANCIES

BY MADAME A. N. GARRAH.

Spring is the season of striking novel departures as far as materials are concerned. In every field of wool, silk, lace, embroidery and cotton fabrics for summer wear, linens and mixtures, the world's shrewdest designers and men of marked taste have been assiduously at work for the past twelve months constructing a mass of novel-designed and practical-sense materials. These are at once beautiful and useful and with their style and the prices at which they are to be marketed will at once go into consumption.

It is particularly in this last idea that scientific construction, manufacture, designing and distribution have latterly aimed to attain the highest

perfection. To give the most beauty, novelty and durability for the smallest amount is the endeavor of the intelligent commercial man.



FACILITIES FOR PRODUCTION.

Nowhere in the world is this so marked as in our own United States. We go a step further than the European nation after the garments are finished. We have an organization of garment production, unknown to any other country in the world. By subdivision of labor, by intelligent and artistic study of the best taste and the newest production of the greatest artists, this enormous industry is enabled



102—A NEW PARIS SUMMER COAT.

to reproduce the most exquisite models at prices which put artistic wear within the reach of every woman of ordinary pocketbook.

It is almost impossible to consider fashions in America to-day without taking into calculation the tremendous impression which so artistic and comprehensive an industry must have, not only on the fashion of our own country, but upon that of the rest of the civilized world as well. In fact, it will be seen that much of the creation of Paris is influenced by the opinion of this same garment manufacturing industry, who in their turn reflect the opinion of the distributors—the great retailers of America—who are the closest students of feminine wants in the world.



DICTATED BY WANTS OF WEARER

It might be said that everything to-day, from the fabrics, the garnitures and undoubtedly the form of dress, is dictated more by the wants of the wearers than ever before in the world's history. Paris is much more subject in the preparation of its best forms of the first season upon the opinions of the garment manufacturing industry of America than any one would think who had not thoroughly investigated the position of the French dressmaker. The only true professionals in the business who visit the attellers of the

Rue de la Paix in time to create an effect by their opinions or expressions upon the ideas which are to be produced in that, the central workshop of the garment-making for the world, are the leading garment-makers, and the garment buyers of America. Paquin, Wallies, Doucet, Francis and the others are much interested in knowing what we think is good or going to be good. When America said velveteens, Paris quickly saw the point, and today every house in Paris in the Rue de la Paix shows velveteen models, fancy and plain, to its customers as best styles.



101—ETAMINE PROMENADE SUIT.

Elegant walking costume of dark blue etamine, cut with flare flounce, headed with scallops of white, cluny lace, outlined by black and white silk braid. Elton coat over lace blouse, the low cut neck showing black silk stock, and turn-over collar of white silk embroidered bands. Neck of coat embroidered in white on black velvet. Hat of white tulle, fine black straw.



102—A NEW PARIS SUMMER COAT.

Three-quarter coat of light weight black cloth, lined with white silk, faced with cluny lace. Large hat of shirred black lace, trimmed with black plumes and white gardenias.



101—AN ETAMINE PROMENADE SUIT.

FOR HEAVIER WALKING DRESSES.

For the summer, altho gh Lyons has had blainer style, worsted fabrics, chevots, mixtures, friezes and other English weaves—again the product of the Bradford district—are noted as being particularly the favored forms of the French makers of fashion. Many small worsted checks in black and white, blue and white and other ideas find great favor in Paris and must eventually be adopted on this side of the water.



133—DAINTY BLUE MULL WAIST.

Dainty waist of blue mull, embroidered in white, shoulders, fagotted, sleeves and back tucked and cuffs and stock fagotted.

FORMS OF THE WAIST

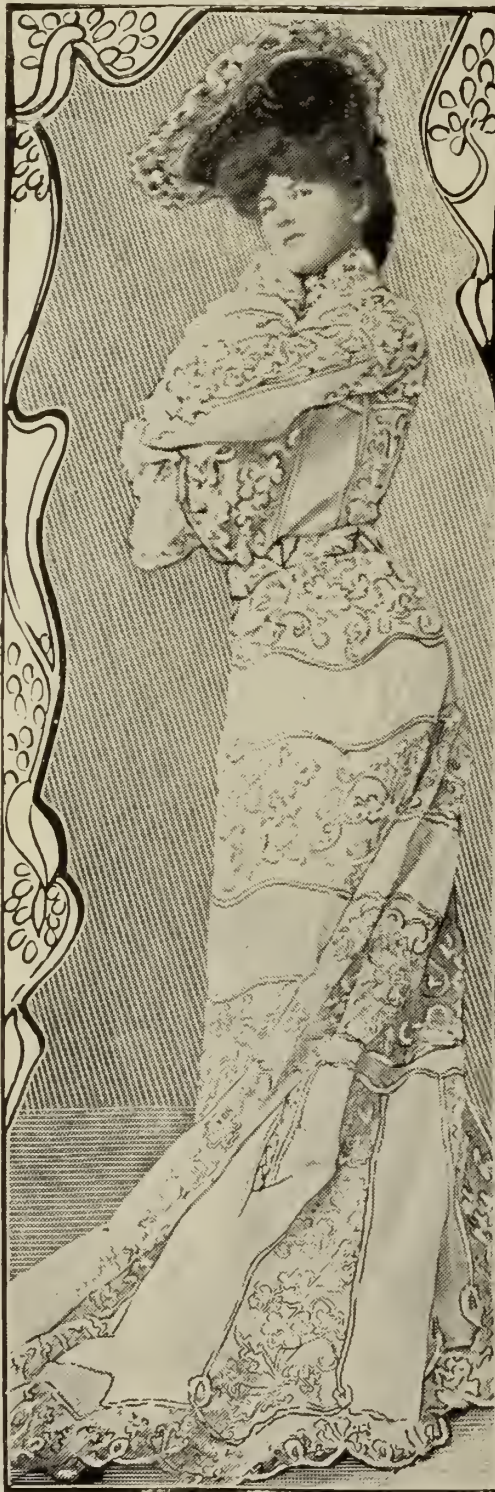
The forms of the waists are still blouse and bolero. Not so low-busted as before, none of the low swinging front, yet still bloused with puffed front, and frequently where the figure is slender, with puffed back also. In lieu of the actual bolero there are many short jackets with inside drape sashes.

The chatelaine purse is quite a costly accessory. The most useful and economical are made of steel beads. The enamel mountings with gilt chain purses are very elegant, and so are those in gold or oxidized silver, set in turquoises.

Tassels, by the way, are a decoration not to be despised. Everything with a drooping tendency is fashionable imitations of the fuchsia blossoms in chiffon being a favorite trimming. In tones of shaded pink, with delicate silk stamens, the graceful fuchsia adorns evening dresses of white plaited lisse. Velour mousseline is among the beautiful fabrics of the year, and chiffon peign, with its satin stripe, may be had in any color. The gowns described may seem quite elaborate, but the woman who knows will be able to adapt and rearrange any of them to suit her own limitations.



106—THE MONTE CARLO WAIST.



105—JUST MADE FOR A WEDDING.

Costume of pale blue silk, with panels and bands of silk mousseline to match having applications of white lace, held down by embroidery in pale colorings of blue, pink and green. The silk is not cut away under the embroidery, which is finished with narrow folds of the silk. Under- sleeves of blue mousseline. Dress hat of blue tulle, white lace and pale pink roses; under-facings of jet pendants.

AN ATTRACTIVE PARIS MODEL GOWN.

For women of brilliant coloring I can imagine nothing more delightful than a cerise gown of very fine camel's hair with a satin sheen. A Paris model too recherche to find many imitators is of this material, the pouched bodice having an openwork trimming of silk netting in the same color. The lower part of the bodice, back and front, is of net, and through the trellis is seen a very pretty pale fawn blouse, faintly brocaded with pink, blue and green. The fronts of the bodice are turned back with a narrow embroidery of black chenille on white silk, and the pretty blouse shows between the fronts in the form of a vest. The netting of the bodice is held at the waist by a belt of cerise panne with a gold buckle and ends back and front in a fringed sash, which gives a stole effect. The sleeves are treated in a similar manner, the wide puff from the elbow being of silk netting. The wrists and front of the bodice are finished with cerise buttons the size of an American half dollar, from which hang cerise tassels.

The Pelerine effect is shown on tailor-made gowns, and smart velling or eolienne costumes are finished with a deep cape collar of bruges lace edged with fur and sometimes bordered with plisse chiffon which matches the gown.



104—WAIST OF WHITE SILK AND LACE.

Waist of white peau de soie; upper part of waist and sleeves in stitched tucks; joint covered by white lace insertion; epaulet collar; belt points and cuff trimming of the lace, it is carried in jacket effect, round back. Can be made in lawn or mull.

106—THE MONTE CARLO WAIST.

Short waist cut in three sections, with circular shoulder. Squares with flowered centers. A very attractive shirt waist.

107—PARISIAN LAWN AND LACE.

One of the newest designs in shirt waists is of dainty Persian Lawn, squared with lace insertions, and applications of square and round medallions of lace. Tucked sleeves and cuffs are edged with lace to match.

The fastenings and trimmings, the contrasting materials, the new articles that are introduced to finish and the new cut sashes, cordings and touches of style, are introductions, most of them newly adopted, giving a new form, a new expression and a new change to everything that one may see.



107—PERSIAN LAWN AND LACE.



BEAUTIFUL PARISIAN SUMMER MODEL.

The skirt of this exquisite gown of Peau de Soie is hung in corded shirrings from a plain lace covered yoke. The skirt is cut to shape, but wide and long enough to allow for the shirred tucks. The corsage has a set of tucks around the bust set into a plain lace covered bertha, with yoke of tucked mousseline above. Large sleeves, with band of shirring above elbows, tucked mousseline cuffs. Black lace with white applications. Ornaments and pendants of black and white silk. Large toque of black lace straw appliqué with white lace, trimmed with white tulle, black ribbon velvet and roses.



110—NEW SPRING HAT.



111—STUNNING STRAW HAT.



112—NEW PROMENADE COSTUME.



113—NEW SPRING TOILETTE.



114—SPRING WALKING COSTUME.

Notes From Dame Fashion's Diary

BY MADAME EMMA MILLS.

Fashion moves on—or rather we should say it again moves back, for in its onward progress, strange to relate, it invariably reverts to some past fashion, only framed anew, designed anew, associated with a new set of fabrics, ideas and individualities.

Returning once more to past forms, yet retaining some of the desirable qualities of the present. It produces something sufficiently a departure from that of the past season or the previous year's work to create a desire on the part of the woman to satisfy her craving for something different.

The woman of the twentieth century has more to say as to what she will and what she will not wear than any woman who ever lived before. The fashion creator of the sixteenth and until late in the nineteenth century was a rather omnipotent creature, whether man or woman and the frills or furrows, twists or turns that were prescribed for such periods, even when guided by fairly experienced hands and minds, were particularly devoid of perfect taste and were always unscientific.

CAUSE OF SLOW CHANGE.

The difference in mode of life, the absence of any such thing as a middle-class fashionable world, the confining of rich wear to royalty and nobility, naturally meant a scarce assortment of ideas and a conventional mode of dress which changed slowly from century to century. There were marked characteristics for each period, but these periods were long.

Commerce was a thing comparatively unknown as applied to our present methods of interchange of textile fabrics. Stuffs were made to be sold through a century and not through a period of a few weeks or months at best. Even as late as the early part

of the last century these methods still prevailed.

Fashions did not wear out with the wearing out of a garment. The old was frequently replaced with another of just the same cut, color, and form. Changes were not so necessary and

only the extremely wealthy permitted themselves frequent change of attire.

NEW INTEREST AROUSED

The multiplication of population, in conjunction with increased speed of production and information, quickened

matation of form and idea until the advent of steam and electricity, when the tremendous development of publicity and transference of idea and illustration created a vast and new demand of a much more lively nature.

Wealth increased by leaps and bounds, and the power to purchase elegant, novel and stylish articles no longer remained in the hands of the few, but extended to the thousands and afterward to the millions. Naturally, this ability to buy had its effect on production. The demand for better wear, the desire to have better things, and to have them oftener, created a condition in which style began for the first time to be a propelling force. It was no longer a question of necessity with the woman who had ample means to gratify her every whim, but a wish for new articles of apparel oftener than their mere wearing out suggested. The woman asked for something new. To be new, a new style was necessary.

THE OLD FASHIONED IDEA.

The old fashioned idea was that a woman should wait until a new vogue was created. The new era made the woman who had the money to spend the arbiter of change. Her ability to purchase frequently and her desire to have new things often made the retailer seek new ideas more frequently. At first it became a question of merely a new thing each season; something new for spring, summer, autumn and winter.

As fashion was first dictated entirely from Paris, the fact that Paris really possessed only two seasons—summer and winter—exerted a great influence upon the production of new ideas of apparel. Manufacturers were few, modes were fewer. The range of materials were very narrow indeed. There were fewer fabrics, many less designs, and much lower qualities, as a rule,



PARISIAN WALKING COSTUME.

Costume of dark gray cheviot, the skirt cut plain with fan plaits let in at two breadths each side, headed with cord ornaments. Blouse coat cut with pointed basque back and front. Trimming of gray and white silk cord, and cut steel buttons. Puff sleeves.



than today. Of course, the very wealthy, who made the fashions, wore exquisite fabrics, but a very small quantity of such things was made even as late as the middle of the last century.

The development of the United States and the consequent enormous buying power of its population, as well as the development of English wealth, created a new demand upon the French center for a more frequent introduction of novelty in ideas.



A GREAT FASHION CREATOR.

Possibly the greatest creator of fashion was the Empress Eugenie, and the reign of the couturier, the development of the magnificent in dress, really began, from a broad standpoint, at the time of the Paris Exposition of 1867, and some of the developments of the earlier part of the century to which we are returning today.

There are some points of present style which must necessarily be preserved. The new, or what we re-adapt in changed form, color and fabric, must be sufficiently modernized or suited to our present taste to be readily adapted by a considerable majority.

We have advanced most decidedly in every line of thought, of idea, and of reason. By a careful consideration of the classical forms of the earlier century, from which the fashions of the new season are assembling themselves, we find that in 1855 there was something of a reversion to the styles of twenty-five years before, that still later, in 1876, fashion in modified form again returned to the vogue of the two earlier periods. In 1903, many years later, we again are proceeding to adopt some of the forms, the ideas and suggestions, but in an extremely modified form.

Woman is accountable for the greater part of the better ideas of prevalent style. The intelligent manufacturer, the shrewd and excellently versed buyer of garments and the much more liberal minded and intelligent construction of design of the Rue de la Paix of today are accountable for the more ready, intelligent, tasteful and practical forms of fashion as now presented.



CHANGE IN SLEEVE AND SHOULDER.

For the summer it is again the sleeve and shoulder that show the newest and

the latest change. This skirt refuses to match along the same lines if period is concerned. Look at what was shown in 1876. Waists always severe in their simplicity were in many instances, worn with a garment which it would be impossible to induce any woman to wear at the present day.

Today there is a return to certain tablier and tunic effects, which may find some favor because they are

graceful and will suit a number of wearers.

The waist, however, is the main point. A great new idea is the low shouldered effect. Some of the garments are cut in one piece, having no seam over the shoulder at all, the top of the sleeve being a cap shape which comes well down below the shoulder. The Paquin form is low-shouldered to within a few inches

below the shoulder point.

Below this low shouldered effect any idea possible may be adopted, but naturally the sleeve follows these suggestions and becomes broad and wide from the middle of the upper arm, falling gracefully around the elbow.



116—STYLISH SILK SUMMER COAT.

Loose jacket of black peau de soie, laid in plaits back and front, sleeves tucked. Deep cape, trimmed with white silk cords, fronts of Cluny lace. Turn-back cuff on wide sleeves, trimmed with cords and lace. Black cord rosettes and tassels on front. White satin lining. Hat of fancy straw, trimmed with satin ribbon and white and orange daisies.



117—SUMMER HAT, WITH WAIST.

The waist is of pink lawn, tucked and faggoted and trimmed with white Cluny lace. The hat is of yellow straw, underfaced with white chiffon ruffles, edged with black lace, the middle crown being also of the ruffles. Cameo roses, green foliage, in full wreath all round.



118—PRETTY HAND-DRAWN COLLAR.

Linen waist, with hand-drawn insertion and turn over collar, also hand-drawn. The black silk muslin stock is hand-dotted with white. This is very attractive and serviceable for summer wear.



NOTHING UNGRACEFUL.

The grotesque, the ungraceful, the unclassical, the strangely constructed, the voluminous have no place in our modern calculations. Tasteful features are readily taken hold of; the freakish is immediately abandoned; natural form is always preserved and suggested. Stiff, ungainly garments or fabrics are left out of the construction entirely; the gaudy relegated to past history or conserved carefully for proper occasion.

The graceful, soft, clinging, artistically turned, blended and prepared ideas are the thing. The more chaste the design, the more severe and less involved in outline, the better its chances. This is so well known that no longer



116—STYLISH SILK SUMMER COAT.



117—SUMMER HAT WITH WAIST.



118—PRETTY HAND-DRAWN COLLAR.

need one fear a return of such ribald jests as the hoop skirts, the pronounced tournure or the severely wasplike corset.

THE MITTEN SLEEVE.

From the inside of this full sleeve is the other new great point—the mitaine, or the mitten sleeve. This is a tight fitting sleeve coming well down over the hand and is particularly graceful and becoming. Naturally, in summer the mitaine will be a lace mitten or glove and the lower sleeve will disappear in the later lace, net and dressier forms. There are, however, sleeves which are of the close fitting order, extending from the shoulder to the wrist.

These are then new points and sufficiently so to completely modify and change the costume idea for the season and stamp it as the introduction of a new mode. And yet, it is only the shoulder and sleeve that have materially changed in Paris. There are, however, changes in the skirts, which are radical as well.

SKIRTS HAVE NO FLARE.

The new skirts have no flare. Their tendency is completely toward graceful easy fullness. The lines across the hips are still kept smooth and accentuating the curves. This is effected by the yokes of various forms coming from the belt, below which the skirt assumes its easier and more graceful swing. This is the mode of Paquin, and is closely followed and adopted by all other makers. The tendency is to keep the upper part of the garment less full, but to give an easy, graceful flow toward the lower portion, which will invariably give roomy grace, softness and

femininity to the gown. Anything of the serpentine or other tightly clinging ideas is distinctly absent in the more novel dresses.



119—STUNNING PARIS MODEL HAT.

The fullness of the skirts is produced in a variety of methods, box plaits of different forms being the most frequent. In some lighter fabrics, shirrings, puffings, gathers, ruffles, flounces and an infinite variety of needle work ideas contribute and are utilized to produce the effect. But it is in the new fabrics that the greatest opportunity for the development of new ideas and new effects is presented.

119—STUNNING PARIS MODEL HAT.

Large flat hat of shirred tan tulle held with bands of tan silk on top, with fringed ends over back. Garlands of small pink roses and foliage encircle brim, with bunch of tassel buds at left back.

120—THE LATEST STYLE WALKING COAT.

Black Taffeta coat, fitted back, full skirt, seams stitched and finished at waist line with silk cord and ball ornaments. Double bell sleeves laid in folds and tucks. White lace collar extends down fronts to waist, finished with long, heavy cord and balls. Gown of richly embroidered cashmere. Black chip hat.

121—STYLISH COSTUME FOR TRAVELING.

Walking length of brown and white mixture cloth. Three stitched plaits each side front, opening right side. Blouse has stitched plaits back and front, bone buttons. Collar, cuffs, belt and front trimmed with white and brown yak braid. Silk woven sweater worn under blouse. Ecru summer felt hat.



120—THE LATEST STYLE WALKING COAT.



121—STYLISH COSTUME FOR TRAVELING.

Health and a Good Figure

The desired treasures of every woman and more essential than a pretty face. Do not be deceived by believing you must take a long course of physical culture to obtain the desired results. Simply learn to live. Let yourself be natural as nature intended, not forcing yourself to go through unnatural exercises to attain health. Simply learn to develop the dormant powers you have in yourself. By my method, originated and taught exclusively by myself through personal instruction adapted to the needs of each student, I am enabled in a short time to teach you to be a new and animated being, with health, grace, figure all a part of yourself and not an acted forced addition.

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Girls in Department Stores

BY ELLA CASTILLO BENNETT.

The most crying evil of today is the slavery of girls in the department stores; for slavery it is, of the worst kind. It is a problem in the social system that beggars description, and so far, has defied solution.

These girls are usually started at \$3 a week, and the average pay is not over \$6 a week. Of course, there are the few well paid ones, which the manager will always point to as proof that some women are well paid; but these well paid women are the great exception, not by any means the rule, but the white slaves on \$3 and \$4 a week are plentiful.

Now the question arises, how do they live on that amount, and the answer is: they very seldom do.

Girls are preferred who have homes so they will not have to pay board, their small salaries then sufficing for dress, car-fare, lunches and incidentals. But how about the girls who have no homes, or who must not be a burden on father and mother?

We know they simply cannot live on such wages as some of the stores pay the great majority of their girls. And it is a pretty well understood thing that these girls are expected to get some man to help them. Work like slaves to help pile up the money for their employers, and then sell their virtue to live! It is a travesty upon justice, a shame to civilization, and an open barter in the honor of women!

We cannot, nay we must not, blame the girls for this. They are driven to it by dishonest employers, who profit by the traffic in humanity more than any slave-dealer in the old south.

We continually hear the lament over the increase of immorality among women, but few stop to ask why it is, yet incubators of immorality, in the way of stores, where women are paid starvation wages, are daily propagating this insidious worm of corruption and nobody cries halt!

Some of the girls in these stores will tell you that when they tell the managers they cannot live on such low wages, they will make the suggestion to look elsewhere for the difference. Some of these poor girls take the advice. Others slave on, holding to their virtue as their sole valuable possession; but these girls must then be a burden for their keep on their parents, not in any way a help to them. Yet their hours are long, and the continual standing ruining their health and imperiling the physical strength of the next generation. But no friendly voice is raised in behalf of these martyrs of the greed of man.

Why? Because the public does not stop to think; the clergy are too busy splitting hairs over the dogmas, the difference of creeds, and trying to keep the letter and not the spirit of religion. And the press knows better than anyone else the condition of affairs; but it does not protest against this modern method of accumulating wealth at the expense of the health and virtue of women, because it touches that vital point, its income!

The daily papers will protest against the abuses in politics and rival each other in showing up corruption there-

in. They will cry out against dishonesty in the State and city governments. They will show up the frailties of men, yes, and women, but because the department stores, and other stores, almost as grinding, are the biggest advertisers, they raise no cry against them. No brave editor molests them in their traffic of body and soul, and in consequence there is no one to champion their cause.

There is no law that can touch these employers, and the press is afraid to rouse public opinion against them because retaliation would mean the cutting out of the advertising, thereby losing part of the income of the paper. Not long ago one of our evening papers made a move as though it was going to do something towards rousing public opinion against the \$3 and \$4 a week slavery, but suddenly as it commenced, it stopped; and one wonders why.

Wasn't it popular? or did it pay better not to? One can draw his own conclusions.

The only remedy that seems possible at present is for the small papers to take up the matter in hopes that women in general will make a common cause, and refuse to patronize any store that employs women at less than living wages.

If it were known that a certain store paid its women fair salaries wouldn't it appeal to most women from a standpoint of justice to patronize such?

And should not those women whom fortune has placed in good circumstances show some consideration to those whom an accident of birth, or misfortune, has placed in poverty? We think it should. We offer as a suggestion to the women who take an interest in public affairs that they could not find a better cause in which to fight than that of the underpaid, over-worked shop girls. And the women's clubs might do well to start this ball rolling. Indeed, it might not be too much to hope that women might even appeal to the next legislature for some reform to be inaugurated. And let any one who wants to be convinced talk to some of these girls. They will tell the rigid rules with which they are surrounded, the "docking" system for being late, the tyranny of the time clock, night work for which there is no extra compensation, the insufficient lunches, their slim pocket book permits them to take, and the insolent "bossing" of the overseers, all these they must, and do put up with for a few paltry dollars a week, for six days' slaving; and no orator tells of their sufferings, no newspaper champions their cause, and no women of influence rise up to help them.

Yet, if the men will not, there is still some power in the hands of women, for they buy ninety per cent of the goods sold in these stores, department and dry goods stores. And after all the consumers are the ones to dictate.

The stores cater to them and they can league together to give their patronage only where living wages are paid, and this would be the first step in the march of progress towards justice for women.

Oddly Decorated Table Linen

An interesting fad has arisen out of an idea originated by a New York society woman. She gave a dinner to twenty-five celebrities—authors, actors, artists and professionals of distinction—and, after the meal had been finished she furnished each guest with a lead pencil and requested them to leave their autograph on the tablecloth in front of the place which they occupied.

The tablecloth was afterwards embroidered in heavy white wash silk and the initials—many of which were very elaborate and made with many flourishes—were exquisitely embellished with floral designs. In this way the hostess secured a charming personal souvenir of each guest, and a beautiful and interesting cloth to spread on future state occasions.

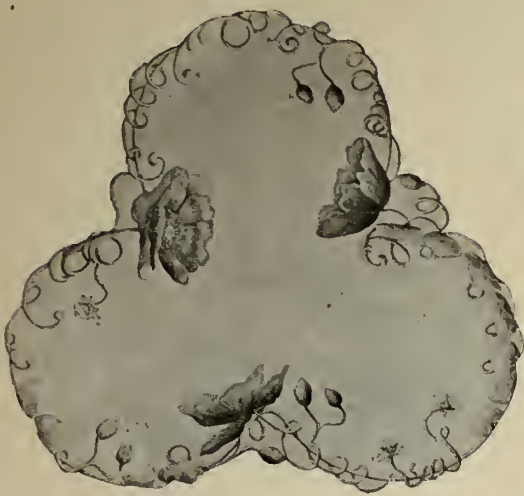
The same idea was afterwards used by a young married woman who was giving a luncheon party to a sister who

was about to become a bride. She invited the girls who had been chosen for bridesmaids, the maid-of-honor and a few debutantes. After lunch each girl left her autograph and some little quotation on the cloth. The cloth was embroidered in white wash silk, and woven in and out were large sprays of blushing bride roses, that formed a wreath which encircled the table. The edge of the cloth was finished in a six inch border of royal Battenberg lace. It was given to the bride-elect for a wedding gift.

Another way of using the same idea would be to get the wedding guests to leave their names on the cloth spread for a wedding breakfast. If it were afterwards embroidered with orange blossoms used as embellishments it would make a souvenir that any bride might be proud to hand down to posterity.

LESSONS IN SILK EMBROIDERY AND FANCY WORK

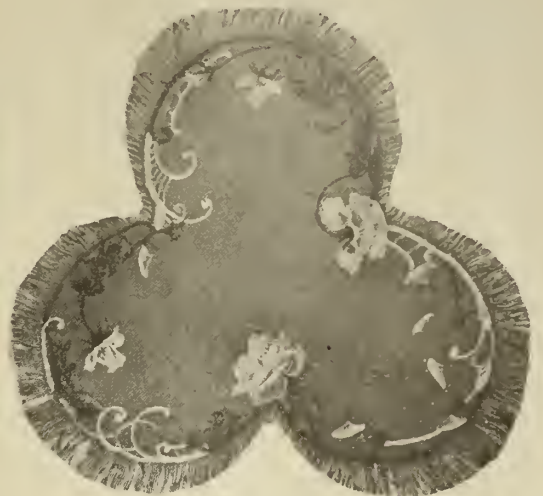
BY MRS. LOUISE T. DONKLEY.



Design No. 1.



Design No. 2 Canton Colored Linen.



Design No. 3 Colored Linen.

Green, blue, old gold, red, yellow, ecru, and brown or linen colors are the tints and colors shown this season in these goods. They are imported and are made forty-eight inches wide. This width makes these goods desirable for hangings of all kinds, as well as mats for centers for the protection of polished top library and closed dining tables. These handsome linens admit of any kind of embroidery, or other decoration, the hemstitching for the finish being considered preferable to lace fringe or ribbon. We are embroidering handsome conventional bands in rich oriental colors on the colored linen portieres, mantel and piano scarfs, large and small table covers, tabourettes and sideboard mats and covers, also floral designs, scattered around and over same. Silks and satins as foundations for embroideries are always handsome, but linen is more artistic, as a fabric without lustre enhances the beauty and glossy appearance of the silk floss used in embroidering the designs on same. This, together with the fact that linen launders and is very durable, even though given long, hard wear, makes this fabric the most desirable material used for interior decorations. The all white embroidery, Mount Mellick work, etc. is much used now and the green and blue and red linens form an excellent foundation for this style of elaborate work. We are showing in this number a blue hemstitched table cover, No. 337, a yard and a quarter square. It is worked in all white 1201, Rope, Royal, Twist, Dresden and Filo. This is a Mount Mellick design of pears brought out in fancy stitches. Any of the stitches at one's command can be used, as in this day of Battenburg work the different fancy stitches are familiar to all who are interested in embroidery. The Rope, or heaviest silk is used for the heaviest part of the work, the filo for the finest, using the size floss which seems best adapted to the style of stitch.

Among the novelties worked out in the colored linens are centerpiece designs which have formerly been worked only on white linens for the dining table, these designs are now being embroidered on these colored linens for mats or covers to protect polished top tables, pedestals, tabourette or closed dining tables, but are only twenty-four inches in diameter, and of course are not designed to cover anything, simply a mat or center to lie on the top for use as well as ornament.

DESIGN NO. 1.

This colored linen centerpiece is the red poppy worked with the brilliant shades of red filo 1203½ to 1212, using three threads of one shade at a time in the needle. This gives a finer effect than using the coarser thread, and still the work fills in more rapidly and is quickly finished. As we have often suggested, the shades are not all used in working out one flower, the lighter being used in one flower, the medium in another, and the darkest in another. The border is formed partially with the foliage and partly with the flower, and the rest with the scroll effect. A buttonhole stitch is used around the extreme outer edge, using green on the foliage and the shades of red on the outer petals of the poppy. This buttonhole edge is made very narrow and covered by the stitches used in embroidering the design. The linen does not fray when this is done. The foliage is worked half solid long and short stitch with the gray greens 1373X, 1373½, 1374½, 1375½, 1376, 1377. The seed pods are worked in solid sections of green 1376, with round top 1374½. Stamens of black 1203. The scrolls in border solid 1373X, 1373½, 1374½. The cut shows the design in half tone, but is embroidered in the shades of red given above on red linen, same tone. There is enough line margin to fringe, if desired.

DESIGN NO. 2.

This table mat or center shows us an entirely different shape and color. Old gold linen is the material, and Catherine Mermet roses the design. Worked half solid with three and four threads of filo in shades of old pink 1436, 1437, 1438, 1439, 1440, 1441, 1442, 1443, 1444. Foliage 1780, 1781, 1782, 1783, 1784. Stamens yellow an brown, 1260, 1351. The scrolls are worked solid with 1436, 1437, 1438, 1439. Buttonhole stitch is used on the outside edge of these colored linen centers and can be cut close to this edge if preferred; but the fringe adds to the effect, and when it gets worn it may be closely trimmed to buttonhole edge, making a new finish.

DESIGN NO. 3.

This is a centerpiece design of Marachal Niel roses in blue linen. It is very handsome worked half solid in the yellow shades of filo 1258½, 1259½, 1260, 1261, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, using three and four threads in the needles, thus producing a rich, heavy effect with less fine work. The leaves and stems with 1780, 1781, 1782, 1783, 1784, fringing the

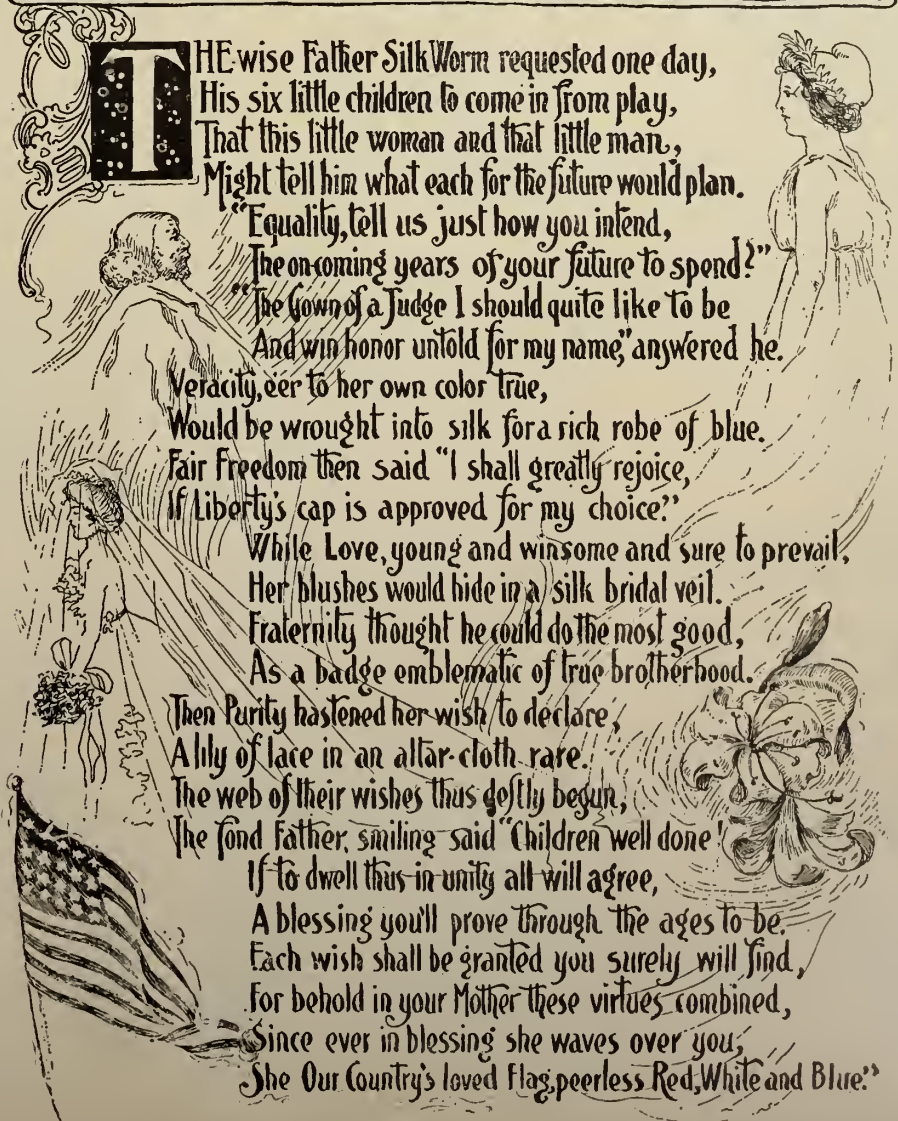
linen and cutting it out the shape of the design, which is unusual, gives us an artistic cover for the center of a table or tabourette, and something entirely new.

In making observation of flower growth and coloring for future reference in embroidery a good manual of botany is almost necessary. It will be so much easier to refer botanically; in fact, for the sake of identification of parts, it is necessary that the different members of the class know them by a common name. Thus, if one wishes to note the color of a little stalk which bears a flower, and that stalk is not the main stem, it should be botanically designated as a peduncle. Again, a flower may have no stalk to support it, but sit directly on the stem or axis from which it proceeds, in this case it is called sessile. Again, if a flower cluster is raised on a stalk, this stalk is called the common peduncle then the stalk of each particular flower if it have any, is called the pedicel or partial peduncle.

In noting the coloring of the flower, foliage, etc., this stalk should be designated correctly so that it may be recognized by all. Notes should be made as complete as possible. Thus discussing the flower, its mode of flowering should be described. Flowers are either terminal (that is, located at the summit of a stem or branch), or, axillary (in the axil of a leaf). Thus botany recognizes two classes of inflorescence the determinate and the indeterminate. Indeterminate inflorescence is where the flowers all arise from axillary buds. They are called indeterminate or indefinite, because while the axillary buds give rise to flowers, the terminal buds continue to grow and produce stems indefinitely. Determinate inflorescence is that in which the flowers are from terminal buds. The terminal bud of a stem being changed into a blossom, the stem can no more lengthen, and any further growth must be from axillary buds, developing into branches; so in making notes it is well to state to which class of inflorescence a flower belongs.

The Aspirations of Six Little Cocoons

by Boynton Bess Harbert



THE wise Father Silk Worm requested one day,
His six little children to come in from play,
That this little woman and that little man,
Might tell him what each for the future would plan.

"Equality, tell us just how you intend,
The on-coming years of your future to spend?"
"The Gown of a Judge I should quite like to be
And win honor untold for my name," answered he.

Veracity, eer to her own color true,
Would be wrought into silk for a rich robe of blue.
Fair Freedom then said "I shall greatly rejoice,
If Liberty's cap is approved for my choice."

While Love, young and winsome and sure to prevail,
Her blushes would hide in a silk bridal veil.
Fraternity thought he could do the most good,
As a badge emblematic of true brotherhood.

Then Purity hastened her wish to declare,
A hly of lace in an altar-cloth rare.
The web of their wishes thus softly begun,
The fond Father, smiling said "Children well done!"

If to dwell thus in unity all will agree,
A blessing you'll prove through the ages to be.
Each wish shall be granted you surely will find,
For behold in your Mother these virtues combined,
Since ever in blessing she waves over you,
She Our Country's loved Flag, peerless Red, White and Blue."

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None better. A multi-millionaire guest from San Francisco writes: "I have never before seen so delightful a hotel as the TAVERN, nor one which sets so excellent a table; nor have I ever met with more uniform courtesy and civility in every way, than at the hands of yourself and all of your employees." Rates \$3.50 per day and upward. Open June 1st. Until then address Tahoe Tavern, Care Barr Realty Co., 204-6 Wilcox Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

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One hundred acres of grand scenery in all its wild natural beauty.

Traversed by a splendid trout stream, living springs, a school house on the grounds, feed, fresh eggs, milk and butter at market prices on the premises.

Low fares and easy of access. Close to post-office, rural mail and the telephone and telegraph, with water in abundance, free to all. An analysis shows the famous LOMA VISTA spring to contain the following health-giving properties, according to Mr. A. Soderling:

Bicarbonate of Soda,
Bicarbonate of Magnesia,
Bicarbonate of Lime,
Sulphate of Soda,
Bicarbonate of Iron.

The scenery is beautiful beyond description, with a view of four valleys and counties, of the Pacific ocean and San Francisco and San Pablo bays.

The climate is warm and balmy. The land is above the fog belt and is free from winds. LOMA VISTA is a garden of beauty and must be seen to be appreciated.

For further information, etc., address DR. A. ANDERSON, Petaluma, Cal.

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Sisson Tavern

Near Mt. Shasta, Cal., Mrs. L. M. Sisson, proprietor, rests among the tall pines in a big mountain meadow, facing the western side of Mt. Shasta. The elevation is 3,555 feet, while that of the mountain is 14,450 feet. Our rates are \$12.00 a week, which includes about everything most people want.

FRENCH EMBROIDERY

BY MADAME JUNG.

French embroidery is employed for almost all household linen initials and monograms, and of course for towel borders, dresser scarfs, pillow shams, borders for sheets, center pieces, there is no form of embroidery more effective.

One of the latest novelties is the little tray oval and almost every regulated household has two or more little silver trays of different sizes used for cards or for passing cups at the table. Necessarily the oval dolly which is invariably placed on the tray must have frequent launderings and therefore French embroidery is the ideal decoration.

I used to think this style of work should be done with embroidery cotton but I accidentally discovered that a silk called tailor's hand sewings, which

given here I think all the requirement simplicity of design, suitability of spaces, to be worked over and over and a pleasing motif have been observed.

BUTTERFLY CENTER PIECE.

First on the list is the dainty butterfly center No. 1. In this there is very little satin stitch called for, all that of the simplest kind. The eyes must be worked over and over, the antennae and scrolls about the head worked in satin. The body must be padded likewise and worked over and over crosswise, and then divided into sections by laying at intervals a straight thread across, or the upper part can be thus worked and the body outlined and the lower parts filled with finest seed stitches; work the wings either in fine outlines or tiny feather stitches.

MOUNTAIN FRINGE CENTER PIECE.

The scroll between each butterfly must be worked over and over in satin stitch and may be padded or not. They will be all the richer for the padding. The rococo part of the scrolls can be outlined or couched and the border should be worked very close and firm. This design is made in all sizes, six, nine, twelve, eight, twenty, twenty-four, and twenty-seven inches. If satin stitch is too difficult in the scroll, that part can be done in solid stitch, though it would not be as effective.

No. 2 is a beautiful arrangement of mountain fringe. This design must be padded; always lay the padding in an opposite direction to that which the over and over stitches must follow. For the leaves commence at the tip of the right hand side and work on an easy slant to the center vein, taking one long stitch to cover the space. These stitches must lie close and even, and must not be crowded one over the other. Keep the outer edge to a thread. Work the stem in close cord outline. Have the stitches covering the flowers run all the same way. The outer edge of border pad very high and work over and over in close buttonhole.

The rococo part work in cross outline. The curved lines are effectively done in feather stitch. The part of the border filled with dots should have the outer edge buttonholed to match the rest of the border and the space inside filled with seed stitches or French knots. This design is also made in all sizes given for No. 1.

FERN CENTER PIECE.

No. 3 is sure of a welcome. What there is about an arrangement of ferns



Figure 1—Butterfly Center.

I use in lace making, was the medium par excellence for this style of work. It can be had in various sizes, "O," "A," "B," "C," "D," as you may prefer, and for some mysterious reason this grade of silk can be boiled without turning an ivory hue. The twist is perfect and to buttonhole with it is a delight. I give you here a tray cover, a design for French embroidery; it is original and is perforated in two sizes, one 12x7½ and the other 6x3 1-2 inches in size. The motif is butterflies and grasses drawn expressly for this particular style of embroidery, therefore, each space is given the right width for over and over stitch.

The border should be buttonholed very close and firm; as the spaces are very narrow between the lines and the scallops. No padding will be necessary for this part of the work. For the border you can use silk as coarse as "D." The wings and the butterfly are buttonholed around the edge with a very narrow stitch; they are filled with dots worked over and over just as you would work a jewel. The large dots should be padded. The body of the butterfly should also be padded and be worked over crosswise. The grasses should also be raised and worked over crosswise.

The inner border should be feather-stitched on each outline, and little squares inside worked solid. The half wreaths, pad and work the same as grasses; and work all stems over and over. The design between the inner border and the outer scalloped edge treat in the same manner, only emphasize the padding more in this part of the work; raise the half wreath higher than any other part of the work.

Ladies can make no mistake carrying these tray ovals in their summer resort stock as they are very desirable wedding gifts. A nest of a dozen assorted sizes would be more acceptable to a bride than silver because harder to procure.

CENTERPIECES FOR ALL WHITE WORK.

First, for white work, the design must be drawn with a view to suitable space for the over and over satin stitch. These spaces should not be too wide, then again many ladies wish to do French embroidery, but they "hate to pad," so that dislike should be borne in mind also and in three centerpieces



Figure 3—Fern Center.

that so appeals to the embroiderer is a mystery I have never yet solved. There are other designs just as pretty and simple but they do not seem to appeal to so large a number of workers as the fern.

I am not quarrelling with this state of things. I am just as much of a fern lover as the maddest enthusiast of them all. I wonder why?

This design is exquisite worked out in white. The fern can be worked in white filo in the usual solid stitch shading in a bit of green 1720, 1721, 1722. The scrolls must be worked to match the ferns but the outer edge forming the border should be padded and worked in solid buttonhole stitch using white Dresden, No. 1201. Where the fern fronds form the border, buttonhole all around them first in close short buttonhole stitches, then work them solid, just as though there was no buttonhole edge underneath or any edge to be considered; the row of buttonhole stitches will prevent the fraying when the edge is cut out.

This set is made in six, nine, twelve, fifteen, eighteen, twenty, twenty-four and twenty-seven inches. Nothing can be lovelier or more acceptable for a wedding than a center. Eight plate doilies all worked to match in white. For the fern fronds I use filo floss, also for the scrolls. Either of the designs make a beautiful luncheon set.



Figure 2—Mountain Fringe Center.

SEASONABLE NOVELTIES

BY MRS. A. E. ARNSTRUTTER.

The articles I have written about "Art work for profit" have been so well received I am tempted to enlarge upon that subject. Many ladies are endeavoring to gain a livelihood, and many more are trying to earn a little extra money by means of decorative needle work. Of the many who enter the field only a few make a financial success, yet nearly all save themselves from loss and show even a small gain. This fact is in itself encouraging as showing that there is a market for this class of work. From my personal experience I am prepared to say that not one woman out of twenty who undertake this line of work is fitted for it, either by experience or knowledge;

to the bottom of the box, overhanding carefully and neatly. The cover is joined to the box by means of holes punched through the back edges of cover and back of box, run ribbon through and tie in bows. Put bow at point to raise cover; trim with one yard of nice lace, headed with beading and baby ribbon.

SCRAP BASKET.

First on the list is a small basket suitable for a lady's writing desk in sitting room, library, or boudoir. It has a collapsible bottom, so that it can be folded and packed in one's trunk. It has four side pieces, each 9 1/4 inches across top and



Jewel or Handkerchief Box.

and the wonder is not that there are so many half successes, but that there are any successes at all.

JEWEL OR HANDKERCHIEF BOX.

This beautiful trifle for the toilet table is made in this manner. Cut four heart shaped pieces of cardboard for the top and bottom of box—two cardboards for each.

To commence with the cover: Cut two pieces of sheet wadding the shape and size of the cardboard covers. On the outside of cover put one of the sheets of wadding, over this place the brocaded satin and turn edge to the wrong side and paste or sew down, keeping the outside perfectly smooth. For the lining to the cover use the second piece of cardboard, cover on the side with sheet wadding, cover this with plain china silk, join the two cardboards and overhand together neatly. This will give you a padding of wadding on the upper and under side of cover. For the bottom of box you will pad only one of the cardboards, the one that will form the inside bottom of the box; in all other respects

7 inches across bottom edge—a slant of nearly two inches—the length of the basket is 11 1/4 inches. The collapsible bottom is 6 3/4 inches square. These pieces are cut from No. 30 straw board. Any paper or box house will cut them to order in quantities. The basket can be covered with brocaded satin, art denims, cretonnes, or plain colored linen. They can be embroidered or left plain; of course the handsomer they are the better price they will bring. Cut the outside cover for each side piece an inch larger all around than the cardboard; with a stiff brush dipped in flour paste go over the cardboard; place the cover in position, smooth it out very carefully, lift the cardboard in the hand, turn its uncovered side up, and pull over on to it, the edges of the cloth; paste these down carefully; you are now ready to treat the uncovered side of the cardboard side piece of the basket. Cut a piece of plain wall paper contrasting or harmonizing in color with the outside and paste down, covering the turned in edges. This wall paper should be cut one-fourth of an inch smaller than the cardboard foundation. When the



Scrap Basket.

you will cover the cardboards for this part of the work as you did the cover. The side of the box is formed of a strip of cardboard one and one-fourth inches wide, or deep, and long enough to go around the heart-shaped bottom piece and join at the point. Cover this piece as described for the upper cover, but pad with wadding on the inside only. Join the strip

four sides have been covered inside and outside, cover the bottom piece. Across one edge of the bottom piece paste a narrow strip of cheese cloth, cover the inside of the bottom of basket with wall paper cut just the size, cover the outside of bottom with wall paper cut to extend over the strip of cheese cloth, paste this strip of cheese (Continued to page 47.)

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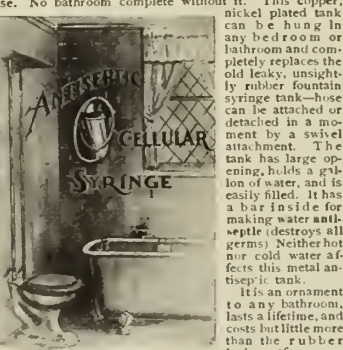
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Best Way to Raise Children

BY HOME VOCTON.

The mother in dressing her little ones should always combine comfort with the thought of prettiness.

To relieve ear-ache in children bind on a small bag of hops moistened with boiling water and keep it warm.

Let the children be able to run about, romp and play outdoors in cold weather, but do not take them for long slow walks.

Respect the little secrets of children. If they have concealment, worrying them will never make them tell, and patience will probably do its work.

A small bunch of absorbent cotton makes a splendid powder puff for a baby's morning bath and is desirable as it will be discarded for a fresh one oftener than a regular puff would be.

Bathe the children in the forenoon if possible if not, an hour before the evening meal. Never give a child a bath for at least an hour after eating and never take a child outdoors immediately after its bath.

Mothers should learn how much sympathy means to the child. Children's troubles may seem very trivial to us, but they are very real to them. The feeling that "mother will understand" is a comforting belief to many grown up children.

LIGHTING A CHILD'S ROOM.

The lighting of a child's room is a very important matter from a sanitary standpoint and also from one of convenience. If gas is the illuminant, it should never be left lighted longer than is absolutely necessary. If a night light is required, then a little night lamp should be procured but even then it is a pity that more mothers do not train their children to be accustomed to sleeping in a room without a light. It is so much more healthful. Where lamps are in use we far too often see children squinting because the strong lamplight is directly in their faces. Their elders seldom stop to think of this from their superior heights. A light should never be placed so that its rays flare into a child's eyes. One of the most prevalent causes for poor eyesight in young children is this very negligence on the part of their elders to provide shaded lights in rooms where children are sitting or playing.

BABY'S HAIR.

Every mother likes to see her baby with curly hair, and if it is not naturally so it can be made to grow so with very little care. The baby's hair should, of course, be washed and brushed every morning, but when the brushing is done do not leave the hair smooth, but with the tips of the fingers rub the hair in little circles from right to left all over the

scalp. This twists the hair at the roots and produces the much desired curls.

THE AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

That children should be afflicted with headache is unnatural, and the cause should be investigated and the remedy applied at once, if parents would preserve the health and lives of their children.

One of the first causes of headache is too rapid growth. As a remedy keep the children from overwork and feed them with rapid cooling foods and little meat.

Plenty of fresh air and outdoor life will neutralize any ill effects arising from too much intellectual activity.

Indigestion is a fruitful cause of headache and is most frequently the result of improper food or over eating. Regular hours and suitable diet is the only remedy.

Headaches frequently have a nervous origin, in which case the head should be kept cool by cold applications and the feet warm by hot baths; also massage the limbs and back and give tepid baths daily.

Sometimes headaches are hereditary, and poison of the blood may cause them, arising from being born of gouty or rheumatic or scrofulous parents.

Sea air and sea bathing are recommended for such children, and let them live out of doors all they can. Too little blood and too little fresh air cause many headaches. Good food and gentle exercise will correct this in time.

Blows on the head or injury of any kind will produce pain in the head, when of course rest is the medicine required, with cold cloths on the head and hot foot baths. The majority of headaches in children are caused by bad air in bed rooms and schoolrooms, and faulty diet at home. Correct these, and usually the headaches will disappear.

Four hours is the limit of time a child should go without food during the day. Don't go to the other extreme, however, and let them have "bites" at all hours of the day. Meals at regular intervals and nothing in between should be a rule rigidly kept.

Never let the children's bed be pushed against the wall at night or back in an alcove. There should be a free current of air all round if you want them to grow up healthy and strong. The window should never be shut, and a wide open one, even in the depth of winter, will do them no harm, once they grow accustomed to it. See that their eyes are sheltered from the light. A strong light falling on the eyes when any one is asleep weakens them, and the sleep is not refreshing.

The Model Young Woman

BY KATE E. NEWMAN.

If I were a young woman I would take care of my health by living outdoors as much as possible and taking long walks in the sunshine. English girls understand how necessary this is for good complexions and cheerful spirits. Wear simple clothing, that you may climb mountains and breathe freely.

I would secure the best education. Go to college, by all means, if it is possible. A woman in these days, if she would be attractive as well as useful, must be intelligent. Educated men need educated wives. Children need a broad education, lest their thoughts become centered in clothes or in the small round of society gossip, which belittles. Read good books and thereby become intelligent.

I would cultivate cheerfulness. Discontent soon shows itself in the face. If you have some disappointments so do others. If you are cramped for money, be thankful that your lot is no worse than it is. Learn to make the best of things. An unhappy woman is a perpetual cloud in a home. A fretful girl has few friends, and the number lessens year by year.

I would say kind things of others, especially of the girls. A girl who makes unkind remarks about other girls had better be avoided by young men. She will not make an agreeable companion for life.

I would learn to be self-supporting. Especially in this country, where fortunes change, it is wise for a woman to be able to care for herself. Helpless women are not a comfort to others and usually are not to themselves.

I would try to be polite everywhere. True courtesy is more winsome than a pretty face or fine dresses. Loud talk or loud dress does not betoken the lady. Be appreciative and sympathetic, and you have two keys which will unlock almost all hearts.

I would learn self control. To know when to speak and when to be silent, is to be able to answer pleasantly, to have people confide in you, and be wise enough to keep it locked in your own heart, to be in poverty and not to be soured by it, to meet temptation and be strong before it, to be strong enough to perform any duty or labor that needs to be done—all this shows a noble mastery over self.

I would be punctual. Being late at meals, late at church, or late in meeting engagements makes unnecessary friction in families. If we are willing to lose valuable time, we have no right to make others lose it.

I would not be careless about the affection. Girls too often think that young men are not easily hurt in love matters, or, if they are, they soon recover. As a rule, probably, men love as deeply as women, and to play with hearts is a sin.

I have known girls engaged to two young men at the same time, thoughtless as to the effect upon those whom they could not marry. It is a pitiful thing to spoil a life, and it is not infrequently done. The golden rule of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us is especially applicable here.

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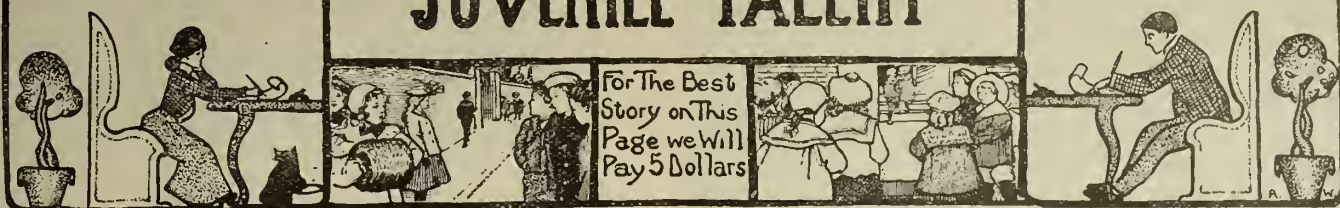
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JUVENILE TALENT



A LITTLE MISCHIEF

BY BESSIE BROWN.

Robert Jones had some faint idea of the feeling of a millionaire. He had through a long series of trade, come into possession of a treasure. He had started with a rubber ball, exchanged that with Billy Morgan for a knife, the knife with Joe Fielding for a compass, and the compass he finally succeeded in disposing of getting a sun glass in return. It had a neat black handle and a brass ring.

A sun glass like that had been the desire of his heart for a long while and he started off with a triumphal tour of the house, with the somewhat extraordinary weapon as his object of offense and defiance. He had awakened the baby by carefully turning the glass so that the sun's rays centered upon its nose; he had tried the same experiment with startling results with the bald spot upon his father's head; he had scared a cat within an inch of one of her nine lives. It was only discovered when he had burned a hole in the Turkish rug allowing his mother to believe that the troublesome spark from the grate was the culprit; that he was taken in hand and despoiled of his precious sun glass and forbidden to leave his room until the next day.

But events take unexpected turns. The baby was taken ill; and Jennie the maid being absent, there was no one to send for the doctor. Mrs. Jones was at her wits end.

"Robert," she called through the keyhole, "will you promise to be good if I let you out for a while?" "Yes, mother," answered the boy brightening up, instantly.

"Well," turning the key, "go at once for Dr. Myers. I am frightened about the baby."

Robert was off in a twinkling, helping himself to the sun glass as he passed the mantel. How clear the air seemed, how sweet the sun. It was late in June, but the weather was not yet hot. He rejoiced in his recovered liberty and really meant to be a good boy.

He was not a bad one surely, only mischievous, as other boys may be who read these lines. Ah, but there is where the trouble lay, his fondness for playing jokes had led him into many scrapes and was now destined to plunge him into another.

The way to Dr. Myers' office was very direct—just down the street two blocks, but Robert had heard that Bliss & Son had received their stock of fireworks for the Fourth of July. He thought he would walk around to their store; it would not be much out of his way, and look into the window. The baby couldn't be very sick and babies always got well. Besides he would go very swiftly to make up for his detour.

The report had not been exaggerated; the display in Bliss & Son's window was very fine, and the sun shone in bravely upon the skyrockets and firecrackers. He wondered if anybody could touch off a firecracker with a sun glass dial; he wondered if he could. It would be great fun to try it. The glass came out of his pocket and after a few moments fire began to creep along the fuse—then fizz, bang, smash. In quicker time than it takes to tell it the fireworks in Bliss & Son's window were having a celebration in advance, and the large plate glass window was shattered from top to bottom. Meanwhile a scared boy was walking away rather rapidly trying to put on a look of unconcern. He heard an alarm of fire and saw a crowd gather; but the worst was soon over and quiet reigned again.

It did not take Robert long to go home. "Will he be here soon?" asked his mother anxiously.

"He—who?" he answered, though he knew very well. He was trying to think what he would say next.

"Why, the Doctor, of course."

"Oh, yes, the Doctor. He was not in," said Robert, adding the falsehood to his other misdeeds, and wondering which would be the safest hiding place under the spare bed or in the potato bin.

"But there is a slate to leave orders on."

"Yes, said Robert. 'Why didn't I think of it.'"

"And baby is worse." You must go back and wait for the Doctor, dear."

"Oh, mother, I don't dare to," burst forth the suffering boy at last. "I'm a criminal."

"Robert, what on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, yes I am; I committed arson. I set Mr.

Bliss' fireworks going with the sun dial and I'm the worst boy living. Will you come and see me in prison?"

His mother almost forgot the baby and only remembering that her naughty little son was in sore trouble set to work to comfort him. Luckily the Doctor happened to pass by and was called in, Robert keeping very close to the cellar stairs while the outside door was open. After supper, of which you may be sure he took very sparingly, his mother put on her bonnet and took his little hot trembling hand in hers and set out for Bliss & Son's store. Robert felt as if he was going to have a tooth extracted, and could not understand how everyone seemed cheerful and could laugh and chat. His lips moved even faster than his feet for he murmured prayer all the way, once in a while stopping to say, "Oh, dear God, if ever a naughty boy needed praying for I do this minute." They were poor, weak words, but they came from his heart.

Mr. Bliss was in his shop, and some men were talking about the fire.

"'Twas some imp of a boy, I'll be bound," said one of them moving away.

"It was my boy who did it," said Mrs. Jones; "and he has come to tell you so."

Robert, his heart going like a trip hammer, and his words coming in jerks, told the whole story. "Bless you, my lad," spoke good Mr. Bliss; "Three dollars will cover the loss," and the window was cracked anyway. We had sent for a new one. I have boys of my own and I was a boy myself once, and here is one of the new fangled skyrockets to reward you for owning up like a man."

Was it real, this change from misery to bliss. Robert could not have seen the skyrocket if it had been twice as large, his eyes were so full of tears.

Mrs. Jones promptly proffered the three dollars, but Mr. Bliss would not accept a cent.

"Accidents will happen," he said.

"But this wasn't an accident," persisted Robert.

"Well, I'll tell you what you may do. Give me the sun glass; then you will never do any more mischief with it. I'll give it to my Jerry, and if the young rascal plays any pranks, he won't get off as easily as you did." So saying, Mr. Bliss turned to wait on a customer.

Robert laid the hateful sun glass down—he was glad to get rid of it—and said good night.

Life and Assassination of President McKinley

BY MASTER FREDDIE PFAU—Pupil in the Low Eighth Grade, Lincoln School, San Jose, Cal.

William McKinley was born at Niles, Ohio, on January 29, 1843. His father was a Scotch-Irishman and his mother was English. When he was a boy, he was fond of outdoor sports which gave him good health and vigorous strength.

He went to school till he was seventeen and then became a district school teacher. He soon made enough money to pay his fees at the Alleghany college. He remained at college but a short time as his education was interrupted by the civil war breaking out.

This earnest scholar enlisted in the army, shouldered a musket and started out to fight. He did a heroic deed, so he was promoted to lieutenant and was given a shining sword. His bravery continued so he was appointed captain and afterwards major and he was admired by all his company.

The war ended and McKinley returned to his home and became a lawyer. In 1871, he was married to a pretty belle of Canton and ever after they were a devoted couple.

This poor boy sprung up to be an upright citizen, a loving husband, congressman and lastly president. Five years ago he was elected twenty-fifth president of the United States and he served his country very satisfactorily until the day he was shot by the fatal bullet.

The assassination occurred as follows: Emma Goldman was giving lectures at her humble home in Cleveland to a gang of anarchists that the republicans were not ruling the country right. Leon Czolgosz and his companion, two of Emma Goldman's followers heard that McKinley was attending the Pan American Exposition, so they bought their tickets and started for Buffalo. When they reached there they discussed the best way of attacking the president as Czolgosz had already bought a pistol and some cartridges which he poisoned. Czolgosz went many times into the exposition grounds but he was always pushed back by the guards.

McKinley returned from Niagara Falls and on the afternoon of September 6 proceeded on his way to the Temple of Music. In front of this building, the people greeted him by shaking hands. Czolgosz's companion followed the crowd up to the president and then shook with his left hand while his right was concealed in a handkerchief. Seeing that his companion's hand was not recognized, Czolgosz covered the pistol in the same way and went cowardly up to greet the good ruler. As McKinley stretched out his hand, the assassin shot twice, the third shot was prevented by a brave negro who struck Czolgosz a fearful blow in

the face. The people jumped upon the assassin and battered him until he was a mass of blood and when the detectives reached him, his face was beaten out of recognition. McKinley sank back in a chair and the blood began streaming from his wounds.

He was then hastened to the emergency hospital



MASTER FREDDIE PFAU.

on an automobile ambulance, where his wounds were dressed. The doctors were summoned and McKinley was operated on. They found that one bullet had entered the abdomen and the other entered the stomach. One bullet was found while the other passed

through the stomach and lodged in the muscles of the back. They had hopes of his recovery and as they discovered that the bowels and kidneys were not touched.

The assassination quickly spread all over the world and eager crowds thronged the bulletin boards. Every ten or fifteen minutes, bulletins were issued explaining the condition of the president.

When it was getting late, Mrs. McKinley asked, "Why don't my husband return?" As soon as the president arrived, he called her to his bedside and told her to be brave. The nurses and physicians were constantly in his room day and night. Telegraphs were established at the Milburn residence which were used for telegraphing to all parts of the country.

During the first couple of days, cheerful news were issued but following the good came the bad. The seventh day showed that McKinley was worse and not expected to live. Before he became unconscious, he murmured his favorite hymn "Nearer my God to Thee." He remained in this condition about five hours and then his heart worked fainter and fainter. At 2:15 a. m. the next morning Dr. Rixey said with a choking sound that the president was dead. His dying words were, "Good-bye, good-bye all. It's God's way. His will be done." These words showed that he had died a Christian. Mrs. McKinley hearing of his death collapsed and had to be taken to her room. The cabinet officers went one by one to see the martyr president and when they departed, the tears rolled down their cheeks. Soon the bells tolled and tolled and the flags flew at half mast. Everybody was stung with gratitude, no matter if he was a republican or democrat as McKinley was loved by every one. It was a blow to the whole nation and one of the saddest events in history. No other man can take his place as he ranks with George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. McKinley's name and fame shall live forever and he will always remain in an American citizen's heart.

An autopsy was held and they found that McKinley died of gangrene of the walls of the stomach. His remains were taken to Washington where the funeral took place. He was carried on a gun wagon and the soldiers and sailors marched side by side. He was then taken to Canton where he was put in a receiving vault. He is now in his last resting place, where he will sleep the years away.

Leon Czolgosz died in the electric chair in New York at the prison of Sing Sing. He deserved his death as to think of such a cowardly anarchist to shoot a man in cold blood and in such a distasteful act.

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Columns for Young People

THINGS NICE GIRLS NEVER DO.

The nice girl does not talk and laugh loudly when traveling or in any public place where she may attract attention. Nice girls do not either ask or answer impertinent questions.

Do not turn their heads to look after impertinent men.

Do not imagine that every man who is pleasant to them has fallen in love with them.

Do not direct their conversation to one person when several visitors are present.

Do not get into the habit of speaking familiarly to all the men they know.

Do not write silly letters to young men or permit them to write such letters.

HOW TO PACK A TRUNK.

As regards the packing of clothing in a trunk, it is well to bear in mind the following simple rules:

Turn skirts, unless much trimmed, inside out.

Fold all skirts in three or four from the straight seam.

Stuff all bodice sleeves with paper. This prevents crushing.

Stuff all hat bows with tissue paper for a similar reason.

Tulle, net or feather boas should be packed in a separate cardboard box, which may be placed on top of the dress basket tray.

Don't fold fur coats inside out. This rubs and spoils the fur.

Roll all sashes or ribbons tightly and secure them with a small pin.

DON'T BE TOO CRITICAL.

Many women who are not naturally unkind, get into a habit of sharply criticising others for really no "rhyme or reason." There are many who seem to be always on the alert to find in others some defect, either in looks, dress, or character. They do not spare even those with whom they are on the most friendly terms. Why not pick out the good points instead perhaps the fewer bad ones to discuss. And in these same uncharitable persons no doubt one could find much that would not bear analyzing. We rarely "see ourselves as other see us."

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A person who has a happy disposition is to be envied. Cultivate it, if you do not possess it. Don't always look on the gloomy side of life, or anticipate trouble before it comes; don't worry unnecessarily, it will make you look old and ugly. Like Mark Tapley, take life as a joke. There is much truth in an article recently published in one of the papers. It said: "A sense of humor is one of the most precious gifts that can be vouchsafed to a human being, man or woman. If they are not better for having it, they are certainly much happier. It renders them indifferent to good or bad fortune. It enables them to enjoy even their own discomfiture; it becomes a joke. Blessed with this sense no one can ruffle their temper, nor disturb their equanimity. Sentimental gush does not influence them. The follies of the moment have no hold on them. They are never in conceit or out of conceit with themselves. The world is a stage on which actors strut and fret for their edification and amusement, and they pursue the even current of their way invulnerable doing what is right and proper according to their lights, but utterly indifferent whether what they do finds approval or disapproval from others. If Hamlet had had had any sense of humor, he would not have been a nuisance to himself and all surrounding him."

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Just as soon as the business girl begins to neglect her personal appearance, from that moment her value in any line of work begins to decrease. Although she may at the same time be perfecting herself for higher duties, she will find her advancement slow, and her most strenuous efforts abortive, unless she combines with them a neatness of person and an appropriate style of dress.

DON'T BE TOO BUSY.

The busy girl has her own special temptation and one of these is a self-absorption which leads her to take an insufficient interest in those about her. The busy girl's temptations are often exactly the other extreme from those of the girl of leisure. The latter form having too little to do takes often too great an interest in the affairs of her friends, while the former, being obliged to think so constantly of self, is sometimes prone to forget the claims of others.

It is a hard thing for any girl to be a force in the world—a wage-earner—but it is pitiful if she makes this so prominently her business in life that thereby she forgets or ignores her duties to society; if she is too busy to reply to the note of invitation, too tired to make the call of welcome to the stranger or write that letter of condolence to those in affliction. There are girls who seem to be too busy for the acts of common politeness which sweeten the day's work; too busy or self-engrossed to say the kindly word of encouragement; too preoccupied to extend a cordial hand or even to smile.

It is good to be busy, but not to the exclusion of a warm human interest for others, and girls of leisure have much to be grateful for, but not for that which tempts them into neglecting their natural gifts or into follies which awaken their intellectual powers.

SPEND YOUR MONEY PROFITABLY

The girl who earns her own money seldom allows anyone to question her right to spend it, as she pleases, but if she is wise she will soon pause to consider whether the manner in which she uses the return of her six days' labor is bringing her an adequate return. The wise young woman will not expend her hard earned dimes upon ices, soda and confectionery, although those tempt her palate, but she will buy wholesome food which will nourish her and eat it at proper hours, and thus gain requisite strength for the daily work. If she is sensible, she will take her pleasures in the open air and not at indoor evening functions, and she will not often go to the theater; never to second rate performances. Instead she will have good music, visit art galleries, and buy good books, for while one is often tempted by the transient amusement to be found at some light vaudeville entertainment, the prudent girl will find a more lasting enjoyment in the education afforded by music, art, and literature.

DON'TS OF INTEREST TO KNOW.

Don't allow yourself to be under obligation to any man.

Don't discuss your family affairs in general conversation.

Don't give your photograph to men, and don't ask them for theirs.

Don't make yourself conspicuous at any time by loud laughing or talking.

Don't fail to try to be always frank and just and generous, and above all, womanly.

Don't wear an evening dress to a quiet afternoon reception; don't go without a hat or bonnet.

Don't feel it necessary to bow to a man you have met at a ball or party afterward unless you want to continue the acquaintance.

Don't write to men except when it can be avoided. Make all your notes acknowledging courtesies, etc., short and to the point.

Don't offer to shake hands when a man is introduced to you, and don't think it necessary when he says goodbye unless he first extends his.

Don't allow any man to treat you with anything but the greatest respect. Resent as an impertinence any approach to familiarity of speech or action.

Don't boast that you do not read the newspapers, as many girls do nowadays. Don't think it necessary to read all the daily and weekly journals contain, but keep yourself posted on art, literary, social and political topics of the day. Don't fail to read Women's Magazines for they are filled with articles which are of especial interest to women.

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TO LIVE LONG AND WELL

BY AMY Y. LYON.

A French writer by the name of Asgil somewhere speaks of the lack of steadfast will power in the human race. He goes so far as to say that with sufficient will power man might even overcome the "cowardly habit of dying." I believe he himself, however, at last succumbed to that cowardly habit in spite of his dictum. But the dictum contained truth to this extent: Undoubtedly steadfast, trained will power will help us to prolong life and also to overcome many of the evils now held to be inseparably joined to life.

It is not luck or even heredity that has enabled Mrs. Julia Goodman, an English artist, to be a beloved and useful member of the working world up to near the age of ninety-one, which she will reach next November. Luck she never had. In 1836 she was married to Mr. Louis Goodman, who years afterward became a helpless invalid and remained on her hands to be supported till his death in 1870. He did not become an invalid till several children had been born to the couple, however—worse luck—and, in addition to the maintenance of her husband, Mrs. Goodman had these to rear and educate all alone.

Heredity was indeed in her favor. She had in her veins the vital, tenacious Hebrew blood whose possession seldom gives down and whines. But heredity alone would have availed little except to enable Julia Salaman Goodman to linger long in a poor house. She had noble artistic gifts also, and a wise common sense; best of all the indomitable will that thus far has kept her from yielding to the "cowardly habit of dying."

Julia Salaman was one of a family of twelve children, all of them uncommonly gifted. Their parents educated them in a practical manner. Julia ran naturally to painting. She had the best teacher of the time and adopted portraiture as her specialty. When she was thrown on the world with a husband and children to support, she naturally and easily took up again the beloved art which had been her entertainment in her fortune favored years.

From that day to this her life has been one of incessant labor—not grudging slaving toil, but cheerful happy tasks, so happy that you can fairly

hear the joy bells ringing their accompaniment down along the years all the way. Mrs. Goodman has naturally strong power of concentration and she has cultivated it till it is enormous. These are the things that have made her and kept her—noble intellectual gifts, a strong love nature and a splendid will power. Now at ninety she paints and does needle work without glasses, only occasionally using a magnifying glass for a few of the more delicate strokes of her brush. Who, man or woman, can equal such a record?

Mrs. Goodman has painted more than a thousand portraits. Nearly or quite fifty years ago she began exhibiting her work in the Royal Academy, and she has kept it up ever since. She has painted scores of the notable persons of Great Britain. She has also met socially most of those who have helped make English history in the past two generations. She has lived with her working and enjoying faculties unimpaired while five British sovereigns ruled and four of them passed away. George III was king when she was born; she witnessed the coronation of George IV; lived and wrought while William IV, then Victoria reigned and died. Victoria was seven years younger than Mrs. Goodman—and now, in full possession of her artistic powers, the marvelous woman yields, allegiance to King Edward VII.

It is not for the old girls that I have been at pains to trace out this life story, not for those ancient females who have let active life slide from their grasp and now sit in a corner and "take things easy." These are past praying for. It is for the young girls I write, those of fourteen and upwards. There is no woman in England more honored than ninety-one-year-old Julia Goodman.

Girls, most of you will live to be old. Well now that you are going to, anyhow, for it is a priceless privilege to stay here and keep leaving something all the time and giving loving service to others; stay here so long as you can, be as beautiful as you can all the time, love, serve, and learn all you can. Above all, train your will to be strong and steadfast toward any worthy aim you desire. And this is the moral.

How to Make a Speech

By CLARA HEROLD.

If a woman under the age of 100 can do even so simple a thing as to walk down a church aisle in the presence of others without thinking what those others are thinking of her appearance, she is an exceptional woman. An overwhelming, frightening self-consciousness is the bane of the feminine sex. You see it in the silly vanity of even small girls when they strut along the street in new frocks or watch to learn if others are impressed with them. The whole sex, from five to ninety-five, is eaten up with this wretched vanity. It causes stage fright. It is not self conceit, but the lack of it. In the girl child it is the beginning of a false education; in the grown woman it is the distressing result of that education. Women have been trained to regard the tout ensemble of mere physical appearance as the all in all of the female being; consequently they are always in a stew in regard to that appearance.

This eternal self consciousness cripples a woman when she would speak in public. It peeps out evermore in the oratory of clubwomen. It is the direst enemy to their success in that field. Get rid of it, then. But how? Well, resolve once for all that you will get rid of it or die. Make yourself cease to think about the impression you are making on others. If you find you are doing this in spite of good resolution, check yourself instantly. Think of something else. Do this in all the affairs of life. In proportion as you do it, in proportion as you can merge your petty personality into the infinite life, to that exact degree you will really begin to be somebody.

Would you like to make a speech? Sit down first, quietly and alone, and think very earnestly with all your pow-

ers of concentration on what you want to say. Don't for one second let the chilling, accursed thought of whether your audience will consider you, Jane Smith, brilliant and wise, remain in your mind. Just think of what you, Jane Smith, desire to say in all good will and modesty. Make a perfect picture in your mind of yourself standing before the audience speaking this matter.

Then prepare your speech. Never read it if you can possibly avoid it, but speak it. Stand up like a man and look people in the eye and let yourself go. Hurl your sentences winged with the magnetic force of your soul. Women's clubs will fall to pieces if women do not stop reading those long, stupid papers.

If you have only a five or ten minute address to make, do not write it at all. Put upon paper the heads of what you would say; then talk the speech over to yourself in your mind till you are familiar with it as A B C. That is the best way of all to make a speech.

Then speak distinctly, in a clear voice. How to acquire this clear, distinct voice? Bring your voice forward from your throat and issue it from your lips moderately wide so it can get out. To understand exactly what I mean, take, for instance, the sentence "Braid broad braid, my brave babes." Pronounce it first back in your throat in the ordinary crude, slovenly way in which we American people manage the voice; then throw your tone forward and send it from your front teeth and the tip of your tongue, drawing your lips slightly backward at the corners to give the sound room to get out, and you yourself will be surprised at the difference.

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How to Cook Capon—The capon may be prepared in any number of ways—roasted, braised or fricassed—but it is generally boiled. A fat capon should be selected and stuffed with a mixture of bread crumbs, chopped truffles and chopped mushrooms. Put a slice of bacon skewered on the breast; then put it in a saucepan with some unskimmed broth, spices and herbs. Boil slowly for one hour. Then remove the capon from the broth, reduce the liquor and make a sauce, which may be varied according to taste.

How to cook Soft Clams—Select the large white shell clams, wash thoroughly in cold salted water to free them from sand, and open carefully. Wash the deep half of each shell again and place the clams on them. Lay in a large baking pan, pour a little melted butter over each clam, dust with fine cracker crumbs and season with salt and a dash of red pepper. Lay a slice of smoked bacon an inch square on each clam, put the pan in the oven and bake until a rich brown. Serve with quarters of lemon.

How to make Hash—Vegetable hash as usually made uses the vegetables left from a boiled dinner, such as cabbage, potatoes, beets, carrots and parsnips. For one quart of the vegetables about half a cupful of stock and one tablespoonful of butter should be used. Meat hash is sometimes varied by the addition of rice. Often to a beef and potato hash Spanish sweet peppers are added, together with chopped onions. A beef hash is much improved by tomato sauce.

A Wrinkle in Cooking Steak—The proper way to cook a beefsteak is to broil it, but oftentimes it may happen that it is not convenient, and the steak must be fried. This may be done very satisfactorily if a little thought is given to the matter. Put an iron saucepan over the fire and let it become very hot; then rub the pan with a piece of butter and put in the steak and quickly brown one side; then turn it over and brown the other side. This will keep in the juices. Cover the pan and cook the steak three minutes, again turn and cook it three minutes longer. If the steak is not of extra thickness, the meat will be cooked sufficiently in that length of time. Place the steak on a hot platter, spread it with butter, season with salt and pepper and serve.

How to make Cream Puffs—One-half cupful of butter melted in one cupful of hot water. Put in a small tin pan on the stove to boil. Stir in one cupful of sifted flour while boiling; take off and cool. When cool, stir in three eggs, one at a time without beating them. Drop on buttered tins and bake in a hot oven 20 or 30 minutes. Filling, one cupful of milk, one egg and one-half cupful of sugar. Thicken with cornstarch and flavor with vanilla.

A Favorite Dessert—Spanish cream is a favorite dessert. For one quart of cold milk use half a box of gelatin. Cover and let them stand together about an hour. Then heat, but do not let the mixture boil. Beat the yolks of four eggs and add to them half a pound of fine sugar. Turn the scald-

ing milk over the eggs and sugar, stirring all the time. Return the mixture to the fire and stir until it is of the consistency of soft custard. Let the mixture become cold, stirring it occasionally as it cools. When it begins to thicken, flavor with vanilla lightly stir in the whites of the eggs that have been beaten to a stiff froth. Turn the mixture into a mold and put in a cold place. Make a soft custard and pour around this dessert when serving it.

Egg Lore—"Hot water makes an omelet much more tender than milk says a cooking teacher," and if you want to make one which suits a small family, use invariably the rule of one egg to one tablespoonful of liquid.

"In making boiled custard you must be very careful in watching that it does not curdle. It ought to be taken from the fire immediately on beginning to thicken."

Grilled Nuts—Boil two cupfuls of granulated sugar with a half cupful of water till it hairs. Add two cupfuls of blanched and dried almonds and filberts mixed, and stir till the sugar grains and clings to the nuts. When well coated and before they get into a mass, turn them out and separate any that have stuck together.

Mutton Pie—A mutton pie may be made equally well with cooked meat, but will not have to cook more than thirty to forty-five minutes so as to bake the pastry. Take a couple of steaks off a leg of mutton and cut the meat into square pieces, removing all skin. Have on a plate a heaped tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of chopped onions, the same quantity of chopped parsley, with pepper and salt to taste. Dip each piece of meat in the flour and pack it lightly in a pie dish, scattering over all the remains of flour, etc. Fill up the dish with stock, water or gravy. Cover with a good crust and bake steadily for one and a half to two hours. Let the oven become cooler after the pastry is done.

Baked Orange Pudding—Three ounces of stale bread, four oranges, a quarter of a pound of lump sugar, half a pint of milk, three eggs, a little nutmeg pastry. Cut the bread in small pieces, boil the milk and pour over the bread and let it soak. Rub some of the lumps of sugar on two of the oranges to absorb the yellow part of the rind. Put them and the rest of the sugar into a basin. Strain the juice of the four oranges on to them. When dissolved, mix in the bread, put into a buttered pie dish, which has been edged with pastry, and bake for half an hour.

Indian Griddle Cakes—For Indian griddle cakes put in a large bowl half a pint of yellow meal, a level teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of sugar. Pour over this one pint of boiling water, and when thoroughly mixed, add one and one-half cupfuls of cold milk. Let the mixture stand at one side until perfectly cold, then stir in one cupful of flour in which one teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted, and last add two well beaten eggs. Indian cakes should be cooked slowly and thoroughly.

Recipes by Miss Emily L. Colling.

BROWN SAUCE.—Add to the pan in which the cannelloni was baked one rounding tablespoonful of flour; rub to a smooth paste; add one cup of soup stock or boiling water; stir a moment and then place on the stove; stir until the sauce bubbles, add a scant half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of KITCHEN BOUQUET, one-half teaspoonful of white pepper and one-half teaspoonful of onion juice. Let it bubble up, and serve at once.

CANNELONI OF BEEF.—Two pounds of uncooked beef (round steak is best) chopped fine or put twice through a meat chopper; yolks of three eggs, two level tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four rounding tablespoonfuls of soft bread crumbs, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, the grated yellow rind of one-half of a medium sized lemon, two level teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of celery salt, one teaspoonful of onion juice, mixed with one-half teaspoonful of KITCHEN BOUQUET, one saltspoonful of white pepper. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly, and form into a compact roll. Wrap in one thickness of buttered paper; place in a baking pan and bake for about forty minutes in a quick oven. Baste every five minutes with one-fourth cup of butter melted in one-half cup of boiling water. When done remove the paper and serve with brown sauce.

Recipes by Mrs. Janet M. Hill.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Make a Béchamel sauce of one cup of chicken liquor, half a cup of cream, one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, salt and pepper and a scant teaspoonful of KITCHEN BOUQUET; add a beaten egg and one pint of chopped chicken; a few chopped mushrooms or almonds are an improvement. When the mixture is cool form into pear shape, egg and bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Serve on a folded napkin or dish paper, inserting a sprig of parsley into the stem of the croquettes.

CREAM SAUCE.—Cook together one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, and add gradually one pint of milk; let simmer ten minutes after all the liquid has been added; season with salt and pepper and add KITCHEN BOUQUET to taste.

LIMA BEANS, HOLLANDAISE STYLE.—Cook the beans until tender, adding salt when half cooked (when tender there should be but very little liquid remaining). For a quart of beans beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream, add the yolk of an egg, a tablespoonful of fine chopped parsley, one-fourth a teaspoonful of black pepper, and, drop by drop, half a teaspoonful of KITCHEN BOUQUET and half a tablespoonful of lemon juice; when well blended stir into the beans carefully, to avoid crushing them, and serve at once.



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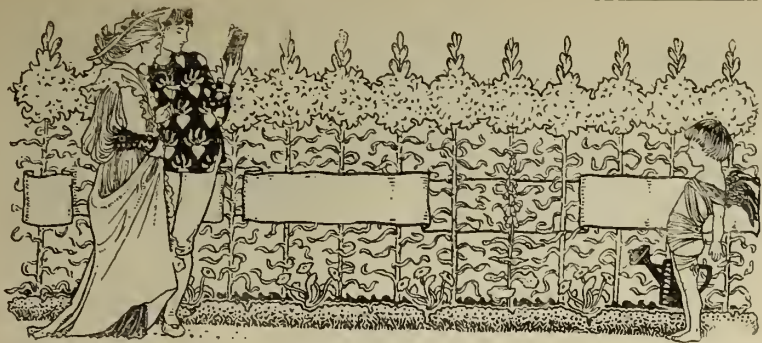
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LOVE LETTERS ANSWERED

BY MADAME MINERVA

Dear Minerva:—I was engaged to a good young man, and everything went smoothly until the last month when we were planning our wedding day. He wanted me to live in a hotel and I love housekeeping; the result was, we had a quarrel and broke our engagement. Now I feel very sorry and wish him back. What shall I do?

Yours sincerely,

ANXIOUS GIRL.

You have taken the right course. If a man does not prefer a comfortable home to life in a hotel, he is not worthy of a good wife, and you will be happier without him. Do not despair; there are plenty of honorable young men seeking wives to make them comfortable homes, and you will yet be happy.

Dear Minerva:—You give everyone such kind advice in your columns that I am coming to you for your opinion as to what I shall do. I am acquainted with a young man whom I think is very nice, that is, I appreciate him as a friend. He has paid me considerable attention and from his actions I should judge that he cares a great deal for me, but I have learned recently that he is engaged to a young lady in a distant city. Now my friends insist that I ought not receive his attentions since they have found that he is engaged to another. As for myself, I do not care if he is engaged, because I simply want him for a friend and escort. Do you think I ought to refuse to have anything to do with him, or shall I accept him as a friend and escort?

A. B. C.

You should not under any circumstances accept his attention. A man who pays you marked attention, as you say, when he is engaged to another girl has not any principle about him, and should be avoided. Take the advice of your friends and have nothing to do with him.

Dear Friend:—I have been keeping company with a young man for two years. He takes me out very often, and I am sure he does not go with any other girl, but he always says he is going to be an old bachelor. I love him, but what shall I do, give him up or continue going with him? I am beginning to think now that he will never marry. Please answer, and thus oblige a

HEART-BROKEN GIRL.

It is hard for me to decide this matter for you. It may be that he has had an unfortunate love affair in the past, which has left him broken-hearted. Try to find out. If his affections have never been given to any one, you may still hope to win them. At any rate, you may be able to keep him as a friend.

Dear Minerva:—Seeing your kind advice to girls in similar difficulties, I am going to ask you to aid in this matter. Not long ago, I became acquainted with a gentleman with whom I fell in love at first sight. He is very handsome, but is a foreigner and speaks very poor English. Sometimes I can hardly understand what he says. I am sure he loves me. Do you think I would be happy if I married him?

ELLA.

Certainly, my dear, if he is a good and honorable man, he will make you a good husband. Do not feel bad because he speaks poor English now. He will soon improve, and you might be able to assist him.

Kind Friend Minerva:—I would be very grateful if you would advise me what is best for me to do. My mother is dead, and my father is very strict, and will not allow me to accept attentions from young men, although I am twenty years old. Several young men have asked to call upon me, but I have to make some excuse as I know my father would be very angry. I like company and a good time, so this makes me very unhappy.

Yours,

L. M. A.

Obey your father. It may seem hard now, but he probably has reasons for his actions.

Dear Madam:—Seeing advice to young ladies in your Magazine, I write in hopes you may find time to answer my question. I have been married for nearly a year, but as my wife is not strong, she thinks it better to live with her mother. I much prefer having a home of my own as her mother always dictates and interferes with us. She makes life so miserable for me that I almost wish I was single again.

T. J. O.

A man who has a disagreeable mother-in-law is always to be pitied. But, it may be that the fault is partly yours. If you are able to provide a home for your wife, you should insist on her leaving her mother. You should have made arrangements for a home of your own before your marriage.

Dear Madame Minerva:—I have kept company with a young man for about two years. Six months ago he went away to the country, and while he was away I met a gentleman whom I think I like better, but as the first one always writes speaking about our marriage, etc., I do not know what to do. Shall I break my engagement with the first or marry him and give up the second?

Yours very respectfully, F. A. R.

Now, my dear, you are the only one who can judge of this matter. You should marry the first young man, but if you do not love him best, it would be better to break the engagement than to doom yourself to a life of unhappiness. Do not longer continue to be engaged to one man and keep company with the second. Be honorable, and dismiss one or the other.

Dear Consoler:—I can not make up my mind what is best for me to do. Perhaps you can give me some advice in my dilemma. I am thirty years old, and all my life I have not cared to get married, although I have had several offers. I do not like household duties, but still I do not like to be an "Old Maid." I have been accepting attentions from a gentleman who wants me to marry him. I do not love him, although I respect him highly. Do you think I will be happy if I marry him?

AGNES.

As you do not love the gentleman you speak of, and dislike household duties, I would advise you not to marry him but to remain single. There is no disgrace in being an old maid, or a "Bachelor Girl," as they are called now.

Dear Advisor:—I am a young girl just fifteen and I am of a jolly disposition, and many of my schoolmates show a preference for me and want to come and see me, but my mother insists that I am too young to receive the attention of boys, even those of my own age. I do not think seriously of the boys, I only want friends. Don't you think she is unreasonable, and what shall I do, my dear Minerva?

A SCHOOL GIRL.

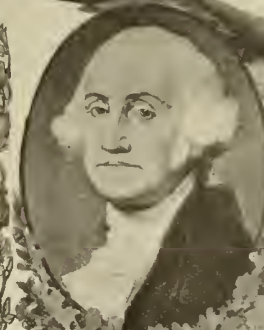

Now, my dear child, it may seem hard for you to obey your mother at this time, but when you become older, you will realize that she is right. Go back to your books and put boys out of your head for a few years. If you want friends, why not seek them among your girl schoolmates?

Dear Minerva:—Will you please answer me through the columns of your paper and tell me what you think is best for me to do. I became engaged against my parents' wishes to a young man of a different religion than I am. My parents say if I marry him, they will disown me. I really love him and the thoughts of giving him up breaks my heart. I also love my home and parents so I am almost distracted. Please advise me what to do?

A. H. B.

It is a very serious thing for one to marry against their parents' will, yet it is sometimes advisable. If the young man is industrious and able to offer you a good home, it might be well to marry him. If, on the other hand, you are both so strong in your religious views that you will be continually clashing, it will be better to give him up, for love will soon be killed by constant strife.

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Five Hundred Dollars This Year.

SPIM CO., of Johnstown, N. Y., proprietors of SPIM Soap and SPIM Ointment, have issued a little booklet "How to Take Care of Baby's Skin, and Keep It Soft, White and Beautiful," which they wish to place in every mother's hands who will write for it.

They wish to establish a "CABINET OF BEAUTIFUL BABIES," which will contain the photographs of all babies sent them under the following plan.

Write to SPIM CO. for a BABY REGISTRY CARD, which contains blank spaces for information concerning your baby's birth, which if you will kindly fill out and return for registry (followed as soon as possible with baby's photograph) will register your baby in SPIM'S CABINET OF BEAUTIFUL BABIES and a complete copy forwarded to you when issued, FREE OF CHARGE.

When this CABINET is completed it will be submitted to a committee of 3 (not one of whom has ever seen the pictures before), who will pick out the HANDSOMEST BABY of all those pictured in the Cabinet.

To the one so selected, SPIM CO. will immediately place in bank, in its native town, the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, in trust, which sum, when the baby shall have attained its majority, shall become ITS ABSOLUTE PROPERTY, with all ACCRUED INTEREST.

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PLEASE NOTE.—The only conditions required for your baby to be eligible for this liberal offer are that SPIM Soap or SPIM Ointment shall be used to preserve, purify and beautify its skin, scalp and hair, and a WRAPPER of one or the other sent us with the name of the druggist from whom you purchased them.

NOTE If your druggist does not keep SPIM Soap or Ointment, enclose with your request for a registry card 25c, and the card, the booklet and a CAKE OF SPIM SOAP will be sent you by return mail, all charges prepaid. SPIM Ointment is 50c prepaid.

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have cured a little baby born with blood poison, red blotchy skin, terrible itching, hair in thin, shred-like patches, hands broken out in raw places between the fingers, and on the delicate little body, chafing had worn the folds of the skin almost to a raw state. Everything was tried, the child meanwhile suffering cruelly, crying and moaning day and night. SPIM Soap with warm water baths appeared to help the sufferer at once. Greatly encouraged, they persevered with the treatment applying at intervals SPIM Ointment. In a short time the child grew better, the skin cleared, hair grew again, appetite returned with restful days and sleep nights; finally came clear, healthy baby skin, smooth, pink and natural. Today the child is healthy and clear-skinned with no trace of the disease.



How To Stop Worrying

BY JANE MOSES.

Whatever is accomplished on the plane of action must be wrought out first on the plane of thought. The greatest deeds are done by those able to concentrate their mental faculties most powerfully. If you leave your brain open to receive every floating mind vibration, catching what Mrs. James French King calls the "dust particles of thought," you become by and by a mental scrap bag. The hurry habit with which women are generally afflicted is destructive of mental power. While a woman's hands are doing one thing her mind has jumped ahead to the next two or three things to be accomplished. The woman is thus divided up until parts of her are in two or three places at a time. See? "Hurry is of the devil," says the Arabian proverb.

The next chronic evil mental habit prevalent among women is the worry habit. You can't help worrying? You can help it. I am going to tell you exactly how. Overcoming both the hurry and the worry habit is achieved by learning mental self control. Elizabeth Towne in her useful little book, "Experiences," says she learned concentration and mental control by following with her hands the motions of her hands while she did housework. Here is the golden secret: Keep busy at something with your hands all the time and keep your mind on what you are doing. This will stop hurry and kill worry.

Suppose you are packing up to take a long journey. Let us suppose the worst possible case—namely, that you have to take three or four children with you. Get away by yourself and coolly and quietly plan out your duties in proper order. Then begin. Every moment keep your mind on what you are about, noting exactly the spot in which you put each article. Have your trunks around in easy reach. As you come to each article lay it where it belongs, at the same time giving yourself the mental charge to remember where it is. If you are interrupted at your work, make a mental note where you

leave off and declare you will begin there when you return. This can be done in one instant of time.

An admirable way to fix your mind on a thing is to make a picture of it mentally and see that picture constantly. Mental pictures are a marvelous aid to mind training. In respect to the disastrous hurry habit, say to yourself: "I am going to do things swiftly, all things swiftly, nothing hurriedly." There is a radical difference between swiftness and hurry.

Now, you have, let us say, an awful sorrow on your mind, the worst that can grip a girl or woman. On your life do not go off alone and brood over it. That will ruin your health and your good looks, perhaps drive you crazy. So long as you must live, live sweetly and joyously, all the ills on the earth to the contrary, notwithstanding. Do something useful or interesting—housework, sewing, musical practice. Physical exercise of all parts of the body is a brave slayer of grief. For this reason housework is a noble restorer of mental health. Let me repeat the prescription: To get away from corroding trouble keep your body busy at some work and keep your mind fixed every moment on the motions of your hands. This every girl and woman can do. You will be astonished in a few months to find how much you have gained in happiness and mind power as well. We are the rulers of ourselves.

A unique and fascinating way of gaining mental power is to select some word or very short sentences descriptive of a mental quality or state your desire to attain. Fasten your mind on the letters or the word or sentence. This helps greatly to steady the mind in concentration training. Suppose, let us say, you are like so many other women, timid, anxious, self distrustful, even cowardly. Take the sentence, "I am full of courage and power." Imagine it to be printed before you, see each letter and word with your mind's eye, sleeping or waking. By and by the sentence will "strike in" upon your soul, and you will become what the words declare. Try this plan.

Why She Was Not Successful

She was an intellectual girl, uncommonly so. She expected great things of herself. She easily surpassed her classmates in school studies, looking with contempt on those who were duller than herself.

She left school and went out to conquer the world. She began with bookkeeping. She learned it quickly. She obtained place after place. None was equal to her merits, she thought. Other girls rose at 6, took their places at their desks at 8 sharp, worked till 6 and did not consider themselves abused. She rose at 7, went to work at 8:30, wrought with accounts books and ledger till 5:30 or 6 and considered herself the most abused martyr in a city of a million people. She, mind you, did exactly what thousands of other girls do daily in the business world and are thankful they have the work to do; she wailed and grumbled all the time. She came home at night whining thus:

"I don't know why I have everything harder than other people just because I am not strong and well. Today they put enough work on me to kill a horse and the office boy was so impudent I had to report him. I made just a little mistake in my work and had to do six pages over again, and nobody felt sorry for me in the least. It made me so tired I couldn't eat any dinner, and what I did eat just lies on my stomach, and I know I'll be sick in the night and not sleep a wink. My nerves are all of a frazzle and I'm wearing out with this dreadful life as fast as I can. I'm so discouraged."

She had antagonized the office boy by walking roughshod over him and speaking harshly and authoritatively to him. Thus, she got his confirmed ill will, and office boys have ways of making things unpleasant for lady bookkeepers. Tact, gentleness, politeness, remembering that God created office boys of the same flesh and blood as herself would have made the youth her friend instead of her enemy.

She resigned and tried something else, with the like result; then another trade, then another. In every one "luck," as she called it, was against her. She was a whiner and a kicker.

Meantime, year by year, she grew more self conceited and "set" in her ways. There was nothing in her mental horizon but herself; consequently she assumed to herself the proportions of the universe, and whatever difficulty came in her path was exaggerated in proportion. Molehills others stepped over cheerfully and went on their way rejoicing that they were alive because to her distorted imagination mountains which "bad luck" had purposely placed in her way. She coddled herself, and drugged herself night and day with the poison of self pity, because, you see, she night and day thought of nothing but herself, her clothes, her prospects, her own superior ideas and actions. She seemed at length to have no human feeling toward any creature but herself.

She had not many real friends, although she was brilliant intellectually. Because she thought her ideas so superior to other people's she meddled with other people's business. She tried to impose her ways on them. It became finally her habit to criticize, antagonize, claw and kick her way through the world. From one occupation to another she went, dabbling in half a dozen, succeeding in none.

The grumbling, fault finding habit grew constantly. The habit of whining always over her "bad luck" intensified till at length she began to have now and then a stroke of what might really be called ill fortune. What wonder it overtook her. She had been saying all her life that failure was her fate, so what wonder destiny took her at her word. She got what she declared for herself, did she not? Invariably, sooner or later, we really get what we persist in declaring we have, whether it is good or evil.

The only way to obtain permanent good luck is to earn it. The only way to earn it is through thick and thin to be brave, sweet tempered and persevering, to persistently put out good will to everything that lives, to be always ready to learn, to do our best in every situation in life without grumbling, kicking or fault finding.

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A Good Housekeeper

BY MARY AGNES.

Discolored enameled saucepans easily made bright and clean by the use of powdered pumice stone.

In putting down Turkish rugs always spread with the warp towards the light in order to get the full effect of the sheen.

If the fire will not burn, gather up a few old corks and throw them in. You will find they are excellent for making the fire draw.

If the bread knife is heated, new bread can be cut as easily as old, but the knife will eventually be ruined with the heat.

If you have no maid, the plainer the furniture the better as it is so much easier to keep clean. Besides, a plain, rich surface on good lines is more dignified than a lot of machine carving.

The size of a small room is only made more apparent by a figured carpet. A plain carpet is best here, and if possible carpet two rooms opening into each other alike, so as to give the idea of a greater space.

To cool an oven while baking keep the door shut, put in the damper of the oven flue, and remove one of the rings of the hot plate. This will reduce the temperature quickly without admitting cold air to the oven.

SOAP DESTROYS VARNISH.

The care of furniture woods is an exceedingly interesting part of the intelligent housekeeper's duty. The daily light dusting must supplement the weekly rubbing if the "bloom" in this instance not desirable is to be kept away. As a rule, the use of oily restoratives is to be deprecated. Unless applied by a tireless arm, and thoroughly rubbed in and thereafter the piece of furniture kept in perfect polish by a daily rubbing, the oil is sure to form a crust sooner or later, which is gummy to the touch and not pleasing to the eye. For this reason, new furniture should be kept as long as possible without the application of such restoratives. Furniture which has been finished with shellac or varnish, whether in glossy or dull finish, should never be cleaned with soap or water. Soap is made to cut all oily substances, and in the performance of the service for which it is made, it eats the oil out of the waxed, oiled or a shellacked surface it touches and destroys them.

BEDROOM CURTAINS.

The best quality of cheesecloth make pretty and appropriate curtains for a bedroom. It comes in soft tones of green rose and yellow as well as white, and washes well. The chief beauty of cheesecloth lies in the graceful and pliable quality of its fold. Every breath of air stirs and gives it a change of line. Another fabric which may be used for curtains is called cider cloth. It has a loose mesh which admits a great deal of light. Unfortunately it is apt to fade, but it is so inexpensive that it can be frequently renewed.

MAKING HOUSEWORK EASY.

This article applies both to women living in the cities and to those whose homes are in the country, although the latter may have more conveniences to deal with.

Certain women have large houses to keep in order and large families to take care of never seem to need help and, furthermore, have tried to read, at ten clubs, and, in general, improve their minds. Others with not half the care are continually at it from morning till night. Why is this?

It is simply a question of method.

Women do not realize that in housework one must make one's brains save one's heels and that methods is as necessary as in other occupations too. One of the most thorough housekeepers I know spends twenty minutes every morning planning the work of the day. She says that by so doing she more than saves the twenty minutes twenty times over. Before getting a meal stop and think how many things you will need from the cellar and try to get them all at once. Have the stove as near as possible to the sink and cupboards. Have the mixing table high enough so that you will not have

to bend over it, and have a high chair that you can sit in when mixing dough, peeling potatoes, etc.

Why keep the flour barrels a quarter of a mile away from the pastry table? Why not have a little cupboard over the pastry table containing the necessary spices and ingredients?

Drop shelves are a great advantage, especially where room is limited, and zinc covered tables are also very useful.

The farmer's wife will find her work ten times easier if the tubs are placed in the kitchen proper instead of the shed adjoining; also if there is drain through which she can pour the waste water without having to go through an outside door, and some distance from the house with her heavy burden. This can be erected at slight cost and is important on the ground of health also. Build the wash tubs high enough to avoid that backache.

A refrigerator will save many trips down cellar and so will a window box in the winter time.

Place things where they are most convenient, and keep them there and have a different day for each phase of your work, and eliminate all of it which is not necessary.

THE CARE OF CARPETS.

A good layer of newspapers underneath the carpet will prevent all danger from moths which have a strong objection to printer's ink, and will not come anywhere near it to lay their eggs.

Fresh paper should be used every time the carpet is taken up.

Tea leaves, damp salt on newspaper that has been soaked in water and then squeezed dry and torn into small pieces are all very good for taking up the dust when sweeping, but tea leaves should always be rinsed in water before using, especially if the carpet is a light one.

Damp salt brightens and colors wonderfully if they are not at all faded or soiled. Remember that a carpet should always be swept the way of the nap. To brush the other way is to brush the dust in. Attend to all stains as soon as possible. If left, they gradually sink into the carpet and are much more difficult to remove than if done at once.

BAKING CUP.

Every kitchen should have a set of the little brown earthenware cups that come for custards and other bakings. Popovers are delicious when baked in them, as are also soft cornbread, rice muffins and other luncheon breads. For Popovers sift together a cup of flour, a teaspoon of baking powder and a little salt. Add gradually stirring all the time, a scant cupful of milk. Beat in a well whipped egg, and beat the mixture for some minutes with a Dover egg-beater. Have the cups hot and buttered. Pour in the batter, and bake thirty-five minutes in a moderate oven. The cups should not be more than half filled as the batter rises.

HOW TO PRESS CLOTH.

When woolen cloth is to be pressed, but not washed, it is sometimes the question of how best to give it the dampness that will enable the hot iron to remove folds and wrinkles. Good results are to be had by wringing a sheet out of warm water spreading it on a large table arranging upon it the pieces to be pressed and then folding or rolling all in a bundle. After lying thus for several hours, the cloth is evenly damp but not wet, and all creases and fold soften to the best possible condition for the ironing. The pressing rather than the ironing must be done slowly with irons not too hot nor too cool moving them just fast enough to prevent one from printing its outline on the goods. Hot enough to raise the steam, but not hot enough to scorch the wool, is right for the irons. Ladies cloth treated thus loses every crease and the too clinging softness lent it by wear. Thinner goods are handled the same way with success. The processes of course is that followed by all tailors and called "sponging," except that no pressing follows the dampness of new cloth. It being merely spread smooth and left to dry.

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A Tonic in Fatigue



THE MATURE CHARMER

Some of the most irresistible beauties in the history of famous amours were long past thirty-five when potentates of the world became enslaved to their charms. Cleopatra, for example, must have been forty when Mark Antony threw away the world for her. Mme de Maintenon was a mature widow of quite forty when the outworn voluptuary, Louis XIV Became passionately enamored of her, and to the stupefaction of court and kingdom married her. History indeed, is full of the conquests of the mature siren.

In Greek art, too, it was found that the masterpieces, such as the Venus de Milo and the Vatican Victory, represent mature goddesses. In Shakespeare's sonnets it is clear

that the woman idealized was of what the French call "certain age," meaning far beyond the bloom and fragrance of the teens or twenties.

A Beautiful Face is the First Letter of Recommendation

A simple truth, impossible to deny unwise to neglect.

It costs you nothing to come and see the marvelous work I have on exhibition this week. Faces showing wrinkles and crowsfeet removed. Faces showing beauty and freshness of youth fully restored.

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Humor of the Telephone

BY KATE CLYDE.

If you want humor, sit near a tele-
phone station—one of course, that
isn't inclosed. Along comes a pretty
girl. Hello, Central, give me the Ex-
aminer. This the office of the Daily
Examiner? Oh, I want the Sunday.
This the Sunday? I want to speak to
the sporting editor. What's my name?
Why, the idea; you just tell the sport-
ing editor to step to the phone. That
you Charlie? Tee, hee, tee, hee. Why,
the idea. You ought to be ashamed of
yourself, you naughty boy. Look here,
Charlie. I want you to come up some
evening this week. What is that? Oh,
I only have Thursday left. All right,
then; Thursday at half past six. I'll
be ready with my hat on."

BOOKED FOR A WEEK.

She rings off, then rings up Central
again. "Hello, hello! Give me 6-0-1-7
Broad. Hello, Is this the office of the
California Northwestern Railway? I
want to speak to Mr. Jack Bender. Oh,
howdy do, howdy do. Oh, Jack, I want
to see you about something special.
What evening can you come up? What
evening have I left? Oh, only Wednes-
day. You have an engagement? Oh,
break it then. Is she such a stunning
girl? Good boy; I knew you would.
What time? Half past six? All right.
I will be ready with my coat and hat
on."

And after doing this once more and
informing the third man that she only
has Saturday free she hangs up the re-
ceiver and turns to her companion
gleefully. "Come, Marjorie. Let's
have tea. I have every evening out for
dinner this week, now."

That is one way to do it. Sometimes
the men contribute to the mirth of the
bystanders. One rushes up excitedly.
"Hello, hello! This the Palace Hotel?
I want to speak to Mr. Brown. That
you, Brown? Awfully sorry, but I have
such a bad cold, and I'm feeling so
wretched that I won't be able to take
dinner with you and your wife this
evening. Yes, I'm awfully sorry. I'm
going to take something hot and get
right into bed." A pause, and then:
"Hello, hello, Central. This the Cafe
Zinkand? I want you to fix a nice little
table for two. Yes, 7 o'clock; that'll be
about right."

He pays and departs with a flushed
and radiant face.

'MALE OR FEMALE VOICE?'

In the office the young and overpop-
ular sporting editor shouts: "What's
that, Jones? Some one wants me on the
phone? To blazes with it. That's the
third today. I shall never finish this
stuff in time. Male or female voice? If
it's a woman, say I'm not in."

Suave tone of Jones: "I am sorry,
madam; but Mr. Sport just stepped
out five minutes ago. (On the alert for
information.) Will you leave your
name? Very well, then. I'll tell him
you'll call again."

General chuckle through the office.
Blessed little telephone, and blessed
be the man who invented it.

TROUBLES OF THE FEMALE SEX.

Girls have their troubles. I don't
know which to pity the most, the girl
who has no family or the girl who has
too much of one.

Of course, it's a very sad sight, a
tender young thing living alone (in
more or less luxury), trusting to her
wits for her pleasure as well as for

her living, and sometimes not getting
to do very much of either. A girl who,
without any family to back her and
teach her, the handed down wisdom of
ages holds her men friends in the teeth
of every designing married woman who
prowls. But there is another side to
the picture.

Bessie Smith was telling me about it
the other day. "Oh, you lucky girl,"
she cried, after a little dinner in my
bachelor quarters. "You lucky, lucky
girl."

I didn't think so, and I said so. "Why
you have a mother and sisters to love
you and to see that you get invitations
to dances and things, and I have to
forage for myself, sometimes in the en-
emy's country."

A TOO EXPENSIVE GIRL.

She sighed: "Yes, and I have a
father, and a brother, and a sister, and
a friend staying with us, and they all
sit around in the evening, and when a
man comes to see me he sits in the
midst of them, and there I am like a
dummy, listening to papa and mama's
conversation with him, interpolated
with sprightly remarks from my sister
and my friend. Lovely, isn't it?"

"But the man can take you out."
"Yes, so long as his money lasts, but
he pretty soon finds out I'm a mighty
expensive sort of a girl, and then he
doesn't come any more."

Alas and alack, what a tragedy.
But the girl who lives alone has trials.
Don't doubt it for a minute. "Why do
you still go with that pink haired, de-
signing Mrs. Schemer?" I asked one
of these unfortunates. "Don't you
know she uses you for a catspaw and
then takes away all the men you have
attracted, every blessed one of them?"

"S-sh," she exclaimed. "It is only
right. I am paying for my education,
and it is worth it. I simply sit at her
feet and absorb and absorb and ab-
sorb. Besides—

"Now I'm twenty, she is thirty.
And she takes the men from me;
When she's forty, I'll be thirty,

And I'll take them from her. See?"
Which is a philosophical and very
logical way of looking at it. Why not?
she also becomes prematurely cynical.
The only trouble with the girl who
has become prematurely wise is that.
Who can blame her?

A CONCEITED MINISTER.

"Odd, isn't it?" remarked one of this
species as she turned over and over a
visiting card. "A month ago this wo-
man didn't have any use for me. The
other day she met me in a car, promp-
tly fell on my neck, invited me in on
her day at her studio and called her-
self within three days. Wonder if it
is that she needs men, or has too many
and needs a good looking (ahem), girl
just to give the place a tone? I be-
lieve I will organize a scouting party
of one and reconnoiter."

But women are not the only conceited
ones. This is what I heard at the
minister's table just back of me: The
Rev. Mr. Grant was speaking. "Yes, she
seemed a nice girl, very solicitous af-
ter the welfare of her soul. She used
to drop into my study mornings to get
help in her spiritual difficulties, some-
times once a week, sometimes twice,
and finally almost every day. Then,
do you know, Bishop, I came to the
conclusion she was not seeking Jesus
Christ, but John Grant."



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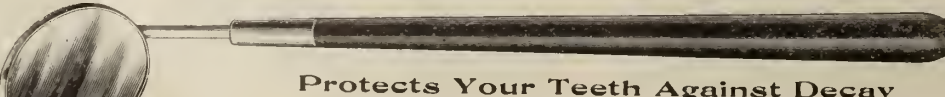
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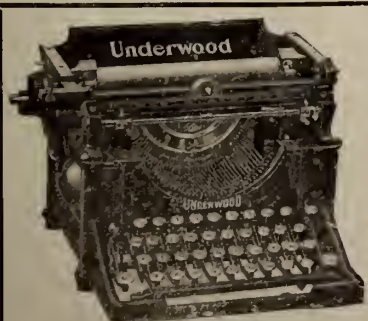
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SEASONABLE NOVELTIES

(Continued from page 37.)

cloth to the inside of bottom edge of one of the side pieces, turn it up against the side and put all the pieces under heavy weights to dry. If the paste is dry to commence with, this part of the work will not take more than three days; if the paste is wet, however, a week will be none too long to leave them under weight. Then join the pieces, punch holes in each side piece exactly opposite each other. One set of holes about one inch from the bottom, one set is at about the same distance from the top and one set midway between the top and bottom; through the holes draw narrow satin ribbon and tie in pretty bows. When the basket is set up the bottom drops down and rests against the sides, which keeps it in place. These baskets are a fine Exchange seller, and also sell well at resorts. For this latter trade they cannot be made too handsome; they readily sell at \$3 to \$5 each; while the plainer ones bring \$1, and yield a splendid profit at that.

I am making dress trimmings this year and as they are very simple, think perhaps others would like to know how I do it. I make lovely edges around boleros, jackets and entire vests. For the edges I take old lace edges that have a scroll pattern for motif, baste this lace on the material for vest and cut away the lace background, leaving only the scroll pattern. Take a double thread of Indian Royal floss and couch it around the pattern with gold thread, couch this on both sides of the scroll; through the center of scroll sew a gold head every quarter of an inch, allowing a long stitch of the silk to show on the right side between each bead. Fill in the space with French knots of the same doubled silk; it gives a rich oriental effect to scatter these knots all over the plain material of the vest.

SILKS FOR SUMMER.

For the summer, although Lyons has made, as usual, some exquisite warp, prints, faconne, pompadour, broad striped and other superposed effects, also many beautiful bordered novelties, the great consumption will be upon more practical productions as evolved from a happy combination of American and French ideas.

The silk for Summer, beside the all-powerful taffeta, which is still the reigning favorite, will be neat, novel striped, hairline, check shepherd plaids and other designs known under the generic term of Swiss patterns. With these, of course, is a great range of printed foulards; these latter in dots, pointille and bird's-eye dot patterns.

CLUB COMEDIES.

Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, past president of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association offers three one-act comedies for club reproduction. No scenery, curtain or special costuming required, and only women's parts in these original, up-to-date farces, which have had remarkable success. One type-written copy of the comedy desired sent for two dollars and a half.

"Why the Ladies' Literary Had No Entertainment"—8 characters.

"The Knickerbocker Dames"—10 characters.

"From Three to Six"—14 characters.

Send stamped envelope for information to Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, 171 Parnassus avenue, San Francisco.

A WHITE ROSE.

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

CALIFORNIA FLOWERS

Are the admiration of the world, and the acres of roses, carnations, sweet peas and chrysanthemums shown in the center pages of the April number of the California Ladies' Magazine were the product of the Cox Seed Company, 411 Sansome street, San Francisco.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Answers to riddles in the April number:

Riddle—Heroine.

Charade—Nut-meg.

Pi—Events are only winged shuttles which fly from one side of the loom or life to the other, bearing the many colored threads out of which the fabric of our character is made.

Easy diamond—1, L, 2, LAD; 3, LATIN 4, DIG. 5, N.

Cross word enigma—Music.

RIDDLE BOX.

HEADS AND TAILS.

Example:—Behead me and my venom you may fear;
Curtail me and imperfect I appear;
Complete, in garden find me far and near.

Answer: Wasp—Asp—Was.

1. Behead me and reveal a skillful knack;
Curtail me and I'll go upon a track;
Complete, I carry burdens on my back.

2. Behead me and I furnish you with light;
Curtail, a bivalve tempts your appetite.

Complete, I'm warranted to hold you tight.

3. Behead me and my slinness is betrayed;
Curtail me, and I'm of an inky shade,
Complete, with costly wools I'm oft inlaid.

DIAMOND.

1. In commencing; 2. A vehicle;
3. A frolic; 4 A chief officer, 5, A domain; 6, An edge; 7, In ending.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In fox but not in camel;
In camel but not in cat;
In cat, but not in pigeon;
In pigeon, but not in bat;
My whole stands for power,
And waves o'er many seas;
My whole is, too, a flower,
Which grows on marshy leas;—
Is on the city's crowded streets;
Now guess me, if you please.

CHARADE.

My first has no love for my second,
But hopes 'twill be his ere he dies;
My whole is so pleasant a matter,
To do it each clever one tries.

EVENING COSTUMES.

Beautiful frocks are being made of orange chiffon trimmed with a keynote pattern of chantilly lace and chenille. Many satin and chiffon dresses are decorated with lappets of mink or sable. These regal looking furs always seem adapted to the adornment of chiffon and satin.

Evening coats are made of flowered panne in various shades. Chiffon is more popular than ever for evening dresses, while oriental satin is almost equally so. Some of the most beautiful gowns for evening wear are made in three or four shades of one color; yellow ranging from pale primrose to flame color, and palest shrimp pink to coral are most effective.

Many chiffon frocks are trimmed with garlands of chiffon roses to match, sometimes also further decorated with paillettes. Glace is often intermingled to support these fragile roses.

LEARN BOOKKEEPING FREE.

We have made arrangements with the British-American School of Correspondence, Rochester, New York, so that every reader of the California Ladies' Magazine may have a complete course in bookkeeping free. It is the best school of its kind and we would like to have all of our readers take advantage of this wonderful opportunity. Write to them.

RELIABLE PHARMACY.

Good Doctor will not cure you. His prescription will not help you. If these all will not work with harmony, they will with good and fresh medicine. Many times bright Doctors do very little to help patients, because the medicine was not made correct, or was made of too old herbs. After our experience we highly recommend Morehead's Pharmacy, corner Second and San Fernando streets, San Jose, Cal.



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JUNE
1902



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EDITOR

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The August number of the California Ladies' Magazine will consist of sixty pages, beautifully illustrated, all masterpieces of the printer's art. Full charge of this splendid edition has been given to the ladies of the Woman's Relief Corps, the auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, and under their entire management it will be edited and published.

Mrs. Martha P. Owen of Meade Corps will be the Managing Editor, and with the assistance and hearty co-operation of the Presidents and members of all the corps of this department, she will make it one of the most notable publications ever produced on the Pacific Coast.

This memorable edition will contain a symposium of patriotism from the pens of America's most distinguished men and women that will be a perfect outpouring of welcome to the Grand Old Army.

From all over the United States the comrades will assemble in San Francisco during the month of August to commemorate the achievements of the Army of the Republic. They will find this edition of the California Ladies' Magazine a delightful souvenir or their patriotic gathering.

NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF THE GOLDEN WEST

As a tribute to the great work carried on by that loyal and patriotic organization, the Native Daughters of the Golden West, the directors of the California Ladies' Magazine have allotted one page to their publication to be devoted to this order every month. This department of the magazine will be edited by Miss Eliza D. Keith, the Grand President, who is a well known and able writer, and the articles contributed by her pen will be full of interest to all lovers of our State and members of this Order. Photographs of California's most charming and gracious daughters will be reproduced every month, and matters of interest concerning this loyal organization will be recorded.

In this issue the first pages of the series will be found to contain beautiful types of the daughters of our State. Many of the different Parlors are represented here both by descriptive articles, and also by photographs of the members, and the collection of California maidens found herein is a credit and a pride to the State.

We wish to extend our thanks to the members of the different Parlors for the kindly aid given in the past, and we earnestly desire their help and hearty co-operation for the future.



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\$100 in Prizes for Short Stories

The California Ladies' Magazine will give \$25 for the best short story, not exceeding twelve hundred words. All contestants must be subscribers. We will reserve the privilege of publishing all stories received, and to the one considered the best writer by our judges we will send check for \$25. For the second best story we will pay \$20. Third prize, \$15; fourth prize, \$10. The next six chosen by the judges will receive \$5 each.

The contest will close November 1st, 1903, and all stories must be sent in before that date, and addressed to the Story Editor, California Ladies' Magazine, San Francisco, Cal.



OUR TWO OLDEST REPRESENTATIVES

Our Magazine is endorsed by everyone, from the little child to men who have grown old in the cause of truth and justice. Children find in our pages much to interest them, and often leave their play to worry their brain in an endeavor to concoct a story suitable for our publication. Clergymen, grown old in the spreading of the gospel, call at our office and tender their aid and support to our Magazine, with the principles of which they are in hearty sympathy.

The portraits shown above are those of two of our most honored and respected representatives, who are now making a tour of the West, introducing our Magazine. As men of character and standing and as workers for the good of humanity, we send them forth to labor in the cause of a Magazine which stands for good morals, good laws, and justice. We sincerely trust that all good citizens will receive them with due reverence. Their motto is, "To place this Magazine in every family on the Coast, and to explain to every housewife, young lady and child the benefit to be derived from the pages of this worthy journal."

We present herewith two of the large corps of uniformed messengers and collectors employed by the California Ladies' Magazine.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS ON OUR MAGAZINE

Over a thousand publishers in the United States have spoken in high praise of the California Ladies' Magazine. We herewith present a few extracts from the pens of some of the brightest editors in our land:

FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

"We have gone over the California Ladies' Magazine carefully, and take the liberty of congratulating you on the nice publication you are turning out. This refers particularly to your illustrations and literary matter, and we have no hesitation in saying that you are publishing one of the best all-around publications in the country at the price."—"The Home Magazine," Washington, D. C., May 23, 1903.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

"The California Ladies' Magazine is profusely illustrated with fine half tone cuts and handsomely printed on an excellent quality of paper. Its table of contents includes articles historical, biographical, of travel, current topics of timely interest, to say nothing of a choice selection of fiction."—"Cortland (New York) Evening Standard," May 22, 1903.

LEADING LITERARY LIGHTS.

"Its correspondents include some of the leading lights in the literary world, among them being his excellency, Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger, and others. It might be interesting to add that this is the only magazine published exclusively by women in the United States."—"The Bay City (Mich.) Tribune," May 22, 1903.

IT RANKS WITH THE BEST.

"This handsomely illustrated monthly is devoted to the interests of the women, their social welfare and home life. It ranks with the best Eastern \$1 a year publications, and should be given a hearty support by the ladies of this Coast."—"El Dorado (Cal.) Republican," April 30, 1903.

A HIGH-GRADE JOURNAL.

"It is profusely illustrated with some of the finest photographs and drawings ever shown on the Pacific Coast. The Magazine is classed with the high-grade journals in the United States, and is recognized as the organ of the leading club and society women of the West."—"The Oakland (Cal.) Tribune," April 11, 1903.

DESERVING OF SUCCESS.

"A publication which is meeting with the success it merits, is the California Ladies' Magazine."—"St. Helena (Cal.) Star," May 1, 1903.

ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND.

"The California Ladies' Magazine ranks with some of the best of its class in publication today. It is the only paper of its kind on the coast and compares favorably with the Ladies' Home Journal, and other well known publications."—"Guadalupe (Cal.) Moon," April 29, 1903.

LEADING WOMEN INTERESTED.

"The leading women of the State have contributed to its columns, articles on fashion, society, club life, etc., making the magazine interesting to their sex."—"The Gridley (Cal.) Herald," April 18, 1903.



DUTY OF CHILDREN TOWARD THEIR PARENTS

BY REV. DR. JACOB VOORSANGER.

I AM requested to utter a sentiment on this very important question. I wish to say introductory, that the word duty strikes me as unpleasant in a consideration of the relations between children and their parents. Duty implies obligation, social and domestic responsibility. Now, I would like to study the question of the relationship of children to parents from the view point of love and that natural attachment that is a part of the condition of both childhood and parentage.

Mothers do not pour out the wealth of their affection upon their offspring because it is their duty, but because the mother that speaks in them prompts the emotions that underlie every process of caring for and nurturing their offspring. Fathers do not maintain their families as a mere duty, rather because that the sense of ownership with which nature inspires the begetter of children, prompts his nature to provide and nourish those for whose existence he is responsible. Practically speaking, whilst the primary relations between parents and children are purely a matter of nature, it is the state that regulates the social relationship between them, and determines the obligations that exist on both sides. So that when we speak of duty, we are practically out of the domain of emotion and refer to the legal aspect of covenants that ought to exist within purely moral environments. I believe the word duty in this connection to be much misunderstood. Parents being responsible for the lives of their children, may at least be said to owe them the obligation, or if you please, the duty to care for them; but children owe no duty, that is to say, no legal obligation to their parents, unless we are able to supplement the mere legal aspect of the question by high moral interpretations which represent the relationship of parents and children as the tenderest picture of the Divine parentage and its Omnipresent care of all the children of man.

Hence, what you call the duty of children to parents must at the present time be understood from two different points of view, which if welded together, may give us a correct impression of the question.

Duty being an expression of the obligation that individuals owe each other in their relations to the commonwealth, we first consider the relations of children to parents from the social and legal aspect.

Every household is a unit of society. It is a miniature state.

On the assumption that the interests of all members of a community must harmonize by each one surrendering a fraction of his individuality to the common good, that is to say, waiving his natural right to obey his impulses, good or bad, so that there may be a common standard of action and a common interpretation of conduct,—on the same assumption the children of one family primarily owe their chiefs the obligation of submitting to certain rules of conduct by which the interests of the whole family can be conserved without jeopardizing the interests of each individual member. Now the interests of the family like the interests of the State demand in the first place the selection of a representative agent of government, a government competent to interpret its traditions, to maintain its position, to transact its business and to sustain its relationship towards all other families, which in their aggregate, constitute the nation. It is the most natural thing in the world, of course, that this representative government should be vested in those who are the heads of the families by nature, that is to say, those who have created the family, and who by reason of that creative function, may be trusted to devise the rules and establish standards of conduct by which the integrity and the happiness of the family may be maintained. This leads to the most natural conclusion. Just as in a State absolute compliance with established standards of conduct must be insisted upon, under the operation of wise and

benign laws, which latter word represents the subordination of the will of the individual to the will of the people or any other competent legislative authority, just so in a family, every individual will or every individual conception of action must be subordinated to the common good as it is interpreted, maintained, and upheld by what we know at the present time as parental authority.

The growth of this parental authority throughout the long ages of human existence has a very interesting history. We are now able to trace the development of human society from its pre-historic conditions to the refined environments of our modern life. At no time, however, do we discover any serious disturbance of that natural relationship that is at the root of fam-

tions regarding Deity. Sometimes God is Father, sometimes He is Mother, sometimes He is both Father and Mother and completes the natural suggestion by resolving himself into a Child, the incarnation of both His Fatherhood and His Motherhood. You will understand that I am referring to a mere poetical expression and that I do not intend to engage in any vexatious discussion of the all-important question of the nature of God. Unities, dualities, trinities and pantheons all have their interesting history, being remarkable reflexes of the human mind and interpretations of the human consciousness in many ages, but they all tend to confirm the historical consciousness of the human race, regarding its relationship towards the Divine, to Whom it attributes creative

for which a mere State institution has no use, but which lies in the natural relations in which the heart must speak as well as the mind and which emotion must prevail as well as law. Turn all this around and you have what you are pleased to call the duty of children to parents.

When the Holy Scriptures in the eloquent and suggestive phraseology of the Book of Deuteronomy pronounced "Children are ye unto the Lord your of what here has been described. The complement of fatherhood and motherhood is childhood. Divine paternity begetting human activity is rewarded with love. Paternal care, paternal love, affection and devotion is met with the corresponding attributes in the child. It is duty only so far as its political considerations are concerned. It is pure nature as ethics interpret them. When religion recommends the honoring of parents, it does not exclude the possibility that parents themselves may have become unworthy by neglect, indifference or personal conduct of the love and devotion children are always supposed to yield to them. But this is again a question susceptible of extensive discussion. The foregoing is probably sufficient to justify the following brief statement. In our present state of society the old time relations of the heads of families and clans towards their children, relatives and followers exist in a considerably modified but much higher ethical degree. Our children's duty, I am now using the word for the first time, lies in what we teach them to be duty, or to be more exact, in what we show them to be duty. "Honor thy father and thy mother" was not revealed by a Deity who was Himself unconscious of a Divine obligation or refused to consider that the sources of honoring must be created by the parents. This is really the gist of the whole matter. Whilst every parent has a right to expect and exact obedience, reverence, love and every other expression of subordination from their children, it is probably more in accordance with the moral and social facts in the premises to arrive at the following conclusion:

Man and woman, try to mate happily physically as well as morally.

Make Divine love the cornerstone of your home, make social order and human virtue the ramparts in which you reside.

When you beget children bestow the proper care on their training. Let your child with its mother's milk, nourish that natural affection that in its manifestation is stronger than all social and political obligation.

When your children become conscious, begin to exhibit individualities, and are able to discriminate, show yourselves competent to lead them in the way they should go. Do not expect them to be anything you are not.

Let the home be the nest to which these fledglings will always gladly return. Let the manhood and the womanhood of the father and the mother be the suggestions by which the children fashion themselves.

Let the atmosphere of the home be one of peace, of love, of devotion and of tenderness.

Let the father stand for unremitting care, just discrimination, personal honor and integrity; and let the mother stand for that ineffable tenderness and mercy that makes motherhood the ideal of every good and strong man and it is very likely that under such conditions children will grow up unconscious of what you are pleased to call duty, yet, maintaining such attitudes towards their parents as are sanctioned by the noblest interpretations of that word, whether in the domain of politics or religion. That will be the time when men will rise up and call their mothers blessed and when "honor thy father and thy mother" will be but a natural interpretation of all the grace and goodness that God has put in the divine as well as the human relationship between the generations that come and go upon the face of the earth.



REV. DR. JACOB VOORSANGER.

ly life. Parental authority is a suggestion of nature, nay, we may call it an institution of nature. The lion's cub that lies helpless by its mother's side, or the lamb that runs bleating after its mother, or the colt that will try to run along by its blooded dam, these are in no wise less important suggestions than the human babe that lies nursing at its mother's breast, life of her life, bone of its father's bone, flesh of them both. It is the first law of nature that the weak shall cling to the strong, and the strong are permitted to rule, and if this primitive law be interpreted by the physiological affinities as well as by the social obligations that exist between parents and children, we have perhaps the best philosophical interpretation that can be obtained on this question.

But without further going into the political and economical aspects of the question, it may be worth while to ascertain how religion and ethics expound their own views regarding it. From the ethical point of view a family is a miniature of the universe. God is the Universal Father or, as He is sometimes interpreted, the Universal Mother. It is interesting to notice in the theologies of history how natural relationship between parents and children has given birth to concep-

functions, sustaining agencies, in brief, to Whom it ascribes since the earliest times a Fatherhood competent to maintain and supervise the world as well as to exercise the superintending functions of a father over the children he has created. In this, by no means primitive ethical view, lies the complete interpretation of religion regarding the relations of parents and children. The father and the mother, considering them as duellies, and in every respect equal and coordinate functionaries in the domestic establishment, represent Deity, inasmuch as in the contracted and limited sense their position towards the family is that of God towards the world. In them lies the sole responsibility to maintain what they have created; to sustain the lives of the children they have begotten. In them lies the alternative of the future weal and woe of the family. It is their intelligence that must devise standards of activity and common regulations that shall bring up the family according to the best ethical and social conceptions. Theirs is the natural function of government in which, in its most primitive aspect already, we find justice and love blended in symmetrical proportions. "Like as a father pitieth his children" is a function of paternity

THE PART THAT THE CAT PLAYED

By Stanley Glisby Arthur

"Though you are only an American, as you Colonials call yourselves, these days, because your traitor Colonel—"

"General! And no traitor!" I corrected.

Mistress Nell reached out a dainty foot and rubbed the neck of the black kitten with the toe of her little steel-buckled shoe, and began again. "Though you are an American and a stupid, such a stupid one at that, I doubt if you would feel or look well with your arms strapped to your back, relieved of your pretty sword and keeping step to men with beautiful red coats on, so, for the sake of appearances you had better go away at once," and her little foot gave the kitten another rub. The kitten, much gratified, got up from its recumbent position and purring ecstatically, curled about her slim ankles.

And I, not caring a whit for King George, or any of his red rabble, but wholly intent upon the beauty of the maiden that sat opposite me, could but stammer a lame protest against this dismissal.

"But Mistress Nell," I pleaded, "I have just arrived, and, forsooth, there are so many—so much. I want to say—and having already been favored by such an opportunity and—"

"But Captain," she interrupted, rising and mimicking my pleading, "It is your absence just now I especially covet."

"You are expecting some one!" I cried, my anger showing.

"Yes, my Captain," she answered, keeping her eyes on the kitten. "I am momentarily expecting a visitor."

"More welcome than I, no doubt!" I said with a terrible fear at my heart. "But having come so far, I do not mean to go without having a few words with you. Who is he who comes?" I was waxing mad. There was a faint trace of a smile at the corners of her lips.

"Have you the right to question me thus?" she asked not unkindly, as she re-seated herself in the low chair.

"Of course not, Nell." I was now aghast at my presumption. "But you—you were not thus towards me when I left here last autumn. You would not have sent me away so cruelly."

The queenly head still remained cast down; the sweet mouth grew grave; then she slowly said:

"You accuse me of being cruel, you think me ungracious when I am not, Captain Thompson. The visitor I expect is John Cunliff of His Majesty's Army, and he comes not to see me, but an American officer whom he expects to capture. He does not guess I know of his coming. Ben, our negro, saw him spying on you as you awaited my coming."

"Then," I cried, "there is time enough and plenty, for me to make my adieus, for the British are proverbially slow, and—"

But at this she suddenly grew affrighted, springing to her feet, laid both little hands on my arm, and lifting her wonderful eyes appealingly to mine, she implored me to go.

I could but gaze transfixed in those wonderful eyes of brown. Such eyes—the same pair, for a whole year I had carried in my heart!

"Go at once if you care at all for me! Go for my sake," and she pushed me towards the steps. "You have stayed too long now. I feel them coming. Run through the house and out by sheds and down by the woods—quick—quick."

As I was about to yield to her terror—a terror which filled me with joy, for was it not for me she was affrighted? lucky man! She with a cry frozen on her lips dropped her hands to her side.

"Too late!" she faintly said, looking past me, and out across the field. "There they come, six of them!"

Wheeling around I saw the red coats advancing toward the house. I was now much perplexed at the thought of having brought this trouble upon her by my obstinacy. I too felt some uneasiness, for the packet I carried, a packet of letters, how valuable I knew not, but albeit value enough to warrant my making a struggle, for despite the odds against me, I examined my pistol, loosened it in my belt, and grasped the hilt of my sword.

"There will be bullets flying around the porch, Mistress Nell, so hie thee inside."

"No! no!" she cried, clutching my coat sleeves. "You will be killed, Seth!"

"My honor and duty demand that I give up the dispatches. I carry no other way."

"They are coming," she whispered, peering through the lattice work covered with vines.

"Let them. But do you go inside," I demanded harshly, now being much perplexed.

"There! Right here; behind this door. quick, quick!"

And swinging the outer door of the house away from where it opened back against one wing of the house, Nell pushed me in the three-cornered space, scant enough for my hulking frame. Closing back the door she nimbly placed a chair in front of it.

"There," breathed she, "'tis the only place they won't look," then reaching a snowy arm through the narrow opening on one side, she demanded: "Give me the dispatches you have. Should you be taken or—I—I'll see to the safe delivery."

I hesitated, small credit to myself, for a moment, then, first implanting a kiss on her fingers, gave the packet to their keeping. She thrust the packet in her dress and faced around.

Peering forth from my hiding place I saw her coolly seat herself and with utmost composure coax the little black cat to her lap.

I saw the officer, a tall slender form in bright scarlet uniform stride up the path between the nodding buttercups. He came with a determination that bespoke his confidence of making an easy capture. That as much as aught else showed me the gravity of my peril, and I felt, on this fair morning, plainly what a sorry figure I must cut before the woman I loved.

In truth, the more I think of it the more I grow in sorrow. I had a mad impulse to step out and end everything quickly. I thought of—Heaven knows what—and did—nothing but watch how Nell worked the threads of fate she had taken in her own white fingers.

I beheld her beautiful composed face light with a courteous smile of welcome as the Britisher's heavy step sounded on the porch.

"Good morning, Captain Cunliff," she civilly said, rising to her feet. "My father has gone to the village, but will return—well I look for him any moment."

"I come not to see your father, my child," he answered in an not unkindly voice, but with an absence of ceremony that made me itch to be his teacher of manners for a short time. With interest I noted the strong lines of his face, long and deep jaw, piercing black eyes set narrowly together and brutal upper lip.

"Mistress Fairforth, has he retired to attic or cellar?"

This insolence maddened me.

"What mean you, Captain?" she answered coldly. The Britisher turned and gave her a long penetrating look.

"Believing in what I see with mine own eyes," said he, in a soft even tone. "I know he is here and now—"

"Your eyes are not to be relied upon," she curtly interrupted.



"I forbid you to enter my father's house."

"And now," he continued, not heeding her remark, save for a slight elevation of his eyebrows, "I have taken the precaution to see he does not get away," waving his hand in the direction of the soldiers who had moved so as to cover approach to the house.

"'Tis needless to repeat you are mistaken," Nell rose and showed in her attitude her visitor might consider himself dismissed.

He turned upon her, ignoring her tone and attitude, commanding "Where is he hiding?"

His tone was now neither smooth nor soft.

"You strangely forget yourself, sir!" she retorted scornfully. "I am not one of your soldiers!"

The Britisher's eyes gleamed angrily. Heretofore he acted a part in the matter, speaking and varying his tones for effect, but now he was himself.

"Sergeant! you and two men search this house, and find the rebel who hides behind petticoats!" he ordered, and as Nell was about to speak he snapped, "I have not time to waste on a chit of a girl."

Nell sprang into the doorway and barred the passage.

"I forbid you or any of your men, to enter my father's house in his absence!"

"Stand aside!"

"My father shall call upon you to answer for this insult!" she said. I boiled at this and had I not noted the warning shake of the head, she gave for me, as he turned to motion his men, I would have run him through for his insolence.

"Leave the doorway!" he cried, drawing his sword. "I have told you there is no one there. No one, do you hear? No one." Her voice came pleadingly.

"Come, stand aside! lest you be made to!" was all the answer the brute made. "Girls have lied before, to save their lovers!"

"You—you—you coward!" and her words coming in gasps, she slipped into the chair in front of my hiding place. Her little ear and the sweet curve of her neck was all I could see. They were dyed crimson and at this sign of distress, I had much ado to hold myself in check.

The three soldiers passed into the house, their footsteps sounding loudly as they mounted the stairs. The officer remained on the porch.

Nell was nervously jerking her lace kerchief through her fingers.

"You do not go with them?" she asked. "A gentleman would at least see they did nothing wrong," she added, rather viciously.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," Cunliff sneered, "they will only take—your lover."

I was upon the point of stepping out and whipping the cur with my scabbard and 'twas only after a masterful effort did I restrain myself.

She smiled coldly upon him, keeping up an incessant tattoo with her little shoe on the porch, fondling the little kitten once more.

If she did not feel herself insulted 'twould be the greatest presumption on my part to teach her that she had received one. Dullard that I was, 'twas not till long afterwards did I understand. She curbed her pride and took no offense at the insult for fear I would break out to avenge the rudeness and ruin all.

"'Tis monstrously delightful—the weather, is it not, Captain?" she murmured, beaming on him with a mirthful glance so gleaming and inexplicable that he glared at her with undisguised wonder from his narrow eye-slits.

He did not deign to answer but shifted his glance to the doorway, whence he expected to see me ignominiously dragged forth.

After a pause, during which time Nell played with the little cat, the sergeant appeared and saluted.

"I have searched everywhere, sir, but can find no one. One room was locked, we did not enter," he reported.

"You hear? Give the key to the room!" the English captain demanded.

"That is my private chamber," she answered sweetly, "so you must pardon me if I refuse."

"The key!" with a snap of his fingers.

"I refuse to throw open my room to these soldiers. I keep it locked for reasons." And she looked pleadingly at him. "Surely a soldier and a gentleman will not ask to pry into a girl's private chamber?"

Cunliff, now sure of success, recovered his old time bearing.

"No doubt you have reason," he spoke softly now. "A reason, to be precise. And I might guess what it is—eh? A reason in a buff coat and quite right for him to seek refuge there! eh? But as you will find out the King's service respects neither ladies' chambers, nor ladies themselves. The game is up! The key, or I'll break down the door!"

Nell started from her chair, her face now white.

"I refuse to give it up!"

"Very well, force the door!" he ordered furiously.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when all three of us discovered Squire Fairforth entering the path that led to the house.

"Father!" cried Nell, springing forward. "Captain Cunliff has insulted me! He accuses me hiding a man in my room!" and she sobbed a little.

There was a long silence. I could not see Squire Fairforth's face, now, but could judge from his tone, however intimate he and Captain Cunliff could have been, their intimacy was likely to be ruptured.

"I must ask for an explanation, Captain," was all he said, his voice stern and rasping.

"My friend, in your absence a rebel officer came here, I presume to visit your daughter. I saw him go this way myself, and have surrounded the house. Your daughter has displayed ignorance as to his whereabouts, so I have been compelled to search the outbuildings and house from top to bottom except one room, your daughter's. She refuses to open it, so I call upon you, in the name of England, and His Majesty, the King, to deliver up the shaking rebel who is in your daughter's room!"

"And what say you, Nell," asked her father, gravely.

"I have given my word, father," answered Nell quickly, "that there is no man in the house, and I give it to you now."

"That is enough for me, my dear," said her father, slowly. "Captain Cunliff, there is no man there! And I am grieved to think that you would send your soldiers through my house in my absence. You could have at least awaited my return from the village."

"Pish!" retorted the Britisher, angrily. "As for the point of ceremony—that will do afterwards. I wish that door opened!"

There was a long pause. Who would give in. Would the squire back down or not. If he resisted, rather than bring harm on his child's head, I would have stepped forth and surrendered. But the Captain and the Majesty of England prevailed.

"You are right, Captain, no loyal subject of our gracious Majesty must rest under the insinuation of harboring an enemy of his country. That lie must be thrust down such accuser's throat; (Verily, he had more spunk than I thought). Go my child, open thy room, and show him 'tis empty. After all he is a soldier and must do his duty. Oblige me by seeing to it in person; Captain, 'tis no place for thy men."

The Captain laughing softly, and bowing said, "as you say, friend Fairforth. I have no fear of any man who hides behind woman's cloaks. Lead on, Mistress, I follow!" He lacked not the courage, I plainly saw.

For a few moments there was silence, then Nell came from the doorway and calmly re-seated herself and the black cat jumped on her lap to be caressed.

The Britisher followed her more slowly. I could see how disappointment had intensified the brutality of his ugly face.

"He is not there," he muttered. "He has escaped! Again, I ask in the name of the King! Where is he? I saw you in conversation with him before we came up. So I demand to know as to his whereabouts!"

"My daughter, is this true?" asked the squire, in a troubled voice. Nell only fondled the kitten, "for," he went on, "I would feel grieved to think a daughter of mine would shelter an enemy of our country."

Nell pushed the cat from her lap and rose.

"Yes, father, a friend of ours called, Seth Thompson, now of the Colonial army," she admitted, "but he had made his adieus ere Captain Cunliff arrived."

"You forget that when old friends and neighbors take up the sword against their King their friendship with us ceases!" So Fairforth's voice rang out. "I trust you will remember this in the future," then turning to the red coat he said, "I must apologize for my daughter's indiscretion, Captain Cunliff."

Nell had moved out of my range of vision, so I was unable to see how she took this rebuke.



"I snapped my pistol at him."

The Captain's voice was still dark and lowering, at losing the prey, he was so sure of taking, when he almost had it in his grasp.

"Mistress Fairforth, your father speaks the loyal subject he is; do you follow his noble example and serve the King, by telling us which way this rebel went." She moved in front of the door that hid me from their sight, what I could see her face was white. "You remind us of the fact that we are subjects of the King. Subjects to any who may chance to wear the cloak of authority, it seems more to me, I have stood enough of insults from the King of England through you and I refuse to listen to aught you command," her voice sounded grandly. "I recognize no sovereign from now on. I cast my lot with a sovereign people!"

"Be careful, girl, there is punishment for those who rebel against their King."

"Rebel? I am proud to be what you call a rebel. I am glad to rebel against the despot whose low mental you are. I am—am sorry"—here her voice broke a little "to—to—think my—my father would stand idly by and see his own flesh and blood insulted because of a false sense of duty." I glanced at her father and saw that the shot went home but Nell continued, "Your presence is not wanted here. You are a soldier—of a kind—and I wish you a good morrow!"

The Captain's face was working furiously—this baiting was clearly not to his taste,—he turned to Fairforth, whose face had grown strangely white.

"You allow this chit to talk to me thus?" he demanded. "Were she mine I'd show her the whipping post. The lover shall not escape! I'll search till I find him!"

Squire Fairforth sprang forward raising his stick. "By God!" he cried, "you shall not cross this doorway! Nell is right! You have had your way long enough! Now go you!" There was a long silence.

"As I came when I pleased—I'll go—when I please. I'll not search the house because you forbid me. But because 'twould be useless, though if I thought the dog was hidden within I would burn the house down rather than he should escape." Here he motioned his men off the porch. "It would be a good lesson, methinks if America is to be kept true to England and the King."

Fairforth, trembling with rage took a step forward, (had I been he I would have kicked the bully down stairs), and the Captain faced him.

What the outcome would have been I know not for the little black cat caused an interruption.

The cat had lain on the porch before the door that I hid behind and unbeknownst to me, his tail went through the space between the porch and door. Suddenly emitting a loud cry of pain, for I in shifting the position of my feet had trod full on his tail; he scampered away.

Nell uttered a faint cry and with her hand to her breast, leaned hopelessly against a pillar; her father stood near mopping his bald head.

The Britisher took a stride forward and I swinging the door to, with a mighty bang, confronted him, pistol in hand.

"Hold, rebel! deliver me up your sword!" he commanded, though the pistol, was none to his liking.

"For what reason, sir, red coat?" I made answer. "Yonder are five reasons," retorted the Britisher, waving his arm in the direction of his men, "and they carry five more in their guns, sir braggart!"

"Softly, for will not the one reason I carry in my pistol be sufficient to cause you to deliver up yours?" I blandly inquired.

"They might fire!"

"I might press the trigger first," I answered, with scorching calmness, holding the muzzle on a line with his head. I had noticed something down the road and was playing for time.

"I would order your men back," I suggested, as his soldiers came slowly towards us.

"Halt, men!" said Cunliff, taking the hint, and they stayed where they were.

"Should you discharge your pistol—"he commenced. "You would be dead!" I interrupted curtly.

"Then we would both die—for my men would fire."

"Then we would both enter together, Sir Britisher."

"Yes, all four would form the company," and his eyes never wavered from the near looking muzzle of my pistol.

He had me there for I could not allow Nell to suffer hurt. Still I played for time.

"Could we not step over to the garden, Captain

Cunliff, blood stains look ill on the porch of a dwelling place," I ventured.

"You can step over to the soldiers, sir, rebel, I grow impatient!" His tone grew in insolence.

But I saw a gleam behind the trees that lined the road way and plunging down the stairs, I shouted at the top of my voice:

"Americans! Americans! This way! This way!" And from around the trees came my own good company of soldiers.

As I shouted the English captain drew his pistol and fired point blank at me. But here the little black cat played an important part in the scene again. As the Englishman stepped forward to fire his foot came down on the little cat's tail and kitty driven to desperation at this last insult, turned and fastened its sharp claws in the leg that stood on his twice injured tail. This act of the kitten's saved my life and the ball flew harmlessly over my head instead of scattering my brains over the ground.

I turned to find him rushing at me sword in hand! I snapped my pistol at him! It failed to explode! Hurling it at his face, only to miss, I started to draw my weapon, but he was upon me and would have run me through had not the little cat interfered again.

As the cat felt its tail released from the Captain's foot, it sprang to Nell, who held him in her arms. Seeing the Britisher would cut me down before I could draw my weapon, she suddenly threw poor pussy with force in the Englishman's face! That momentarily stopped him and flinging the cat aside, he sprang at me again. Before he could reach me I was on guard and our swords rang out a vicious tune.

At the outset I was forced back to the wall and his sword came over my guard and pricked my shoulder. As he recovered from the thrust, I stepped out of my dangerous corner. I fenced warily then, for in the Britisher I found an equal—aye,—master, in the art of cut and thrust. I tried the disarming stroke and

came near being spitted for my trouble, for his wrist was as strong as steel.

I saw his hold on his tamper giving way, as my troop approached. One half of them going after the rapidly retreating red coats.

To keep him engaged till my soldiers came up would reflect but small credit on my well boasted skill as a swordsman, so I now pressed the fighting.

To my surprise, I had an advantage over him, on the offensive. Three cuts in quick succession on his sword arm, the last piercing his muscle, gave me the victory.

I counted without my host, for with a snarl of rage he stooped, picked up the pistol I had thrown and hurled it with deadly intent at my head, with his left hand! I dodged and one more thrust ended it. My blade entering his side, and he fell with the blood gushing from the wound, in a torrent.

I turned to Mistress Nell, while my lieutenant, Caleb Nichols, took care of the Englishman, she had seated herself in the chair, quite calm, thought I, despite the excitement of the last dozen minutes. The father stood near her mopping his face with his large red kerchief, but the black cat was gone, offended, no doubt, by the treatment accorded it.

I held out my hand to the squire.

"I am glad, squire, to welcome you as a fellow countryman," I said fervently.

He clasped my hand right heartily.

"I have taken a step, Captain, though mayhaps 'twill cause me much trouble. I hope I shall ne'er regret it," he returned earnestly.

"Right well said," I replied. "My command is here—it was nigh to coming too late, though. I am ordered, squire, by my commander, General George Washington" (my men led by Caleb, all touched their hats) "to take possession of Litwalton, so I must bid you good morrow, sir!"

"I wish thee good luck, Captain Thompson," he said. "Remember that now my house is always open to you. Had you no other reason for calling?" and there was a merry twinkle in his eye.

I looked at Nell. She did not look up. I hesitated. Should I dare? I looked at her again. Those eyes met mine with a sharp glance of imperious prohibition.

"Not—not just now, sir," I could but stammer. "I may—in time—"

"At your pleasure, Captain," he cut in, and with a courtly bow, passed into the house.

I looked again at Nell, but her eyes were cast down. She had thrust one little foot forward and was intently studying the steel buckle thereon.

A flush suddenly stole over her face. I would like to have said something, but my tongue, dullard that I am, clove to the roof of my mouth.

The silence after awhile was appalling, and had not the little kitten appeared I know not when it would have been broken.

The kitten ventured back to the porch and as it passed me, I stooped and placed it in Nell's hands. Our hands met! The blood surged back to my heart, so that for an instant I was dazed and dropping the kitten in her lap, I took firm hold of two little hands.

She understood better my actions than a whole book of words could have told, and rose to her feet. The kitten fell to the floor with a bump, quite unheeded.

She gave a little laugh, a laugh of kind and with merriment as my arm stole round her slim waist and laid her head against my shoulder.

I thought no more of my soldiers who were marching to take the village. I cared not a whit whether I had nigh killed a man not a dozen minutes since. I felt myself absolved from all burdens. I was Nell's prisoner, and no act of mine would set me free.

She raised her lips to mine, then saying, "Your duty, Seth!" recalled me to earth again.

Snatching my dispatches, my three-cornered hat and another kiss, I hurried after my men, and took Litwalton in the name of "God and the Continental Congress."



A GLIMPSE OF THE TOURIST'S DREAM

BY RENA SHATTUCK (POLLY LARKIN.)

EVERY tourist dreams of the places of interest he is going to visit, and pictures in his own mind the realization of his pleasant anticipations long before he begins to consult the different guide books and map out the route which he is to take. Glancing over the notes and marginal references you will find that he has not forgotten—

MEXICO.

The beautiful, fertile country of Mexico with 750,000 square miles to its credit, and a population of over 10,000,000. The City of Mexico built on the site of the ancient Tenochtitlan of the Aztec Empire, situated on an extensive plateau, is surrounded by lofty and picturesque mountains. One of the most interesting places in the city is the Hill of Bells, where Emperor Maximilian and his leading generals, Miramon and Mejia met their death on the morning of June 19, 1867. All travelers turn their steps towards the three stone posts which mark the places where they stood on that memorable morning. The guide will tell you that General Lopez played the part of Judas, stealing silently through the dark streets to a small opening in the city wall where he conferred with the Republican commander, and how two hours later Maximilian and Quertero were captured by the liberals. You are carried back to the scene where Maximilian steps from his carriage and hands a servant his hat and handkerchief and requests that they be given to his mother and brother. He having heard that his beloved Carlota was dead, it made his own execution easier to bear. Then he looks upon the seven executioners, regrets that they have such an unpleasant duty before them, and drawing seven twenty dollar gold pieces, stamped with his inscription from his pocket, requests the officer in command to give the coin to them when he is no more. Looking about him he exclaims, "What a beautiful day! It is such a day as this I have always wished to die."

The National Palace, the official residence of President Diaz, lies almost within the shadows of the cathedral, where stood formerly the grandest temple of the Montezumas. The foundation of this noble cathedral, with its gilded crosses towering heavenward, rests on the broken images of the Aztec gods. The official residence, or National Palace, has been the headquarters for all the different governments for centuries in Mexico. In the government palace at Queretaro is the plain pine box, deeply stained with blood, in which Maximilian's body was brought back from execution.

In the six circular spaces reserved in the magnificent avenue, called the Paseo, for statues of distinguished men, is the beautiful statue of Guatemozin, the nephew of Montezuma and the last of the Aztec emperors. Knowing that his cause was absolutely hopeless, when Montezuma had expired, and the Spaniards, sick of the slaughter, could not take a step save on the body of an Indian, this Aztec king rejected every summons to surrender and when taken prisoner on the last foot of ground that remained to him, looked his conqueror, Cortez, proudly in the face and said, "I have done all I could to save my people, but have failed. Draw, then, that dagger from your belt and set me free!" Cortez did not strike the blow, but



STATUE OF COLUMBUS, MEXICO.

later he cruelly tortured him and finally hung him because he would not reveal the hiding place of the Aztec treasures. Other beautiful monuments in Mexico are the Columbus statue and the monument to the Mexican cadets.



HAWAII.

Beautiful Hawaii—gem of the Pacific ocean, with its delightful climate, tropical fruits and varied plant life. The first impression of Hawaii is always pleasant and appeals strongly to the visitor, furthermore the impression is lasting. One is never disappointed in this beautiful island, for the brightest anticipations are more than realized. The charm of the Hawaiian Islands lies in their picturesque ruggedness—their broken peaks and slumbering volcanoes, the velvety verdure that tempts you to the hills, or to seek the secrets of floral life in the fertile valleys. You are fairly bewitched by the beauty of the place and are enchanted from the moment the boat glides into the crescent shaped harbor at Honolulu, with its solid rock guards at either point, the mountains at its back and an untroubled sea at your feet. The channel through which you pass to the harbor is narrow, yet deep enough to ad-

mit the deepest ships of the world. A coral reef imprisons the entire water front. Native men and women are smiling, chatting and hand waving, with wreaths of various colored flowers round their hats and necks, and "aloha!" greets you on all sides.

In 1820 when the missionaries and whalers arrived on the island, Honolulu was a scattered village of grass huts and about 3,000 inhabitants; in 1856 its population numbered from 12,000 to 15,000 and its buildings were of adobe, or of the old grass type, now rarely seen, or of coral, many of which still stand, notably a large native church. The population of Hawaii today is over 30,000 and of a decidedly mixed caste. It is finely equipped for the educational and industrial life. Business and public buildings are modern and handsome, paved streets, a library of over 12,000 volumes, a fine museum, hospitals, asylums, etc., all showing the march of progress this island by the sea has made in the last few years. The climate is delightful, having no extremes of heat or cold, in fact, an old resident said, "it was a puzzle to most people to know whether Christmas or Fourth of July came next."

The Executive building was completed in 1883, at a cost of \$340,000. It was the official residence of the sovereign, and named Iolani Palace. After the revolution of 1893, it was occupied by the Executive department of the republican government. The building is of two stories above a high basement, built of brick coated with stucco. Its interior is beautifully finished in the native koa and kou woods which take an elegant polish, and in heavily moulded plaster. Broad tiled verandas and balconies are on all sides. The building covers an area of 15,000 square feet.

On the opposite side on King street is the Judiciary building, which, until the change in 1893, was the Government building, or in the native speech, "Allo-lani Hall"—the house of the high chiefs. Now it is occupied by the Supreme and Circuit Court, law library, etc. In front of the Judiciary building stands a heroic statue in bronze of Kamehameha I.

Punchbowl hill is an advance sentry of the mountains overlooking the city and is a natural observatory. If you should stand upon a barrel on the summit of Punchbowl, your shoe soles would be five hundred feet six inches above sea level. Its irregular turreted rim commands a view of every section of Honolulu, together with out-landscapes, of which few in the world are more entrancing. The mound is an extinct volcano, its crater well defined in spite of its jungle lining.

One of the chief sights is the Nuuanu Pali. This is where Kamehameha I, a century ago drove hundreds of the defeated defenders of Oahu over the banks to a sheer fall of several hundred feet.

Civilization was introduced to the Hawaiian Islands by Captain Cook's discovery in 1778, although it is believed the group was inhabited as early as A. D. 500.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In all England Westminster Abbey is probably the object of greatest attraction. For nearly 1300 years prayers have ascended from its consecrated site. Westminster Abbey is England's Pantheon of genius and there is no temple of fame throughout the whole world to equal it. Here slumber the mighty dead in this temple by the Thames. It wears the triple crown of noble architecture, venerable age and hallowed memories, and through each aisle and chapel flows the majestic stream of English history, invisible, yet its presence is ever with us. One visit to the Abbey does not satisfy you, for you want to go again and again to this city of the dead. Here all the ennobling thoughts of your nature are aroused into new life as you walk through the solemn aisles of this old Gothic structure, whose pointed arches, fluted columns, and immense rose windows which fill the temple with a softened light and bathes the time-stained walls with a blush of color. Part of this noble structure dates from 1065.

You must have time to enjoy the general architectural effect of Westminster Abbey, note the ancient



CAMEL MARKET AT ADEN, ARABIA.

monuments, see the graves and cenotaphs of its more recent dead. Here you can leave the noisy world behind you and live in the echoes of the past. What part did the invisible sleepers play in the little drama of their lives? What niches do they occupy in the memories and histories of to-day? One cannot help be greatly impressed as they pass the tombs and effigies of England's kings and queens, and again and again comes the thought—"Death loves a shining mark," yet it is no respecter of persons, kings and queens, peasants and beggars must answer the summons of death. The king reposes in an expensive mausoleum, the peasant sleeps in the little burial ground near his hamlet. The beggar goes to the potter's field or falls by the wayside, and mingles his dust with that of mother earth. Some of these royal statues lie outstretched upon their tombs, while others kneel in prayer, but all of them alike the victor and the defeated, enemies and friends, murderers and their victims, lie peacefully, silently in the solemn ranks of the dead. Even here—in this sacred edifice—human ghouls have managed to gain an entrance, they broke open the tomb of Edward the Confessor and removed the gold crown from the marble tomb of Elizabeth. You wonder if she rests well, for only a short distance from her lies her rival, Mary Queen of Scots.

Among the tombs of royalty stands the celebrated Stone of Destiny, on which sovereigns have been crowned for the last 600 years. Previously the kings of Scotland had been crowned for centuries before it came into the possession of the English. An interesting legend declares that it was the pillow on which the Hebrew patriarch, Jacob, laid his head when he saw the vision of the celestial ladder. Tradition also states that before its advent into Scotland, it rested on the sacred Hill of Tara and formed the coronation seat of Irish kings. It was then taken to the island, Iona, and on this block of old red sandstone, the head of Columbus may have laid as he breathed his last. In 1297 King Edward I of England brought this coronation stone from Scotland, ordered that it be placed in a chair of oak and placed in Westminster Abbey.

Many who are resting here have no monuments and only a marble slab inscribed with their names show where their bodies lie under the pavements. The epitaph on the monument over Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, who perished in the North, ends with the pathetic words:—"This monument was erected by his widow, who, after long waiting and sending many in search of him, herself departed to seek and find him in the realms of light." Could anything be more



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ENGLAND.

touchingly suggestive of her devotion than this? Here also lies the tomb of one of the African explorers, David Livingstone, with the simple inscription "David Livingstone, 1873. James Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, has also his niche. Within a few yards of one another lies Sir Isaac Newton, the philosopher, Charles Darwin, the great naturalist, John Herschel, the eminent astronomer, Colin Campbell, who recaptured Lucknow, surrendered to death, and lies peacefully under the stones.

Down through the Aisles of Statesmen you pass, and find statues of the Earl of Beaconsfield, Robert Peel, Wm. Pitt, Benjamin Disraeli and others. The Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey is an ideal resting place for those who penned their inspirations from the muses. Here every footstep on the marble pavement falls upon a grave and its gray walls are lined with tablets, busts and monuments containing the names of the poets. Close together lie Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning and Chaucer. Wordsworth, Longfellow, Spenser, Ben Johnson and others bring back fond memories. Shakespeare looks calmly down upon the tombs of those who followed him in the art beautiful, and carved on the scroll within his hand are the following lines from "Tempest:"

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temple, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which inherit shall dissolve
And, like the insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

From their own separate niches look down Thackeray, Dickens, Coleridge, Burns, Goldsmith, Dryden, Addison, Samuel Johnson, Bulwer Lytton, Macaulay, David Garrick, the actor, Handel, the composer and many others, who have left works to perpetuate their names and bring life and beauty into our lives. How impressive it all is—the pure white features of the departed looking down upon you from these marble statues.

ADEN.

In a small valley in the southwest coast of Arabia lies the little town styled by the natives Aden or Eden (Paradise) on account of its fine climate and great commerce, for which it has been celebrated from the oldest times. It enjoys almost perpetual sunshine, a cloudy day being of rare occurrence. You are glad to hear the signal gun fired which announces your arrival in Aden, and join the passengers who crowd to the edge of the boat to view the natives who swarm about the pier, for they are curious looking creatures with their very black complexions and long woolly hair, setting out like a mop all around their heads, and generally died a bright red or yellow by the application of lime. One can well take them in the distance for good-sized dust brushes.

Aden is an emporium for almost every conceivable article. Here you will find sandal wood, richly embroidered shawls from China, works from India, Greek lace, and even Havana cigars and American canned fruits.

You expect from accounts to find Aden as hot as an oven and are agreeably surprised to find it the delightful climate its name implies. It is prettily situated among the mountains and rocks peaked and pointed. The soil is volcanic and every crack and crevice is full of verdure and the air filled with the fragrance of many flowers.

The most interesting sight in Aden is the camel market. Here it is always crowded with the patient, homely beasts, waiting while their masters barter with prospective buyers. The camel cuts a most important figure in this busy little mart. Trains of heavily laden camels coming and going with coffee and spices for exportation, and wood, water, grain, fodder and other supplies for garrison consumption.

TAJ MAHAL AGRA.

Astonishment blends with delight when you catch your first glimpse of the Taj Mahal Agra. From every window and terrace of the palace fortress at



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

Agra, the view closes in with the shining domes and minarets of the sublimely beautiful tomb erected by Shah Johan over the body of his beloved wife, Arjmand Banu. It was completed in 1648. The famous Taj Mahal is probably the most renowned building in the world. The enjoyment of its wondrous loveliness is marred, however, by the fact that it was built by forced labor and reared on the lives of hundreds of its makers. Twenty thousand were engaged for seventeen years in building and decorating the Taj Mahal. They were half-starved and their families wholly starved, causing the greatest distress and mortality. The road to the Taj from Agra, passes the ruins and debris from many ancient palaces, and leads up to a superb gateway of red sandstone, inlaid with floral designs and passages from the Koran in white marble. This gateway is in itself, one of the most beautiful buildings in India. The roof is adorned with Moorish cusped arches, kiosks and pavilions. A magnificent view of the Taj itself, with the surrounding gardens and the Jumma flowing beyond, is obtained from the roof. Passing through this splendid entrance, which is 140 feet wide, and pausing on the top of a flight of wide steps, the eye travels down an avenue of somber cypresses, the floor of which is a long tank of white marble, covered with water about a foot deep, and reaching away for 300 or 400 yards. This lovely vista closes in with a vast dome of white marble posed on a building whose perfect symmetry and absolute finish of every detail flashes like a peerless jewel under the radiant blue setting of the India noon-day sky.

The building is absolutely faultless. The enclosures in which the Taj is placed is a great garden in which orange, lemon pomelos, pomegranates, palms, flowering shrubs and trees, with marble fish ponds and fountains, tell a story of the East in every whisper of their leaves and splash of their waters. This garden is a third of a mile square, surrounded by a wall that is in itself a work of art. The marble paved avenue of cypresses runs through the entire length, closed at one end with the dazzling white tomb and



OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT DIAZ.

lished custom for the entire English government in India to spend the six hot months at Simla, the pic-

few years through Rudyard Kipling's charming India stories. The foreign office at London recently expended a large sum of money in the erection of suitable buildings there, including a new ice-regal residence to take the place of the unpretentious abode that had been little more than a cottage perched on a precipitous crag.

The villa of Simla, with the palace at Calcutta and Barrackpore on the river near the capital, are the trio of regal residences in which Lord Curzon and his lovely wife (formerly Mary Leiter of Chicago) are passing the five years of their life in India. None of them are homes in the meaning we give the word—a place of privacy and rest from the outside world duties—for each has its own degree of state and formality. They live to-day in the glare of the world, with no more seclusion than ever falls to the crowned majesty or to those whom it delegates its power. Both Lord Curzon and his estimable wife are honored and beloved in India. They have made friends among the rich and poor, visited the plague-stricken districts and in many cases provided for the afflicted and destitute. An India poet referred to Mrs. Curzon in the course of some lines of welcome, addressed to Lord Curzon as:

"A rose of roses bright
A vision of embodied light."

§ § §

DISCOMFORTS OF TRAVELING IN ENGLAND.

Great Britain and Ireland both stand aloof and alone in the matter of sending luggage. Each passenger is obliged to sort out his or her own trunk, and when starting must look in the luggage van to see that his parcels are there. Passengers are told to do this by the guards. It is indeed a strange scramble which occurs at the end of a long journey, when a score or more weary and hungry travellers are obliged to gather about the van to identify luggage. The only excuse I have ever heard given for such a seventeenth century system was that the railway companies have always done it that way. The absence of even fairly good Sunday trains is another feature of English railroading.



LORD CURZON'S SUMMER PALACE AT SIMLA.

at the other with the rich red gateway. The Taj Mahal is 186 feet square and 220 feet high to the top of the dome. It is raised on a plinth of white marble 313 feet square, and 18 feet above the level of the garden. At each corner of the plinth stands four tapering minarets 137 feet high. At each side of the Taj, 400 feet back across a great court flagged with marble, are splendid mosques of red sandstone finely decorated with mosaics of white marble, topped with three marble domes, only inferior in beauty to the Taj itself. These mosques are among the finest in India.

Inside the Taj the Emperor Shah Johan and his beloved queen lie buried side by side in marble tombs inlaid with rich gems lighted by double screens of white marble trellis work of the most exquisite design and workmanship, one on the outer, the other on the inner face of the walls. Under the bright sun of India it tempers the glare that would otherwise be unbearable, while giving sufficient light to see the delicate lace-like details of the wonderful screen of open tracery, surrounding the cenotaphs. The Taj is even more beautiful in the silvery rays of the moonlight than in the golden robes of the noon-day sun. The lower walls and panels of the Taj are decorated with tulips, oleanders, lilies and other flowers carved in low relief on the white marble. The inlaying is equal to the finest Florentine and is probably the work of a European artist, Austin of Bordeaux. The whiteness of the great mass of marble is relieved by carving and inlaid flowers done in precious stones combined in wreaths, scrolls and frets. Very brilliant are they when looked at closely but at a distance blend and tone the whiteness, giving a delicate suggestion of color without losing the all prevailing sentiment of pearliness, quiet and calm. The gems used to embellish the tomb and give the finishing touches to this work of art came in camel-loads from all parts of the earth to furnish the inlayers with their materials.

The verse at the entrance of the tomb reads, "The pure of heart shall enter the Garden of God," and in small delicate letters of sculptured Arabic upon the tombstone relates that "Muntaz-i-Mahal, the 'Exalted of the Palace,' lies here and that 'Allah alone is powerful.'"

LORD CURZON'S SUMMER PALACE AT SIMLA.
For the past thirty years it has been an estab-

made so familiar by young and old during the last turesque town in the Himalayan hills, that have been



THE TAJ MAHAL AGRA, INDIA.

TWO WOMEN AND TWO CHARIOTS OF FIRE

BY M. HICKLEY.

IT WAS an Easter eve, A. D. 79, and a brilliant moon was shedding its soft radiance over the Bay of Naples. Vesuvius (not then known to be a volcano, though destined to reveal its true character) with its dome like top luxuriantly wooded almost to its summit, was lying like a sleeping giant against the sky, still faintly tinged with the crimson and gold of sunset. On the quiet waters of the bay might be seen the tall masts of vessels of the Imperial fleet, while tiny fishing boats dotted its mother of pearl surface.

On the parapet of a well to do Pompeian villa, not far from the gate now known as Porta Marina, were seated hand in hand two Roman ladies, enjoying the cool evening air and the glorious scene before them.

"It is well that thou hast come thus early, my Lucia. I was in great fear lest thy father's duties would have kept him in Rome until too late for thee to join our Easter festival. I am right glad to have thee amongst us once more. More especially as, on the morrow, we shall have, if the Lord will, words from one who was known to the beloved Apostle Paul, and from whom, doubtless, we shall hear that which shall inspire us and lift us heavenward."

The speaker was a middle-aged woman, a patrician lady, richly dressed as became her station, yet with great simplicity and a marked absence of ornaments. Her companion was younger, evidently belonging to the same class, and very beautiful. Her golden hair, so unusual for an Italian, but so much admired, was twisted around her well set head, and confined by a simple knot of ribbon, not by a golden fillet such as her station demanded. These early Christians—for such they were—were careful to obey the Apostolic injunction, "not with gold or pearls, or costly array;" perhaps more so than is the case nowadays.

But indeed no jewels could have added to the beauty of Lucia, and as her companion caught sight of the exquisitely poised head and beautiful profile against the sky, in a sudden exuberance of admiring affection she threw her arms around her and exclaimed:

"Thou art very fair, my Lucia! Almost as fair as when I met thee so many years ago in Rome. But it seemeth to me that thou art sad at heart; I would e'en see thee brighter on this eve of our glorious Easter Feast. What is it that troubles thee, my child? What weigheth on thy spirit?"

Lucia was silent for a moment, and then with an effort she began—

"Knowest thou not, indeed, the cause of my sorrow, Marcia? Nay? Then will I tell thee. It is not often that I tear the veil from my secret sorrow, but I will do so for thee. I would fain have thy prayers, specially at our Easter Feast."

"Verily thou shalt have them beloved! Tell out all that is in thine heart—what sorrow is it that burdens thee?"

With a great effort Lucia began, "Thou rememberest the beautiful Pauline, daughter of Anthony, and now wife of Drusus?"

"Pauline, wife of Drusus! Ah, that do I. Knowest thou not that she hath now her home in Pompeii, that her husband hath a post of duty at the hands of the Emperor, and that they purpose to abide here, at least for a year?"

Lucia started, and turned deadly pale.

"Nay, my friend, I knew it not. I had hoped never to come across her again. But nay, why say I that? It may be that this is from the Lord, that I should meet her once again. For I fear me that my heart hath never fully forgiven her her evil deed."

"Her evil deed? What then hath she done?"

"Thou hast not heard, Marcia, nay, how shouldst thou? We have not met these many years. I will tell thee;" and Lucia paused as though bracing herself to a painful task.

"Him whom I loved as my own soul—my betrothed, the beautiful and noble Septimus—thou hast surely heard of him?"

"Ah, truly, a faithful servant of our Lord."

"And thou knewest not that he won the martyr's crown?"

"Nay, my Lucia, I had not heard even that he was dead. How won he it?"

Lucia bent her head, and scalding tears coursed down her face, and clenching her hands to help keep back her sobs, she said in a low, even voice—

"He was burnt—to death—in the Palace gardens—when Nero sent home—in chariots of flame—so many of—our brethren."

There was a long pause, during which Marcia did not speak, but in silent sympathy she drew the beautiful head on to her shoulder and kissed and caressed it, while her own tears fell fast.

"God comfort thee, my child," was all she said.

"He hath—He doth,—but,—but," and a sob caught her breath, "but Pauline."

"Pauline?" interrogated the other—

"What of her? What hath she to do in this matter?"

With her head bent still lower, and in a voice in which a touch of hardness fought with the effort to speak gently, Lucia almost whispered—

"It was Pauline that denounced him to the Emperor. It was through her he was done to death."

"Through Pauline? And how? Wherefore?"

Once more the monotonous voice sounded, in which agony was battling for calmness—

"She was jealous, angry. Jealous that he loved me, angry that he yielded not to her blandishments. And in a fit of mad jealousy she denounced him as a Nazarene."

"Unhappy woman. My poor Lucia. And then?"

"And then,"—with a wild cry Lucia suddenly lifted her head and wailed, "Ask me not to tell more. I cannot, oh, I cannot. One, whom I knew, saw him—saw him—a pillar of fire. Oh, I cannot, cannot speak of it. At times the vision haunts me till I feel mad—"



"Oh, Lucia, Lucia! Save me! Save me!"

dened, and all my dreams are filled with the horror of it."

And then on a sudden she dropped her hands, which had hidden her face, and a sudden smile lit it, transforming it and chasing away all the horror.

"And then when I can bear no more," she continued, "my Lord draweth nigh and saith to me, 'When he passed through the fire it burned him not, my child. Be of good cheer, I was with him and he feared not.' And when my Lord hath spoken thus, after a little I hear a still small voice that saith to me, 'Do good to them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you.' And it seemeth to me that, as in a vision, I can see another awful scene of fire and blood, and quaking and tumult,—and in it all I see Pauline's face full of agony and remorse, and despair, and that I—I cannot see further—I cannot tell thee more." And the far away look in Lucia's eyes was as though she were trying to discern something out of the darkness which was eluding her sight. "Nay, I cannot see further—but I think—that in that funeral pyre—that other fire—that it is I—and not she—that—"

What more Lucia would have said, what indeed she meant, Marcia never knew, for at that moment an interruption occurred, and the conversation ended.

The Easter sun shone with brilliance over the beautiful city of Pompeii, but the gay world went its way, regardless of what the day meant to the little band of Christians in its midst. Their gathering was held in secret in the house of a freedwoman, Neavola, whose house lay in an unfrequented part of the city, and possessed a vaulted chamber, which had often



Lucia in the midst of the fire.

served as a meeting place for the few Christians at Pompeii.

The company that gathered on this Easter morning was mainly composed of the poorer class, for in those early days, "not many noble," were found amongst the followers of the lowly Nazarene. For this occasion, however, one or two of a higher class had been expected, whom it was known were at present in Pompeii, amongst the number being Lucia and Marcia. Neavola had placed at the front a few seats more luxurious than the wooden or stone benches that filled the rest of the small room. On Lucia's entrance Neavola had conducted her to one of these, but she had gently refused, whispering—

"Rememberest thou not, sister, that He for our sakes became poor? It would ill become such as I to recline at ease, while this aged brother lacked the comfort his years demand." And stepping gracefully forward she took by the hand a poor and infirm old man, and conducting him to the better seat, she herself sat upon the hard bench. It was a little act, as viewed in the light of manners taught by twenty centuries of Christian ethics; but it was a great thing in those days, when the gulf between Patrician and Plebeian was so vast. It was an object lesson indeed—a manifestation of the Spirit of the lowly Master whom they had come to worship.

The Easter gathering had been anticipated for some weeks by the Christians at Pompeii, from the expected presence of an aged brother, one who had known the great Apostle Paul. Indeed a further interest attached to him from the fact that he had been one of the Roman escort on that wonderful day, when the Persecutor breathing out threatenings and slaughter was on his way to Damascus, and from whom they might reasonably expect some words of interest, as well as profit.

Nor were they disappointed. The little company had offered their prayers, had joined in song of praise, had heard read some fragments from a manuscript of one of the Gospels and one of St. Paul's epistles, and now all were seated listening breathlessly to the words of exhortation from the preacher. And thus he spoke:

"The Lord hath risen. He hath risen indeed. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, ye of His little flock here in Pompeii. Christ our Passover hath been sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast. . . . And live ye all the risen life, my children, here in this city given over to luxury. Cause ye your light to shine in this dark place. Know ye not that to our Christ have been given the kingdoms of this world? It seemeth not so indeed at the present; but that hidden Power of our Lord which worketh now in silence like the leaven, now in fire and tumult, shall surely conquer. Even as when yon vast mountain, which towereth above the frivolous and wicked life of this gay city, awaked on a sudden, some years ago, like a sleeping giant, and with great inward motions shook the solid earth, rending to pieces the vast temples and stately piles wherein false gods were worshipped,—even so shall the kingdom of darkness be shaken to its depths, and the Cross shall triumph."

"What triumph hath it not already won? I am an old man now, and full often my memory playeth me false, yet shall I ever recall that wondrous journey to Damascus, when Saul the enemy was arrested by the Power of the Holy One, and turned ere long into Paul, the Beloved."

"Ah, what a light was that which shone upon us, for I too was there, that day when he was smitten to the earth. I see now his blanched face, and sudden fall, and hear the words in trembling tones,—'Who art Thou, Lord?'—and yet again,—'What wilt Thou have me to do?' And quaking, we arose, and they led him blind, as one dazed into Damascus. And ye know how his eyes were opened—aye, and mine also,—and now, in the years that have passed between that and this,—that mighty soul, God-filled, hath moved and swayed princes and peasants, high and low, and hath brought the light of truth even in Rome, that great stronghold of the false gods."

"And now he hath laid down his crowned head beneath the knife, his battle fought, his victory won, and it remaineth for us, my children, upon whom his mantle hath fallen, to take it up and smite the waters as did Elisha of old, that the way of the Lord may be made plain through all the earth."

"The strong, true light he ever bore hath been extinguished—but we remain. Let the light of each one of you here shine clear and bright. Show ye forth the Light of the World, in this dark corner."

And here the aged preacher in low, emotion-choked voice retold the story of Calvary and Easter. His eyes gleamed as he spoke of the gentle non-resisting spirit of the Holy Sufferer, how He prayed for His persecutors, and for those who slew Him:—and as he spoke he was interrupted now and again by a sigh or a sob. Doubtless he knew that there were hearts before him, amongst the little down-trodden number, who were suffering from the cruel malignity of their heathen enemies. At this part of his discourse, the old man stopped and looked around upon the dimly lighted faces,—seeming to search them.

Was it fancy? but Lucia could feel, or thought she felt, those keen eyes resting on her, and under the gaze she felt the hot blood mount.

"My children," he continued,—"are there amongst you any who hold aught of vengeance in their hearts against an ill-doer who hath wronged them? I charge you, by the risen power and grace of our ascended Lord, that you fling this foul thing from your hearts, here and now. As He did good to His enemies,—so do ye. As He forgave, so forgive you. . . . So may ye indeed draw nigh and partake of the Bread and Wine, the communion of the Body and Blood of our Risen Lord. Have any of you aught to say, here in the presence of our Lord and of His Church, gathered here this day?"

And then ensued a strange scene, the carrying out of a primitive custom—when one and another would rise, telling out some hidden evil in the life, and pledging himself henceforth to do away with it. Quarrels would be made up, and sister would go forward and embrace sister with whom she had been at variance.

This making up of disputes and public confession of lapses was over, the ceremony of the breaking of Bread was about to commence, when Lucia, white to the lips, rose and said:—

"Brethren and sisters, pray for me. There is one who hath deeply wronged me, and—whom—n—now—I fully forgive. Ask that the Lord will help me to return her good for the evil done. For—for, in His Name, I vow now, in the presence of you all, to reward her good for the evil, if it so please the Lord to help me."

Such an exquisite peace flooded Lucia's soul, in the subsequent breaking of bread and wine, that she would fain, then and there have died; but nay, how then should the prayer be answered, or her vow be performed?

The Easter service ended, and the little band of Christians dispersed. In the week that ensued Lucia kept in daily remembrance her prayer and her vow; but little did she dream how that prayer and vow were to be fulfilled. When carried in her litter past Pauline's stately mansion on her errands of mercy to the poor, she would look up and smile, asking, "How long, O Lord, how long?" What strange premonition was it, which at such times swept over her? The acute recollection of that human fiery pillar in Nero's garden was ever present (the thought, though still full of pain, was now robbed of its bitterness) and with the vision of another fire swept scene, in which she and Pauline were taking part.

Some months had elapsed since the happy Easter gathering described above. The sultry month of August had come, already the grapes were ripening, the hillsides were tinged with yellow, and the gay grape gathering season was near—when, on a sudden, the terrible and unexpected catastrophe fell—Vesuvius was in eruption.

The sleeping mountain, that had for so many centuries lain still, had at last—after several premonitory signs of activity in successive earthquakes during the last sixteen years—waked into awful activity. She was belching out flame and smoke, burning rock and red hot cinders, while blood red streams of molten lava were pouring down her sides. Sudden destruction fell on the doomed city at its base—the stable earth was rocking, and great fissures were rending the surface here and there. Apalling detonations rent the air, and the pitch darkness, intensified by the showers of falling ashes was luridly lit by terrific lightning. With all this awe-inspiring tumult of nature there mingled cries and shrieks of agony from men and women: wild calling upon the gods for mercy, and the despairing groans of the wounded and dying. The fearful scenes of this most appalling historical catastrophe have been depicted by abler pens than mine, it is enough that I should tell how it fared with those in whom we are interested.

It happened that the very day of the eruption had been the one fixed upon by Lucia's father in which she was to leave Pompeii, and join him in Rome. He had written for instructions to have her litter in readiness, for that, at such an hour, a galley would be moored to take her across the bay to Naples, where he would meet her.

Thus it came to pass that, unknown to her, all had been arranged by which she might, had she chosen, have left the doomed city in safety.

Her preparations were made. As she stepped into the litter, she gave instruction that she was first to be conducted to the street in which her friend, Marcia, lived—to whom she desired to bid farewell before leaving. She became suddenly conscious of a peculiarly sulphurous smell in the heavy air—a stifling sultriness.

As she was being carried rapidly along, she noticed that men were hurrying past her with blanched faces, and that a sudden uproar had arisen among the terror-stricken crowds in the darkening streets. On a sudden her slaves stopped with the cry:

"The mountain! The mountain! Look, lady look! The mountain is on fire." And then through a rift in the gloom, she beheld that appalling pine-like shaft of blackness described by Pliny, with its outspreading branches of fire—the first awakening into activity of the hitherto sleeping monster.

In moments of keen apprehension the mind becomes preternaturally active; and in an instant it flashed through Lucia's mind that she at least could escape. Was not the galley awaiting her? Though the crowd flying seaward was rapidly thickening, she would make but one in the safety seeking stream; for her certainly there was safety. The order was on her lips to command the trembling slaves to turn and hasten to the shore—the next moment the thought filled her—could she be content to be saved alone?

There was Marcia—there was—ah, God help her, there was her enemy, the beautiful Pauline, and in an instant her decision was made. Marcia was a Christian, she was safe, whatever befell, while Pauline—ah, at all costs she must be saved—body, and, if it might be, soul. Now indeed could her vow be performed, her prayer answered. In a flash she saw it all—the meaning of the strange premonition. Pauline was to be saved by fire—while she? Turning to the terrified slaves she gave the order,

"To the house of Lady Pauline, wife of Drusus." Through the jostling crowds, as rapidly as might be, her slaves sped; it was well for Lucia, that they, too, were Christians, whom she herself had led to the true God, or it might have fared with her as with the others, that she had been forsaken in the hour of universal panic.

Near the entrance to her stately mansion, wringing her hands in despair and affright, forsaken and alone, they found the beautiful Pauline.

"Oh, Lucia, Lucia, save me, save me!" With a cry half joy, half despair, she flung herself upon the woman she had so deeply wronged, ere she had scarcely left her litter.

"It is to save thee, I have come, in breathless haste, Pauline," said Lucia.

"To save me? nay, it is not possible," replied she, with a sudden, sudden dread recollection of the one beloved of Lucia, whom she had so many years ago doomed to a fiery death.

"Nay, I am lost, lost! Oh, that the gods would have mercy. Where are my slaves? Claudis; Tiana; Ponto!" she cried, clapping her hands till they pained, and calling with tears, in vain for slaves and servants who had fled. "Ah, they have all left me! I am alone, my husband hath but gone these three days, and I am left to perish, alas, alas!" and Pauline lifted her arms above her head and wailed.

Lucia, meanwhile, had thrown her arms round the terrified woman, and was slowly drawing her towards her litter, trying to make herself heard above the torrent of agonized words that the poor woman poured out.

"I have come to save thee, friend!" she was saying, "and if thou wilt but do as I bid thee, thou shalt

be saved. But no time must thou lose."

"To save me? nay, nay, fair Lucia! Mock me not! I am thy foe, it was I who burned to death thy—great gods, what a Nemesis is this. The thought of his burning hath haunted me by day and night! Fire, fire, always fire, and this is fire."

"Nay, my friend, say no more, thou did'st but send him home in a chariot of flame, and I shall follow him soon. But thou, thou, must be saved. Oh, my God, help me to save her," she cried, as Pauline, half fainting, almost fell from her arms on to the marble pavement.

At that moment occurred a more terrific explosion than any that had preceded it, followed by such an oscillation that it seemed impossible any structure could stand its force, indeed, on all sides, reeling pillars fell with a crash, and in a fitful glare of rapidly succeeding flashes, temples and buildings could be seen toppling to the ground.

Lucia was almost in despair—should she save her after all? In her distress, she cried aloud, hardly conscious what she was saying, "Oh, my God! help me to save her. Thou knowest how I have prayed for this hour. Thou knowest of my vow. Jesus, pitiful Saviour, have mercy on this lost one, and let me save her."

The prayer was answered. Pauline unaccountably calmed, suddenly arose, and yielding herself to the gentle pressure of Lucia's arm, looked into the face of the woman she had sinned against. And, in the lurid light that shone around—she beheld—the face of an angel.

"Thou hast vowed to save me, prayed to save me? What a God must thine be; what a faith thine! What, then, wilt thou have me to do?"

"Here, friend, is my litter, yonder are my slaves—they have not fled like thine, for mine are Christians. They fear not unduly, even in this awful hour, for they and I are safe in our Father's keeping." And her heart even then in that supreme moment, swelled with pride at the grandeur of the faith that sustained in such an hour. "But thou, thou, must escape for thy life, fair Pauline," half leading her, half pushing her, as she spoke, towards the litter. For a moment longer, the two stood face to face, and then Lucia, flinging her arms around her, cried:

"Farewell, my friend, my sister; thou wilt be saved, body and soul! I know it! Join thyself to the Christians when thou art in safety, learn the faith of the Crucified. . . . and we shall meet again, my sister, my friend."

And ere further words could be spoken, the weeping woman was hustled into the litter, the obedient slaves caught her up, and started seaward, from whence the waiting galley conveyed her to Naples, and to safety.

And in a circle of fire, a burning building behind, a lurid glare of flame around, stood Lucia in the midst of the fire; her white seraphic face shining with the love of God, with uplifted arm, an upward pointing finger, and a joyous smile on her lips, as of a bride at her nuptials—that was the last Pauline saw of her former foe, her friend, her earthly saviour.

Yes Pauline escaped and was saved, body and soul. Needless to say, she obeyed Lucia's dying behest, sought out the Christians in Rome, whither her husband had gone, and, years after, she had died in the faith.

And long after she was laid to rest, the story would be told of the beautiful Lucia who laid down her life for her enemy, and how that enemy became the lowly lady Pauline, who, in her turn, had often told with tears, the story of the two charlots of fire—one in Nero's palace gardens and the other in doom stricken Pompeii.

THE MOSS GATHERER OF MONTEREY

BY KATE C. BELINGE.

IN THE long ago, the now dim past, ere the old Town of Monterey had become desecrated by stately building, modern modes of conveyance, and the foot-prints of fashion and folly, when the Encinal and grim fort with their walls of adobe and roofs of tile were its loftiest structures; its music, the chiming of the church bells and dashing of the waves against the shore, it was my good fortune to tread this hallowed spot. One night, being weary and restless, I deserted my pillow and sought solace in the sound of the sea, as I paced to and fro on the beach, the wind playing in my hair, and the spray resting on my brow, listening spell-bound to the never weary, never ending roar of the ocean, I was startled by hearing somebody or thing approach me. It was sometime before I could determine what the object was. The night was dark, only a stray star shooting out here and there. Presently I knew the form was that of a woman. She seemed to be in a great state of agitation, and between sobs and tears asked me if I had seen Concepcion, the moss-gatherer.

Concepcion was an old Indian woman who gathered mosses and seashells, which she made into crosses and wreaths. She told fortunes and professed to cure the sick with the juice of roots and herbs. Her hut was far down on the beach at the base of a steep cliff, surrounded by giant rocks, thus being protected from the frequently angry surging billows.

As Senora Josefa sped along the path which led to the hut, she saw the moss-gatherer on the beach, bending over a pot of glue. Her scant clothing was blowing around her bent form and the surf splashing over her bare feet. She heard the approach of her visitor, and without raising her head, said in a loud gruff voice: "Well, what's wanted?" "Come into the hut, good mother Concepcion, and I will tell you my errand." Josefa seated herself on a low settee at the side of the door.

I gazed in upon her and by the dim light of a tallow candle, I could just discern the face of a young and beautiful woman. She immediately began her tale of sorrow.

"Oh! Concepcion, my darling boy is no better; that raging fever is still burning his fair young brow; his lips are parched and dry, and he raves and tosses the whole night long. Oh! I fear I am going to lose my angel."

The old woman began at once to concoct some remedy from her store of herbs, muttering something about "villain" and "signs in the north sky."

Josefa seemed to be lost in thought, but at those words, said: "Concepcion, you must remember what Padre Antonio has told you." She muttered no longer, but started off with the fair young mother.

It was not many minutes before she returned, and after considerable deliberation on my part, I concluded to enter the hut. I feared I might not receive a very cordial welcome, so what was my amazement when she bade me take a seat and spread before me on a rough deal table some hard cakes, evidently made of flour and water, some dried beef and a pot of herb tea, saying: "you are most welcome to all I have, eat and drink of it; in the meantime I will relate to you a story you are most anxious to hear."

I shuddered and thought, truly she is a sorceress, for she has divined my most earnest desire. She then went on to relate the following:

One bright May morning, the waters of the bay of Monterey were disturbed by the sailing in of an English vessel. She departed after a few days being spent in repairs, but one of the young officers remained behind on the plea of ill-health. He became acquainted with this beautiful Spanish maiden, whose qualities of heart were even more perfect than her beauty of face and form. He wooed and won her, and the bells of Our Lady Guadalupe never rang out so joyfully as on her wedding day. The Indians strewed flowers all along her pathway, and festooned the church with bright wreaths and garlands, for they all loved the Senorita Josefa; how earnestly and solemnly did the good Padre Antonio pronounce the nuptial benediction over her bowed head.

Well, as time wore on, the gallant officer did not prove to be all that he at first seemed. Josefa had inherited a large fortune in lands and earth, and after her husband squandered all he could lay his hands upon, he seemed weary of his gentle, loving companion, and this dull retired spot afforded but few distractions for his restless unhappy spirit. By repeated acts of indifference and neglect, Josefa became aware of the sad mistake she had made, but calmly bore her trial.

One stormy, pitiless night, he did not return even at the usual late hour, and Concepcion, who had been watching him for some time past, saw him loitering about the beach. Presently a small boat rowed by two Portuguese sailors hove in sight. He quickly jumped in and they set their oars to work with a will. Like a flash of lightning, Concepcion unfastened a small boat from its moorings and started in pursuit.

suit, but at that moment, the already dark clouds seemed to grow darker, the rain commenced to pour in torrents, and the waves dashed higher and higher, until the banks were but specks on the raging billows. Concepcion saw that further pursuit was fruitless, so in her anger, she stood upright in the tossing craft, and in a loud voice called down the vengeance of God and heaven on the base villain; between the howling of the wind, and the roar of the waters, the woman's voice could be heard. She returned and stealthily looked in at the casement of Josefa. There she was kneeling, her wealth of raven hair enveloping her as a cloak, her beautiful soft eyes filled with tears, her hands clasped and gentle voice raised in prayer, asking God's blessing on him, who had so basely deceived her. Concepcion entered and cared for her during the night, and when morning awoke glorious and radiant with warm sunshine, song of bird and perfume of flower, Josefa folded more closely in her embrace, her now only hope, her darling boy.

A few days after my visit to Concepcion's hut, I was riding slowly along the road leading to Carmelo. The whole country around was a vast sea of wild flowers imbedded in fields of emerald green, making a sight dazzling to view. My attention was attracted by seeing emerge from under some tall cypress trees, a little band of people. First in the procession were a couple of Indians, carrying a small coffin; it was painted a light blue color and on the lid a white cross. Then came some children, the girls carrying bunches of flowers and the boys setting off fire-crackers. Behind the little group came Senora Josefa with her black shawl wound about her head, falling gracefully over her shoulders. Her eyes were cast upon the ground, her step measured and slow; she was about to lay beneath the cold clay, her cherished, her darling boy. After this simple but sad and deeply impressive laying away of the dead, the afflicted mother vended her way along the Carmelo road, never pausing until she reached the shrine of San Carlos. It was now the holy evening hour, the air was still, the ocean calm, the song of the bird hushed. She entered the portals of this relic of the dead past, prostrated herself before its sanctuary and sent up to the Throne above a plaintive wall, a piteous entreaty. And as she thus prayed, and poured out her soul's sorrow, it could be heard afar. She then traced her steps to the quiet old town, followed by her ever faithful attendant, the Moss-Gatherer.

I WILL LEAD YOU TO THE GOLDEN GATE

BY ERNEST LEIGH.

IF YOU have ever dipped into an M. D.'s notebook, you must have found it a strange medley of strange events; curious diagnoses; and still more curious cases. Yesterday I unearthed an old one of my own, full of interesting data. One case struck me as being original that I am tempted to inscribe it here verbatim.

At the time alluded to, I was in a good practice, my patients, most of them, well to do. Amongst the number was Madame Georgette. She had been suffering for some years from a complaint which happily yielded to my remedies. From that time she claimed a visit from me once a fortnight, in case—to use her own words—she might have a relapse. This I knew with necessary precautions was very unlikely to happen, but she was peculiar in many ways, combining great intellectual powers with a singular dread of approaching dissolution.

During one of these periodical visits Madame Georgette suddenly exclaimed: "Doctor, I have a great favor to ask of you. Will you grant it?"

Naturally I suggested that I should prefer to be further instructed.

"You know my dread of being buried alive," she continued. "Now I want you to promise that, if you are within reach, you will come to me on my death bed whenever I am called hence; also that you will remain in the room during the last night before I am placed in my coffin."

"My dear lady," I replied hastily, "I need not assure you that I am ever ready at your service, but why allow your mind to dwell upon the inevitable? It will only render you morbid and nervous."

"On the contrary," returned my patient, "this conversation may perhaps add years to my life. Now please write down in your note book what I want you to do under the circumstances in question, and I will sign it."

Seeing that Madame Georgette was in earnest and knowing her peculiar temperament, I drew the notebook from my pocket—the identical one now lying before me, and wrote as follows:

"I, Beatrice Georgette, beg that Doctor McDonald will attend me in my last illness. When life is extinct, I wish to be placed in a comfortable bed as if I were asleep, my hands not crossed on my breast, but laid outside on the counterpane. I further desire to have a table placed by the bedside with my large cross upon it, a vase of fresh flowers, two lighted candles and a small hand-bell. Should my decease take place in winter, I wish the fire to be laid ready for lighting. Lastly, I beg that my good kind Doctor will watch my remains during the night before the funeral."

"Do you consent?" she continued, when I had duly inscribed her last wishes.

"Certainly, as far as lies in my power," I replied. Thereupon I handed her the notebook. She signed the page in question with pen and ink—there it stands to the present day.

Presently the conversation turned on other subjects. Madame Georgette never again referred to her last wishes, neither did I.

A few years passed away. As my patient had predicted, that written testament seemed to have given her a new lease of life. Her physical condition rapidly improved, while the nervous symptoms which had rendered me somewhat uneasy entirely vanished.

Ten years later, before Christmas, or rather early in December, I was suddenly called to visit a relative in the South. It was an unusually severe winter, snow lying deep on the ground. I had been absent about a fortnight when I received the following telegram:

"My sister is very ill—at death's door—begs you will come at once."

Mindful of my promise given many years ago, and finding that my relative had recovered sufficiently to allow my transferring her to other medical care, I hastily packed a portmanteau and started for New York at once. Owing, however, to a block on the line, caused by an unusually heavy fall of snow, I did not reach home until the evening of the third day and drove straight to Madame Georgette's home. My heart misgave me as I rang the bell; the house pre-



"I drew back the curtain and an icy cold hand met my own."

sented a mournful appearance, all the blinds being drawn down. Was I indeed too late?

In a few minutes the door was opened by the old butler, whose face at once proclaimed the fatal news; my journey was fruitless. His mistress died an hour after the telegram had been dispatched; another to that effect had followed it, but I had already left.

I was shown into the library. Presently Madame Georgette's sister came to me greatly distressed. From her I learnt that Madame Georgette had an attack of erysipelas. A local physician had been sent for who duly prescribed for the malady in question, from which she appeared to rally satisfactorily, but on the evening of the day on which the telegram was dispatched, she suddenly complained of severe pains in her head. She raised herself for a few moments, expressed a belief that she was dying, and begged to have me sent for. She never spoke again. Within half an hour she ceased to breathe. It was all so terribly sudden that there was not even time to send for the physician in charge. When he arrived, he pronounced life extinct.

"Of course, you knew her last wishes," I said, surprised and shocked at such a sudden collapse.

"Indeed, I know nothing," returned Miss James. "I am Madame Georgette's only remaining relative in America, as you are aware in the absence of my nephews—one in India, the other in China. Of course, I have sent for her solicitor; he comes to-morrow evening."

Drawing the note-book from my pocket, I showed Miss James her sister's last direction, signed by her more than fifteen years ago.

"She was then suffering from great nervous depression," I continued, "fearing that she might be buried alive, but from the moment she had entrusted me with these, her last instructions, she took a new lease of life. You know how wonderfully well she had been of late years. I must trust to you to help me. Can I go up stairs?"

"Certainly," replied Miss James, "but you will understand that, knowing nothing of these wishes, they have not been carried out." Then she rang for Madame Georgette's maid who took me into the death chamber.

Yes, evidently life was extinct. As I bent over the remains of my old friend, I carefully examined both heart and pulse—a useless precaution.

"It must have been some sudden shock," I said, turning to the maid, "or perhaps the rupture of a small blood vessel on the brain. Madame Georgette complained of violent pains at the last, I understand?"

"Yes, sir; I think my mistress was very much worried at your absence; she seemed to have something she wanted to tell you and kept on saying she should die before you could return."

"You are quite right," I answered, giving her the note-book. "Read that page, then you will understand her anxiety. It is a very singular case, but we must carry out her last wishes, if possible."

"My poor lady," returned the maid with tears in her eyes, as she handed me back the note-book. "I had better make up a bed in the adjoining room. There is a door of communication, as you see, sir. Miss James will assist me, I know. The maids would be too frightened."

"By all means," I answered; "go and get everything ready. I will wait here. Perhaps the butler will help me carry the body. Like yourself, he has been many years in your late mistress' service; I am sure he would not object."

After the maid had left me, I again carefully considered the case. The features wore a very peaceful expression, the hands were decidedly limp, but otherwise there was nothing to distinguish this lifeless body from that of any other in the same condition.

I resolved to see the medical man who had attended Madame Georgette, a stranger to me, on the morrow and obtain from him a detailed account of her illness; but for the present I had enough to do in carrying out my friend's instructions.

"Everything is ready, sir," whispered the maid, as she and Miss James approached the bed; "Gilbert is here—come to help you."

Together the old man and I carried the remains through the doorway into the next room, and carefully placed the body in the bed, reclining a little on one side. Then Miss James folded down the bed-clothes, placing the hands outside the counterpane as directed.

A lace cap had been substituted for the linen band around the head; the small table with the cross, a

vase of flowers from the conservatory, and a hand-bell were placed close to the head of the bed, while two tall candles were lighted on the dressing table. Around this piece of furniture I drew a screen to prevent the light falling on the face of the dead.

It was a strange weird scene, but withal a singularly peaceful one. Never during my long experience as a medical man had I assisted in a similar case.

When all our arrangements were completed, we left the maid to watch that night by her own request, whilst I retired to obtain the rest I so much needed after my long journey, and especially with the next night's vigil in prospect.

The following day I interviewed the medical man who had attended Madame Georgette. From him I learnt that my former patient had been taken ill with an attack of erysipelas. Her sister had come to nurse her, the complaint had run its course in a satisfactory manner, nor was it until the end of the fourth day that dangerous symptoms had set in, violent pains in the head, with high fever; but the end had taken place so suddenly that he would have preferred an inquest. This, however, he had waived in deference to Miss James' feelings, as she was in great distress.

I showed the Doctor Madame Georgette's last directions, and explained that they had been carried out. He asked me if I intended to keep my vigil as arranged.

"Certainly," I replied, "but I have begged Miss James and the maid to share it with me in the adjoining room. Of course, the poor woman is dead to all intents and purposes, but I consider the promise binding on my conscience."

With that we parted. Then I went to visit some other patients. Later on in the day I took a short rest and about ten o'clock returned to her home, as the funeral had been arranged for the following day. Meanwhile the coffin was taken to another room.

I remained with Miss James in the library until twelve o'clock; then we went upstairs. It was a bitterly cold night, the snow still lying several feet thick on the ground.

Seeing the fire already laid I kindled it. Then, after one more look at the inanimate form in the bed in her long last sleep, I closed the door of communication, and drew an armchair to the fire. On the old-fashioned hob Miss James had placed a bowl of hot soup, while a tray with wine and brandy stood on a small table near the fire—an act of thoughtfulness for which I had good reason to thank her later on.

Hour after hour passed away; still I kept my strange vigil. Three, four, five o'clock struck. Up to that time I had remained wide awake, but now I began to feel somewhat drowsy, the intense cold having the effect of gradually benumbing the senses in spite of the warmth of the fire. Presently my head sank back on the high-backed chair. I suppose I fell asleep—when suddenly I awoke with a start. I had been dreaming of the funeral to take place on the morrow, and had heard the bell toll distinctly. Once more I altered my position. The wood fire had burnt down and fitful shadows were playing around the hearth. At that moment I became aware of the presence of a ghostly visitor. I felt that I was no longer alone.

Just then the small hand-bell gave a muffled sound—then it fell off the bed and rolled toward the fireplace.

Shall I confess that my heart stood still for a moment as I arose with trembling steps and turned towards the bed, not knowing what I should see.

I drew back the curtain. As I did so, a thin, icy cold hand met my own, and a very feeble voice trembling in the far-away, whispered, "What has happened—where am I?" Then before I could answer, the same voice continued: "Ah, yes; I know—I understand. How good of you to remember my last wishes—but why is it all dark?"

I passed quickly to the door of communication and opened it. There I found the two trembling women



"Resting in her arm chair, with that far-off rapt look in her eyes."



"I will be its mother," she whispered.

waiting for my summons. Then we all returned to the bedside.

"Don't try and talk yet," I said in a low voice, putting the cold hands and arms under the bed clothes. "You have been very ill, but are better now. Your sister is at your side and your faithful maid."

Presently I placed a bottle of hot water to the almost stiffened feet, and administered a spoonful of warm soup with a few drops of brandy in it.

"I am so cold," murmured Madame Georgette, shivering. "Is the fire alight? Why is it so dark?"

Placing some more warm bed-clothes over the almost frozen patient, we realized that our vigil would now begin in earnest. We scarcely dared to speak, fearing that the weary spirit had but returned to its frail tenement for a passing moment—to leave us again forever. After receiving another spoonful of nourishment, Madame Georgette revived a little.

"Don't let me sleep again," she whispered, holding my hand as tightly as her feeble grasp would permit. Then she sank into a quiet slumber, during which the heart and pulse resumed their normal functions, but under very enfeebled conditions, while the deathly pallor of the last three days gave place to a slight tinge of color.

As Miss James and the maid knelt by the side of the sleeper, I drew out my note-book, and entered the strange events recorded above. Undoubtedly it had been a case of deep trance, which but for Madame Georgette's precautions years ago and my presence at that critical moment, might have ended fatally.

The warmth of the room possibly hastened her recovery, but as yet we knew so little of the cause of her mysterious illness that we could only watch the slightest symptoms of returning health from hour to hour.

About eight o'clock my patient roused and for the first time opened her eyes. As they rested on the cross and flowers, she smiled faintly, then she murmured "Still so dark—am I blind?"

I went to the window and threw up the venetians. The sun poured into the room flooding every part of it with perfect morning light, while without, each blade of grass and leaf stood out in bold relief, glistening with silver sheen—a glorious sight in truth.

"I cannot see anything plainly after the brightness of Heaven. Yes; I have been there. This world is all mist," Madame Georgette went on, closing her eyes; "how can I describe it?"

Before long the eyelids closed again, the cold hand relaxed its hold of mine, while over the whole frame crept a generous, healthy warmth, which augured well for her recovery later on. Still we dared not relax our vigilance. At ten o'clock the medical man who attended Madame Georgette during her illness called to make inquiries.

I went down to see him. He listened in amazement to the result of our vigil. Then he begged me to release him from any further attendance. I did so willingly, knowing that my patient would prefer to remain in my own care. Towards the afternoon I felt able to leave her and telegraphed to London for a good trained nurse whose services would now be essential to Madame Georgette's recovery, for I saw that the late heavy strain had completely unnerfed Miss James.

For the following week I slept at her house, coming and going during the day, between my other visits. I had resolutely ignored all conversation with my patient and enjoined the same precautions on Miss James and the maid. Rest for the brain was absolutely necessary in Madame Georgette's state of health. She slept constantly, and at the end of a fortnight had regained her strength so far as to be able to raise herself in bed; but there still remained an almost unearthly expression in her face as she lay gazing upwards, as if she had a glimpse of the life within the veil—a real insight into the unknown world above.

At length I felt intuitively that she would not be herself again until she had unburdened her mind of what she had evidently gone through during that long, mysterious trance.

To this end I said cheerfully on paying Madame Georgette my usual evening visit:

"You are getting better, your pulse is much stronger."

"Yes," she replied with a smile, "I am sure of it. I think I may safely talk to you now. Sit here," she continued, pointing to an armchair at the head of the bed. "I have much to tell you. After those dreadful pains in the head which took place just before my sister telegraphed to you, I lost consciousness. What really took place I do not know, but I suddenly became aware that I was in another world. I was still myself, but yet different. I felt as if I had left my actual body behind me, and yet I possessed the same form. I found that I was standing in one

vast garden of flowers—ah, the color of those flowers—the tints and variations, it would be impossible to describe them. I wandered on until I came to some very large buildings. They did not appear to be made of bricks or stone, but knit together in some invisible manner.

"In my Father's house are many mansions," occurred to my mind, for my memory seemed unimpaired. I entered the first, being attracted by some beautiful singing. There I saw some angels robed in brilliant white drapery, with silver wings, teaching children of all ages. Unlike the forms of the angels, these children had luminous bodies but more shadowy, and yet their features were distinctly visible. They were singing so sweetly that tears welled to my eyes as I listened. Then I went on a little further until I came to another mansion full of infants cradled in the arms of angels. Beyond this group stood other forms, but without any children.

"Presently a bright light shone in the doorway. An angel whose appearance was even brighter than the others I had seen, stood on the threshold with an infant in her arms; in a sweet tender voice she said: 'Another innocent has entered the Golden Gate. Who will nurse it for the dear Lord's sake?'"

"Then I saw one of these luminous forms in the background come forward.

"I will be its mother," she whispered, as she gathered the infant to her breast.

"The angel smiled tenderly and vanished. Again I wandered on amid sights and sounds impossible to describe, the unearthly loveliness of the scenery, the brightness and yet the exceeding peacefulness of those heavenly regions being such that I could only think of those words learnt as a child, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'"

"Presently I noticed a spacious doorway, the entrance to another mansion containing infants only. They were all singing with such fresh young voices, and were tended by angels. I gazed and wondered: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained strength.'"

"Then the same angel returned leading a stranger by the hand. 'A mother has come, she said, she has left three darlings on the earth, and craves the care of one of these little ones. Choose, my sister,' she added, smiling, 'there are many blossoms here, take which you will.'"

"Then I saw a little baby with golden curls and bright blue eyes, stretch out its tiny hands to the sorrowing mother, who clasped it tenderly to her heart, while a chorus of glad infantine voices resounded throughout the building. Thus I learned that when a mother loses her dear ones on earth, another angel mother is awaiting their arrival in Heaven, and that the fond parent who is taken away from her children here below, finds others in Heaven waiting to claim from her the same love and care she had so freely bestowed upon her own.

"It seemed such a comforting thought—I felt I should never again grieve over a child's death."

Madame Georgette paused a moment, then added:

"To you, perhaps, this sounds very fanciful, but to me it was, and is intensely real. I felt very anxious to find the Golden Gate, and retraced my steps to that end. There was no sun there, only a glorious, luminous atmosphere. In the distance, I saw a wondrously bright spot, which I endeavored to reach, and from which rays of light flashed around with unearthly brilliancy.

"Then, too, I noticed a street paved with gold, on which luminous bodies were passing to and fro, some with harps, some without, but all singing. Ah, the music, the exceeding beauty of that song. It still lingers in my ears as I lie awake at night wondering if it was, all a dream or if I was really granted a glimpse of the glory of the unseen world, during that long trance.

"As I went on my way, I found myself wondering if I should meet my parents, who had passed away some years ago, and more narrowly scanned the shadowy forms that ever and anon flitted by me.

"Presently that distant light grew nearer and brighter. I closed my eyes—it was more than I could bear.

"When I opened them again, I saw a Figure standing in the pathway clothed in a robe of golden tissue, the hands and the feet bearing the marks of the wound prints—the eyes so bright that I dared not look up.

"Then I knew that I was in the presence of Christ, the Savior.

"I fell at His feet. He raised me tenderly, saying, 'My child, it is I, be not afraid.'"

"How came I here, Lord?" I asked wonderingly. "What work can I do for Thee, for none seem idle here?"

"I have much for thee to accomplish," was the answer, "but not now; thy time is not yet come. I only called thee for a brief space to ease thy pain. More thou shalt know hereafter."

"Oh, let me stay, dear Lord," I exclaimed, gazing into His loving face.

"Not yet," He answered, pointing to the Golden Gate. "God knows best. Let that suffice. See—the Angel waits to take thee home again."

"At that moment a form I had not noticed before crossed the path, leading a young woman by the hand.

"It smiled on me.

"Mother, I exclaimed, springing forward, 'oh, cannot I remain here?'"

"The Lord knows best; His will is our will. His wishes are our wishes. We know naught else here. Farewell, my child, for a brief space."

"I felt the touch of my mother's lips on my own as she stooped towards me. Then I saw her no more. Again I fell at the Savior's feet.

"Bless me, dear Lord, and my work for Thee ere I depart hence, and give me a cross for life to bear for Thee."

"Many crosses will be thine, my child," said the Savior, 'ere thou comest here again. Bear them bravely for my sake.'

"Then He raised His hand and placed it very tenderly on my forehead, saying:

"See what I have done for thee—now go and work for me."

"As He turned away with a last loving smile, I saw the shadow of the Cross in the distance, behind His golden robes.

"Tears welled to my eyes, as the Angel whispered, 'You must not tarry. I will lead you to the Golden Gate.' Once more I turned to look at that radiant landscape—the golden streets—the exquisite foliage—the glorious heavenly light—while the sound of the distant harps lingered in my ears.

"As I passed the threshold of the Golden Gate, the Angel said: 'Farewell for a brief space: we shall meet again.'"

"Then a mist clouded my eyes, everything faded away. When I recovered consciousness and found myself in my own room, everything was shrouded in gloom. I could see nothing plainly for days. Was it only a dream, think you?"

"I could not tell," I answered, greatly touched by her recital. "Tell me, did you remember any facts connected with your illness and your former life while you were in that heavenly state?"

"No," replied Madame Georgette, "it all seemed very far away—something I had done with—the Past swallowed up in the glorious Present—perfect peace and rest—free from all pain and sorrow. And yet I recognized my mother."

"I think you had better not talk any more tonight," I replied as I felt Madame Georgette's pulse. It was beating very quickly, and she seemed unusually agitated. After administering a sedative I waited until she sank into a quiet slumber. Then I left her. The next morning she seemed better, and from that day the improvement in her health continued. At the end of a month, she was carried to her boudoir, but she never again referred to what she had told me on the evening in question. When she returned to her former life a few weeks later, I found her altered in many ways. She seemed to feel instinctively that her life and wealth were no longer her own, but to be dedicated to some special manner for the good of others.

In less than five years from the date of her illness she lost her eldest son in India after a noble military career—her youngest son, her Benjamin, died of cholera in China, whilst her sister, Miss James, who afterwards married, was drowned at sea with her husband.

And yet I never heard a murmur of complaint from Madame Georgette; her cup had indeed, overflowed, nevertheless her trials and sorrows only served to draw her nearer to that Home, where she knew she too would join her loved ones at no very distant date. To work while she could was her morning and evening motto—rest would come in its own appointed time.

I used constantly to drop in, in the gloaming, to find her after a long busy day in parish and other work, resting in her armchair with that far off rapt look in her eyes, which I had so frequently noticed of late as if she still saw that wondrous vision vouchsafed to her years ago, and heard the celestial music of the Spirit land beyond the grave, of which she had spoken so rapturously.

Was it only a dream? I cannot tell; but I am inclined to think the Lord gave her this vision, whether out of the body or in it I do not know, so that she might know the secrets of His will.

The Durbar. ✱ The American Woman Got There

BY MARTHA J. SCROPPY.

When I read of the Vicerine, Lady Curzon, being mounted on the Royal Elephant a shadow passed over my brow. I felt as though every American girl whose father had possessed a bargain counter would wish to mount an elephant. Then a second thought came, and I said to myself: I am delighted, as I have a grudge that I have long waited to gratify.

Many years ago I was traveling on board of an American steamer when a party of English people came on board that had been traveling in South America. They were to be transferred to the English steamer at Havana. Our first night out we encountered a terrible storm, as is usual in the Caribbean waters. Next morning the sun shone brightly; the sea was calm and the passengers began to gather on deck. A lady came along accompanied by two intent looking maids; one had a book and lorgnette, the other had a shawl. The lady was rather heavy; but of a most beautiful complexion, pure pink and white, with beautiful blue eyes, her hair was a somber color of tow.

She gazed cautiously around to see if any trade winds were near and then seated herself beside me, and commenced conversation,—she introduced herself and her string of titles were as long as my arm. I will call her Lady Arnold for short. She informed me that she was a widow and had traveled all over the world and entertained me with her many trips

up and down the Nile; she said, "I have always been so fascinated with the dear old sluggish Nile—its margin is always fringed with the lotus blossoms."

Her husband was a titled nobleman that left a vast estate in and around the town of Essex. She spoke of her many charities and mentioned that she had just finished a new "church." I said to her if you have built a new church in Essex, you have ruined the dear old place as it is the oldest town in England. Tourists never miss the quaint old town, its old brick walls are deeply furrowed by the storms of centuries, but strange to say they still retain their red color. The town dates back to the sixth century. Lady Arnold said, "I have a reason for building the church; in Essex there is quite a colony of American Anglos who inherited estates and came from their own country and settled, preferring to live in England, and they wanted a new church and our middling classes joined with them, saying that the old church smelt musty, and still retained the taints of the Priars; and," she added, "you know the churches of Essex were confiscated during the Reformation." I said yes, my guide book so informed me, and the conversation changed. Lady Arnold said that the American woman could never ascend to any social position in England as they lacked aristocratic birth and bearing. We exchanged cards and I told her that if she should ever visit America again I

would be very happy to see her. Upon her asking a few questions about my family—I told her that our family never boasted of obsolete dusty titles, but we have a family book. I had two grand uncles that fought in the Colonial war and were present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. I said that my mother claimed relationship to Sir Walter Raleigh. Poor Walter, after being imprisoned for thirteen years was beheaded by his inquisitors because he did not show them a gold mine in Venezuela.

The English steamer came for the transfer of our fellow passengers. I said good bye to Lady Arnold, and as I looked over the railing, I saw her and the two maids, a monkey, a parrot and a hairless dog passing over the gang plank.

Forty years later.

I would like to write to Lady Arnold and tell her that the American woman has ascended to the back of the Royal Elephant while thousands of voices cheer Lady Curzon the Vicerine who is bedecked with the finest gems in the world, and the wealth of India at her feet. Following in the rear are the sons and daughters of Victoria and the nobility of England having the precious privilege of viewing the stubby tail of the Royal Elephant. Truly American woman has ascended. I wonder what Lady Arnold thinks of the ascending.

I am avenged!

THE MOONSHINER'S DAUGHTER

BY G. CUTLAFFE HINE.

Two men were riding horses down an ill-defined trail through North Carolina woods. The one was a New Yorker—keen, alert, dark-haired, and chronically one day behind in his shaving. His companion, who rode with difficulty his rough gaited Kentucky mare, was obtrusively British. Everything from his deer-stalker cap to his yellow pig-skin gaiters with their buttons down the shin betrayed him a recent importation from the Islands beyond the sea. They were not friends, scarcely acquaintances; they had foregathered some few miles back at cross-roads, and, finding that they were heading in the same direction, had jogged along in company.

For the past hour the multitude of trails had bothered them much, and there had been a good deal of toss up in their choice; and at last neither had any further idea to offer about the route, and there was no question but what they were most satisfactorily lost. The last blue of the sky was turning to a cooler purple, and a couple of tree toads were already commencing the overture to their nightly opera.

"Say," remarked the American, "have you ever ridden down a strange trail of this sort after night-fall?"

"Can't say that I have."

"Then, sir, you've an experience in store which won't be all molasses. You wait till the trees begin to sneeze up and hit you on the kneecap, then you'll—Great Columbus, see that?"

"What, these green shrubs?"

"Corn, sirc. Indian corn you call it 'way back in the old country.' And here we are. A bigger cabin, I guess. 'Taint good enough for a tarheeler's shanty."

They wheeled around the edge of the corn patch, their horses picking a way cautiously over the out-shooting roots of the timber, and pulled up, before a small frame house. As though their arrival had been expected, the rough door swung open and a man stepped out and faced them. He was an old man and heavily bearded. He stood quite four inches above the fathom in his boots, and in the hollow of his left arm he carried a weapon, single barreled and hammerless.

He pointed to this and introduced it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is about the latest, Rawnsley's ten-fire repeating shot-gun. The first of you that slips a hand toward the sly pocket of his pants will get a hole let into him that a yoke of steers could drive through. If you want to stay, you've got to fight it out."

He of the yellow gaiters laughed.

"What quaint people you Americans are," he said. "Why you should threaten war in this unexpected fashion, I can't imagine."

"Ho! you're a Britisher?"

"English—quite English."

"And your companion, isn't he an exerciseman either?"

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders, and the New Yorker answered for himself.

"S. T. Vanrennan, real estate agent, Irving Place, New York City. Stick to my own trade, Colonel, and shouldn't know what a blockade still was, if I was shown one."

For a moment the old man seemed inclined to resent this remark, but only for a moment. Then Southern hospitality asserts itself.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, how can I serve you?"

"By putting us on the road to Ashville."

"I could not do it. Ashville's a good thirty miles beyond this, and the trail's far too bad for strangers to follow in the dark. You must bunk with me, gentlemen, this night."

There was a little more talk, and then the horses were led around to a barn at the back, unsaddled, rubbed down roughly, and presented with six corn cobs apiece; after which the two adjourned to the cabin, supped off heavy corn bread, strong flavored bacon, and raw biting smoky corn whiskey. After the meal the Yankee, pleading tiredness, retired to the far room and slept. The Briton, who was traveling in the mountains to pick up character, was glad to sit up with his host and talk beside the smelly kerosene lamp over granulated tobacco and corn cob pipes.

Their conversation was, on the whole, desultory. Only twice was it interrupted. On these occasions footsteps made themselves heard on the hard ground outside, and then, after a pause, a silver half-dollar rolled in under the door. The old man pocketed the coin, lifted the latch, and reaching a hand out into the darkness, brought in a quart bottle, which he proceeded to fill from a keg that wafted through the hut a strong smell of smoky spirit. Afterwards he thrust out the bottle into the night, and heavy footsteps recommenced and died out in diminishing.

On the first occasion the old man commented to his guest: "Say, sir, you're what they call in the mountains a tenderfoot; but, from the fact of you, you seem straight. Please remember you've seen nothing."

"I'm under the tie of bread and salt," said the Englishman; "you needn't fear me," and fell to talking about the game in the woods.

When the Englishman awoke the next morning, he found that his traveling companion had already departed.

"I didn't press him to stay," said the old man, "but I hope you will honor me with a longer visit. My name is Colonel Swanlee, which you may have seen mentioned in accounts of the war; and once I had a forty room house here and close on two hundred niggers working on a fine estate. The house and the niggers are gone, and the estate has run back for the most part into forest. You know the war ruined most of us Southern gentlemen, and our lands were bought up by pork packers and successful drummers and Yankee trash generally. I've been luckier than some; I haven't sold a rod of ground; I've been spared seeing a filthy railroad plow through my land, and I've some other mercies to be thankful for. The Northerner was right when he hinted at my having a blockade still round here. I do run one. I know seemed to be living then in an atmosphere of nearly

it's against the law; but the law—as laid down by the Yankees—ruined me. Consequently I've but small respect for it, specially as now it's sized to suit all shades of color. Come, sir; you said last night you were in a hurry to get on. Will you stay awhile and rough it with me?"

The invitation was genuine and the Englishman remained; and because the life was fresh and interesting to him, and because Old Man Swanlee was loth to let him go, he stayed on till the weeks grew to over a month. There was much to occupy his time. Any one with a taste for scenery may gratify it to the full in the wooded mountains and valleys of the Alleghany country. Sometimes he took his horse and rode along the rough trails far afield—over the Great Smokies, and looked down on Tennessee. Sometimes he roamed through the second growth forest which had sprung up in tropical luxuriance over the once cleared land occasionally shooting a wild turkey or a hawk or a flying squirrel, or whipping in two a small rattlesnake; but for the most part finding full enjoyment in admiring the gallery of pictures which Nature by herself had painted.

Once, indeed, he visited the distillery in its weird hiding place under the waterfall and glanced curiously over the crude appliance with which the fiery corn whiskey was produced. But that was only once, and indeed, the still was seldom referred to. In the evening when they sat together under the wooden piazza, the Englishman and his host either rocked and smoked in silence, looking into the warm Southern night and listening to its myriad insect noises, or else the old man would talk and unfold pictures of past Southern splendor in the halcyon days "befo' the wo'." They

Under the impromptu surgery, the old man awoke. "That blasted Yankee Vanrennan! Says I shot his father at Seven Pines, when I was skirmishing for Lee outside Richmond. Very likely: I know the orders were to take no prisoners. It was all in the way of business. And then by way of dirty vengeance, he brings the excise about my ears. No Southern gentleman would have done that—none but a mongrel Dutch Yankee. However, he's got his gruel, and so have the revenue men; and I'm dying, and—Hullo! Who are you?"

Old Man Swanlee gripped his gun again, and started up full of fight.

"Oh, it's you, sir, is it? I ask your pardon, I'm sure, he said, bowing with old fashioned courtesy. "but this little domestic trouble must be my excuse. Those fellows have pumped lead into me till I've been a trifle thrust off my balance. Thanks, if you would assist me on to the floor again, and bring the corner of that hox under my head?"

He rested a minute to collect his thoughts, and then went on a fresh.

"Now, Mr. (I've forgotten your name) circumstances compel me to ask you an intense favor. I've had good comrades and I've had staunch friends, but some were shot in the war and some have died since, and the rest have scattered, I know not where. There isn't a soul within riding distance except tarheelers, and I'd almost a soon trust my little girl to a nigger as one of them."

"Your daughter is this that you are speaking about?"

"That's so; I haven't mentioned her before. I don't let her have any truck with the lot down here, and



"A MAN STEPPED OUT AND FACED THEM."

half a century before, and at times the Englishman had hard work to bring himself back to the true realities.

But at last there came a breaking up of the pastoral, and it arrived in barbarous shape. The place was raided by the revenue men.

The visitor was away bee-hunting in the woods when they arrived, but hastened back when the sound of heavy firing came down to him over the timber. Interference; but the history of what had occurred was written out before him in ruddy lettering. Three officers of the excise lay twisted and dead on the red soil, shot down by the terrible ten-fire repeater, which carried its charge like a heavy ball for the short distance. Farther out was Vanrennan, doubled up over a stump like a half-filled meal sack. Filting in and about the trees, still farther down the trail, were four saddled horses, leisurely grazing.

There was no sign of Old Man Swanlee.

Had he run for the woods or—

The newcomer rushed across the clearing and into the cabin. The Carolina planter, the Confederate Colonel, the blockade distiller, the murderer, was stretched out on the floor, with blood oozing into pools around him. The Englishman shuddered and bent down for examination. An ear shredded through by one bullet, temple grazed by another, left elbow shattered by a third; none of these were mortal, none could cause this prostration. Ah; there was a worse wound; in the groin—that meant death.

didn't intend to until this place was ready to receive her as she should be received—as my mother was received when she came upon the estate. Yes, sir, that's what I've been toiling and slaving for all these years, and barely spending a dollar in cash except a few cents an acre for taxes, holding on to the land with a miser's grip whilst the forest stamped the snake-fences out of sight, brewing a vile spirit for the mountaineers around. No, sir, I've not sold moonlight whiskey because I liked it, or hugged my balance at the banks merely to put myself back on the ancestral dunghill. I've done my crowing. But, sir, when my little girl was born in Richmond during the siege, my wife made me promise before she died that come what might, I'd see the child mistress of the house we'd been driven from here. My wife was a very proud woman, sir; her family claimed descent from Pocahontas."

"But," objected the listener, "I don't see how this could be. Since slavery has been abolished—"

"One can't get the lazy brutes of niggers to work? Quite so. But I'd a scheme, sir, to remedy that. It would have been a frightful gall to the Yankees, but it would have paid here, all the same. I should have imported Chinese labor and with that, and a strong hand, things could have been much more the same as they were in the old days. But that scheme must be abandoned now. A man without previous experience, such as yourself would never know how to handle such cattle. Would you kindly reach me that bottle out of the locker? I'm getting very faint. Thanks, I seldom patronize my own brew; but, whatever its

(Continued on Page 14.)

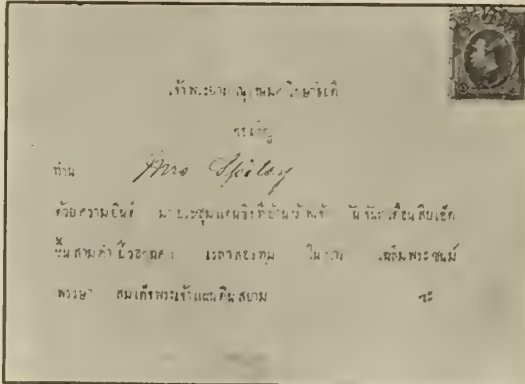
How I Came to Sing Before the Wealthiest Monarch

THE KING OF SIAM.

BY MADAME BERTHA G. SPITZY.



MADAME SPITZY.
As she appeared before the King.



Form of invitation sent by the King of Siam.



MADAME SPITZY.
From a recent photograph.

ONE of the most interesting places that I visited in my extensive travels around the world was the Kingdom of Siam, of which Bangkok is its capital. We arrived there on the 23d of September, 1884, just at the beginning of the rainy season, and were surprised to see the city decked out in festal attire. Inquiring the cause of this unusual display at this time of the year, we were told that they were preparing to keep the King's birthday, which great event would occur in a few days, and which would be celebrated with the most elaborate oriental pomp and ceremonies. This picturesque city where King Chulalongbhorn reigns supreme would remind one of Venice with its streets of sparkling waters, over which gondolas carry the people from one business place to another and to the different European residences.

It was raining very hard, so on our arrival we were taken immediately to the hotel, and being very hungry, did ample justice to an excellent dinner, prepared evidently by someone who understood French cooking, and which was an agreeable surprise to us. As I was very much fatigued after my long journey I retired early hoping to have a good quiet sleep, but while in my first slumber, I was awakened by a strange noise right over my bed. I screamed aloud, fearing a dangerous animal, an alligator, perhaps, had entered my room. I looked around with terror, but what I saw was a very large lizard over two feet long, pure white, and gazing at me with his soft black eyes. As it made no hostile demonstration, but kept perfectly quiet, I soon lost all fear of it. However, I kept my light burning, and lay awake watching it until after a while it disappeared as quietly as it had come. In the morning I spoke of the big scare I had, but to my surprise and indignation they only laughed at me for being afraid. They said that it was perfectly harmless and a very useful animal, for it eats all the mosquitoes and spiders, that the Siamese had a great reverence for it and I should be very much pleased to have it in my room. It came the next night, but this time I was not frightened, in fact its presence lulled me to sleep for I knew it would devour the mosquitoes before they could annoy and disfigure me.

The next day we called on the German Consul, and there we met many celebrities, two especially, the Consul General of Holland and the French Consul Mons. Rolland.

The Consul General of Holland entertained us one evening at his beautiful oriental home, where we were cordially received by his charming and very pretty wife, who made us feel perfectly at home. At their request I sang for them and received much praise for (as they expressed it) my fine dramatic soprano voice. They expressed also an earnest wish that I should attend the approaching festival and reception to be given in honor of the King's birthday at his palace. The result of my eager response was, that I received a royal invitation for the same, which was brought by the King's special messenger. That invitation I still possess and value as a souvenir of royal compliment. My presentation at the royal palace was made under the protection of my new found friends, and we were received with oriental pomp and ceremony. Bashful attendants removed my wraps, touching with great care the folds of my dress and slyly gazing at me with their soft almond eyes. I wore a satin evening dress with a long train at which these little brown maidens gazed with wonder. Also my hair, which was light and curly, seemed a great curiosity to them, for their's was black straight and cut short. The ball room with its beautiful polished marble floor, its thousands of twinkling lights, and luxuriant tropical plants looked as if summoned by Aladdin's wonderful lamp of Arabian Nights fame. While the officers in gay uniform and the other guests brilliant with splendid jewels made a truly enchanting scene. The music was entirely modern, the orchestra consisted of fifty Siamese musicians, but was led by an Italian professor. I was surprised how well they played modern waltzes and other dances. My hand was claimed by the younger brother of the King for the first waltz.

At midnight we were invited to the banquet hall; the French Consul was my escort, the other ladies came in with the different Consuls, officers and ministers of the court. I was surprised to see that the King, at whom I gazed with much curiosity and interest, wore the uniform of a European General, and that all the Ministers wore splendid uniforms. The elaborate supper was also served in French style, and the table was loaded with gold and silver. I could hardly realize that I was at an oriental court; it equaled any European court in splendor. After this banquet of indescribable magnificence, I was informed that His Majesty wished to hear me sing. The German Consul conducted me to the grand concert piano, which was standing in the reception hall, and also played my accompaniment. The King was standing only a few steps in front of me, surrounded by his Ministers of Court and other guests.

When I had finished an Italian aria His Majesty begged that I would sing again for the Queen Mother. After he complimented me on the fullness and richness of my voice. "It is so," said His Majesty, "the singing of the Europeans comes from the chests, not like the voices of the Siamese who sing from the nose," which he then imitated. I smiled and noticed

that this King was really a fine looking young man, and not very dark.

The Prime Minister now approached, and offering me his arm said the King's mother wished to speak to me. He conducted me to her presence. Through palms, and gilded gates as we approached the harem, I heard an orchestra playing Siamese music on the flutes, banjo, cornets and cymbals. This music was soft and harmonious, not at all like the hideous Chinese discordant strains. It is the King's mother that reigns as Queen in this country. She was seated in the center of a large room on a low divan, after the Oriental fashion; next to her was the young Queen (wife of the King) surrounded by the ladies of the Court, while at a distance were the slave servants. The Queen mother reached out her hand and invited me to sit down beside her; she talked with me in her own language, while the Prime Minister translated her words. I was able to observe her dress very closely. She did not wear very much; her arms were bare and her naked feet were set in gold and jeweled embroidered slippers. She wore also a gold and jeweled embroidered vest fastened with diamonds almost as large as a gentleman's vest button. Bound around her waist and over her pajamas was a large silken sash that reached to her knees. Her hair was cut short, her teeth black as jet, which, by the way, is considered by the Siamese woman aristocratic and beautiful. The blacker the teeth the higher they are, and the more they pride themselves on their blue blood.

As the hour was late and the royal gondolas waiting to take us home, we now took our leave of the King. His Majesty gallantly expressed a wish that he might have the pleasure of hearing my voice another time. His younger brother presented me with a bouquet of exquisite Siamese flowers. I did not see the King again, but before leaving Bangkok—he sent me a present valued at several hundred dollars, which testimony of his chivalrous admiration and kindness pleased me very much.

We left for India soon after, but one of the pleasantest memories of my travels is that evening I spent at the palace and sang for the King of Siam.

THE MOONSHINER'S DAUGHTER

(Continued From Page 13.)

demerits, it has strength. However, I haven't got much time left, and I must come to the point. America was no place for a Southern girl after the war. With the niggers stirred up as they were, there was no telling what might happen to her. So I sent the child to a convent in Paris and there she remained ever since. But she's finished her education, and she's coming home right now—coming home to her inheritance. Yes, sir, the estate will be hers in an hour or so's time, and with it a matter of fifty thousand dollars that have come out of moonlight whiskey. Now, sir, will you give a dying man a hand?"

"I will do anything that lies in my power."
"Then find out my daughter," came the astonished reply, "and marry her."

Horror-struck, the Englishman started to his feet. Did not this man realize that he was a murderer, still red-handed?

"My God!" said Old Man Swanlee, "you are not going to refuse me?" He stretched out a bony hand and caught at the other's gaiters. "Heavens, man; think what you are saying. Think what it means to me!"

The other turned away his head in despair.

"It's not much I am asking. She's beautiful; I had her photograph sent me only the other day; she's highly educated; she's well born; she's rich. What more can a young man want in a wife?"

"But," broke in the Englishman desperately, "I'm not free. I met a girl in Paris a while back, and crossed with her in the boat from Havre. Before we landed at New York, she had promised to become my wife. I could never marry any one else. I—er—in short, I love her."

The old man's knotted hands wrestled with one another tremulously. "I see," he said at last, with a heavy sigh. "I should like it to have been, but what you say is final. Still, sir, you must do something else for me, if you will."

"Anything that lies in my power," exclaimed the other, eagerly. "Believe me, anything."

"Then find out my daughter and act as her guard- everything, and she will do it. See that she has her rights; guard her from adventurers; watch that she marries a good husband, a man that is worthy of her,

one who will treat her well."

The old man's voice had died almost to a whisper. His companion stooped over him. "I will do all you ask," he said earnestly. "But you had better tell me now where to find Miss Swanlee."

"Thanks; you are very good. But I ought to have told you she is not bearing that name now. To avoid complications which arose after the war, I made her take another, which she will carry till she comes back here. She was christened Miriam, after her mother, and—"

The old man's voice dropped.
"Yes, yes," said the Englishman, impatiently. "but what was the surname?"

"Lee."

"What, Miriam Lee?"

"Yes, sir, Miriam Frances Lee."

"Just God!—that is the girl to whom I am engaged."

The Englishman reeled against the table, staring wildly at his host. Old Man Swanlee had ceased to live, but the angel of the hut propped him against falling. On his grim old face there was a curious look of satisfaction.

The Joy and Sorrow

BY MARION ELLISTON.

"Time flies, dear heart, time flies.
Love never dies, Love never dies."

FOR better; for worse; for richer or poorer; in sickness and in health; to love, cherish and obey, till Death do us part." And the man and woman stood hand in hand. They vowed it prayerfully, pledged it faithfully, accepted it trustfully. Friends looked on and sighed. The angels showered down sweet dreams and noble ideals. The Father of Love smiled. And all life stretched away a bloom of flowers.

It is autumn now, and chill evening. The strong man shivers as he stands upon the shore. The woman stands beside him, but she seems not to notice the cold, nor that he throws a warm wrap around her. Rain-clouds are rising out of the sea, but she seems not to see them.

A shadow lies between the man and woman! She, kneeling on the ground, is peering into it, with face all aglow with light from the torch she is holding in the hand that but lately lay in that of the man. He is standing beyond the shadow, but she notices not that she holds the torch too low to light him, as she leans forward on the ground. The shadow is only the earth-mist that has gathered densely round a tiny cradle. The cool and the crying absorb the woman, and she raises nor smile nor torchlight to the man beyond the shadow. She seems warm and glad where she kneels, for the cradle (tiny as it is) and the earth-mist screen her from the cold wind that is sweeping up, and the torch glimmers brightly around her. Again and again the man turns longingly to the woman and the child; but the light is away from him, and the woman heeds him not, nor notices that the darkness and the chill enwrap him. The shadow grows denser between

them. The man shivers as he stands alone.

And the man walks on alone. The billows break round his feet in angry surge as, Time-driven, he staggers pauselessly on, blinded by the spray and deafened by the breakers. Ever and anon he turns, straining to catch a glimpse of the flickering torchlight through the darkness,—wondering if yet the woman may have noticed how the mist has grown between them, if perchance she may be looking for him, perchance be holding the torch to light him homewards. Ever and anon he stretches out his arms to where last he saw it, before driving winds had carried him out of its reach awaywards. Ever and anon a moan escapes him, and his face has grown old and lined and worn. On and on he struggles alone in the silence.

In a pause between the cooing and the crying and the needling of the child, the woman looks up startled. She remembers the man. She notices that the torch is lighting only herself and the child. She recalls his wrapping a warm wrap around her when she first knelt there. She staggers to her feet with a frightened, awakened look. Is he alone? Is she? And they once walked hand in hand. She raises the torch to look for him, but the mist and the shadow lie thick between.

The woman hurries on. She raises the torch higher,—ever pursuing, ever seeking. She feels the chill of the winter wind, the damp of the night solitude. Ever and anon she calls him, but the wind beats back her call. Ever and anon she cries, but the breaking waves drown her cry. She struggles on to overtake him, but strength flags and hope dies. Ever the mist lies thick between, and the bitterness of aloneness is upon her,—but the torch burns brighter and brighter.

Ever and anon the woman turns to ask passing travellers if they have



seen the man she is seeking. One and another tell her of one who passed that way alone, stern and sad, fighting the darkness as he went, his hair lying damp upon his forehead, his face set, as though he battled with suffering. A woman, sweet and gentle, takes her hand, whispering "Let me help you call,—he is so lonely till he hear you." And as she calls "Friend! friend! Love never dies, Love never dies!" it echoes far away over the land and over the sea. And travellers hearing it, not seeing her, hold it a fragment of the angels' song, floating down to cheer them with a whisper from God,—but it never reaches the man. A man, strong and pitying, says, "Let me call too; I am strong and you are weary,—perhaps my voice will reach him." He calls "Brother! brother! Love never dies, Love never dies!" And the call carries new hope to every traveller who hears. But there is no answer from the man on before. In that wild storm he cannot hear! The woman moans on, "Too late! Too late! Repenting too late," but the torch burns brighter, and she holds it higher as she seeks him.

Fellow-travellers turn to watch her as she struggles on, and strain their eyes in search of the man. Some pity, some blame. Some few sorrow for him, some few for her. One cries, "Why does he not come back to her?" another, "Why did she let him go?" One cries, "Unquenchable love!" another, "Natural law of sewing and reaping!" One cries mournfully, "How sorrowful! Another failure!" another hopefully, "Faith and love will reach him!" Some stand aside indifferent, being too busy to help and too happy to care! The most of them, being neither great in thought nor noble in feeling, ejaculate, "I told you so,—you see I was right!" The few who think higher and feel deeper say, "How inevitably sure is consequence!" Then, having said their say, and shrugged their shoulders to the fulfilment of decent conventionality they pass on, and —forget.

But the angels who watch and listen, who think and suffer, who live and conquer, and who never forget, look pitifully down and say, "How inevitable is the triumph of Love!"

Softly and tenderly guiding angels whisper to the woman: "The man you seek is kneeling by a child's grave.

You can find him there. It is but a shadow between you—a shadow so narrow that outstretched hands may pierce it and clasp each other!"

Not yet! not yet! She kneels beside the tiny grave, so close to the sorrowful man, who is groping with straining eyes and outstretched arms for her. But she sees him not through the shadow, and she drops her torch to the ground once more, as her head sinks down with convulsive sobs on the little mound. The mist of her own tears blinds her, that she cannot see him kneeling on the other side, in anguish deeper, in aloneness more desolate than her own. Her wild yearning for one more clasp of the baby arms, and one more pressure of the baby kisses, shuts out all thought of the sorrowful man, hungering with a passionate hunger, not only for the baby prattle that is silenced, but, too, for the woman love that seems buried with it.

The woman kneels on weeping. The man struggles on suffering. So near—that hands could have clasped and held for ever—but the torch had dropped too low to guide aright, and Time swept them apart. And the shadow grew denser and denser.

The rain-clouds lie low over the land, and the mist and the shadow enwrap the earth in mis-shaping darkness.

The man and the woman go on alone. The man has ceased to struggle now. His outstretched arms have dropped wearily; his eyes have ceased straining to catch a glimmer of that torchlight. Benumbed and hopeless he staggers on—on and on till the end shall come.

The woman too has ceased weeping. Her dry tearless eyes are pitiful in their silent despairing misery. The bitter self-reproach that swept overwhelmingly over her, as again and again she aroused to find her opportunities lost and her torch burning too low to glimmer to the man she loved, is hushed now to a mute, pulseless pain. But the torch burns on, never fed, yet never failing.

The angels watch yearningly. And the Father of Love smiles wooingly as He whispers, "Poor tired children! they shall rest awhile in My arms, where there is no room for shadows in between, and they will awake in unhindered Love!"

And the shadow fled away.



AN IDYL OF THE FROGPORT TOWN

UNPUBLISHED STORY FROM THE PEN OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Sausalito is divided into two sections,—Old and New Sausalito. Twenty years ago, ere yacht clubs were in existence, there were but three houses at the entrance of Hurricane Gulch, in Stormy Canyon, the terminal of which is the Crescent Beach, walled in by the wooded bluffs which form the confines of the canyon. At this period an antiquated steamer made four trips a day between Sausalito and San Francisco, depending mainly for its patronage upon the Portuguese dairymen carrying their butter, cheese and milk to the market. With the exception of an occasional clambake, provided by an old restaurateur, Charles Dexter, perfect and undisturbed solitude reigned in this region.

One breezy day in September, the natives of this quiet resort beheld a neatly-rigged pleasure boat, not quite large enough to be entitled a yacht, drop her anchor off the ruined wharf from which in olden times blue water ships used to take their supply of fresh water.

When the sails were furled a grey-haired man, dressed in loose yachting flannels, and accompanied by an extremely pretty girl with blonde hair, of some fifteen or sixteen years, stepped into the yacht dingy and were pulled ashore. They sauntered along the beach, while the boatman, returning to the yacht, quickly unbent the mainsail from boom and mast, and then rowed ashore again, landing at a point to which the old gentleman beckoned them.

The oars were driven into the bank that marks the line between shore and upland, the sails spread over them, and a rude but comfortable tent thus constructed.

The boatman then collected logs of driftwood, built a fire, which the raw and blustering evening made grateful to the strangers, and removed rugs, blankets, and provisions from the boat to the shore. The locality which those visitors had chosen was known to the local habitues as Frogport.

The principal and only occupation of those mysterious visitors seemed to be the pacing up and down of the sandy beach, that lay a small margin between the door of the tent and the tide.

In a cabin a few hundred yards behind the bluff that sheltered their tent from the stormy blast lived the son of one of the oldest residents of this peculiar and isolated place, a stalwart youth with bright blue eyes, curly locks and sun-browned complexion, named James Leonard Story. The second day after the arrival of this singular party, "Len" Story, passing along the beach, with a rod upon his shoulder to capture the kelp cod which congregated around the rocky points of this locality, beheld the daughter of this new resident knee-deep in the waters of the incoming tide. As he moved along the sands, his eyes fixed upon this wonderful picture, the girl slipped and fell, and in a moment was floundering in the surf. Len sprang quickly to her assistance, and, taking her in his arms carried her to the threshold of the tent, where the old gentleman received them, and

thanked him cordially for his timely aid. On the following morning Len Story, returning with his cows from the wooded pasture, saw the old gentleman pacing up and down the face of the bluff, a measure in his hand, apparently trying to define some particular spot, with knee on the ground, measuring off so many feet and inches, then arise and pace a certain distance to the north, and a certain distance to the east, and then sit down with an air of perplexity, and consult a manuscript which he drew from a basket of old and peculiar construction.

His daughter appeared to assist him in the search, and would herself occasionally pace off distances, or refer to the document which appeared to be the old gentleman's guide in those investigations. Story sauntered along unobserved by the old gentleman and his daughter, and dropped down beneath a manzanita bush within a few yards of where these unaccountable surveys were taking place.

"I shall try no more," said the old gentleman, in a despondent tone, "there must be something wrong about the information I have received, else the drawing of the manuscript is altogether erroneous. It says twenty paces to the east, ten to the north, bringing the lone pine tree in line with the extreme end of Angel Island, and there dig."

"But you know, my dear father, that even the difference of a couple of feet would baffle us."

"Nevertheless, I cannot understand why Petrosky could have under any circumstances been inaccurate in such a matter." And then the old man went on with his pacing, and worked a long iron rod into the yielding soil, as if searching for some hidden treasure.

Story returned thoughtfully to his cabin, and on the next morning made an early visit to the campers, bringing some fresh milk, and, better still, some fresh fish which his night lines had taken on the previous evening.

"You are very kind to us," said the old gentleman, "and my daughter Marie more than appreciates the gentle methods by which you have endeavored to give us a seaside welcome." Then for the first time Story sat beside this beautiful stranger and heard her expressions of gratitude for the little attentions he had shown them. Her father blew a whistle, and from the yacht the old grey-bearded servitor pushed off, and in a few minutes arranged for the party on the beach a luncheon that a French chef would be proud to design. And then the old gentleman explained to his young Sausalito friend the reason of his visit.

A French nobleman, who had occasion to reside in St. Petersburg, was received there with much cordiality by the royal family, but there arrived a time when he fell under the suspicions of the police, and altogether unjustly, was accused of affiliating with the revolutionary section of the empire. It finally became a case of resigning himself to the authorities, to stand a biased trial, or fly. Before his departure he consigned to the care of his faithful friend and servitor, Petrosky, all his fortune, which he had converted from

coin and securities into diamonds and other jewels of standard market value. With these in his possession, Petrosky had sailed on a Russian ship for California.

"What sort of looking man was this Russian?" interrupted Story, excitedly.

"He was," said the Marquis de Samplieri, for such was his title, "a tall, gaunt man of extreme pallor, and with a heavy sabre scar on his right cheek."

"Then," said Len Story, "he must be the same man who came over five years ago, and boarded with my mother, and used to spend most of his time at the edge of the bluff, just where the fog-signal station is now placed; I thought he was a naturalist, and so did we all, for he was digging and scratching ground, and seemed to me to be looking for bugs and animals, and in one place in particular, we had an idea he was going to sink a shaft in search of gold, he was so long about it."

The old man rose up trembling, "Can you tell me, Len Story," he said, "where that place is? Do you think you could direct me to the spot where this man worked, apparently digging for some precious metal?"

"Why, of course I can," replied Story, "I've passed the place a hundred times since."

With a quivering hand the old Marquis poured out a glass of the deep-red wine of Southern France, and as the young man drained it, he laid his feeble hand upon his shoulder and said: "It may be, my dear child, that thou hast been vouchsafed as the preserver of my daughter and myself. Let us go and see this place that thou hast spoken of."

Within half an hour, the Marquis, his daughter and Len Story stood on the rocky point that faces the Golden Gate. Without a moment's hesitation, the young man indicated the spot where the mysterious visitant of years before had haunted. With feverish haste the old Frenchman plunged his long, sharp iron pointed rod into the ground, and after the fifth attempt, when it came in contact with some hard, hollow-sounding substance, the old gentleman's face grew ghastly pale, and he sat upon the bank, with a pitiful expression of doubt and anxiety upon his wrinkled features.

Then Marie laid her hand softly upon the old gentleman's forehead, and Len Story took the rod and again essayed for the hidden treasure. In a moment he was on his knees vigorously throwing aside the loose soil, and, after a few minutes' earnest work, he brought to the surface the long-concealed casket.

The Marquis de Samplieri drew from his pocket a key of odd and peculiar pattern, hurriedly turned the lock, and there disclosed some hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of precious gems.

Two years have passed over since this discovery at Old Sausalito, and Len Story, now the owner of a line of schooners on the Sacramento river, has for his bride the fair daughter of the lofty house of Samplieri.

NATURE'S GREAT FREAK

BY ARTHUR ALPIN

NATURE'S Great Freak stood on the cliffs of a little fishing village and looked across the sea. The starlight touched the surface of the waters and changed the wavelets into glistening diamonds.

She stood on the cliffs and looked away over the sea, and wondered what lay beyond the horizon where clouds and wavelets met. She longed for a red-winged boat to carry her across the waters to the land "beyond," where night-time and day-time were surely ended and the "unknown" commenced.

You see she was merely a little ignorant girl, who had lived eighteen years on the planet earth. She was merely a stray bundle of life, the child of nobody in particular; she was merely "Nature's Great Freak"—as described in red letters on the bills which decorated the village boardings.

Morning and evening were her own, to do with as she pleased. She spent them in dreams. She was always dreaming. A useless occupation and a waste of time, because dreams bring nothing—save dreams.

During the afternoon and night-time she belonged to her proprietor—fifteen stone of flesh and bone, owner of "Smith's Travelling Theatre." She was on view "twice daily" to all who cared to spend sixpence.

She was not paid a salary for her performance; perhaps because she had so little to do. She had only to fasten a delicately-fashioned wax neck and head to her shoulders, don a pair of blue tights and a yellow blouse and make her bow as a "Two-headed Lady, the Great Freak of Nature." She had learnt the trick of ventriloquism, and with the aid of a wire string she spoke a few words to the audience from the mouth of each head.

Limelight, a gauze veil between the audience and stage, a cornet, drum, and organette did the rest; and the country folk—whether they really believed in the genuineness of Nature's Great Freak or no—were always satisfied with their sixpennyworth.

What the freak thought herself it is difficult to say. Perhaps she did not think about it at all. She had so many other things to think of; the past and the future; the mysterious "unknown;" and, to-night, the sea and the stars. And whilst she stood on the cliffs, with the poppies and cornflowers sleeping at her feet, the church clock struck the hour.

She turned with a sigh, and let the wind carry her dreams across the waters, for it was time to don "her head" and exhibit herself in blue tights and a yellow blouse as "Nature's Great Freak!"

He began to think he was a fool—a great fool. The more he thought about it, the more assured he became of the fact. Indeed, he had been a fool all his life.

He had never done anything but waste his money and his time. He had tried to paint pictures, and failed. He had continued trying to paint pictures, and he had continued to fail.

He had quarrelled with his relations because he wouldn't lead a respectable life, and he had quarrelled with his friends because he was so idiotically "moral." He had never enjoyed life—like other men. He was a fool.

He took up his canvas, placed it on the easel, looked at the brown trawlers nodding on the blue sea in the fading sunlight, and cursed himself and his empty canvas.

Mechanically he squeezed some yellow ochre on to the palette, and asked the western sky how long it intended to keep its gold and purple coloring.

The sky did not reply, but a voice at his elbow answered for it: "The colours soon fade, and die, and go away. You'll have to be quick if you want to make a picture of the sunset."

It was Nature's Great Freak.

"You must come again to-morrow evening—every evening, until the picture is finished," he said, when the church clock struck and she prepared to hasten to "Smith's Travelling Theatre."

"I always come here every evening," she replied simply, "because I like to be alone."

When she had gone, the man looked at his canvas and smiled. "At last!—it is going to be good; it will be very good. But I am a fool; oh! I am a great fool!"

A punt floated down Hurley Backwater. In the punt, on many cushions, side by side sat Nature's Great Freak and the Fool.

He held her hand in his. "Folly," he said, "I am going away—far away; you won't see me again."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Why?"

"Because . . . well, I can't marry. You and I won't . . . Well I am a fool, you know."

"Yes; but if you like me—"

"I have liked many women—for a short time: I have loved none. I am afraid to love a woman; it might not last! and if it did last she might tire—I might hurt her—and I could not hurt a woman I—liked."

The punt floated under the trees and lay at rest among the reeds and water-lilies. And the "Freak of Nature" was happy, because the past and the future were amalgamated in the Present. The man

was sad, because he was thinking he had been a fool again.

When society saw "A Freak of Nature" at Burlington House, she said the title was stupid but the picture was wonderful. And people wondered what manner of man was the artist, and who his model had been.

Since the opening of the Academy the man had come and gazed at his picture every day. Every day for three weeks he gazed at his picture, and cursed himself for being a fool.

Then, one day, he told himself he would be a fool no longer. For he had not only been a fool, but a beast.

She loved him, this lonely bundle of life, this little Freak of Nature.

He had been a fool to think he could talk to her, as he had done, and then leave her just as he had found her. In trying to do good he had only done evil.

But now he would return to that little bundle of life that belonged to him. He would return to the village by the river where he had left her, and he would take her away to the land he had told her of, to the land she had dreamed of—the land where there was silence and love.

"Yes, that's what I want to know," said the proprietor of "Smith's Travelling Theatre,"—that what I want to know, where that girl is? She was worth ten pun' a week to me, she was; an' I offered her to you on reasonable terms—an' you've stole her away, an' I'll have my ten pun' a week from you or know why!"

So she had gone!—Where? He walked along the tow-path towards Hurley Backwater.

There was silence on the river. The birds were asleep, the cattle in the fields were asleep.

He found her at last, asleep also, amid the white water-lilies under the weeping willows.

She lay so still and quiet that he was afraid to touch her. Her hair was loose, and it floated around the little face like a golden pillow.

He had left her, and she could not be left alone, so she had gone to Death. And Death had been kinder than he—for Death had taken the little tired bundle of life to dreamland and hushed away her pain.

He stood and looked down at her as she floated among the lilies in the silence of the night-time.

"A fool; always a fool—but now—"

Then he crept into the water and gathered the little bundle into his arms.

MY OLD AUNT GREGG AND HER LIFE STORY

BY G. CUTLAFFE HINE.

IT IS characteristic of the sands of San Francisco that it will pile up a great hill, then skip and leave a verdant spot. This variety extends several miles. How to account for such great masses of sand so far from the ocean, and with tracts of earth and rock intervening is difficult.

The most plausible explanation is that the strong westerly trades that sweep over this sandy peninsula in the summer, may have in the course of centuries, little by little carried and lifted them from place to place even over solid hills.

As the city grew, this slow, though certain process of nature, was assisted and hurried by the hand man. Sandhills were carried—not by wind—by steam, and thrown into the water. The bay, which nature, perhaps, intended to little by little creep in, was made to rapidly run out.

The city kept on spreading, more hills came down, more houses went up, Nature resigned her sand and bay to busy man and his steam. So they kept on.

But in 1853 the sand was in its glory, it stood mountain high in front of the Palace Hotel, and blocked Market street where now stands the Flood Building. Then if the sand was in the way, you went round; no cable lines shoved their cars through it. One line of omnibuses lumbered from North Beach to South Park.

In those days there stood far out of town, in a hollow formed by the surrounding sand hills, a small cottage house, though a sand bank rose at the side, and a sand mountain towered in front, yet a thick growth of trees covered the large lot on which it was built. Not tall and stately, but short and spreading.

There was the California Tea Tree, with small dark glossy leaves, and feathery blue flowers, and another sort, nameless as far as I know, covered with heavy close clusters of scarlet berries in the fall, which showed in bright contrast to the dry surroundings, making you wonder how they came to choose such a spot for displaying their rich color. Nevertheless, there they stood, and there was the sand, and there stood the house all alone, and there all alone for sixteen years lived my cross old Aunt Gregg, never in all that time going outside of her own

fence. As early as I can remember she lived there, which is not surprising, as the Hollow was her home before my birth.

My father, her only brother, said hers had been a sad past. I was never to ask or refer to her former life, all I know was that she had come from New York with her only son, who died soon after their arrival. What had become of Mr. Gregg was a question only asked once, as it made my father scowl angrily and forbid the subject.

The approach to this oasis in the desert was by a climb up the bank of two steps forward, and one back, with your shoes scooping in sand, and a slide down of six steps at a time, hastened by your shoes filled to overflowing. We always chose the bank which was on the way to the side of the house. No one had ever been known to attempt the sand moun-

tain in front.

After the rapid slide we encountered a wide gully formed by the heavy rains, and crossed by a plank. I used to fancy it a moat and drawbridge.

Then there was a small strip of ground to pass, soft with bachelor buttons, and covered by wild lilies, with their long blade like leaves and purple velvet flowers.

Here, under the knotted blackberry, ambushed, always lay in wait my hated enemy, who announced my arrival in discordant sound. Not a watch dog, but a fierce old gander, a wicked thing he was, just longing to nip my legs, which would show from under my short dress.

Urged by my father saying "go on, go on!" and by my old aunt shouting from her back door, "Woman, what are you afraid of!" I warily passed him, and he warily watched me.

Though I was only a little thing, if any aunt felt angry she always addressed me as, "woman."

Nearing the house you could see a great climbing white moss rose growing against the kitchen, and some fruit trees which must have been planted by her dear son. On each side of the kitchen door stood a dog house, the home of two watch dogs, which were needed, for not far from the house ran the old Presidio road, where half tipsy soldiers passed along late at night on their way to the barracks, or Fort Point. But a loaded gun, as well as the dogs, would give them a warm reception. My aunt had shouldered it more than once to frighten off tramps.

She always stood at her kitchen door waiting to greet us, and never failed to give me a cold, hard kiss. Her face might have been pleasant when young, as the features were small and regular, but the expression cross and harsh.

A short gray skirt, black woolen jacket, long calico apron and white silk handkerchief round her neck with the ends pinned in front, was her constant dress, only changed to a black skirt on Sundays.

You walked directly into the kitchen, how well I remember it, a small rough room, showing the shingles on the slanting roof. Bunches of feathers, gathered as the old gander condescended to drop them, hung on the wall close to other bunches of dry, black herbs.



MISSION DOLORES, IN SAN FRANCISCO, BEFORE AMERICANS CAME.



THE FIRST FOURTH OF JULY PARADE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A large cage stood near a little sliding window, holding several California quails, that laid such quantities of eggs and so regularly you wished a larger and more domestic bird really would try and imitate these little brown things.

On a wooden bench stood two buckets of water, with a quaint dipper hanging above made of a carved gourd, bought from the natives while crossing Panama.

Of the merits of the water in the buckets, my aunt and I differed, it came from a natural sulphur spring on the lot, which she declared had wonderful medicinal properties.

"Ah!" she would say, "some day that well will be worth money. I shall not live to see it, but you will."

This was accompanied by a stern look, for I had said it was very nasty, and only took short and rebellious sips of the liquid fortune.

Up one step you stood in the dining room and general sitting room. Here hung a large mirror in which none had ever seen themselves, for over the mirror hung a large newspaper, to keep the flies from spotting it.

On exactly the same spot on a table, for the whole sixteen years stood always a Rebecca at the Well pitcher full of that water, with a thick crust of sulphur on its sides, which would have proved interesting to students of infinitesimal calculation. How if it took so many years to form a thin coating, how many centuries to monopolize the pitcher.

The few friends she knew—old acquaintances in New York, were always treated to a drink of this rare water, and a harangue on its valuable qualities.

On another spot on the same table—but spot is the wrong word, circle is correct, as with constant wear an indentation showed—fitted a large glass tumbler, always filled with white moss roses. That moss rose certainly vied with the quail in industry, or perhaps the peculiar quality of the water which nourished its roots induced this perennial bloom.

Beyond came the bedroom with a funeral set of dark green furniture, and black marble tops, a doleful eight-day clock ticked sadly on the bureau.

The bed matched its companions. A great feather mattress rose in two mounds covered with a dark green coverlid, a large bolster took the place of pillows, over which the green cover spread, making a third and smaller mound. Dark green blinds, never open, added to the somberness. I was allowed to put my hat and wraps on these triple mounds, having first received the stern injunction "not to sit on the bed."

The fourth and last room on this floor was the main parlor. The bedroom was dark, but this was darker, on the sunniest days here could be found twilight, which was just as well, for the windows would only have shown the sand mountain.

In this room hung the one picture in the house, a small colored print of Jenny Lind radiant in a wide flounced pink skirt, with the waist slipping off the shoulders and short sleeves. A very round pink bouquet in one hand, balanced a sheet of music in the other. Heavy curtains of hair were drawn aside just enough to allow her features to appear.

Aunt Gregg had a mania for covering everything with newspapers. Not wrapping them out of sight, only, in her words, "spreading a bit of paper."

Newspapers hung on the backs of chairs, and lay over the seats. Papers were pinned at the windows, and papers enveloped a large fancy oil lamp. Paper was rammed down the full length of the long glass chimney.

A small shelf on the wall held two vases looking out from the door of two paper tents.

To save the carpet a paper path lead to a chair on which stood a tub of growing cress. A branch walk from this, forming a "Y," ended at three paper-draped chairs, holding willow ware plates and parsley, pattern dishes, each with its own particular piece of food.

A trail of printed matter marked the way to the little front hall, from which ran a steep flight of stairs to the low roofed, second story where none were allowed to visit, as there was the dead son's room with his things just as he left them. Nothing could have induced me to go further than stand on the last newspaper of the trail in the parlor, and glance timidly up the stairs.

Sundays father and I always took dinner with Aunt Gregg. She lived comfortably, the dead son's life had been insured, and father helped when needed. The butcher, milkman and baker, called regularly. Anything else needed we brought. Nothing could persuade her to leave the house from the time her son died until her death.

Father would greet her with, "Well, Sarah, how goes it?"

"Ah, Dan," she would answer, "I am breaking up; my time's coming."

"We all have to go, sooner or later," he would reply.

This was the regular greeting between them. Then she would listen to all the bits of news father had to tell her, for she wanted to know all that went on.

I would ask permission to take a walk. A nod from one and a scolding from the other was sufficient consent.

Not far from the house was a lagoon, called Washerwoman's Bay, where water cresses grew in abundance. This was the direction I generally took.

In another direction during my Sunday rambles, I discovered in the side of a hill a cave partially covered with wild blackberry vines, high enough for me to walk in by stooping very low. As far as I could see it was of brick and showed careful work.

The entrance was broken hits of brick sticking out here and there, and had evidently been abandoned for some time, as it was half filled with sand and rubbish. I was greatly excited and felt sure I had found a cave full of treasure.

I know all the romantic stories connected with the early history of San Francisco. How the Spanish Fathers came to settle a Mission and landed at the Presidio, from where they had a trail over the hills to the old Mission church on Dolores street.

Now, perhaps this cave was where they kept rare ornaments, and works of art for safety. Wild with the idea I flew back to father and Aunt Gregg, who were on the never exhausted subject of when they were young.

The news of my discovery was received by my aunt with "Bah, woman! what are you talking about."

I turned to my father who looked as if my words had made some impression.

"Do you think there's any gold in that hole?" I asked excitedly.

"Ah! yes," he said slowly, "I know what that is."

"What?" I cried.

"It is an old aqueduct, a scheme was started to bring water through it to the city, somehow the project fell through, it only runs a few blocks, I thought they covered it up."

I felt dreadfully disappointed, but again asserted "I believe it is a cave."

"Bah, woman!" shouted old Aunt Gregg crossly.

"You had a sight better stay here and pump the duck pond full instead of gadding all over the sand hills alone. First thing we know what with you trying to find something, we'll have to try and find you."

But many a time I have gone and looked at my treasure cave and wished I had courage to explore. I did venture in on tip toes, bent almost double, but came hurrying out trembling and frightened at some slight sound. Even, as I argued, if the Holy Father did not use it, others might hide things for safe keeping. Thieves perhaps. But I never explored again, and there it is to this day.

As I grew older I often went to see my Aunt alone. I think she was glad to have me with her, but I was not pleased to stay. At times she was pleasant, but much oftener cross, and scolded unceasingly.

When in a good humor she would sit down while I darned stockings and chat sociably, rocking and eating raw rice, of which she was very fond. She would talk and grind and grit her teeth on the hard kernels until it set my teeth on edge.

If in an extra-best humor, she brought out musty smelling daguerreotypes of her family and gave me their history. As the very highest token of approval, if I had been very industrious she showed me a square shell cameo brooch, with a soap looking girl on it, kneeling before a soapy tomb, which melted into a soapy tree with lumpy hanging branches.

When this depressing work of art was unplanned, untied, unfolded from its many wrappings my old Aunt Gregg, closing all the wrinkles between her eyes, and opening wide her nostrils, which made her look frightfully stern, would say, "Ah! well you may look at it, you won't see its mate, I'll venture to say!"

I looked earnestly, trusting it would take the place of admiration.

"If the girls would work now-a-days like I did. I never left my tambour work. There I sat at the frame night and day."

I knew by past experience it was well to let her alone, this always ended by saying, "This brooch goes in my coffin! buried with me! do you hear!"

In a dark closet opening from the dining room I caught glimpses of two objects that would have given more impetus to my exertions, than twenty such brooches.

One was a delicate blue pitcher of slender shape, the other a red Bohemian glass decanter. The beauty of color and graceful design delighted my fancy, and I longed to touch them. Their place was on the top shelf, that with the dust and poor light rendered them indistinct.

One day my aunt was making a tour of her lot in search of the old gander, who was developing a desire to roam in his old age. I thought "Now is my time, the old bird will shriek when he is found, and I shall have warning."

Mounting on a chair I took the red bottle down. "How pretty it is," I thought, "I will have this when my Aunt Gregg dies."

I listened, the old bird did not quack. My hand touched the blue pitcher. "This I will take too," I decided.

"I'll break every bone in your body!" thundered a voice from the door.

I turned round speechless.

Gracious! How she looked as she strode across the floor. Every wrinkle shut tight, her nostrils distended into two round holes, the lips open, showing her teeth set. She looked like the three Furies in one.

I stood still on the chair holding the blue pitcher.

"You are looking to see what you will get when I am dead!" she sneered.

I felt guilty and looked so.

"Not one will you have! not one! I'll settle it!"

"Are they to go in your coffin?" I asked in a frightened whisper, longing to save the two beauties.

The absurdity and impossibility of the suggestion must have struck my aunt, for she answered heartily, "They are going to the Orphan Asylum! Every one of them! Not one of them shall you have! I'll teach you to poke and pry into my house!"

I still stood perched on the chair holding with one hand to the blue pitcher and the other the dusty shelf.

"Out of my house!" she thundered, shaking my chair as if she wanted to shake me. "Out, I say."

I felt my blood boil and a great longing to just give it to her. The wrinkles closed between my eyes, and my nostrils grew round.

She still shook the chair violently. But I let go of the shelf and stood rocking bravely, and waving the blue pitcher.

"I will go out of your house," I screamed, "and glad to go, you cross old woman!"

The chair stopped shaking.

"You make me wish you were dead, you are so hateful, scold, scold all the time!"

She looked so surprised that I took courage to descend from the chair, and back toward the kitchen.

"I am glad! delighted! happy! to get away from you! You are so cross no one wants to stay near you!"

She stared in utter amazement, and looked so dazed and frightened that at final shot I said, "You have such a terrible temper that everyone is only too glad to run away from you, and never come back, never, never, never!"

My words had more effect than I thought possible, a bluish pallor came over her face, she groped for a chair and covered her eyes.

I felt frightened, and spoke to her several times, but she would not answer. My courage was leaving and hers might return, so putting the cup of rice on a chair at her side I hurried home.

When I told my father he said, "Sarah always had a hot temper and quick tongue, but you must try and forget this."

I did not forget, though, and for many weeks I could not be coaxed to climb the sand bank.

After some weeks father said I must go. Aunt Gregg was failing slowly. She never asked for me, and never acknowledged not feeling well. She was determined to keep on her feet to the last.

When I did go I saw the change. We met as though nothing had happened, she even tried in her hard way to be tender, presenting me with a long string of

quail's eggs, which she had blown and strung during my absence. I accepted the peace offering and the feud was ended.

She grew weaker and weaker bodily, but stronger mentally in her determination to keep about, and not allow assistance.

One morning when she could hardly stand, and was obliged to sit down every little while, I noticed she watched me more than usual.

"Have you everything you want to wear?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes, all that is necessary," I replied careful not to call forth a scolding for my vanity, which might follow a confession that I was not fit to be seen.

"Have you much jewelry?" again abruptly.

Ah! I knew what that meant.

"Very little," I answered.

She fidgeted about, then went in her room.

"I am to be favored with another peep of the soapy grave," I thought dolefully.

What was my astonishment when with much reluctance, some sternness, and trembling fingers, she held the brooch before me and said, "I am going to give you this, I always meant you should have it, but I did not tell you, as I wanted you should work and deserve it."

She made me take it home. I felt none of the pleasure that she poor soul thought must follow such a gift.

I knew she thought she had not long to live to make her part with this most treasured possession.

I laid it down when I reached home and managed to say, "Dear Old Aunt Gregg is dying!" then broke down sobbing at the awful feeling of certain death.

And so it proved, not directly, for she still crept from her bed to sit up a short time until that became impossible, and when the hand of death was laid upon her she beckoned me to lean near her and for the first time referred to our quarrel.

"Nothing shall go to the orphan asylum," she said with difficulty. "They are all yours! You are a good girl."

Those were her last words. No mention of her past life. She died as she had lived, a proud, cold, undemonstrative woman.

After her death my father, lonely and sad, opened his heart to me, and I learned for the first time the details of her life before my birth.

She and my father were born in England, their parents dying when he was very young. She married at sixteen a handsome, easy-going, indolent man, whom she idolized.

Having been a high-tempered, quick spoken girl, scoldings were probably more frequent than agreeable. My father knew very little of this part of her life, as he was quite small. But he remembered she and her husband having a quarrel in which she scolded loudly, and he, after telling her she was too bad tempered to live with, then and there deserted her and their little boy.

She repented over and over again the hasty words, only blaming herself, and trusting he would return. He never did. Learning somehow he had gone to America, one idea filled her mind—to see him and express repentance for the quick words would be all that was necessary to make up the quarrel.

With this object in view day and night the tambour frame was in her hands, to earn enough to take her little boy and brother to the United States.

Father said all their friends thought him a scamp to run away for a few thoughtless words, and that was only an excuse. But she had faith, and hoped on, saying the blame was hers for scolding beyond endurance.

When money enough was earned they came to New York. Again more delay. He was traced from place to place. At last in a small town in the northern part of the state she was directed to where he lived. At a plain cottage her knock was answered by a pleasant looking woman with two small children hanging to her dress.

My poor aunt asked if Mr. Gregg lived there, and she received the answer that she was Mrs. Gregg, his wife.

How she stood the terrible blow is not known, being alone. But she told my father, the only time she ever spoke about it—that she went in and sat down.

When he died then all was gone. Her heart grew while the woman chatted along, and one of the children came and leaned against her. That she sat without hearing a word said. Her mind was in such dreadful confusion between the great longing to revenge the insult to herself, and pity for the poor unsuspecting woman and innocent children, that she prayed for strength not to speak, and left the house without telling her secret.

She said she went back and hid until she saw the man, her husband, go into the house. With another terrible struggle, which only the thought of the children could have held her back from declaring herself his lawful wife, she left the place and never saw or heard of him again.

I think it was a grand and noble act, not one in a thousand would have had strength of will.

The suppression of all outward show of feeling wore on her. She grew cross and morose to all except her son. For him she again worked. For his health she made the change to San Francisco, also, no doubt, glad to turn her face away from old troubles and look forward to a new life, in a new country with her only child.

hard, her disposition stern and cold. Now that I know all, I think hers was a very sad life.

To me her one great act of sacrifice for others out balances her faults and shows what a kind, warm heart she had before trouble changed her.

I am proud to call her "my old Aunt Gregg."

The city grew and spread. The Hollow was sold.

The house pulled down. Steam paddles and dump carts tossed and shouldered the sand bank into the Hollow. They attacked the sand mountain and threw that in. Piled it on top of everything. The climbing moss rose with its masses of fragrant white flowers was borne down, crushed and buried.

The old-fashioned garden smothered in hot sand.

The sulphur well smothered with dry sand.

What had been Aunt Gregg's home was buried far down deep under the sand.

The hollow rose up and made level building lots. The sand bank and sand mountain went down and became graded streets.

All that is left to remind me of my poor old aunt in her lonely home among the sand hills, is a cameo brooch in my jewelry box, and a blue pitcher and red glass decanter on a bracket in my parlor.

LOTTERY OF LOVE

BY J. M. SCANLAND.

"We may not be compadres after to-night, *senorita*," said Juan Santanilla to *Senorita Ermenia Echeandia*, in a tone of sadness, as if his fate depended upon the chance event. The lovers were discussing the probable vagaries of Cupid in the Lottery of Love that was to take place that evening.

Senor De La Guerra, one of the wealthiest men of San Diego, had announced a few weeks previous to Christmas Day that he would give the annual Baile at his casa, and invited "all to come." His house was a large adobe, with an L, which latter was the ball-room. It was a custom in the days before the "Americanos came," for some one of the rich citizens to give a grand Christmas Baile, at which the Lottery of Love was the principal feature. This was the selection of compadres or sweethearts, for the next year.

"Who knows? There are a great many here, and there will be many names in the lottery, and each of us may draw someone else!" replied the *senorita*, coquettishly.

"I hope that I will be as lucky as I was last Christmas eve," said Juan, with a lover's sigh.

"We have been compadres for one year, and—if the Lottery says yes; well then—." And the *senorita* shrugged her pretty shoulders, and left the sentence unfinished.

"Have I not been very devoted all this year, *senorita*?"

"Yes; my compadre, *Senor Juan*, and while of course under the custom of compadrenship you must first invite me to all entertainments before any other lady, I have always accepted," said the *senorita*, in a tone intimating that she may have had other preferences.

"I feel very proud of the honor, *senorita*. And I am very anxious to see how the blind cupids will arrange compadres for the next year!"

"Who knows? Cupids are blind—and so is love, they say!"

"A number of compadres selected last year have been married, others are engaged, and everybody says that we—"

"Let us promenade, my compadre; the music is so sweet," and the young lovers joined in the grand march.

The line of promenaders presented a picturesque scene as it marched and countermarched the length of the sala. The *senoritas* were dressed in costume of all colors and combinations of colors, most suitable to their figures and complexions—the pure white of the Spaniard, the Hispano-Mexican of a darker shade, and the Mexican of a swarthy brown. Some wore white over red, others were green, blue or yellow, and still others wore a combination of the colors of their fancy—all with a taste approaching the artistic. White satin slippers with heels of hard wood, were the style, and the delicate "clacking" of the tiny heels on the smooth waxed floor, was in time with the music, and a musical accompaniment to the orchestra. Over the bust, a scarf was suspended from the right shoulder to the left side where it was tied in a "lover's knot" of varicolored ribbons. The hair was worn in plaits, and held in place by silver combs. Some of them ornamented the head dress with a golden cross, and others wore a miniature emblem of Mexico—an eagle on a cactus holding a rattlesnake in its talons.

Senor De La Guerra waved his hand. The music stopped, the soft whispers were hushed into silence, and the panorama no longer moved. With a clapping of hands the host was greeted, which he returned with a deep and grave bow, after which, with much dignity he addressed his guests in this lofty strain:

Senors, *Senoritas*, and *Senores*—My-



AN ADOBE LANDMARK, THE OLDEST HOUSE IN SAN DIEGO

self and *Senora De La Guerra* welcome you at this Christmas Baile; we are glad that everyone has come; you have done us a great honor; we hope the little Cupids will please everybody, and give to each the compadre that they want. Sometimes it is so, and sometimes again, it does not turn out that way, but it is not the fault of Cupid, he does the best he can—he is blind, you know. You will now dance and enjoy yourselves the best you may; the baile will be conducted by *Senor Pedro Rocha*, master of ceremonies, whom I now introduce to you. At midnight the Lottery of Love, and a grand supper, at which we hope you will still further honor us with your attendance. Our casa is yours."

And with another courtly bow, the host introduced the master of ceremonies, and retired among the wall-flowers.

"The first will be a contra-danza," said the master of ceremonies with a courtly bow, evidently feeling the importance of his position.

A murmur of approval was heard throughout the room and many of the *senoritas* merrily laughed, for all knew that in this dance, the sweethearts of both sexes were given the poetic license of expressing their sentiments in verse. These verses were supposed to be impromptu, but, like some of the "impromptu" speeches of politicians and statesmen, they were specially prepared in advance. In some instances, however, when Cupid asserted himself, they were impromptu, if not poetical. The compadres were, of course, partners, in this the first dance of the evening, and many were the pretty love verses exchanged, some of which meant nothing, or a great deal, just as one construed them. The chanting of the lovers was drowned by the sweet music of the orchestra—violin, guitar and flute, and while the lovers danced to the charming music they had an ear only for their own strains. Some of the verses were parried with laughter, and others were received amid blushes and maiden confusion. *Senor Juan* had just sung in his most winning style a couplet expressive of his love for *Senorita Ermenia*, and more direct than his timid half-proposal, which had been parried by the *Senorita* asking to be led into the promenade. The music of the orchestra died away in a soft low strain, and the whispering voices and the "clacking" of the shoes were again heard. In a moment, the dance ended, and the revelers rushed for their seats.

The question of *Juan Santanilla* again remained unanswered. In her laughter, *Senorita Ermenia* had evidently not heard it!

At midnight *Senor Guadalupe Yorba y De La Guerra*, still dressed in state, again appeared upon the gay scene, and gravely announced the event of drawing of the Lottery of Love, in this bombastic strain:

"Ladies and gentlemen—It is my great pleasure to announce to you that it is now midnight—all compadres are no more to be compadres, the lover's year has now ended, and it is the hour for the drawing of the Lottery of Love to determine who shall be compadres until next drawing, one year from to-night. Some of those who were chosen at the last drawing have done well—they have been made compadres for life. I hear some of you laughing—as ladies always do when matrimony is referred to. I hope many of you will follow the example of those who

have married. I see many beautiful *senoritas* here, and many gallant *senores*. With a little help from Cupid, I think we shall have a number of weddings before our next drawing, and—"

The host was interrupted by a loud clapping of hands from the *senors*, and approving laughter from the *senoritas*. Continuing, he said:

"*Senora Guadalupe Yorba De La Guerra* has selected two Cupids—*Senor Manuleta* and *Senorita Perdita*. They will be blindfolded with handkerchief so that everything may be fair, for Love is blind, and so must be Cupid. Many times he does better than if he could see—that I know for myself; but, that has been a long time ago, and my compadre knows. But, we will now have the lottery. The *senores* will write their names upon slips of paper, and the *senoritas* will also write their names upon other slips of paper. *Senor Pedro Rocha*, our gallant master of ceremonies, will collect these names, and place those of the *senoritas* in a box held by the little *senorita*, and the names of the *senores* will be placed likewise in the box held by the little *senor*. I hope the Cupids will give to each one the compadre they like best. After the Lottery, you will honor us with your presence at supper. My case is yours."

The host having finished his grandiloquent address, the names were now collected and placed in the large paper boxes held by the two Cupids. On the top of each box was the representation of a Cupid, shooting an arrow through a bleeding heart.

The revelers were now seated, ranged in lines along the walls of the sala. All were guessing and questioning each other about the probable antics of the Cupids, and of course no one could answer. As the Cupids took their positions in the center of the sala the hubbub ceased. It was broken by loud laughter after the little girl had drawn the name of *Senorita Salceda*, and the boy drew the name of *Joaquin Diego*, the homeliest man in the pueblo, as her compadre.

The interest in the Lottery was intensified to its utmost when the master of ceremonies took from the hand of the little girl a slip of paper and read slowly and impressively "*Senorita Maria Cantau*." All eyes were quickly turned upon the *senorita*, who could scarce conceal her blushes amid her excitement. Quickly all eyes were again turned to the assistant master of ceremonies who had now taken from the boy Cupid a slip of paper, and after glancing at it, advanced a step as if taking a more dignified position, and read in tones as one revealing a deep plot in a drama: "*Juan Santanilla*!"

The intense interest now found relief in a burst of applause from some parts of the sala, while others were silent. The drawing continued, but *Senoritas Echeandia* and *Cantau* were the attraction. All knew that they were rivals, and that both of them loved *Juan Santanilla*. The speculation as to whom *Ermenia's* compadre would be was lost in discussing what she thought of her rival's winning her lover. And some wondered what she would do! She cannot do anything—was the general answer. For, *Senorita Cantau* will go everywhere with *Senor Juan*, because she likes him, and also because she does not like *Senorita Echeandia*. She will accept every invitation from her compadre.

"*Senorita Ermenia Echeandia*!" read the master of ceremonies, in a tone as impressive as he could command. Again the conversation was hushed, and amid the silence all wondered whether capricious fortune would give to the *Senorita* her rival's compadre—*Ricardo Arguello*? That would be at least some revenge, for *Senorita Cantau* also loved *Arguello*—perhaps as well as she did *Santanilla*! She did not know.

"*Senor Carlos Martinez*!" read the assistant, without any attempt at the dramatic.

There was applause in the vicinity of *Senorita Cantau*, which was drowned in the general hubbub of voices, mingled with laughter, at the queer pranks of the truly blind Cupids. For, *Martinez* was not only homely, but was an awkward dancer, a "booby" in conversation and in manners, and was merely tolerated by the *senoritas* as a matter of courtesy.

The last dance was announced—the "Dance of the Casqueronis." It is one of quick movement, more of a waltz than a quadrille, and thus gives the dancers a better chance to shower casqueronis upon each other's heads. The casqueroni is a painted egg-shell. A small hole is cut into each end, and after the meat has been blown out the shell is filled with paper spangles of various colors and cologne water. The ends are then sealed with wax and the eggs are painted in various colors. The host usually supplies his guests with these missiles of love and warfare, but some of the young *senores* prefer to bring specially prepared casqueronis painted with Cupids, or motes, and sometimes dashed with gold dust. *Juan* had prepared a pretty casqueroni for *Ermenia*, and it contained nearly an ounce of gold taken from his placer mine in *San Fernando* valley—a mining district which had been discovered several years before the *Americanos* came.

While the battle of the casqueronis was raging in the delirium of loving sport encouraged by the sweet and sensuous strains of the *Cachuca*, *Juan* deftly crumbled his casqueroni of gold dust over the head of *Ermenia*, the bright yellow grains contrasting beautifully with her coal-black hair.

A joyous laugh and a sweet, half-approving smile greeted this mark of gallantry, as she unloosed her tresses and let them hang over her shapely shoulders in graceful confusion.

"Will you answer me now, my compadre—may we not be compadres for life?" asked *Juan*, as the figure changed into the waltz step and *Juan* encircled her in his arms.

The bans of marriage between *Senorita Echeandia* and *Senor Juan Santanilla* were published in the church on the next Sunday.

"*Senorita Cantau* cannot have *Senor Santanilla* for a compadre, since *Senor Juan* is to marry with *Senorita Echeandia*," said everybody in the pueblo after this announcement.

"What will *Senorita Cantau* do for a compadre, now? She will have no one for there is no more Lottery until next Christmas!" said *Senorita Castro*, in a half-triumphant tone to her friend, *Senorita Echeandia*.

"The only thing *Senorita Cantau* can do is to take that ugly old—that old *Senor Martinez*!" replied *Ermenia*, with a bitter-sweet smile, expressive of her own happiness, and her triumph over her rival.



A MARINE VIEW OF THE CITY OF SAN DIEGO AT THE PRESENT DAY.



TIMELY EDITORIAL COMMENTS



EVILS OF DIVORCE

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER.

OVER one hundred discontented couples obtained divorces in the City of San Francisco alone during the month of April. Many of these people, as the records show, had only been married a few months, and with some the time was counted by weeks since they stood before a minister of God and vowed to take each other for better or worse until death only should part them.

Now utterly disregarding that solemn promise, ignoring that plighted troth, they rush with indecent haste to break those bonds, in order that they may be enabled to form new alliances. For it has been openly stated and proven that the reason so many last month sought the aid of the courts to sever their matrimonial ties, was to take advantage of the lapse of the law (for a few days) that forbids any one in this State marrying within a year, following legal separation. The marriage license issued immediately to these same persons that had just slipped their yoke show this to be an appalling fact, and the cause of their hurried action.

Though the sacred words of Divine Writ are still used in the marriage ritual, yet half the world seems now to regard matrimony only as a simple contract (very easily broken) and not a bond for a lifetime that shall be severed only by death.

Half a century ago divorces were rare and deemed something like a disgrace, a sort of immoral proceeding. Many a good woman submitted patiently and suffered much from man's tyranny and brutality rather than expose herself to the shame and odium of appearing in a divorce court. To-day we can most of us count among our own friends or acquaintances numbers of persons who not only are divorced, but have also married again. We have grown used to the fact, and if it does not please our religious ideas of strict morality, yet it does not shock us as it would have shocked those before our time.

But even the most liberal minded in this lax age of progress must condemn this wholesale destruction of the sanctity of marriage as shown by this ever-increasing number of divorces, often obtained under the slightest possible pretense.

From a daily paper we quote the following statistics on this subject: There are now 51,538 divorced people in the United States, of whom 32,205 are women and 18,384 are men.

The reason for such an excess of women is explained on the theory that divorced men are more apt to re-marry than divorced women; there are very few cities in which the number of divorced men is greater than or even equal to the number of women. Omaha is the most conspicuous, for among its inhabitants are 250 men and 236 women who have been separated from their conjugal mates by the courts.

Quite a startling showing, telling of many a wrecked home. One of the most serious consequences of divorce is the bad example and effect it so often has upon the children of these unhappy people. It is impossible for them to have the same affection and respect for parents that have separated and become as strangers to each other.

The following incident is an actual fact, the persons mentioned are well known, wealthy people living in San Francisco. It was in the parlor of one of the fashionable private hotels a few years ago, that the conversation turned upon some sensational divorce in the papers, when a young lady present remarked: "Oh, sometimes when I go to the theatre with my mother and her new husband, just right opposite will sit my father and his last wife, you know this is the second one since my mother divorced him. Mamma says he is awfully bad, but he tells the same story about her, so I guess there is not much difference between them. Anyway, he was always very indulgent to me, and now he says he will give me anything I want if I will go and live with them, so if I am kept too strict here I will certainly do so." This same young lady soon after eloped with a gay young man of the town, from whom she soon got a divorce, and has recently married again. Of course, it was all the natural outcome of a very badly mixed state of morality.

The bishops of the Anglican Church have now taken a very decided stand against marrying persons who are divorced, and one of their ministers who recently officiated at the marriage of a divorced New York millionaire is in danger of being unfrocked for that offense.

This seems a little inconsistent when we remember that it was Henry VIII who first constituted himself head of the English Church (a title given ever since to the kings of England) after his withdrawal from the Church of Rome because the Pope refused to sanction his divorce from Katherine, and allow him to marry the beautiful but faithless Anne Boylen. But we know that Henry soon tired of her as he did of each of the four that came after, and this is generally the case with those of even humble station in life. The first marriage tie broken, the new one formed rarely bears as well the strain of domestic fret and worry and so they are apt to multiply.

Quick release by divorce from troubles great and small may seem to make life easier for a brief spell, but can never bring permanent peace and contentment. If in this age of progress the divorce laws were stricter, no doubt more patience and charity would be practiced by those who now are so ready to throw off those responsibilities they assumed when they vowed to love and cherish each other until the end of life.

A well-known writer says civilization gave us marriage, in respecting which we are above savages. Progress is giving us divorce, wholesale, cheap, immoral, a degradation beneath that of those primitive people who make no promises and break none, who do not set right as a fashion and wrong as a practice, "the truth for the ensign and the lie for the course."

A DANGER SIGNAL

BY MARTHA P. OWEN.

Is the prize-fight to become one of the institutions of American progress, in the future? Are we really drifting downward, in our ideas of national prowess? Shall the glorious eagle flap his mighty wings in derision at old Spain and shriek the superiority of man-fight to bull-fight? Seriously, how far a remove is the one from the other? The evolution is but slight. The poor quadruped infuriated to madness plunges into the arena, with every muscle quivering with thirst for blood, as a natural sequence to the tortures administered, preparing him to do battle. While the man-animal greets his opponent with a friendly handshaking, and then turns wild with alacrity to make jelly of him; but with no malice aforethought, nor hatred in the force. They simply glare into each other's eyes and endure the fierce lashings of physical pain, to stand figuratively on the brink of the fiery pit, with serpent tongues of flame rioting with sensations of bruised and mangled body and bone for the mere intoxication of the science.

In the earlier ages when there was more of the brute predominant in man than there is now, we can understand how such brutal practices would appeal to the undeveloped masses, with all their besetting crudities and imperfections. Such exhibitions of brute force belong to the dark period in the world's history, when the scourge, the rack, and the dungeon were familiar measures for the reformation of the criminal classes. Then the Spaniard and Moore strove to out-rival each other's experts in the arena as on field of battle. But not in the enlightened age. The trend of thought of the world to-day, is in the direction of a higher standard of manliness; a loftier purpose and deeper meaning to life than ever before. Yet this black blot is on our civilization, and stands out a signal mark—mark of shame, as a guide and stimulant to the lower nature of the youth.

One can judge somewhat of the appalling hold the prize-ring has on the public, when we realize the enormous profits of every entertainment. A reception was given a champion at Leadville, Colorado, of which a local paper says:

"The reception was even more important, as indicated by the number of people in waiting, and the enthusiasm displayed than would have been accorded the hero of Manila had he appeared among them."

There are some who seem to think that these disgusting spectacles develop a kind of courage. On the contrary they develop only brutality and savagery. There can be no doubt that they have the most demoralizing effect on those accustomed to witness them, and on the impressionable minds of the young, who read the long and graphic details in the daily press. Were these accounts confined to the columns of the Police Gazette and kindred publications, the influence would be less injurious; but scattered broadcast, as it is, into the homes of purity and innocence, it is like a pestilence stalking the length and breadth of the land to the higher impulse. Is it not all signs of degeneracy? How far will the pendulum swing before we call a halt? The more prompt and energetic is the movement the better. There should be no uncertain sound in attacking this monster evil.

History tells us that Isabel, the Catholic, was very earnest in her attempts to lessen the ferocious character of the national pastime of sunny Spain; and that she did devise a plan of guarding the horns of the animals to prevent any serious harm to the men and horses. The popularity of the sport, throughout the country was, however, too great to admit of her abolishing it altogether. Where are the fair Isabels to make holy war on the deplorable condition as existing to-day in our glorious America?

Society is a mighty engine of development, expanded as it is into a comprehensive co-operation in club-life; it is the center to focus the brightest intellectual life and powerful enough to take a firm hold on all problems of sociology, whose solution is to benefit mankind. Should the ladies devote themselves to this subject with persevering assiduity for a while, they would do an incalculable service to the country. All effort for the advancement of the race is through the irresistible influence of woman, exercised along the lines which uplift the moral nature, until it flows in unison with that which is elevating, beautiful and divine.

The California Ladies' Magazine, which stands for the highest human excellence possible to attain would urge the women of clubdom to concerted action in this direction till this clogging canker to moral advancement be removed from our land.

These conditions, certainly obscure all the higher qualities of mind and aspirations to nobler manhood.

Let the women from all over our land, proclaim against this disgusting state of affairs, in trumpet tones, until it is wiped off the map of fair Columbia. May the chorus swell, from pine to palm, from sea to sea, till the better angel of our nature is touched. For to woman alone, belongs that peculiar gift of projecting the finer influences of harmony, which build the imperishable traits of character, with her clear, incisive intellect, her quick intuitive grasp of the eternal fitness of things, the divineness of her thought will radiate its light in this direction to accomplish that for which we devoutly wish.

In this great age of active ideas when woman stands to the fore, as in no other times, the embodied exponent of a greater civilization may she turn full and fair the immaculate purity of her purpose, against this shame to progressive America. The moral reaction is sure to follow; and the volume of human destiny, the present unfoldment will be embellished and enriched by the fairest action of our human kind.

LIVING IN HOTELS

BY RENA SHATTUCK (Polly Larkin).

ONE thing that strikes the Eastern visitor very forcibly in San Francisco is the tendency of families to reside at hotels instead of having their own home. Whose fault is it? If you should interview both sides of the household you would find that nine out of ten men would prefer the comforts of a home life, but that their wives dislike housekeeping, and the cares and responsibilities accruing to the duties of a housekeeper. Ask the ladies and they will tell you a tale of woe—of the utter impossibility to keep help and the extravagant wages that are demanded by incompetent servants. In the second place they can board at a good hotel or boarding house almost as cheap as they can keep house, and be rid of all annoyance, care and responsibility. They are free to go and come as they please, and if they are not at their meals on time there is no reason why their husbands and children cannot dine when they get ready. They prefer to be cooped up in one small room with a folding bed that leaves them only the four corners of the room to move round in. They will stand the noise and confusion of people coming and going, and the grating of the elevator until midnight rather than enjoy the freedom of their own cosy home.

Apartment houses are almost as bad. San Francisco has many of the latter to her credit now, and they are still going up by the dozens all over the city. Here they can keep house on a modest scale, usually in three tiny rooms—bedroom, parlor and kitchen. Posted conspicuously in the halls of apartment houses as well as hotels, is the announcement that "children are not allowed in the halls." Where are they allowed? Simply cooped up in the close quarters which is the only home they know anything about, and constantly reminded that noise and loud laughter will not be tolerated. You wonder what they would do if they were in a place where they could give vent to their childish glee. The most lovable child placed in a hotel or an apartment house soon becomes spoiled and loses the qualities that endear them to young and old. They are to be pitied, not blamed, when the sweet, childish innocence goes out of their lives.

The mother gives up her private home and goes into the apartment house, if she cannot afford the hotel, for here she finds the work easy. She never has to bother about halls and steps and the hundred and one other little things that come into a home life. The janitor attends to having her windows washed and the rooms thoroughly cleaned once a week, if she desires it. They are crowded in like sardines in a box, but she can put up with that. It is in the apartment and lodging houses that the delicatessen stores play a prominent part, for the housekeepers rely upon them for a good part if not all of their dinners, bringing the ready-cooked soups, salads, vegetables, meat and dessert home in the little paper boxes. They claim that it costs less than to prepare the meal themselves, not counting the time. It is true that these ready prepared viands do not have the same flavor and are not so appetizing as those cooked at home, but such mere trifling matters do not worry them.

At a dinner party recently the subject came up for discussion as to what great changes would occur within the next score of years. One of the guests remarked that she would tell of once having had her own carriage and horses, which would be listened to with interest when the automobiles had driven such a luxury comparatively out of existence. "In the march of progress I can tell when that time comes," said the hostess, "of once having had my own home, servants to do my work, and at different times of having done my own work, my own sewing, and various household duties that will have passed out with the advent of hotels and apartment houses. The day is coming, too, when persons will go from house to house doing work that was once attended to by members of the household."

During a conversation on the signs of the times a gentleman remarked—"I would be willing to wager that within the next five years rents will decrease to almost an alarming degree for the property owner," and gave as his reason that the number of apartment houses and hotels going up would be responsible for the same.

This lack of interest in the home is deplorable. The idle life in a hotel breeds gossip and discontent. No wonder, for the aim of the average woman in a hotel is to kill time. Those who have lived the longest in the hotels, know the history, particularly if it is a sad one that they are striving to live down, of nearly every guest in the house, and if she doesn't, makes it her special duty in life to find out. It is no home life and no way to live. It is better to have two rooms and know that it is your own little home to care for, work for, and constantly strive to better its conditions, than to have the idle and dissatisfied life in a fine apartment in a hotel.

In this twentieth century you will find middle-aged women and those nearing their three-score years, depending on gossip, cards, ping-pong, etc., to while away the time. Such a life is incomplete. There is nothing to cultivate the refinement and endearing qualities that are part of the home existence. There are none of the pleasant little memory pictures of the home life that makes the past so lovely to us as we journey through life, for the little folks raised in a hotel. They are old beyond their years and would not know how to enter into the sports of children of their own age, who have always enjoyed the freedom of their own happy homes. The most contented and the happiest people on earth are those who have homes and aim to make them the dearest and most perfect places of abode in the world for their own little family circle.



THE ORDER OF THE Native Daughters of the Golden West



BY ELIZA D. KEITH—Grand President



LILY O. REICHLING-DYER
"Worthy Founder."

The Order of the Native Daughters of the Golden West was founded in Jackson, Amador county, Sept. 11, 1886, by Lily O. Reichling, now Mrs. Dyer, Ursula Parlor, No. 1, N. D. G. W., then came into existence, and so is the mother Parlor. This honor one of the subsequent parlors strove to wrest from Ursula. Overtures to that effect were made to the ever-faithful Minerva Parlor, No. 2, which stood between Ursula and the coveted honor. Failing in this attempt to move up to the head of the column, the leading spirits, baffled in the attempt to wear Cinderella's slipper, turned their energies toward denying to Lily O. Reichling the credit of having founded the Order N. D. G. W. Again Minerva Parlor, in the person of Mary E. Tillman, came to the rescue. This fearless woman contended nobly for the young girl and her laurels. Twice Mrs. Tillman was defeated in the Grand Parlor as a candidate for Grand Vice-President, simply because by championing Miss Reichling's claims she had antagonized certain forces in the order. But finally the noble, disinterested efforts triumphed. The title of "Worthy Founder" was conferred upon Miss Reichling, and she was

EVA BUSSENIUS,
Grand Inside Sentinel.



STELLA FINKELDEY
Grand Vice President.

given a permanent membership in the Grand Parlor, while Mary E. Tillman was elected president over the order whose principles she had demonstrated must stand for justice and truth.

The Native Daughters of the Golden West, as an organization, probably owes its existence to the unwillingness of the N. S. G. W. to offer the California-born women a side degree in their order.

It is certain, however, that to the very successful institution of the N. S. G. W., and to the popularity of that organization is due much of the rapid growth of the order of the N. D. G. W.

The Subordinate Parlors, N. D. G. W., form the order. Its membership is confined to white women born within the State of California. Candidates for membership must be eighteen years old, at least, and of high moral character. They must believe in the existence of a Supreme-Being.

The objects of the N. D. G. W. are social intercourse, mental improvement and mutual benefit, the increase and diffusion of knowledge among its members, the improvement of the membership socially and materially. The sick are cared for, the dead buried. We perpetuate the memory of the founder of our glorious State. Our principles are love of home, devotion to our flag, veneration of the Pioneers, and an abiding faith in the existence of God.

As Grand President for 1902-1903, I have urged that our Order should take its rightful place in the forefront of all the forces which make for the honor and glory of California, the development of her resources, and the advancement of all the interests of the Golden State.

While our Order is primarily a beneficiary one; while to establish a sick fund and to expend it legitimately, to help to sustain and to encourage each other, is our ever present duty, yet as Native Daughters, as Californians, we are vowed to devote ourselves to our State, to render faithful service in her behalf. The various resolutions adopted by the late Grand Parlor mark out progressive lines, possible for all to follow, and to which many of the subordinate Parlors have enthusiastically committed themselves.

Long have I believed it possible for each subordinate Parlor under "Good of the Order" to adopt some of the intellectual features that have made club life so fascinating and so helpful to the thoughtful women of the present day. Historical research, addresses, papers, debates, lectures upon California history, parliamentary drill,



EMMA GETT,
Past Grand President.

all offer a chance for leading spirits to draw together the intellectual forces of a community, both within and without the order, in such a manner as will benefit the community and strengthen the membership of the N. D. G. W. This is the age of associated effort, of concerted action, of united intellectual pursuit, and I believe that with this factor at work, our subordinate Parlors would increase in numbers and in influence.

Our Order stands unique among fraternal societies. We possess the social features, the fraternal obligations, the pecuniary benefits that mark the most advanced of these organizations. We go further and state that we possess an additional claim to the respect and consideration of all true Californians. The primal object of our Order is to knit the daughters of our happily favored State into closer bonds than can unite those from different sections of our country. Love of country is the sublimest passion that can animate the human breast, and we, thrilled by that passion, proudly proclaim to all the world that California is our birthright; that her memories, her history, her glorious future, and her powerful present are our priceless heritage.

ARIANA STIRLING,
Grand Trustee.



With such an inspiration from organization and association, is it any wonder that we should combine with our social and our fraternal features a devotion to our State, and to all our interests? What wonder is it that we should seek to know California's wonderful history, to master the causes that have made California's progress the marvel of the world, and to lend our aid to the development of California's inexhaustible resources and the advancement of her highest interests. The time will come when loyalty to our own State will have made it unequalled in commercial greatness, and the label "Made in California," will be a badge of the highest distinction.

As an organization the Native Daughters of the Golden West is very compact and well calculated for united, concerted action. The subordinate Parlors situated in every part of California are under the jurisdiction of the Grand Parlor, which meets annually—and which is composed of delegates elected by their parlors as their representatives on a basis depending upon their membership. At these annual sessions, the Grand officers are elected for the ensuing year, legislation is enacted and social functions held.

It seems to be a principle in all fraternal organizations, that the Grand Secretary and the Grand Treasurer shall not be changed, but shall render a continuous service. At the Grand Parlor of Native Sons at Bakersfield in April Grand Secretary Henry Lundstedt, and Grand Treasurer Henry Martin were re-elected without opposition. Mr. Lundstedt has held his position for over twenty years. Very much the same conditions prevail in our organization.

One of the Native Daughters' Grand Secretaries, Mrs. Georgie C. Ryan, held the office for over twelve years, with no thought of an opponent for the position. So appreciative was the order of her services, that when she voluntarily relinquished the office on the ground of ill health, the Grand Parlor voted her continuous membership in the Grand Parlors forever. The present incumbent, Laura J. Frakes, succeeded Mrs. Ryan. Miss Frakes has brought her office rare qualities of mind and heart, culture and refinement with an infinite amount of tact. She represents Ampala Parlor of Sutter Creek—one of the finest memberships in the order. Each year widens and increases Miss Frakes' circle of friends; whose affection and esteem are not lightly to be prized.

As for the beneficiary features of the N. D. G. W., each subordinate Parlor determines what shall be the amount paid for sick benefits; and for how long a period they shall be paid, and under what conditions.



MRS. JENNIE GRAY.

In an order containing over 4500 members, it would not be surprising if there were occasional cases of unjust claims for sick benefits. But to the honor of the membership, be it stated that such cases are very few and far between. For certain ailments, members do not receive sick benefits. Occasionally there have

been instances where venal or pliable physicians have sent in false or misleading reports regarding a patient, caring more for the monetary benefit to accrue to the patient, than to uphold the constitutional law of the order.

But fortunately such cases are rare—and sooner or later the unreliable physician has been exposed and discredited.

At the coming Grand Parlor the Caminetti Grand Parlor Burial Fund will come up for final consideration. It consists of a fund created by a ten cent per capita tax upon members of subordinate Parlors—and from the fund so created, the sum of \$75 shall be paid to the heirs of the member dying in good standing. The maintenance of the fund will be conserved by the reimposition of the per capita ten cents whenever the fund falls below \$300. The sponsor for this idea is Ella Caminetti, one of the brightest women in the order, a member of Ursula, the mother Parlor.

Last year Mrs. Caminetti was defeated by a very close vote. It is confidently expected that she will be elected for Grand Vice President this year—no thought of self interest, no fear of defeat, no hope of gaining a temporary advantage by selling her silence to the highest bidder, can keep Ella Caminetti a quiet spectator of the perpetration of a wrong—or of the subversion of justice.

Mrs. Caminetti is outspoken and fearless; thoroughly posted in methods of procedure. She has a naturally bright mind, tutored by experience in the nation's capital, associated with leaders in the world of thought and action and social eminence. Her ideas are practical and calculated to benefit the order.

As for the intellectual features connected with the order, their character and scope depend entirely upon the membership of each subordinate Parlor. Consequently no real uniformity may be said to exist. Some of our Parlors have combined the features of an intellectual club with their other interests. In Ventura, under the able leadership of Past Grand President Cora B. Sifford, California history has been exhaustively studied, the study of the ritual systematized, a Native Daughter Improvement club started; palm trees planted, the historic Mission palms parked, and other civic work undertaken. The order owes much to Cora B. Sifford. Herself a woman of education, social standing, and refinement, she has attracted to the order—loyal California women and strengthened the cause where, because of the incoming Eastern influence, the Native Daughters were in the minority.

In Los Angeles Parlor, under the inspiration of the Past President Mrs. Fannie Prather, the members have devoted the "Good of the Order" hour to Shakespearean study.

In La Estrella Parlor, San Francisco, California History evenings are held. Papers on the early history of California, the establishment of the Missions, the admission of California into the Union has been interestingly set forth by papers by the able members of this banner Parlor.

Our literature has been enriched by the poetic contributions of some of our members. Mrs. Lillian Carlie, of La Estrella Parlor left us a perpetual memory in her own initiation ode. She "being dead, yet speaketh." Our ritual was written by Mrs. Minnie B. Gunzendorfer. Miss Grace Williams of Alta is the author of a sweet little poppy poem—and the pens of others have been active in the service of the order and their State.

Miss Mollie B. Johnson, of California Parlor, Sacramento, Past Grand President, is the author of our beautiful funeral service. Ida Green, Mary Piratsky and Rebecca Johnson, presented the expressive memorial service. Some Parlors have taken up the study of parliamentary law—others exist more for social purposes. Still another group are the leaders in any enterprise of a public nature. In many cases the N. S. G. W. and the N. D. G. W. combine forces in the same cause for mutual benefit. As for the N. D. G. W., the outside world, it has reflected credit upon the organization. At the time of the Spanish-American war, we organized the Native Daughters Red Cross Aid, which furnished money, provisions, and articles of clothing for our soldiers.

In the term of Grand President Sifford, the N. D.



MRS. GEORGE OWEN—San Jose.

G. W. lent its moral support to the attempts to save the California Big Trees—the Calaveras grove—from destruction. Grand President Gett's term was marked by a successful attempt to save the Big Basin Redwoods to posterity forever. During the Grand Presidency of Mary E. Tillman the N. D. G. W. took part in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the flag-raising at Monterey in 1896, the speakers being Mariana Bertola, Elizabeth Spencer, Clara K. Wittenmeyer and Eliza D. Keith.

Our order has planned to secure the general introduction of California history in our public schools, has called for the erection of a monument to Betsy Ross on Telegraph hill, San Francisco, and has hastened, by individual subscriptions, to the support of William R. Hearst's plan for the preservation of historic buildings in Monterey.

During the present administration the N. D. G. W. as an order has taken a leading part in the observance of Arbor Day. Chispa Parlor, Ione, has planned to plant one of the principal roads in the county. Joaquin Parlor of Stockton, assisted by the Native Sons of Stockton, planted trees along the road to Lodi.

Tejon Parlor of Bakersfield had an Arbor Day of its own—the Parlors of Santa Cruz county, San Jose and Ventura assisted the citizens of the Garden City to tree planting the roads of the county. In Woodland, Yolo county, Woodland Parlor assisted the local Woman's club to plant trees. Reichling Parlor at Fortuna, Humboldt county, will plant a memorial tree.

Keith Parlor of San Francisco planted a tree to the honor of the order N. D. G. W. in Golden Gate Park.



MISS ALICE ARRICK—San Jose.



MISS CAROLINE POLHAMUS—Queen of the San Diego Carnival.

Under the efficient leadership of Past Grand President Emma Gett, the three Parlors of Sacramento, California, La Banderita and Sutter, have united their forces to raise money to plant trees in the Park around Sutter's fort in Sacramento.

The N. D. G. W., together with the N. S. G. W., and the California Pioneers, on May 13th, gave President Roosevelt a glorious patriotic reception at Native Sons' Hall, in San Francisco, and presented him with a joint souvenir, a solid gold statuette—Douglas Tilden's "Bear Hunt"—a gift worthy of the patriotism and the generosity of these representative societies of our noble State.

As to the personality of the order the membership represents every social, industrial and professional interest. We have brilliant women upon the rolls. Belle W. Conrad, one of the Past Grand Presidents, brought the order up in the floor work to a high standard. She is a woman of strong personality, a magnificent organizer. Lena H. Mills, a Past Grand President, is a brilliant figure in debate, and was unexcelled as a presiding officer. She is an authority on parliamentary law, and has always stood loyally by her friends. Mrs. Mills gave the idea of a N. D. G. W. memorial day to the order, and introduced the celebration of Pioneer Day as an observance of September 9th.

Mariana Bertola as Grand President introduced the American flag into the lodge room of the order—and later introduced the annual observance of Flag Day among the special days of the N. D. G. W.

Clara K. Wittenmeyer has the honor of having proposed that a "N. D. G. W. Home" be established. Her idea has been carried out to some extent, but unfortunately for the order, and for the so-called "N. D. G. W. Home," it is not under the jurisdiction of the order N. D. G. W., and therefore cannot claim its full protection and support. That

can speedily be remedied and probably will be at the next Grand Parlor.

In conclusion, our order is great and growing. It has magnificent possibilities, which only the short-sightedness or perversity of its own membership can cause to fail of fulfillment. Let us hope that all of its future may be roseate with promise and golden in achievement.

THE GRAND PRESIDENT

By Martha P. Owen.

Miss Eliza D. Keith, Grand President of the Native Daughters of the Golden West, is one of the most gifted writers and loyal defenders of the State. Alive with electric energy and quick intuitions she is active in all that builds for a fairer and greater California, and as surely is a fearless champion for the preservation of the historic landmarks. Those mighty Sequoias are dear to every Californian. Planted by the hand of God, they stand like towering sentinels to catch the flushing splendor of our dawns, or watch the purple shades of day darken into night. Also our Missions and all our landmarks, which teach their silent lessons in the history of our State, should be held sacred, from all save the touch of Time.

Miss Keith has served her beloved order, for the year now closing, with eminent success as the presiding officer. Her administration has been marked by a greatly increased membership, and a comprehensive growth towards the larger and broader unfoldment of the glorious principles upon which the organization is founded. The Native Daughters of the Golden West, and their brother order, are twin forces becoming each succeeding year more powerful factors in the affairs of this great commonwealth. In the front rank of every forward movement will be found this highly endowed daughter of the West.

THE NATIVE DAUGHTERS

BY MADGE MORRIS-WAGNER.

When California wrought her royal crown of gold—
A gift she would award unto the best
Of all her broad and loyal land could hold,
The gift wherewith her own proud frame should rest
She took the footprints of the pioneers,
She took the sound of battle, and the strength
Of manhood measured with the long-drawn length
Misfortune stretched for them across the years.
She took the whispering sighs of pines that shake
Their needles down on graves lost in the wake
Of time. She took the heart-sick patience, and tears
Of women waiting, waiting, waiting, for their loved
That came not back. And then the sacredness
And permanency of her statehood laid
Upon the shrine of sacred things. Of these she made
Her crown; and wrote across its shining chest
The Native Daughters of the Golden West.



MISS CHRISTINE BERDING, Oneonta Parlor.

The Native Daughter!

BY MARTHA P. OWEN.

"Heart on her lips, and
Soul within her eyes;
Soft as her clime, and
Sunny as her skies."

"Is this divinely gifted daughter of the West, coined of creative fire electric with quick instinct." She stands for the most magnificent type of womanhood the world shall ever know. Beneath these cloudless skies, all radiant with stars; where hill and vale alike, burst into blossoming melody, with coronals of perfumed air from orange groves and orchard-vines, together form the natural environment for the highest evolution of the artistic temperament. With the inspiration of Nature's wondrous panorama that everywhere greets the eye in California, is it any wonder that her children should grow in grandeur and beauty like unto their surroundings.

"For holy as life is the beauty that thrills Thro' the hearts of the valleys, the vines of the hills."

What a mighty inspiration the Infinite hand has planted on these western shores—the very Apocalypse of Nature, which impels the highest order of humanity.

It is the ideal and moral forces which ever build the lasting monuments of progress. In this child of incomparable heritage, born and reared free and joyous as the dancing waves which wash the golden sands at her feet, is centered all that can make a great people in this garden spot of the world.

No prouder blood can course the veins, than that inherited from the brave, noble pioneers of California—those men who faced the dangers and hardships of passing through the wilderness to this land of gold and plenty with grim fortitude, never surpassed. The history of future centuries will record their deeds of daring with wonder and admiration. In the web and woof of your character is also woven the trustful courage, the gentle endurance of the pioneer mothers.

The generation of Argonauts is fast slipping away; but the new generation, drinking deeply of the spirit of their fathers, has set a pace full of promise for our Golden State. Our gifted daughters, nurtured under these sunny skies, are exerting an influence that is doing much in shaping the destiny of the West; and fair Califo. niennes, on the stage in the drama, the opera, in the world of art, are mining "golden opinions" from thousands in our own and foreign lands.

Small wonder, then, that the development of our State should savor of an Aladdin dream. California, with her great mountains, her waterfalls, her fertile valleys, her blue skies, her exhaustive mineral treasures, her lemon, olive and orange groves, vineyards and flowers stretching out in an endless panorama of God's master touches, has been stamped by the hand of Fate, and destined for empire. Passing generations dimly conscious of the great possibilities which lie before it.

Count De Rupert, who has traveled the world over, in his book on California, has this tribute to the Native Daughter:



MISS H. MURRAY, Minerva Parlor.



MISS BIRDIE C. MAYER, Orinda Parlor.

"Go west of the Sierras and behold the fairest daughter in the land. Although a child of the sun, she is of the blonde type. The eye which is large and well opened, flashes like newly broken steel under the sun's rays. The well-filled and rosy face beams with intelligence. The mouth is well curved, coquettish and of a rich carmine. The head, showing a luxuri-



MISS LAURA J. FRAKES, Grand Secretary.

ant growth of golden hair, is well set on beautifully rounded shoulders. The stature is erect and the outlines are well moulded, firm and graceful. The hand is small and the pedal extremities would shame the slipper of Cinderella. As a flirt she is not a



MRS. LENA B. MILLS, Stockton.



MISS TRESS MAYER, Orinda Parlor.

success. Her passions are strong and the heart is more susceptible of love. Southern women such as Spanish and Italian women, are not addicted to flirtation; they love or they do not love; the lip never belies the heart, and California women are equally truthful."

The patriotic organization of the N. D. G. W., founded upon the broad lines of the usefulness that it is, should grow and prosper far beyond its present status. Four thousand members is not enough; it should easily be swelled to twenty-five thousand. In union there is strength, and what stronger bond of union could exist than the upbuilding of our adored country. Our star without a peer in all the galaxy of States.

Surely there are vast possibilities for this powerful organization of earnest, loyal-loving women. In the California type the ideal and practical are harmoniously blended.

So, daughters of the Golden West; heirs of a land of gold and glory, go on, build on, work on in your mission of divine significance. Perpetuate the memories which consecrate the past; to emphasize every ennobling endeavor which dignifies the present and idealizes the future.



Aims and Objects of the Organization

By MARIANA BERTOLA.

Our principles are the most glorious on earth, for they are akin to those taught by the Prince of Peace when here. The objects of our Order are social intercourse, mental improvement, mutual benefit, and to perpetuate the memory of the pioneers.

By social intercourse we aim to elevate the tastes of our members and to diffuse knowledge. By aiding the needy in time of sickness with sisterly affection, as well as by our beneficiary fund, we take away the sting that so often goes with charity. The moral principle of our Order is of inestimable value. Upon this is staked our strength and permanence. The Native Daughter must be pure and rich, as the gold of her native State, in womanly virtues. The Order is strictly non-sectarian and has no adherence to any political party; neither is it an "annex" to any other society. But from snow-capped Shasta to sun-kissed San Diego, from staunch Sonora to San Francisco by the sea, the blue dome of heaven rings with the enthusiastic shout which the Native Daughters send forth for Old Glory, our country's flag—as it is red with the blood of God's heroes, white with God's justice, and blue with heaven's own azure, we honor it, as it represents our liberties, we uphold it; as its folds gleam with the rays of progress, stirring action to climb up and on, we obey it.

We bring the stars and stripes to our altars as a sacred thing. We would have every boy and girl thoroughly imbued with love and veneration for it, and would have them proud of the invisible, uncatchable American eagle that surmounts it.

Who are there so loyal in celebrating the day upon which these States freed themselves from England, and, loving the Union, commemorate the day Old Glory was first unfurled to the breeze, to the wild maiden beauty of California, and the golden star was added to the American diadem, as the Native Daughter of the Golden West.



MRS. M. BLAKELY, Minerva Parlor.

FAIR DAUGHTERS OF THE GOLDEN WEST



MRS. MORGAN HILL (nee Diana Murphy)
San Jose.



MRS. GEORGE E. WHITE
San Francisco.



MRS. WM. MEADE Los Angeles.



MRS. JOSEPH CORRYELL (nee Mabel Lloyd Jessup)
San Francisco.



MRS. MARY E. AUBURY
Past President Palomar Parlor.



MISS MAE B. WILKIN
Past Grand President



MISS CLARA A. WITTENMYER
Past Grand President.



MRS. ADDIE BAGLEY
Past President Chispa Parlor.



MISS MARIANA
Past President



MRS. JOSEPHINE GRO—San Francisco.



MRS. BELLE R. CONRAD—Past Grand President.



MRS. GEORGIE C. RY—Past President.



MRS. MARY TILLMAN —Past Grand President.



MRS. LEWIS R. WORTH —San Diego.



MRS. HENRY —Past President.



MISS LIZZIE HEFFEM
Past President Chispa Parlor.

MRS. ELLA CAMINETTI
Past President Ursula Parlor.

MISS MAGGIE BAGLEY
Past President Chispa Parlor.

MRS. ANNIE DOMAN,
Past President Forest Parlor.



Past Grand Secretary.



MRS. LILLIAN CARLIE—Past Grand Trustee.



MRS. FRONA WAIT COLBURN—San Francisco.



—San Jose.



MISS LILLIAN REA—San Jose.



MISS ANITA PEELOR—San Jose.





MISS ROSA DAY Past Grand Marshal.



MRS. C. H. QUINN (nee Mabel Hopkins) San Francisco.



MRS. R. B. RICHARDS (nee Edith Murgotten) Marysville.



MISS SADIE ALLEN Nevada City.



MISS PEARL COTTLE San Jose.



MRS. DR. SPONOGLE San Francisco



NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA AND OTHER NATIONS.

CLUB HAPPENINGS—PAST AND PRESENT

BY ELLA M. SEXTON.

What, with elections, breakfasts, annual reports and the installation of new officers the final month of the club year has been a busy one and vacation seems good to look forward to. The various functions have been well attended, and the fact that peace and harmony reign in all the more prominent organizations is attested by the re-election of many presidents.

Apocryphal of elections, one hears of amusing incidents occurring when two tickets are before a club and the eager partisans strive to rally their respective adherents, and to gain more. A lady whose lorgnette is necessary to read or write with was duly presented with two ballots at a recent election where party spirit ran high. Then a pretty maid tripped up to her and sweetly said: "Shall I mark this ticket for you, and you won't have to bother with your lorgnette?" The elderly lady in icy tones replied: "Thank you, but I am still capable of knowing whom I want for president, and still able to arrange my own ballot."

Another very new member of a certain club had been instructed to vote for a certain vice-president, and full of zeal the good woman rushed over to a late arrival and whispered, "Won't you vote for Mrs. Smith? She will make such a good vice-president, and we all want her to have it." Imagine her chagrin at the smiling response of "Why, certainly, since I would not vote for myself," for she had unwittingly tackled Mrs. Smith's opponent on the other ticket!

One lady, determined to beat her foe and elect her friend, sat hours at the telephone recently ringing up the members and admonishing them to "come early and vote for Mrs. Robinson," while letters, calls, everything but dollars, perhaps, have been made to serve some ambitious woman's purpose of advancing herself or her friends.

Once upon a time a "slate" was prepared by a nominating committee, and like sheep the club-members meekly followed it, and elected the ticket the cleverest woman of said committee had concocted, but all that is changed. Nominations made from the floor are now voted for by secret ballot and the two candidates receiving the most votes are then given a place on a printed ballot. On election day a cross is placed after the desired candidate's name and the carefully prepared ticket is as carefully counted so that absolute fairness rules. If women should have the ballot in public affairs someday, club-women will need no instruction whatever.

Mrs. Fred G. Sanborn has been unanimously chosen to preside over the pleasant Wednesdays of the Century Club for another year. Mrs. Sanborn is a representative club-woman whose original, witty and practical talks win every listener and go straight to the root of a matter. Her work in the Red Cross was extraordinary, and as a hostess her graceful courtesy distinguishes every guest. She gave a most delightful luncheon to the Century members lately, one of the many charming affairs this club has enjoyed during the past year. One of the oldest or-

ganizations in San Francisco is the Century and often called the most exclusive one.

The Alden Club branch of the International Sunshine Society has chosen Miss Jean Pedlar as president, with Miss Mabel Ayer as honorary president in recognition of her work as founder of the California branch. A reception was given by Miss Ayer, assisted by the Alden girls, on May-day to Odette Tyles, the actress, who is the head of the West Virginia Sunshine work.

The breakfast given by the Sorosis Club in honor of its re-elected chief officer, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, was enjoyed by one hundred and fifty ladies in dazzling spring gowns and hats. Among the wise and witty toasts given those of "Opportunity," by Mrs. I. Lowenberg, "Our President," by Mrs. Sanborn, and "Our Influence," by Mrs. Bucknall deserve special remembrance. Mrs. Josephine de Greayer is first vice president, and

the Civics day under Dr. Mary Roberts Smith with her fine explanation and rendering of the old English ballads deserving special mention. She sang many of the old songs mentioned so frequently in English history, their quaint tunes and old-time words lingering with her hearers for days afterwards. Miss Jessica Peixotto delivered a most entertaining discourse on "Russia" the last social day of the season, and the final meeting at which annual reports were read and matters set in train for next year, occurred May 26th. With Mrs. George Law Smith as chief executive and Dr. Dorothea Moore as first vice president, this popular organization should enjoy a notable term in future.

Two performances given for the Club's building fund, the comedy "Our Boys," given by the Sigma Beta dramatic company, and a concert with the charming singer Mlle. Antonia Dolores Trehelli as chief entertainer, with Robert Newell at the piano and Louis Newbauer, flutist, met with but

H. C. Bunker as recording secretary, Mrs. H. J. Sadler, treasurer, and Mrs. Dorville Libby, Mrs. W. J. Gray, Mrs. W. H. Barrows, Mrs. G. W. Merrill and Miss Marie Wood as the directors. With Mrs. Haight in the chair much good work is already assured the oldest literary club in San Francisco.

Mrs. C. Mason Kinne was re-elected to the chair in the Papyrus Club. The exceedingly good programs given by this organization are to be augmented next year with more amateur dramatics under Mrs. Buckingham's able direction, we are told.

The San Francisco Musical Club closes its season with an evening concert devoted to Brahms' music with the talented Miss Olive Mead as violinist. Modern French composers and a Strauss afternoon were recent features here and the talented young women comprising this most charming and unique club with Mrs. George Bates as president may congratulate themselves on having delighted many large audiences and incidentally having gained not a little themselves during the season's work.

The Council of Women has had some of the prominent educators of the city, notably the Hon. Cecil Mark, Azro L. Mann and Miss Frances Hodgkinson speaking before them on school topics. Mrs. John F. Swift as chief executive here imbues all around her with her vigorous, wise and practical ideas and plans for the uplifting of modern women and their societies.

Mrs. John H. Jewett, the founder and organizer of the Women's Auxiliary of California Pioneers, has been chosen honorary president by the ladies, and Mrs. John M. Burnett succeeds to the chair Mrs. Jewett has so excellently filled. Only wives, widows or daughters of those Pioneers who came here before 1850 are eligible to membership in this society, and the State history and notable events are objects of special interest and research among the members.

The Forum, under Mrs. Henry Payot's sway, hopes for another most successful and charming year. This club enjoys great popularity, offering as it does open door, a fine library, and a hospitable cup of tea to its members at all times in its well-situated and furnished rooms.

A Woman's Club building, where the different organizations of San Francisco might be comfortably and reasonably housed, is one of the hopes each club nourishes at present. It is believed that such a structure would not only enhance the beauty of the city by its fine architectural lines and interiors, but would also be a paying investment, since city clubs are legion and few of them are in other than temporary quarters. Some wealthy woman, for instance, might erect such a building, realize a comfortable income from it and have her name honored and remembered for decades by the grateful clubs she had thus made happy.

An official Directory and Register of the Federation of Women's Clubs of California is being compiled by Mrs. J. G. Bissel of Los Angeles, and will be published about the first of July.



NEW HOME FOR THE CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE.

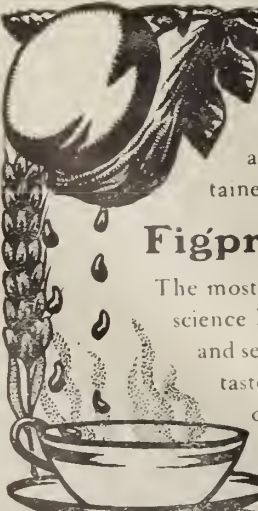
Mrs. John Bakewell recording secretary of Sorosis for the ensuing term.

The State Floral Society gave a large reception in May, honoring Mrs. John Gill Lemmon, who, by her almost unaided endeavor, has succeeded in making the golden poppy our State flower. Many lovely tulips, pond-lilies, and other garden and wild flowers were shown that afternoon, which was also a Book Day when contributions for the Society's library were in order, with O. V. Lange as librarian, Professor Emory E. Smith as president, and Mrs. L. O. Hodgkins, the mother of the society, as first vice president, were chosen for another year.

Recent programs at the California Club have been exceptionally good,

Indifferent success, the majority of the club members failing to attend. This half-heartedness among those who should support such enterprises augurs ill for the near fulfillment of the club-house plan.

Laurel Hall's seventeenth season ended May 20th, the retiring president, Mrs. T. W. Collins, presenting the gavel to Mrs. George W. Haight, who was one of the club's first presidents. The music was under the direction of Miss Marie Wood and consisted of a violin solo by Miss Rose Lane and a piano selection by Miss Helen Desmond. The new officers are Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, first vice president, Mrs. W. D. Keyston as second vice president, Mrs. Nathan Frank, corresponding secretary, Mrs.



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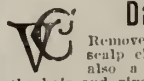
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LEADING CLUB WOMEN OF THE WEST



MRS. LOVELL WHITE,
First President of California Club.



MRS. OSCAR LUNING,
Ebell Club, Oakland.



MRS. WILLIAM BECKMAN,
Vice-President California Federation.



MRS. I. LOWENBERG,
President Philomath Club, San Francisco.



MISS ELLEN F. THOMPSON,
Vice-President Los Angeles District California Federation of Women's Clubs.



MRS. HENRY PAYOT,
President Forum Club, San Francisco.



MRS. H. WEINSTOCK,
Treasurer Federation of Women's Clubs.



MRS. SOPHIE SKIDMORE GARDINER.

Special representative of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association to the International League of Press Clubs.

Mrs. Gardiner is the editor of the California Ladies' Magazine, and is now in New York, where she is the guest of the Press Club at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. She will attend the meeting of the International League of Press Clubs in Atlantic City, New Jersey, as the representative of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association.



MRS. ADA H. VAN PELT,
Past President Pacific Coast Women's Press Association.



DR. MYRA KNOX,
Ebell Club, Oakland.



MRS. E. G. DENNISTON,
Corona Club, San Francisco.



MRS. J. W. ORR,
Secretary Federation of Women's Clubs.



MRS. IRVING MOULTON,
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C. R. Clock & Mantel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

VICTIM OF TRUE LOVE

BY L. DOUGLAS ADAM.

"Oh, I don't know; it's too soon to be talking about such things, Allen—and besides—I never said I would."

Allen sighed and tried to look severely into the speaker's dancing eyes. But it seemed to most people besides her "great friend" (as she called Allen), impossible to treat Della severely.

There she stood, hatless, under the vines, with the stray shafts of golden August sunlight touching her brown hair with odd gleams of their own glory; her little figure set off by an artistic "old rag" as she was pleased to dub a thin dress donned for the huckleberry party, swaying to and fro—it seemed to the light breeze—as she balanced herself on tiptoe and tried to reach with her parted lips the undermost grape in a pendent cluster. Such a wayward creature and yet, as some knew, so tender and lovable.

The more Allen Kilarthur looked at her, the more deeply he fell in love and the more hopeless he felt it would be to try and bind this fair Proteus in—the dream of his life—the bond of holy matrimony with himself. But he had come prepared to know his fate.

"That's all nonsense, Dell," he rejoined, tugging his mustache. "Leave that bunch of grapes—you can't reach it!"—"I shan't" from Dell—"and listen to me for a moment. I am not going to stand it any longer!"—"Oh, aren't you, poor thing?"—"No I'm not. Here we are—you and me" ("grammar?" remarked Dell, who had just nearly killed herself trying to pull down the coveted cluster). "Here we are" continued he desperately, ("as you said before")—"and there's no earthly reason why we shouldn't be married next month, or this, for that matter. I can keep you as you have been accustomed to live—not as you ought to be guarded and worshipped you queen you; your mother is in good health now, and—oh, Dell, you will, won't you?"

"Who said I would—marry—you at all?" said Dell quickly. "It's very kind of you, I'm sure, to dispose of me so nicely—in your own mind. I won't marry you at all—I won't—I won't—I won't—" stamping her foot and turning away her head, till he could only see the tip of a distracting little ear.

"And you and mamma," she continued resentfully, "if you think you can do what you like with me, are mistaken. Last night Tom Laramie placed himself and his fortunes at my feet—think of that, sir."

"What did you say?" asked the other quickly.

"Never mind. Oh, I don't know why I shouldn't tell you; I said 'yes.'"

"What?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" repeated Dell with a mocking crescendo intonation.

"You're going to marry Tom whom everybody knows as the biggest scoundrel?"

"Skylark were you going to say? Take care, sir, if you can't behave yourself, you had better go away until you have learnt manners."

"I'm going," said Allen rising with suppressed excitement. "I'm off back to town and won't trouble you with my presence ever again. But of all the deceitful and treacherous—but there! what's the good—you will reap as you have sown some day. I suppose some girls are made that way—and yet you must have known—good-bye!" he broke off with grim politeness that struck him strangely as if pronounced by some one else. "I shall take the buggy. You can easily find the Blakes and go back in the stage," and he was gone.

Meantime Dell stood, tapping her little foot, an unusual flush on her cheek, repeating over and over again as if to convince herself—"I don't care—I don't care"—and then in a whisper, "He'll come back in a minute."

But when at last she turned her head to see if he were returning, he was over the hill and out of sight.

"What a fool!" she said, really angry now at what she had done. "What a precious donkey Al is! Doesn't he know me better than to take everything I say in earnest. But he's gone. I knew I would make him mad about Tom—as if I would marry that fellow! I don't want to marry anybody; what's the sense of settling down so soon? I want to have a good time and there's no hurry, anyway," and Della hardened her heart against Allen as she left the rancho garden (where they had called to get a glass of milk), and hastened to the hill, where the huckleberry pickers were more or less at work.

She had hard work standing the volley of inquiries regarding Allen's sudden departure, but her pride came to her rescue, and the careless indifference of her suggestion that he had "driven in to catch a train, I guess," would have been admirable had it not been just a trifle overdone. Her gaiety and talkativeness for a short time increased to fever-point and kindled the admiration of Tom Laramie, who was present in an ornamental capacity, but after attaining this height, her spirits as rapidly sunk and she declared she was tired and wanted to go home.

In due time the party of twenty young men and maidens left the huckleberry side of "Uncle Sam," and wended slowly, generally in pairs, and with many a light, passing jest or snatch of song, to the little creek where the conveyances which were to take them back home had been left and the horses tied.

"Why, Allen hasn't gone, after all, Dell!" exclaimed a quick-eyed girl, as they all came down the winding road. "There's his buggy, and there's Norman, too." (Norman was the horse).

Della felt herself blushing with pleasure. "Could it be possible that he would drive her home, and that they 'would make it up' so soon? The day, since his departure, had somehow until now lost its charm, but even yet her stubborn little heart refused to acknowledge the real reason.

"Well, he seemed in a hurry to go," was all she could say rather guiltily, and she pointed out some ferns she wanted Tom to "clamber up the rock to procure. Yet, though she wanted to show "Al" if he were around, that she was not at all disconsolate through his "rudeness," still her eyes somehow left her awkwardly scrambling escort to range the creek-side and bosky canyon for the first sign of a tall-well-made figure in a shooting cap.

The horses were put to, and most of the girls and the gentlemen were seated in the various vehicles. Della was still sitting by the stream, "fixing her ferns," she said, but, hoping against hope that Allen would appear and take her home, and that she would not be compelled to go in the large stage with the crowd.

"Come, Dell, child, we must go; climb in!"

"Al's waiting for you to go before he shows himself, I guess," suggested a daughter of Eve maliciously, and the little dart gave Dell the only spur she wanted.

"I don't care whether Mr. Kilarthur comes or not," she cried with forced hilarity. "I'm going with you anyway, and we'll sing all the way home," and she took her place in the drag.

One or two pistol shots were fired off to let Allen know the party were starting, but as there was no reply it was supposed that he had gone some distance while looking for game, and was out of ear shot; so the buggies gradually rolled off, following the drag, until young Charley Blake said he would wait for Al, and drive back with him when he came, and was accordingly left alone.

To Dell's mind the ride home was very noisy and senseless, and, arriving at the hotel in the little town of San Blanco, where the day's trip was to be wound up with a dance, she wait-

ed impatiently for Allen's return, although she would not admit the fact to herself. But the long hours glided away and no Allen appeared. Charley Blake drove back in his buggy without him, having tired of waiting, and then the general question became: "What has happened to Allen?" The ominous words duly reached Della, and she was besieged with inquiries, more or less delicately introduced, as to the place where and the circumstances under which they had parted. It was not known that Allen had any friends or interests out of the neighborhood to take him away, and as he had asked for only one day's furlough from the business house, where he was the trusted manager, it seemed incredible that he should have slipped away.

The projected dance was given up, and steps were at once taken to rain some tidings of the missing man. His family were distracted, and late as it was his description was forwarded to the next depot to San Blanco, whither it was deemed possible he might have walked. It was also decided to organize a search party the next day in the vicinity of the huckleberry hill—"if he doesn't materialize in the meantime," as one of his friends said hopefully.

All these preparations fell like so many cuts inflicted by a whip of steel upon Della's remorseful memory. No sleep visited her that night, and as she tossed and turned in weary unrest, the phantoms of poignant misgivings haunted her pillow. It was all her fault—and if he should never come and make it up—what would her life be? Where could he be? Nor was her anxiety to be quieted by her petulant self-justification that she had only meant, to tease him, or by a lurking hope that he only meant to frighten her by staying away and would return "to-morrow."

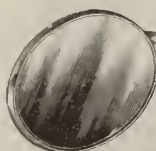
But "to-morrow" and several to-morrows passed without news of Allen Kilarthur. When the news did come, it fell with crushing force. For Allen Kilarthur was brought home dead.

The searching party had discovered his body at the bottom of an old bear pit in the midst of a thick copse. The existence of the pit was unknown even to old holders of the land, and was probably the work of early Mexican hunters. Into it the unfortunate man, occupied by maddening thoughts, had fallen unawares, breaking a leg and an arm in his descent and probably losing consciousness. This he would regain to find himself half immersed in the water which had drained into the pit. Unable to stir, with no means of attracting notice (for his gun was found at the pit's mouth), tortured with his broken limbs, and yet more by the memory of his last interview with poor Della, it is to be hoped that delirium in its mercy soon came to the relief of his agony, and bore him on its whirling pinions from some sense of the maddening torments that surrounded his terrible death.

Della, when she heard the terrible news, sat some time like one stunned, unmoving and not seeming to see anything. Then she made her way to Allen's mother, and in calm, mechanical words accused herself of being a murderer, asking in a passionless way, "why they did not kill her?" "A life for a life" she repeated several times. Then she fell down and was conveyed home, where she was brought by brain fever to the verge of the grave.

But she recovered, although Della of the huckleberry party day was dead. Thanks to the ministrations of the Holy Church, her life lesson was turned to good account. She entered the service of God, and, as Sister Teresa, is loved by all to whom she ministers. But her young pupils say that she is very strict in enforcing the necessity for literal truth, and that her pathetic eyes grow dim as to some repentant offender she dwells upon the importance of "every idle word."

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THE LEGEND OF THE NAUTILUS

BY LAURA MORRIS.

Long, long ago, when people were not nearly so wise as they are now-a-days—when they did not know how many millions of miles away the sun is, but firmly believed the moon to be made of green cheese—there lived a little child; a happy little child, that awoke with the dawn, played all day, and slept all night, just as happy little children ought to do, no matter how wise the world becomes.

Now, when it was quite a wee baby, it went to bed so early that it did not know what darkness meant, and used to think people were talking nonsense when they spoke of the silent night. But as it grew older, it naturally became less sleepy and sat up later, until the shadows lengthened, the daylight faded and the red sun dipped down behind the trees. And at last it sat up so late that it saw the red twilight creep over the world. And then, one bedtime, the dark mantle of night enfolded the flowers and birds and the little wondering child.

At first it was frightened and hid its eyes; but after a time it forgot to be afraid and began as children will to ask questions. It would watch, with wide open, puzzled eyes, until the last glamour had gone from the sky, and then it would turn to its mother and say:

"Mother, what becomes of the light when the sun goes out?"

But the mother only laughed, and bade it not be silly. So it sat silent; but for all that it kept on wondering, till its little head ached, where the Light went when the Sun goes out.

It asked the Fire, thinking that would be sure to know, as it went out often, and had besides a nice ruddy light of its own; but it laughed also, and said it didn't know and didn't care, since the light always came back when it was wanted. The candle suggested it might go into snuffers; but the chimney declared it knew nothing, unless the Light hid in the smoke.

"The sun has no smoke," said the child, shaking its head. "I'll ask the Sunflower. It must know, since it follows the sun all day."

"What becomes of the Light when the Sun goes out?" echoed the Sunflower, tossing its head in a superior way; "why, what a little stupid you are. The Sun never goes out. It goes to another place, and comes back next morning."

"I know that," persisted the child; "but it is the Light, not the Sun. Look at that yellow light on the wall. See how it creeps up and up. By and by it will climb into the western sky and disappear. Where does it go?"

"Nowhere," cried the Sunflower, in a pet; "that is the stupidest question I ever heard. The Light is nothing."

Just at that moment, however, it left her face, and she had to turn her head to follow it, so the conversation came to an end.

But the child sat thinking, and this is what it thought: "If the Sunflower follows the Light, it must go somewhere."

So that night, as it lay in its cosy little bed, the child plucked up courage to ask the Moon, which peered in upon it kindly through the window.

"What becomes of the Light when the Sun goes out?" echoed the Moon, surprised. "Why, it stays, of course. Don't you see it in my face?"

"Is that Sunlight?" asked the child, doubtfully; "It looks so cold and pale."

"Come up here and feel how warm it is," retorted the Moon, scornfully. "I can't help your having bat's eyes. I can see it quite plain."

Now, in those days children generally believed what they were told; so the child lay satisfied, telling itself it knew where the light went at last, and wishing it had not hat's eyes, when all of a sudden something dark began to creep over the edge of the Moon.

"Is there anything the matter, Moon?" it asked anxiously. "It looks as though the light were going."

"Nothing, nothing," cried the Moon, hurriedly; "you are in the way, that is all."

But the shadow grew and grew till at last the Moon hung like a dark ball in the heavens, and though



"It would watch until the last glamour had gone from the sky."

the light came back quickly, the child was no longer satisfied, but lay wondering where the Light went when it left the Moon.

So the next day when it sat watching the Sun dip down behind the trees, it made up its mind to follow the Sun as far as it could, and find out what became of the light when it went out.

It unlatched the garden gate and ran swiftly down the dusty road, startling the sleepy birds from their nests in the tall hedges, until it came to a forest, where it could only see a glint here and there through the gray gnarled trees. Redder and redder grew the sky, till, as the child came out upon a rising moor, stretching into the blue distance, the Sun was close to the horizon.

"I shall be too late. I shall be too late," cried the child, breathlessly, as it ran heedless of stones and briars. The Light faded from the heather and crept up the little figure with its outstretched hands and backward streaming hair; on and on it ran, with the sunset glow upon its flushed face.

"Stay. Please stay one moment, dear Sun," it pleaded; but all in vain. The last gleam died away and wearied out with fatigue and disappointment, the child stumbled and fell. But kind Night, who is always so good to the tired children, took the little wanderer in her arms, and Sleep whispered dreams as a lullaby, till Dawn peeping from the East awoke the child. And there was the Light once more claiming the world for its own.

All that day the little traveler traveled from east to west and answered hopefully to the passers-by: "I am going, good people to find out what becomes of the Light when the Sun goes out—that is all."

But when Night came it was no nearer the horizon than before.

So, day after day, the child sped on, till wearied and flushed it arrived at last upon the shore of the sea just as the Sun was setting. And lo! a bright ray of rippled light stretched from the horizon, and, ever widening, touched the child's tired feet as it hurried to the brink.

"It is the road at last," it cried, exultantly—"the road to Nowhere."

So saying, it ran on and on into the sea, careless of the increasing depth. Then the pitying waves took the little wanderer in their cold hands and laid the child back softly on the beach.

"Go home, baby," they said; "the big ocean is not for such as you."

"But I only want to find out what becomes of the Light when the Sun goes out," pleaded the child. "Perhaps you can tell me."

"Not we," laughed the waves. "It leaves us and goes somewhere else, though we stretch right over the edge of the world."

"Perhaps the Sunflower was right, after all, and it goes Nowhere," thought the child. "I must find out where Nowhere is. I will not go back to wonder and wonder and wonder all my life long."

So it gathered the shells on the shore—shells that glistened and glowed with many hues, shells that were the tempests spoils from the quiet depth of the ocean—and bound them together with strands of seaweed until a fragile raft floated on the water.

"Do not tempt us! Do not tempt us," babbled the little waves; but the child took no heed and pushed out boldly from the shore. Then the waves laughed kindly.

"It is a brave child," they said, "and the raft is pretty." So they let it float on the path of Light and even the wind caught the child's outstretched arms and streaming hair, and wafted the little seeker from the shore. And the Sun sank slowly through the golden sky to the golden horizon.

"I shall be in time to-day," cried the child joyfully, "for the Light is close on the path beside me."

But even as it spoke the great yellow orb touched the horizon and lay for one instant reflected in the rippling waves; the next it sank—sank—sank.

Then, with a cry—"Oh, wait, please wait," the little child sprang from the raft of shells and followed the Sun on the road to Nowhere.

The kind waves carried it to the quiet world in the depth of the sea, where there is no voice, no sound, and the Light shines dim through the changeful currents above.

And there the spirit of the little child still lives

and wonders, as it wondered before, whither the Light goes. So every now and again, the dainty Nautilus rises through the blue-water sky to unfurl its purple sails in this world of ours, once more to see what becomes of the Light when the Sun goes out.

And that is why the Nautilus is generally seen drifting with all sails set along the ray of rippling Light which stretches over the sunset sea from the land of Nowhere.



Monk Claude

MANY years ago there dwelt in a cloister a young monk named Claude, who was remarkable for an earnest and devout frame of mind beyond his fellows, and was therefore intrusted with the key of the convent library. He was a careful guardian of its contents and, besides, a studious reader of its learned and sacred volumes. One day he read in the Epistles of St. Peter the words, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" and this saying seemed impossible in his eyes so that he spent many an hour in musing over it. Then one morning it happened that the monk descended from the library into the cloister garden and there he saw a little bird perched on the bough of a tree singing sweetly like a nightingale. The bird did not move as the monk approached her, till he came quite close and then she flew to another bough, and again another as the monk pursued her. Still singing the same sweet song the nightingale flew on and, the monk entranced by the sound, followed her on out of the garden into the wide world.

At last he stopped and turned back to the cloister, but everything seemed changed to him. Everything had become larger, more beautiful and older—the buildings, the garden; and in the place of the low, humble cloister church a lofty minster with three towers reared its head to the sky. This seemed very strange to the monk, indeed marvellous; but he walked on to the cloister gate and timidly rang the bell. A porter entirely unknown to him answered his summons and drew back in astonishment when he saw the monk. The latter went in and wandered through the church gazing with astonishment on memorial stones which he never remembered to have seen before. Presently the brethren of the cloister entered the church, but all retreated when they saw the strange figure of the monk. The Abbot only (but not his abbot) stooped and, stretching his crucifix before him, exclaimed, "In the name of Christ, who art thou, spirit or mortal? And what dost thou seek here, coming from the dead among us, the living?"

The monk, trembling and tottering like an old man, cast his eyes to the ground and for the first time became aware that a long, silvery beard descended from his chin over his girdle, to which was still suspended the key of the library. To the monks around the stranger seemed more marvellous in appearance and, with a mixture of awe and admiration, they led him to the chair of the Abbot. There he gave to a young man the key of the library, who opened it and brought out a chronicle wherein it was written that three hundred years ago the Monk Claude had disappeared and no one knew whither he had gone.

"Ah, bird of the forest, was it then thy song?" said the Monk Claude with a sigh. "I followed thee for scarce three minutes listening to thy notes and yet three hundred years have passed away! Thou hast sung to me the song of eternity, which I could never before learn. Now I know it; and, dust myself, I pray God kneeling in the dust."

With these words he sank to the ground and his spirit ascended to heaven.



"There the spirit of the little child lives."



"Redder and redder grew the sky."

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The Gospel of Cheerfulness

BY MAUD ROBINSON.

"How do you manage to keep so cheerful?" I asked the friend who had had many troubles.

"Because I have to," came the answer.

And while I was pondering over her odd reply Miss Jones was announced. Now, Miss Jones was young, with a plump, rather pretty face and a nice figure gowned in an up-to-date tailor made. She should have been attractive, but instead of that the minute she came into the room one felt the depression of the atmosphere.

But my friend greeted her cordially. "Sit down, Mary, dear, and have a cup of tea," she remarked cheerily, "and tell me how everything goes with you."

Mary took the steaming cup and dropped into it two lumps of sugar; also a sigh.

"Oh, I am so discouraged," was the first sentence we heard from her lips. "It is so fearfully hard living this sort of life, I shall die if it keeps on."

"But you are doing well in your business and earning a large income," my friend suggested cheerily.

"Oh, I suppose so, but you can't understand. I never was brought up to do this sort of things. It's perfectly awful, and then I never know how long my luck is going to last."

"Nonsense! You draw such clever sketches you can easily get some other work when this fails you."

The answer was another sigh.

"What has become of that handsome young lawyer you were telling me about?" my friend put in archly, with a vain attempt to make the conversation less lugubrious.

"Oh, he doesn't call any more. I hear he is paying a good deal of attention to that rich Bessie Atwell. Very natural, I'm sure. I would if I were a man. I knew it couldn't last, living alone as I do and having no money or family. Men, like everyone else, are out for what they can get."

It was a positive relief when she left and little Susie Brown took her place. Now, there was nothing remarkable about Susie, either in face or costume. In fact, when you came right down to it, her clothes were rather out of style and shabby, but her face fairly shone with courage and good nature, and when she greeted my friend her smile actually seemed to fill the room.

"Well, how goes it?" chirped Susie—"not that I have had one of my stories accepted yet, but the editor said my last one showed great improvement, and they have given me some fashion work to do. Isn't that lovely?"

"Are you not very lonely living by yourself?"

"It is rather hard at times," Susie admitted, her genial face a shade graver, "especially since mother died, but then everyone is so good to me. It is wonderful too, for I am not pretty or clever or interesting, and I can't give them anything in return. Don't you think this world is just full of the kindest, most disinterested people. Mrs. Caldwell?"

When we were by ourselves again, Mrs. Caldwell turned on me with a grave look. "Maud," she said, "when I experienced my first sorrow and was thrown on my own resources I was just like Mary Jones. I wanted every one to know and to feel my sorrow. My life was one perpetual whine, punctured with outbursts of tears on friends' shoulders. The result, was, my dear, that I lost nearly every friend I had. The men were the first to go, for men are not patient with tears, and all but my very oldest women friends followed suit. To this day I don't blame them. People don't want to invite shadow in their houses; they prefer sunshine. Other girls used to get asked to go around and I was left out. I used to wonder why and blame the people, until one day I woke up from my bad dream and realized how abominably selfish I had been. In this world you get just about what you

give. If you radiate sorrow, you receive sorrow; if selfishness you receive selfishness. That is why I go about preaching the gospel of cheerfulness and practicing it as well. It's the only way in this world if you want peace and happiness."

LAUGHING INSTEAD OF DRUGS.

The author of the lines:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Weep, and you weep alone."

has been claimed by more than one writer. Whoever is responsible for them crystalized a truth in a remarkable couplet. The value of laughter we have all felt from the moral or physical point of view. Of its value from the purely physical standpoint I have recently been reading, and it would seem that the proverb, "Laugh and grow fat," is really founded on a sound physiological basis. It is said that laughter not only increases the circulation of the blood, but directly influences digestion, and on a good digestion depends the vitality of the whole system. Pleasant companionship at table I have always heard prescribed for people of a misanthropic turn of mind, and that largely depends on a question of stomach. "Ten minutes laughter taken three times a day a quarter of an hour after meals may seem ridiculous enough in print, but perhaps some physician of the twentieth century will have the hardihood to prescribe it, and when he cures a great many people, we may hear of the laughing cure taking place of soda or bismuth and pepsin as a corrector of digestive troubles, and that physician will make a fortune."

A CLEAR WORKING BRAIN.

The most practical convenience in the household is a good, clear brain that can plan work and execute it with the least labor and fewest steps. Many women go about their work without a plan and seem to think of but one or two things at a time, and this is more noticeable in the kitchen and dining room. There is where thousands of steps are daily taken, amounting to miles of travel at the best, but many a mile of needless travel just for want of plan and thought that should precede action.

"Are you going up stairs with just that one thing? There may be others that need to be taken up, or, in coming down, more than one thing to bring down. Are you setting the table? Take as many dishes at one visit to the china closet as possible on a tray or in the hands, having the things most needed nearest the hand, and in putting the dishes away make as few trips as you can."

If you go to the cellar for dinner supplies bring in a pan or a basket all you need. If you are about to bake, get everything together or have things so handy that you need only to reach out or turn around to get what you need. Make one dish and spoon useful for several things without washing if you have so much to cook.

Have plenty of wood, coal, and hot and cold water at hand before you begin to cook. It will save hands and aprons to have plenty of holders and small towels to use about the stove. Wash them once or twice a week. Asbestos paper is durable to use in the oven to protect food from burning.

Plan to sit down all you can while at work, for there are many things done while standing that, when sitting in a chair a suitable height, with a rest for the feet, would save many an aching back.

When ironing it is a great relief to sit down a part of the time at least and get out of the habit of walking to the clothes frames with each separate article ironed. There are many things that do not require any special airing and may be put away at once.

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JUVENILE TALENT

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THE KING'S GIFTS

BY ROSELLE MILLS.

Many years ago there lived two brothers who were soldiers; the one was rich and stingy, the other poor and honest. The poor man resolved to better himself; and, throwing off his red coat, he became a gardener, and dug his ground well, and sowed turnips.

When the seed came up there was one plant greater than all the rest. It continued to grow larger and larger, and seemed as it would never cease growing. At last it got so big that it filled a cart, and two oxen could hardly draw it; and the poor gardener knew not what to do with it. Finally he thought: "If I sell this turnip, it will bring no more than any other; and as for eating it, the little ones are better. The best thing is to carry it to the King as a mark of respect." So saying he yoked his oxen, drew the turnip to the court, and gave it to the King, who was very much astonished, asking him all about him-



self and his turnip. "I am a poor soldier," answered the gardener, "who could never get enough to live upon, so I laid aside my red coat and set to work tilling the ground. I have a brother who is rich, and your Majesty knows him well; but because I am poor everybody forgets me." The King took pity on him, saying, "You shall be poor no longer." Then he gave him gold and land and flocks, and made him so rich that his brother's fortune could not be at all compared with his.

When the brother heard of all this he envied him sorely, and bethought himself how he could contrive to get the same good fortune. He determined to manage more cleverly than his brother, and got together a rich present of gold and fine horses for the King, and thought he must have a much larger gift in return, for if his brother had received so much for a turnip, what must his offerings procure? But God loves generous souls and hates stingy people, whom He does not reward. The King accepted the miser's gift very graciously, and said he knew not what to give in return more wonderful than the great turnip. So the soldier, who had stood bowing before his sovereign, was forced to put the turnip into a cart and drag it home with him. He must have been disposed to "turn up his nose" at the King's gift, but of course he could say nothing.

THE LIGHT HOUSE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER

BY MARIA MARGARET ROBINSON.

Many years ago a little girl lived all alone with her father in a castle that was built on a grand old rock. In this castle was a light house, and every night the light was brilliantly reflected on the bosom of the deep blue sea.

Little Marie was very delicate and often unable to leave her bed for many days. The poor child did not have much pleasure in her life at the castle, and—can you believe it?—she had never seen a flower, for nothing but weeds grew by the rocks, and Marie had never lived anywhere else but in this same castle.

Her papa was very kind to her, and every night when she was well enough, he would carry her in his arms up the narrow winding stairway that led to the great lamp, and nothing pleased Marie more than to watch her papa light it, and then to see the flame throw its light on the waters; it seemed like a fairy tale, she said.

Once when her papa was going away for a few days, Marie said to him: "Papa will you make me very happy—happier than I've ever been before?"

"Yes, little one, if it is possible for me to do so: how could I refuse my pet anything?"

"Then, dear papa, will you,—can you bring me a rose—a lily? Oh, I do want one so much."

Although she had never seen one she had often heard her papa speak of them, and had seen many pictures of them in her books. What kind of a flower would he bring her? Would it be a beautiful red rose, a soft white lily, or perhaps some tender little violets? It seemed to Marie as if he would never return; but at last he came and after carefully fasten-

ing the boat to its moorings, he jumped on shore, and hurried to see his little girl. She put her arms round his neck and whispered: "Dear papa, and my flowers."

"I have not brought you a flower, my child, but I brought you something better instead."

And he gave her a package which she opened with feverish haste, her hands trembling with anxiety. Alas, it did not contain anything beautiful to her.

The poor disappointed child burst into tears, and they were indeed very bitter, for they came right from her grieved and aching little heart. She thought that her papa did not understand how much she wanted the flower, and yet she knew he loved her. He did not immediately try to explain to her what the "grains" were, but taking her in his arms he petted and comforted her until she could listen to all that he had to tell her, and then he informed her that the little grains were flower seeds, and that if they were carefully planted she would one day have a beautiful garden of her own. So her papa found a nice place on either side of the steps where there was a narrow strip of earth between the gray rocks.

For many days she watched the seeds very eagerly and took the greatest pains to water the ground where her treasures were hidden; but the constant anxiety lest, after all, she would lose her flowers, proved to be too great a strain for the delicate child.

She was taken very ill, and was again obliged to stay in bed a long, long time. Her papa took the most loving care of his pet and did everything he could to ease her pain and make the weary hours seem less dull, buying for her many toys, books, and pretty

things—and yet one thing more little Marie wanted.

"Papa is so good, so kind, and he loves me so much. Oh, if I had but one flower," she said to herself.

The beautiful summer had come at last, and one day when Marie was feeling better her papa said to her:

"Marie, my darling, the air is so soft and warm and the sky and sea so blue and calm. that I must carry you out of doors to show you something pretty; you have never seen anything half so beautiful."

He took her in his strong arms and carried her down stairs and out on the steps to the foot of the castle. And what did she see? Flowers, flowers, flowers, everywhere. Roses, lilies, violets, and oh, so many others whose beautiful colors were as brilliant as the rays of the setting sun and they seemed to smile and nod a joyful greeting at her as they bowed their heads at the gentle murmur of the breeze.

"Oh, how beautiful, papa, how beautiful!" and the tears softly kissed her wan cheek.

"All this belongs to you, my pet, my darling," and he placed her tenderly by the sweetest of the flowers she had loved.

She inhaled their delicate perfume, she gently caressed them; she softly pressed their tender petals and when her papa put a garland in her head, and filled her hands with the choicest he could find, and carried her back to her room, laid her again on her pretty couch, she seemed like a little fairy queen on her little throne of flowers.

Little Marie was dead.

HE WAS ONE OF THE CHAIN-GANG

BY LOUISA DALTON.

They were walking down the street, Paul and his father, when they saw that a crowd had collected some distance ahead. Paul, boy-fashion, was for hastening to find out what the excitement meant; but Mr. Martin was in no hurry. "If it is an accident, you can do no good," he said; "and if it is a fight, you are better away." The boy knew from experience that it was useless to insist and consoled himself by the fact that the crowd, whatever its purpose was, seemed almost stationary; and that his father and himself, no matter how slowly they walked, must catch up with it in time.

The cause of the mystery was shortly solved. A number of men—a dozen, perhaps—were working on the streets and attached by a heavy chain to the right ankle of each one was a great ball. They were prisoners from the jail, working out fines which they could not pay; coarse-looking fellows most of them, who did not seem to mind their situation in the least, but laughed and joked with one another, to the great amusement of the boys who had gathered around.

There was one among them, how-

ever, who worked with a shamefaced air. He had a good countenance, too, this boy who dragged about the disgraceful ball, which was the sign and token of his downfall.

"O papa," said little Paul, softly, so that no one could hear, "I believe I should die if anybody belonging to me was in the chain-gang!"

Mr. Martin did not answer, but a shade of sadness came upon his kind face, and he turned to one of the policemen who had the men in charge, and asked:

"What has that young fellow been doing?" indicating the lad who looked so cast down, and worked so steadily and so silently.

"He's been drinking too much, and is working it out. I run him in last night drunk as a billed owl," said the policeman, in a loud voice. "It's his first offense, and it was a pretty tough thing to send him out with the gang. He cried when we hitched the ball on him."

"I will pay his fine," said Mr. Martin, handing the officer a card. "And please tell him to come to me afterward."

Paul and his father did not wait to see the bewildered look in the face of the young man as he was told of his release, but hastened off to the proper authorities to make good the generous promise.

"So you would feel very badly, would you, Paul, if any one belonging to you were in such a wretched plight?"

Paul was not as positive as he had been, but still he thought he could never get over such a mortification, and said so.

"Well, my dear little boy, I was on the chain-gang once myself."

"Papa!" exclaimed Paul, stopping and letting go of his father's hand. "You!"

"Yes. I was about as old as the poor fellow we just saw, and I had come in from the country and got into bad company. It was a great ways from here."

"I should hope so!" thought Paul, thinking of what his playmates would say if they were aware of such a thing.

"I thought it very amusing to go about with a lot of companions

visiting the saloon; but there was nothing to laugh at the next morning when we were set to clean the streets, each weighted with a ball and chain, and with a hooting crowd at our heels. I was not intoxicated, but I was in the company of those who were, and was arrested with them. Now you know why I never touch a drop of liquor, why I am so careful regarding the company you keep, and why you and I are bound for the Police Headquarters to pay that poor young fellow's fine, and set him on his feet again."

Paul gave his father's hand an affectionate squeeze, but for some reason could not speak for a few minutes.

It is pleasant to be able to say that the good man's sympathy was not wasted. The young fellow was sent home to his mother's farm, which he has never left since. Several times a year a fat turkey or a nice roll of butter finds its way to Mr. Martin's house; but more welcome than all is the little note which always accompanies the gift, and always ends with, "And may God bless you, sir!"

PROMINENT CALIFORNIA SUMMER RESORTS.

Ben Lomond Hotel

Hotel Ben Lomond is a well known Summer Resort located in the pretty mountain town of that name, one minute walk from S. P. R. R. depot, 73 miles from San Francisco. Hotel, cottages and grounds lighted by electricity; running water and telephone in every cottage. Bowling alley, tennis court and croquet, boating, bathing, hunting and trout fishing. Hotel and cottages completely furnished and equipped for first-class conduct of a hotel. As the climate the entire year is more desirable than anywhere else in the State for Eastern people to winter in, there is no reason why the Hotel Ben Lomond should not be filled the entire year.

B. DICKINSON, Proprietor.

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One hundred acres of grand scenery in all its wild natural beauty.

Traversed by a splendid trout stream, living springs, a school house on the grounds, feed, fresh eggs, milk and butter at market prices on the premises.

Low fares and easy of access. Close to post-office, rural mail and the telephone and telegraph. With water in abundance, free to all. An analysis shows the famous LOMA VISTA spring to contain the following health-giving properties, according to Mr. A. Soderling:

Bicarbonate of Soda,
Bicarbonate of Magnesia,
Bicarbonate of Lime,
Sulphate of Soda,
Bicarbonate of Iron.

The scenery is beautiful beyond description, with a view of four valleys and counties, of the Pacific ocean and San Francisco and San Pablo bays.

The climate is warm and balmy. The land is above the fog belt and is free from winds. LOMA VISTA is a garden of beauty and must be seen to be appreciated.

For further information, etc., address DR. A. ANDERSON, Petaluma, Cal.

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Independence Lake

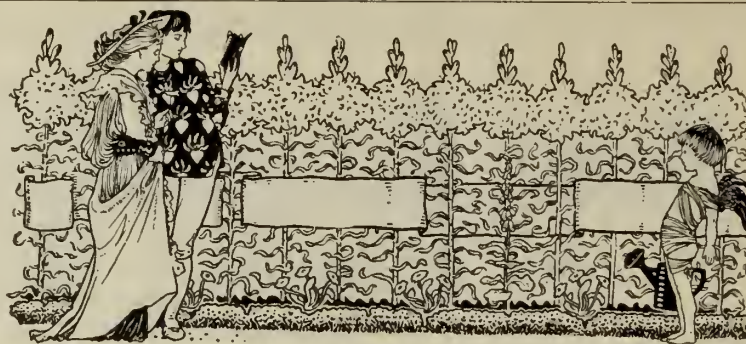
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Near Mt. Shasta, Cal., Mrs. L. M. Sisson, proprietor, rests among the tall pines in a big mountain meadow, facing the western side of Mt. Shasta. The elevation is 3,555 feet, while that of the mountain is 14,450 feet. Our rates are \$14.00 a week, which includes about everything most people want.



CUPID AND PSYCHE

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

HIS name upon the ship's books was Edward Braithwaite Colchester, but between Tilbury and Sydney Harbor he was better known as Cupid. His mother was a widow with four more olive branches, absolutely dependent on her own and Teddy's exertions.

At the best of times Kindergartens for the children of respectable tradespeople are not particularly remunerative, and the semi-detached villa in Sydenham was often sorely tried for petty cash. But when Teddy was appointed fourth officer of the X. Y. Z. Company's steamship Cambrian Prince, endless possibilities were opened up.

If you will remember that everything in this world is ordained to a certain end, you will see that Teddy's future entirely depended on his falling in love—first love of course, and not the matter-of-fact business-like affair that follows later.

After his second voyage he obtained a fortnight's leave and hastened home. Being fond of tennis and such like amusements, he was naturally brought into contact with many charming girls, who, because he was a strange man and a sailor, were effusively polite. Then he fell hopelessly in love with a horribly impossible girl, and in the excitement of the latest waltz proposed, and was accepted, on the strength of a fourth officer's pay, an incipient moustache, and a dozen or so brass buttons.

During his next voyage his behaviour towards unmarried women was marked by that circumspection which should always characterize an engaged man. He never allowed himself to forget this for an instant, and his cabin had for its chief ornament a plush-framed likeness of a young lady gazing, with a wistful expression, over a palpably photographic sea.

Now it was necessary for his ultimate happiness that Teddy Colchester should learn that, like his own brass buttons, without constant burnishing, a young lady's affection is apt to lose much of its pristine brightness, and that too much sea air is good for neither. He ticked off the days of absence, and as his calendar lessened his affection increased.

At Plymouth a letter met him—a jerky, inky, schoolgirl epistle, evidently written by a writer very cold and miserable, and the first reading stunned him. Had he seen a little more of the real world, he would have been able to read between the lines something to this effect:

"You're Teddy, three months away, and I'm madly in love with a soldier." Then he would have noted that the writer was staying in Salisbury, after which he would have hunted up his home papers and discovered that the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry Cavalry were encamped at Humington Down. But as he had only seen life through a telescope, he could not do this, consequently his pain was a trifle acute.

His mother wrote him four pages of sympathy. But though she wondered at any girl jilting her boy, she could not help a feeling of satisfaction at its being still in her power to transmute three-quarters of his pay into food and raiment for her brood.

Next voyage the Cambrian Prince had a full complement of passengers, and the "Kangaroo Girl," whom perhaps you may remember, was of the number. At Plymouth a little reserved girl joined; and as she is considerably mixed up in this story, you must know that she rejoiced in the unpretentious name of Hinks.

For the first week or so Teddy held very much aloof from the passengers, engaging himself entirely with recollections of the girl for whose sake he was going to live "only in memory."

Being an honest, straightforward young fellow, he of course followed the prescribed programme of all blighted love affairs. He began by pitying himself for the sorrow he was undergoing, then went on to picture the future that might have been theirs had she married him; but before they were clear of the bay he had arrived at the invariable conclusion, and was pitying himself for pitying the girl who was foolish enough to jilt such an entirely estimable young man as Edward Braithwaite Colchester.

One moonlight night, after leaving "Gib," he was leaning over the rails

of the promenade deck, feeling sympathetically inclined to the world in general, when somebody stepped up beside him. It was Miss Hinks. She prefaced her conversation with two or three questions about the sea, and he made the astounding discovery that her voice possessed just the note of sympathy he required for his complaint. He had felt sorry for her because other people snubbed her, and she for him because she had been told exaggerated stories about his love affair. Together they made rather a curious couple.

When, under the supervision of the "Kangaroo Girl," the shore parties for Naples were being organized, Miss Hinks was tacitly left out. Somehow the impression got about that she was poor, and no one cared about paying her expenses. But eventually she did go, and it was in charge of the fourth officer. When she thanked him for his kindness, he forgot for the moment his pledge "to live henceforth only in a memory."

The "Kangaroo Girl," on discovering that Miss Hinks had been on shore under the escort of that "dear little pink officer," was vastly amused, and christened them Cupid and Psyche.

Now, the end of it was, that Teddy began to find himself caring less and less for the thumb-stained photograph in his locker, and more and more for the privilege of pumping his sorrows into a certain sympathetic ear. Shipboard allows so many opportunities of meeting; and, strange as it may appear, a broken heart is quickest mended when subject to a second rending. This cure is based on the homeopathic principle of like curing like.

By the time they reached Aden he had convinced himself that his first love affair had been the result of a too generous nature, and that this second was the one and only real passion of his life.

At Colombo Miss Hinks went ashore with the doctor's party—tiffed at Mount Lavinia, dined at the Grand Oriental, and started back for the ship about nine o'clock.

Teddy, begrimed with coal dust, watched each boatload arrive, and as he did his love increased.

On account of the coal barges it was impossible for boats to come alongside, consequently their freight had to clamber from hulk to hulk. Miss Hinks was the last of her party to venture; and just as the doctor, holding out his hand, told her to jump, the hulk swayed out, and she fell with a scream into the void. Then, before any one could realize what had happened, the barge rolled back into its place. Miss Hinks had disappeared.

Teddy, from half way up the gangway, tore off his coat, leapt into the water, at the risk of having his brains knocked out, dived and plunged between the boats; but without success. Then he saw something white astern, and swam towards it.

The half-drowned couple must have come to an understanding in the rescuing boat, for the next day their engagement was announced.

The "Kangaroo Girl" gave evidence of her wit when she said: "It was fortunate they were Cupid and Psyche, otherwise they would find love rather insufficient capital to begin housekeeping upon!"

Teddy wrote to his mother from Adelaide, and she, poor woman, was not best pleased to hear the news. But a surprise was in store for us all.

On the Cambrian Prince's arrival in Sydney, Miss Hinks was met by an intensely respectable old gentleman, who, it appears, was her solicitor. On being informed of the engagement, he examined Teddy with peculiar interest, and asked if he were aware of his good fortune. Miss Hinks smiled.

Half an hour later we learnt that the girl whom we'd all been pitying for her poverty was none other than Miss Hinks-Gratton, the millionairess and owner of innumerable station and town properties!

The Teddy of to-day is a director of half a dozen shipping companies, and he quite agrees with me "that everything in this world is ordained for a certain end!"

THE HIGH CASTE WOMEN IN INDIA

BY DR. EMILY NOBLE.

Whose Personal Experiences in that Country Among Hindu Families Gave Her an Insight into their Social Conditions not Possible to Many Outside the Castes.

THE many American women who have been and still are so intensely interested in the selling (?) condition of wives, mothers and widows, of India, will feel it a matter for congratulation that national social reform has taken root and is rapidly spreading all over India. Though in a country so caste bound by religion and tradition, national prejudice, even from the women themselves, is very hard to overcome and slow to yield.

Following the gigantic efforts of the Indian national social conferences, organized by the leaders in Hindu communities (men of high social rank, profound philosophy, and great intellect) there has sprung into life the "Hindu reform association," leaders of which have for their consideration not only affairs of State—but such vital questions as child-marriage, age of consent—better medical aid for child mothers—and remarriage of child widows. Also fusion of sub-castes,—social purity and anti-naught movement. Indian history readily proves there was a time when Hindu women were educated, when child marriage did not exist, when widow re-marriage was not uncommon, and distinction of caste did not exist in the exaggerated way it has during the past few centuries. This period was followed by change and new customs, which became fused with religious traditions—and many of these old customs and traditions the Hindu reform association is endeavoring to reverse. Its work is sure to be slow; the Hindu mind is conservative, and cannot be convinced of reform until convinced of its utility. Time was when girls of high rank had some voice in the selection of their husband—and we find among the ancient laws of India certain religions, rights and observances which widows were enjoined to observe—before they re-entered the married state; thus proving widow remarriage was not forbidden. Conjugal devotion and fidelity, seems to have been at its best, in early Vedic times—though I am proud to say I have the personal acquaintance of many high caste husbands whose happy wives might well excite envy in the hearts of many western women less happily placed. The Vedas give women a very high place in its religious literature. There one can read: "The tears of a woman draw down the fires of heaven on those who make them flow." "Evil to him who laughs at a woman's sufferings, God shall laugh at his prayers." "The virtuous woman should have but one husband—and the right-minded man should have but one wife." "He is not a true husband who does not regard his wife's body as sacred as the Temple of God." Manu, the old law-giver, says, "A woman's body must not be struck even with a flower. He shall be out-caste who strikes a woman with hatred or anger." Compare that with cruelty to wives and divorce so common in other countries. In India divorce is only granted for one cause, adultery. It is not true that high caste women are "treated like slaves," or while they have no women's rights, in our sense of the word, their separate property interests are far better protected by law than those of the women in any other country. I have the honor to have met some of the judges and lawyers holding public office in India and I took care to verify these statements. The thing that pleased me most in Hindu family life was the beautiful filial devotion and reverence of the sons for their mother. One of the earliest lessons a Hindu boy is taught is respect for the mother, and the mother exercises great influence in the home. Hindu families live on the community plan, and it is common for every son to bring his wife to live under his father's roof and one often finds several daughters-in-law, as well as three generations of the same family living in peace under one roof-tree, and all subservient to the mother-in-law. The men's apartments are separate from the ladies, who each have their own rooms and at-

tendants, and are gosha, or veiled, in the presence of every man, excepting their fathers and their husbands. The sexes do not eat together, but as all food is served cold, and all the drinks hot, dining is a very simple matter, especially as even among the quite wealthy, food is still served in the primitive fashion on banana leaves, in lieu of plates and dishes, and eaten with the fingers. The diet consists largely of pulse preparations, milk, fruits and nuts and sweets. No meat is ever used, or wine or spirituous liquors and rarely tea or coffee.

The indissolubility of the marriage tie is an essential principle in Hindu religion, and in all the Vedic teachings the sacredness of marriage is emphasized.

In the Mahabharatta, which is so often quoted, can be read:

"A wife is half the man—his truest friend.

A loving wife is a perpetual spring of virtue.

A faithful wife is his best aid in seeking heavenly bliss.

A sweetly speaking wife a companion in solitude.

A father in advice, a mother in all seasons of distress.

A rest in passing through life's wilderness."

And even to-day every Hindu woman is fond of quoting that exquisite history of the conjugal devotion of the Chaste heroine "Sita," whose love for her husband induced her to follow him into the forests and jungles to which he was banished for an exile for fourteen years. The story of her pleading to be permitted to follow him is sublime in its wifely devotion and self-sacrifice. Hindu poetry is so full of dignity and subtle meanings that any English translation robs it of much of its charm. Sita said in part:

"A wife must share her husband's fate.

My duty is to follow thee—

Where so'er thou goest,

Apart from thee! I should not wish to dwell in heaven itself.

Thou art my king, my guide, my only refuge, my divinity,

It is my fixed resolve to follow thee—

If thou must wander forth through thorny trackless forests,

I will go before thee, treading down

The prickly brambles to make smooth thy path,

Walking before thee! I shall feel no weariness.

The forest thorn will seem like silken robe

Roaming with thee in desert wastes.

A thousand years will be a day

Dwelling with thee, e'en Hell itself

Would be a realm of bliss."

Of course not all Hindu literature speaks of its women as charmingly as this. In more secular verse they are spoken of in symbolism, and divided into types and likened to animals.

The gazelle type is often spoken of as the Lotus Lady. Edwin Arnold speaks of the "Lotus Woman, one in ten millions," as the type of grace, like the gazelle—with its poetry of motion. They call her Lakshmi, goddess of fortune. Compare her skin to pure gold—say the bees follow her thinking she is a flower, and that she is incarnate spirituality.

The next type is the horse-woman, incarnation of love and faithfulness. The elephant woman is the symbol of the power of passion. She is dark and rich and sensual. "She braids men's hearts in her beautiful hair," incarnation of passion.

The next type is the pig-woman, meaning gluttony and vice incarnate, "whose face is distorted with vice and anger," but happily rarely met with even in the slums.

I again pick up the thread of the child-marriage question, because it is one that interests one so strongly and I tried when in India to trace some-

thing of its history. It seems to have been rare, until the Rationalists and Buddhistic periods of Hindu history when it became a law.

This period is also responsible for the restrictions regarding widow re-marriage, and "Suttee"—or the burning of widows at the cremation of their husbands, does not seem to have originated with the Hindus, but was introduced into the country by the Sythian invaders of that period, but the custom was soon adopted by the Hindus, who practiced it until the intervention of the English in 1830.

The present position of women in India seems to have begun A. D. 1000, when through priestly influence the freedom and education of women was greatly restricted, and on the Mohammedan conquest of India, their subordination became complete. In those days many widows preferred "suttee" to the chance of falling a prey to the lust of their captors, and even to-day, in some families, widowhood is so humiliating that many young widows throw off the yoke of bondage and become outcast. But "times are changing and men change with the times," and to-day through the gigantic efforts of Hindu reform associations, at least fifty per cent of the enormous population of that great ancient country are not averse to child widow re-marriage.

Some of the happiest women I have met in India have been widows of middle age. Often they remain head of their sons' household, and are held in the highest respect, though she naturally takes no part in festivities, but leads rather an austere and retired life, which is customary in that country, and means a very simple regime, possibly only eating once in twenty-four hours, wearing only the simplest of her robes and no jewels. I have in my mind's eye, the mother of a K. C. I. E., holding a most important judicial position, who managed her son's household and yet with the keenest devotion to the austerities enjoined by her religion, lived for forty years, one of the happiest, healthiest and most useful of lives, beloved by every one who knew her.

A curious custom still exists which enjoins the widow to give up all her jewels and fine raiment and submit to her head being shaved on the fifth day after the death of her husband, and at the same time her "tali," an ornament used instead of a wedding ring, is cut from the string by which she has always worn it around her neck. Among the shorn women when they quarrel, the most awful wish they can hurl at each other is "May your tali be cut," meaning may widowhood overtake you. A marriage ceremony is one of peculiar interest and lasts five days! On this occasion a small sacred fire is lit in a small urn, or brazier, and kept burning by the head of the house during the whole of the married life, and a spark from its flame is used to ignite the funeral pyre. Often the sacred fire is kept burning in Brahmin households from one generation to another for hundreds of years. It has been my good fortune to see something of the home life of high caste women, and I say in all sincerity I have never met a really unhappy wife, and when I say this it must be inferred that I refer to Orthodox Hindu families and not to Mohammedans.

Her world is home and family. At present she is only educated in the domestic sense of the word, and if she grew discontented and left the home life, there are no positions of any importance outside home life for high caste native ladies to fill. Even the distant female relatives are sheltered as far as possible by the men of the family, and how they glory in motherhood, and love their babies.

Every grown man in India has been born of a child mother, and yet in all the world there are no men more perfect in form and beauty of feature and commanding height and poise and large intellect. Incidentally I may mention as a lady doctor—(this being a ladies' magazine)—that these little women are so fit for the function of maternity—that a bottle-fed baby in any ordinary home would be a phenomena. I mention this—because my impression is, that the missionaries and others who return to these shores have seen very little of high caste life, and so we only hear one side of the story. It must be remembered—that India is an enormous country, as large as all Europe—bar Russia, and so, what may be quite true of life in one part of the country, is not representative of other parts. I do not defend child marriage, but one must not lose sight of the fact, that in such a tropical country, girls mature much earlier than girls in a colder climate. In Old Mexico, also in Central America, I have seen plenty of child-mothers; and mothers who are old women at twenty-five, because of living in the tropics. Among the lower classes Hindu women are not secluded, but are seen anywhere, often working in the fields or mending the roads. They make good servants, and are employed by all large stores to deliver goods as there are no delivery wagons. The Indian Social Reformer, Sept. 11, '98, says:—"With regard to the agitation of widow re-marriage, first, how few men would marry them! Their religion teaching a man that to look with eyes of desire upon his neighbor's widow is as great a sin as if it were the wife, and then, how few understand, that forcible measures in this direction would quickly fill India with female paupers. At present the wife made early a widow is looked upon as expiating some bygone sin of her husband—but is still and always the wife of the dead man, and on this account his family faithfully maintain her. If she married again, and the second husband should die, neither the one household nor the other would support her, and India, which has no poor law at all, though with a population (except in famine time) of about four hundred millions of people, would swarm with what is now never seen, a destitute and unprotected woman." I merely mention these facts to prove there are two sides to these questions and to suggest that we take many of the harrowing details that have been thrust upon us "cum grano salis" (with a grain of salt.)



A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN INDIA.



Van Camp's CONCENTRATED SOUPS

18

fancy kinds
at the grocers.

10

cents a can.

Each can makes

6

portions.

Just add hot water.



Modern cooking, with all its aids and conveniences, is, of course, very near perfection, but read this old-fashioned receipt and see if it does not make one feel like trying it:

"LUCY HAMMATT'S SOUFFLE."

"Taking a long walnut rod, something like a ramrod, she floured her hands, and from a tin pail, beaded and dripping with the icy waters of the well, she took a roll of butter weighing about a pound, and carefully thrust the wooden spit through it lengthwise, balancing the weight as equally as possible.

"Laying the spit across the hooks over a noble fire, the mistress seized the dredging box of flour and as Toby turned the spit swiftly and steadily, she began shaking flour upon the revolving ball of butter, which before it could melt and drip was covered with a brown glaze of combined flour butter and crisp, such as one used to see upon the breast of a well roasted chicken. Of course, as the heat penetrated, the butter within broke lava-like through this thin outer crust, but being at once met with a fresh shower of dry flour became in turn an outer crust, to be broken through by a deeper eruption, and so on, and so on, for perhaps half an hour, until it became a frothing, bubbling mass of golden brown crisp five or six times its original size." There, does not that sound good.

And again this century old receipt for cheese cakes:

"Take a quart of milk and boyle it. Beat six eggs and pore in while it boyles. Then take off the fyre, and let it stand till it's a tender curd. Then strayne it thro a sieve, put in a quarter of a pound of Butter, gill of wine, two spoonfulls of Rose-water, mace, beat fine. Strow in some Currants, and sweeten it to your taste. Bake them in small pate pans with puff paste round them. None over the Top."

Wouldn't you like to taste one.

"CURRIED OYSTERS."

A small onion, tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of curry powder, one of flour, one lime, a hundred California oysters, salt to taste.

Chop the onion and fry in the butter, when brown add the curry powder and flour, which must be well blended with water to a smooth, thin consistency, squeeze the lime juice into it, add the salt, and the oyster juice, and boil all together. When it is well boiled strain, and put in the oysters, only leaving them on the fire long enough to be heated through. A little Worcester sauce may be added, and if one wishes put the oysters on rounds of toast, and pour the gravy over them."

How to Use Beef Marrow—Beef marrow taken from the soup bones and round steak is excellent for cooking purposes. Cut it in small bits, put it in a covered jar, set in a pan of water, and place over the fire to simmer gently. When all melted, strain through a thin cloth into a clean pan, let settle for a few minutes, then press into small jars and tie securely. It will keep for months.

Recipes by Mrs. Armstrong

Meat Glaze for cold entries is much better with a little Kitchen Bouquet.

Bouillon—To one quart of Bouillon add half a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet. It will greatly improve both taste and appearance.

Bean Soup—(As well as Meat or Vegetable Soups,) is rendered more savory by adding a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet to each quart of soup.

Jellied Veal becomes Marbled Veal, if Kitchen Bouquet be mixed with alternate layers of the preparation as it is moulded.

Brown Sauce—Melt two tablespoons of flour to same quantity of butter (or fat in pan from roast or broiled meats) and thinning with a cup and a half of stock or water. This makes a light colored sauce; but half a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet gives a rich and most appetizing color and flavor.

Mushroom Sauce—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and add a slice of onion. Cook this slowly five minutes, remove the onion and add a cup of sliced or chopped mushroom (removing stems and skin from fresh ones). Cover closely and simmer ten or fifteen minutes. Then add two tablespoonfuls of flour, a scant pint of stock or hot water, and season with salt, pepper and Kitchen Bouquet. This is excellent for either broiled steak or a filet of beef.

How to Boil Water—To boil water would seem to be a very simple thing to most people, and yet the late Charles Delmonico used to say that very few people know how to do it. "The secret is," he said, "in putting good fresh water into a kettle, already quite warm, setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it right off for use in tea, coffee, or other drinks before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water is in the atmosphere and only the lime and iron and dregs left in the kettle is what makes a great many people sick, and it is worse than no water at all." For boiled water like this and flavored with a few drops of lemon juice Mr. Delmonico used to charge as much as for his best liquors, and he often recommended it to customers and friends who complained of loss of appetite. It is worth trying.

Concentrated Soup—After my experience I could liberally state here that Van Camp concentrated soup is just as good as any other that you may try to make, which will cost you three times as much, not speaking of the time and work. Of eighteen different kinds of soups which they put on the market, you will get full satisfaction, with less cost and less work, and will be able to place a good soup on your table.

POINTERS FOR THE COOK.

Rub tough meat with a cut lemon. Use bacon fat for frying chicken or game.

Try dipping sliced onions in milk before frying.

Sharpen all kinds of fish sauce with lemon juice.

Grape juice gives a delicious flavoring to mince pies.

Veal is one of the cheapest meats from May to October.

Bean soup is much improved by adding a little mace just before serving.

Chocolate is greatly improved by adding a teaspoon of strong coffee just before serving.

To improve sweetbreads and give a fine flavor soak them in mild lemon juice water one hour, then boil in beef stock twenty minutes.

Add a little vinegar to the water in which the fish is cooked and the flesh will be finer and white.

When a teaspoonful of baking powder is called for in the rule, it means a level measurement.

What salt is to an egg, such is rice to gumbo. No self-respecting cook would ever think of parting the two.

To the "left-over" cabbage that was stewed in milk try adding a beaten egg and baking till brown.

It is said that the raw potato has an acid that not only keeps the knife blade clean, but actually preserves its sharpness.

A little white sugar in the water in which green vegetables are boiled will preserve their color and is better than the use of soda.

Recipes by Mrs. Armstrong

Aspic Jelly may be made more attractive and palatable by adding Kitchen Bouquet before it becomes jellied.

Tomato Sauce—This may be made similar to mushroom sauce, using strained tomato instead of stock, and a high seasoning of mace, bay-leaf peppercorns and a couple of cloves instead of the mushroom. Strain before serving and add half a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet.

Meat Timbales are most savory if a little Kitchen Bouquet be added to the other ingredients.

Dressing, for birds and game, has a richer color and flavor when Kitchen Bouquet is one of the seasonings.

Creamed Chicken takes a golden hue if a little Kitchen Bouquet is mixed with the yolk of egg and added just at serving time.

Ragout of Meat, also braized beef and calf's liver, should be seasoned with Kitchen Bouquet.

Casserole of Meat, also braized beef and calf's liver, should be seasoned with Kitchen Bouquet.

Hashed Brown Potatoes become exceedingly appetizing when seasoned with Kitchen Bouquet.

Salad Dressing, either the French or cooked form, receives an indescribable and most agreeable flavor by addition of Kitchen Bouquet. It is particularly good for tomato salad.

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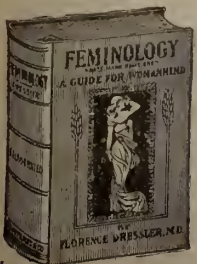
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California Thirty Years Ago

BY ROSA L BUSHNELL DONNELLY.

"Oh, Susannah! don't you cry for me; I'm going to California with my wash bowl on my knee!"

This was the deck-hand's favorite melody as the good ship that had bourn us in safety o'er the placid waters of the Pacific entered San Francisco's harbor.

All was bustle and confusion among the passengers as she neared her mooring. The wharf was astir and eager faces expectant lined its planks. At last we were in far-off California "a terra incognita somewhere near the sunset, on the North American continent, where gold is free to all!"

We had been three weeks on the voyage from New York, and were weary and tired with pent-up environments, now free and satisfactory to be on terra firma again.

The day was beautifully clear. We could see in the distance the barren tide-lands, close to the lovely village of Oakland, towering mountains in the background, rolling hills purple-lined at their feet. San Francisco was but a small, peculiar looking city, yet of considerable importance in the commercial world. The midday sun with a soft mellowed tint like molten gold, gave a glad welcome, whose sweetness reached the heart, and rested like a halo o'er the memory that blesses us still. Everybody was so kind and hospitable in this far-away El Dorado.

We were driven to the Commercial hotel, "The best in the town! free huss!" While we were dining a band was discoursing "Yankee Doodle." At last the sweet strains of "The Old Folks at Home," reached our ear. The familiar sound scattered the homesick feeling that had begun to take possession of my heart.

The houses were low and squatty, the sidewalks of planks well worn, and dangerous to the pedestrian; streets in bad condition.

In sailing up the Sacramento, the valley was parched and dry, and in the distance resembled a "dead sea." In Sacramento we saw the wonderful feat of packing mules for the mines.

The mule is a superior animal. Some are magnificent in character, with kindly disposition and long suffering patience. A famous pack animal driver said: "A mule knows more in one minute than a horse does in a day." Everybody in those days asked questions, and the men called each other "Pards." The women were more interested in the latest fashions from New York.

The youths of California looked anxiously into the future for something they could not tell what. Oh bright youth. Its crown of joy, its freedom, its health, its hope, its tender love. It all unconsciously gleams all there is of pure happiness in this life. Yet it yearns for something more unknown and unallowable. The preceding winter had been very dry, everybody said, and as the hills were emhrowed and parched, we wondered if there ever had been rain in this country.

Remembering what famous writers had said about the flowery hills and dales of California, Bryant, Fremont, and others, a doubt crept into the mind of a truthful account. But when spring came after a most delightful winter of soft warm rain, the trees put forth their foliage of more tender green, the glorious flowers in boundless beauty, gladdened the eye at every turn. Birds of brilliant plumage pouring forth their songs of praise. The tranquil waters of the blue Pacific ocean kissing the golden sands with a soothing lullaby, and reflecting the fleecy clouds back on her bosom in beauty. The landscapes one grand panorama of loveliness, varied in artistic tints, ravishing the senses in bliss and divine homage. We began to realize the wonder and beauty of the Pacific Coast. The beautiful sunsets painting the sky in gorgeous array with the gleam of heaven's own glory, filled the heart with admiration

and love for his gracious God-given land.

Back through the vista of years I wander to the crudeness of the cultivation at that time up to the present. It is awakening from a "Rip Van Winkle sleep—" to view the grandeur of the morning sunlight with dewy lips kissing the plow-clad plains, and extensive cultivation in every department of progression. Cities, towns, villages, with schools, churches, buildings for art and science in all grades; parks bedotted with lakes and fountains of pure, sparkling waters, cable and electric cars, automobiles, etc.; finest hotels almost in the world. Every improvement that man can invent or desire and bring into use is here.

San Francisco is in touch with most all of the commercial world; she is respected and honored in every part of the globe; her fame is known and recognized in her mechanical industry; her grand architectural designs; her push and energy, and up-to-date progression; her mines; her ranches; her grains; her vineyards; her fruits; her flowers; her resorts are veritable homes of paradise.

Could the pioneers of this wonderful land awaken from their dust and view the improvements of which they are the founders, would not the scenes be almost beyond their expectations? May their names and memories be kept green with laurels of gratitude.

How many that left home and happiness to brave the perils of a new country with hope of gain, now sleep in unknown graves. How many a high-born face went down to dust never to return, unknown, yet the work went on all over the State, the result is, this fair and cultivated domain, its broad tilled acres, the wonder and admiration of the world. An unknown and unmarked grave, on the side of a mountain in Calaveras, brings to mind the following lines:

"His hours are numbered" the doctor said,

Kindly soothing his restless head, As he bent o'er the dying miner's bed. "Last night" said the nurse, "he was raving to me

Of a waiting wife by some far off sea; Of her shiny hair in its braided fold, Glistening and gleaming like burnished gold—

The treasures for which his life was sold!"

When health, hope and life had flown, The grave covered all, name unknown.

Now the mines are more accessible, and all in touch with the outside world, and but few can find refuge from justice in the mines as of old.

Communication can be had quickly in every part of the State. The miner can beautify his home if he so desires, and has the taste. The ranchers' home is oftentimes a palace wherein dwells his cultured wife and charming daughters, music, art, and every improvement that education can give. One now finds magazines from all parts of the East on library tables, books, periodicals, literature of the highest standard grace the shelves; the finest musical instruments are in the parlors of the ranchers' home and one can view his broad acres with their waving grains from his vine-clad, flowered veranda in cooling shades. "The California Ladies' Magazine," with its unrivaled beauty and worth, has found its way into most of these homes, where it is welcomed with joy.

In this magazine one can learn much of California's present improvements in every branch of industry and the financial prospects of the coming season. The illustrations are so correct that one is led to the spot, almost realizing the actual presence of the surroundings. A benediction of glory leads by the lilies of peace, where the wild rose waves her crimson head in sweetest aroma of nature's blessings



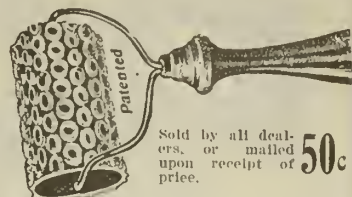
TO THE WELL-GROOMED WOMAN

Dame Fashion has decreed that this is to be a summer of the low-necked gown and collarless bodice. The wise woman will begin now to whiten and beautify the skin by means of a purely hygienic and efficacious bleach. The best recognized and highly endorsed preparation of this character is Kenzel's Face, Neck and Arm Bleach. Price

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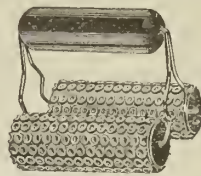
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will fill in the hollows and round out the bust and neck, making the flesh firm and healthy. Treat the neck in the same manner as the arms, using first the warm water and Bailey's Complexion Soap, then the Duplex Roller, and lastly rubbing the neck and bust thoroughly with Bailey's Skin Food, and you will find the hollows disappear, the loose, flabby flesh become firm.

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Bailey's Duplex Roller.....\$1.00

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THE MATURE CHARMER

Some of the most irresistible beauties in the history of famous amours were long past thirty-five when potentates of the world became enslaved to their charms. Cleopatra, for example, must have been forty when Mark Antony threw away the world for her. Mme de Maintenon was a mature widow of quite forty when the outworn voluptuary, Louis XIV became passionately enamored of her, and to the stupefaction of court and kingdom married her. History indeed, is full of the conquests of the mature siren.

In Greek art, too, it was found that the masterpieces, such as the Venus de Milo and the Vatican Victory, represent mature goddesses. In Shakespeare's sonnets it is clear that the woman idealized was of



LOVE LETTERS ANSWERED

BY MADAME MINERVA.

Dear Minerva:—I am in a very serious position, and would be grateful to you if you could advise me. I am engaged to a young man who went to the Philippines during the war. While he was away I went out with several other young men. One of them asked me to marry him, not knowing I was already engaged, (as our engagement was on the quiet). I jollied him along and said I never intended marrying, but he would not take "no" for an answer. To get rid of him I told him yes. Now my first lover has come home, and through some means heard I was engaged to this second gentleman. Of course, he was very angry, and will not forgive me. I really love him, so what shall I do? Please answer and oblige a

REPENTANT GIRL.

You have acted indiscreetly to say the least. In the first place, you should have had more principle than to accept the attentions of any man when you were already engaged, and in the second place, you should have had enough will power to refuse a second offer of marriage. The young man from Manila is certainly justified in his anger for while he has been fighting for his country, you have been untrue to him. The only thing for you to do is to seek his pardon, if need be on your knees, and then cultivate strength of character and will power enough to resist future temptations.

My Dear Friend:—I am going to give you a question to decide. No doubt, you will think it near time for me to decide for myself, but in a case like mine it is a good idea to have some one to advise you. I am sixty years old and my children are all grown, some of them having homes of their own. A gentleman considerably older than myself has offered himself in marriage, but my children object, saying I am too old to think of matrimony. As he is comfortably situated and could give me a good home I do not see why I should refuse him. What is your opinion?

MRS. L. M.

You certainly are, as you say, old enough to decide for yourself, but as you are seeking guidance, I will endeavor to assist you. If you are not happy with your children, it would be well for you to accept your offer, because people of your age have different ideas and opinions and pleasures from young people and seldom find congenial companionship with them. As you have brought up your children and have them all comfortably settled, it is well for you now to seek your own happiness. Your children object now, but when they see you are more contented, and happier, they probably will agree with you. If they do not, they are very selfish.

Kind Advisor:—You are so good to help the young ladies in their dilemma, that I am coming to you to give me a few pointers as to what I shall do. I am what girls would call "an old bachelor" and I have never been in love in my life. I have a good business and can support a wife comfortably, and I am very lonely and tired of living by myself. I am not partial to any one girl, although there are a number of my acquaintances who impress me as being very nice and who I think would make good housekeepers. Some of these girls I am sure are ready to accept me, but I cannot decide whether it is my money or myself that is the attraction. If I marry one of these young ladies for a pleasant home and companionship, do you think I will ever regret it?

Yours truly, OAKLAND.

Your letter gives me the impression that you are a little selfish in your ideas. You seem to want your wife to be your slave, yet you are afraid the young lady would marry you for your money. It is the same thing; you are marrying for a housekeeper and she is marrying for a home. You will both be happier if you do not marry, for you are certainly not suited to each other, and a union would only result in discord.

Dear Minerva:—About a week ago I met a young man at a party, whom I thought was very nice. He was so lively and jolly, and paid me considerable attention during the evening. I must confess that I flirted with him all evening. He asked permission to call, and I told him he might. Imagine my surprise, the next time I saw him, when he completely ignored me. He

even avoided me and I could not get a chance to bow to him. I think he has acted very mean, but still I want him back.

DAISY.

You say you flirted during the entire evening. You should not have done that if you value his opinion. He probably considers you frivolous. Men are such selfish creatures, they think they have a right to flirt, yet they consider a girl silly who indulges in this pastime. The only thing for you to do is to act politely. If he values your friendship, he will call, and if he continues to avoid you, I would think no more about him.

Kind Friend—I have a friend whom I like very much, but I do not know whether he cares for me or not. He appears to enjoy my company, but he will never take me to any amusements to which admission is charged. I have asked him on different occasions to take me to the theatre, but he always found some excuse. Once I found out he had tried to get complimentary tickets, and when he failed, excused himself from escorting me. Do you think it is just stinging that makes him act this way, or because he does not care for me?

X. Y. Z.

It is very plain that this man cares more for his purse than he does for you. It's true he may prefer you to any other young lady, but he is certainly miserly. A young man that will not treat his sweetheart occasionally without doubt make a close husband, yet I do not like to criticize him too severely because you may be partly to blame. Probably you expect too much of him, and besides it is very unladylike for you to ask him to take you to the theatre. It may be that he is saving his money for some worthy purpose.

Friend—I am in a different position from most of your inquirers, but would like to have your advice just the same. I am desperately in love with a young lady—I love her to distraction, and yet when I am with her I never can get up courage enough to tell her how much I worship her. Somehow I always get embarrassed. But she acts as if she likes me. Can you tell me how to screw up courage to pop the question?

JACK.

You deserve everyone's pity. A man that hasn't courage enough to "pop the question," does not deserve a wife—"Faint heart never won fair lady." If you expressed your mind as freely to the girl as you have to me, she would certainly understand you. You might write to her, but a proposal in writing always looks cowardly.

Dear Friend—For about a year I have been engaged to a man considerably older than myself. He has ample means to support me, and possesses a very kind and cheerful disposition. I respect him highly and really like him as a friend and brother. When he asked me to marry him I did not know what love was. In fact I did not believe in love. I did not think such a thing existed except in the minds of silly sentimental people. A month ago I found out how badly mistaken I was, and I have given my heart's affection to another young gentleman. What shall I do? My wedding day is set, and yet I know I will never be happy with a man I do not care for. If I break off with him, he will think I have been trifling with him when I have really acted in good faith.

NELLIE.

You will be doing yourself an injury and the man you are engaged to a still greater one if you marry him only to let him find out later that you do not care for him. He will respect you far more if you explain your feelings to him now, and if he is any gentleman he will release you from a promise that has become distasteful to you.

Minerva: As you are the goddess of wisdom and learning, you can surely advise me what to do. I've been treated real mean. I've had a girl for my sweetheart for a long time, and she's the only one I like in our class. We had a quarrel and now one of the other boys is sweet on her and I'm mad. She won't let me take her anywhere, not even walk home from school with her.

LESTER.

If you consult the goddess of wisdom and learning, you must obey her. Put such silly nonsense out of your head. Little boys like you shouldn't have sweethearts.

Have you seen them?

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Columns for Young Ladies

BY FLORENCE MOORE.

HOW TO MAKE A ROSE JAR.

Spread the rose leaves on a tray and expose them to the sun or warm air until they dry; then lightly crumble them up small between the hands. Add other dry ingredients to suit the taste, such as gum benzoin, root of calamus, cassia buds, musk seed, orris root, vanilla and sandalwood. Add a little of the essential oil of roses. The continental perfumer usually makes a basis of reindeer moss. This powder will give out a delightful odor for a long time in a jar, and is also delicious for sachets.

VERSE FOR BRIDES.

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish your-self back;
Married in red, you will wish your-self dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of the fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink.

LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

Gray eyes which turn green with anger or excitement show that their possessor has a choleric temperament. The white of eyes showing beneath the iris denotes cool deliberation, while those in which the upper lid passes horizontally across the pupil tell of decided mental ability.

Eyes with long, sharp corners indicate the possession of great discernment and penetration.

A melancholy temperament and blue eyes are a conjunction scarcely ever to be met with.

Brown eyes are said to be strongest, though, again, those very pale blue eyes are the ones having mesmeric power.

Never trust a person who looks at you out of the sides of his eyes. Of course habitually is here meant, and not once in a while.

Upturned eyes are typical of devotion, and wide open orbs tell us that their owner is of a rash disposition.

Perhaps the most beautiful color for eyes is violet, a tint seen fairly often in the eyes of young children and kittens, but seldom preserved in mature years, though Irish people have more than their share of this especial beauty.

DAINTY WAY OF PERFUMING.

Refined, elegant women do not wet their handkerchiefs with perfume, or pour it over their clothing. They have sachet bags of fragrance scattered among their wardrobes and chiffonier drawers, always using one perfume. This gives a suspicion of delicious odor to the garments when they are put on without overpowering the sense of smell.

A thumb nail size bag of the powder is put by many dressmakers in the sleeves of all their bodices under the shields. This is a dainty way of using perfume. Wetting the finger in cologne and drawing it over the eyebrows is harmless and agreeable, besides having a most soothing effect.

THE CHOCOLATIERE.

A charming little tea for the girl to give who is tired of the beaten track in these affairs, and is looking for a novelty, is the "chocolatiere." As the name implies, the refreshments served are all of the chocolate variety. There is hot chocolate with whipped cream to begin the feast. An ice is served with a sauce of hot chocolate, and the fancy cake and bonbons are of the same flavor.

Too much of even a good thing is apt to pall, and in order to avoid the catastrophe sandwiches of plain bread and butter are handed; also olives and dates lightly coated with chocolate.

HOW TO CLEAN TORTOISE SHELL.

Tortoise shell that has become dingy may be cleaned by wiping the article with a soft cloth, then rubbing it well with a paste made of rotten stone and sweet oil, next applying jewelers' rouge, and finally polishing with a piece of chamols. Treatment like this is not required often if shell pins and combs are polished frequently with chamols.

CORRECT BREATHING.

The air in the bottom of many a pair of lungs is like the dead air in an unventilated cellar. A conscious effort must be made to expel the residual air at the base of the lungs for chest expansion, blood purification, radiant health and lasting beauty.

Deep breathing exercises, through the nostrils, never the mouth, should be practiced night and morning.

Thorough respiration increases the red corpuscles of the blood and purifies the entire circulatory system.

Thorough respiration frees the lungs of the noxious carbon gas and bodily impurities thrown off in the form of watery vapor of the breath.

At least ten deep inhalations of fresh air should be taken upon or before rising every morning, and the same before going to bed every night. These may be taken either in an upright or recumbent position.

If lying down, lie flat upon the back, arms extended, and slowly inhale through the nostrils. Try to fill every air cell of the lungs. The abdomen should rise first, then the chest, as the lungs become inflated. After holding the breath a little, expel it slowly through the lips. Fill and empty the lungs as thoroughly as possible and try to realize that health, vitality, energy and beauty are in each incoming breath, and impurity, weakness and disease are being discarded with every exhalation.

The breath is the life.

A PRETTY WINDOW.

How many otherwise pretty rooms are spoiled by a hopelessly bare window from which on looking out one sees ugly courtyards, ash barrels and hideous back views.

To hide these objects, first cover the lower sash by fitting shelves across. The woodwork used in this decoration is to be painted white. Tack green cloth behind the shelves to entirely conceal the least suspicion of what is there.

If you have any latticed woodwork, or white lattice transoms (having hung in hall doors above the portiers) so much the better. But, if not, measure the size of the window (upper sash) and buy enough to fit in the sashes, and tack this in securely.

Then you will want some old rose silk, or any other shade preferred to suit the room. Run this on to a brass rod. Fasten this so as to conceal the dividing sash frame at the bottom. This gives the idea of a solid latticed window from top to the bookshelves.

Let some pretty lace drapery or spotted muslin fall from the top (where it is drawn in or hooked on to a white curtain pole) to the shelf. These might be caught back with the white silk cord and tassels.

The old rose sash curtain should be pushed back, not looped, to show the white lattice.

Lay on the top of the bookshelves a pretty runner and put two tall, pale green vases and perhaps a low bronze bowl. Fill these with flowers, and they will look very attractive against the white lattice and old rose background.

In this handy bookcase you can keep all your favorite books. Now, no one will guess all the unsightly back alley nuisances that are concealed behind this pretty, and at the same time useful, adjunct to the room.

THE BEST HAIR TONIC.

It is said that frequent sun baths are the best known tonics for a woman's hair. The Greek maidens of old who sat on the walls of the city and combed their hair, owed the beauty of their tresses to the sun's rays. When the hair is washed, sit beside a lowered window, as the sun shines stronger through glass, and allow the hair to dry as it is being brushed. No bleach has been found so successful as the sun, which strengthens and beautifies generally.

When the hair shows a tendency to fall out, the very best thing to stop its coming out and promote its growth is the abundant use of genuine olive oil. Saturate the hair thoroughly and keep it saturated for a week until the dry scalp has absorbed all it will, then wash with pure soap and water. If this operation is repeated every two or three months, the effect is said to be marvelous.

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[From Mrs. Ex-President Cleveland.]

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Please find inclosed \$1.00. I would as gladly have sent \$5.00 or \$10.00. I am so pleased to show my appreciation of the great comfort it is to feel that in spite of being 2,000 miles from N. Y., and no matter how small a thing and difficult to find, I can be much more sure of getting it than I should if I spent a fatiguing day, or perhaps two, in the city shopping for myself.

MRS. R. A. FRASER.
Colorado Springs, Colo.

And last, but not least, all Subscribers are entitled to my Monthly Magazine, "SHOP TALK," a volume of 50 to 75 pages, replete with valuable and reliable information touching the current modes and other matters of exceeding interest. It is well worth in itself the cost of subscription. Send for sample copy.

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Hints for the Amateur Nurse

BY MARGARET D. BAILEY.

(A series will be published under this title for the benefit of unexperienced nurses.)

In the early days of California before the invasion of the Goths and Vandals, land grabbers and speculators, the first settlers made homes for themselves, and having overcome the hardships of frontier life enjoyed peace and plenty, and the fruits of their labor. Their wants were simple, and their social intercourse pure. Among other blessings they numbered the friendship of a good woman here and there, an aunt, or widowed mother, or older sister, with time and strength, a mild and gentle woman neat and sweet, upon whom to call in time of need, who when sickness or sudden death, or other calamity invaded the home was ever ready to help. Not only giving relief and soothing the stricken one in that closed chamber, but advising, directing and cheering all the members of the household; not infrequently taking upon herself the whole care and work of those shut in. The memory of such a woman is cherished in every town and hamlet, and from such women descended the precepts and examples of the cheerful, helpful workers, now known as Experienced Nurses.

They are volunteers in that great army who fight daily and hourly against the advances of the triple enemies of our frail humanity, disease, suffering and death.

When some sudden dire calamity of fire, war or pestilence comes, those women, whose mother love leads them to pity and succor the weak and suffering, are pressed into service, and whether their station be high or low, the good physician recognizes their ability and worth, often urging them to continue in the work, for sickness, like the poor, we have always with us. So without previous experience or training, they go from home to home, meeting and overcoming many difficulties, often weary and discouraged, sometimes ill-used and misrepresented, but always ready for service when wanted and ever striving for the best interests of those they serve; surely to them will be said: "Thou hast done all thou couldst, enter in and rest; having given all, receive all."

To those women who, being thrown upon their own resources, have taken up nursing as a means of livelihood, I would say, be sure you have the first requisite of a nurse—love for the suffering. Without this no amount of experience or training will make you a good nurse. Being thus qualified, with good health and intelligence, you are bound to succeed. To all such I will give these hints for success from my own experience, advice gratis, of what to do and what not to do in every possible emergency, and how to win the confidence of your patient and the respect of your physician.

With courage, patience, intelligence, and self-control, that noble woman, Florence Nightingale, entered into the work that has made her name famous in two hemispheres, and she is now the patron saint of every experienced

nurse who hopes to emulate her. Go thou and do likewise, seek to perfect yourself in all you undertake, and ere long your experience will prove your best training and recommendation.

FOR MATERNITY.

Come, my sisters, in some simple garment of subdued color, with spotless linen, tread lightly, this is almost sacred ground, and enter this room where everything waits the coming of an immortal soul. It seems almost sacrilege that man should be admitted to witness that which he can never experience, the joy and pain of maternity. Happy for her who is in labor if he is a real physician and no mere doctor. But if the physician is a man, so much greater the need of a good nurse who knows just what to have ready, and how to help and encourage the patient. Have everything in readiness for the comfort of your patient and the convenience of the physician. If you have been previously engaged for this case you will have advised the expectant mother of what she will need for herself and the babe. If it is a sudden and unexpected call you may be obliged to manage with few conveniences and make your patient comfortable in the midst of bare surroundings. If your practice will admit of the expense, you should have your own conveniences to use in emergency cases, such things as you cannot do without. And in all cases have with you one complete change of linen, and an abundance of soft rags. See that your patient is supplied with the same.

Have for your own use the following: A chemical thermometer, a maternity chart or record, a red pencil, pen and ink, absorbent cotton, and olive oil, or a good substitute in the country is camphorated mutton tallow; also plenty of hot water and some good soap. Have all clothing well aired and all in readiness, and wait, or follow the physician's instructions.

In cases of extreme poverty comfort can be contrived from very little; great things can be made from an old sheet, flour sacks, or old rags. Your friends will gladly keep you supplied with such.

The following subjects comprise the series and cover the actual experience of the practical nurse:

OUR BABY IS ILL TO-DAY.

Children's diseases, first year—Colic, its cause and cure, proper food and clothing; thrush; milk crust, measles; teething.

Second year and after—Whooping cough; scarlet rash; scarlet fever; mumps; chicken pox; indigestion; diphtheria; sprains; small fractures; inflammation of the throat, lungs, bowels, etc.

ADULTS' DISEASES AND GENERAL DEBILITY.

Euteric fevers; typhoid; typhus, etc.; rheumatism; pneumonia; la grippe; neuralgia; sciatica; paralysis; tumors; eczema; tuberculosis; consumption; rupture; hemorrhoids; chills, boils and eruptions.

Massage and osteopathy.
Bathing and physical exercise.

A Conductor's View of It.

BY LEELA B. DAVIS.

I was seated on the rear part of a Sutro car at the transfer point at the end of Sutter, San Francisco. A lady with one foot on the lower step, hesitated, looked at the conductor and asked, "How is it out at the Cliff House this afternoon?"

"Raw and chilly, lady," emphatically replied the conductor.

"Then we'll take the car for the Park," said the young lady to her companion, and they turned away.

"Warm at the beach to-day, conductor?" asked a lady hurriedly following two children who were racing to get seats on the front of the car.

"A regular summer day," he answered cheerfully.

"How can you do that?" I asked indignantly.

"Do what?" he returned, surprised. "You've given two different answers to the same question in less than two minutes," I replied severely.

"Oh," his voice dropped with the reaction from a momentary alarm. "I'll

tell you," he continued cordially. "When I first came on this line I was surprised that that question was asked so often, and more surprised at the ratings I got from some of the people who happened to come back on my car, for saying that the weather was warm when it was 'freezing,' and so on. One day a woman with three children nearly mobbed me for sending her to the beach instead of to the Park, so she said, by telling her it was a warm day when it was so cold she knew they'd all die of pneumonia. She'd watched for my car to come back on, and insisted that it was as little as I could do to bring them back free. I told her it wasn't part of my job to be a Cliff House barometer nor a weather clerk, but that made no difference to her, and the 'javin' she gave me set me to thinking. The people that ask that question don't want to know how the temperature seems to me, but how it'll suit them. I try to be accommodating, and now I have no trouble on that line."

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The Triumph of Beauty

BY OUR BEAUTY DOCTOR.

Volumes have been written concerning beauty and beauties, and from the earliest times the beautiful have been the theme of great minds—poets, painters, historians, sculptors, and authors, have vied with one another in courting, idolizing and eulogizing the beautiful.

If an artist would gain the public applause he must lead us to spots where beauty reigns.

How carefully the sculptor searches for a model to aid his creative genius to produce a form which shall be a realization of the beautiful in art.

How many poems would have been unwritten, how many pictures unpainted—what heroic deeds undone, had it not been for the existence of beauty.

All along the pages of history the career of beauty has been a triumph. The famous beauties of each nation take as prominent a place in its annals as do the great commanders. Egypt is as often remembered for Cleopatra, the "Sorceress of the Nile," as it is for the Pharaohs. England art, the hapless "Queen of Scots," of chronicles the love lines of Mary Stuart, Anne Boleyn, of Nell Gwynne, of Peg Woffington, of Mrs. Siddons, Lady Hamilton, and a host of other charm-ers down to the Lily Lang-triv of our present time. France, too, has had her galaxy of historic beauties and has celebrated their conquests in song and story. Among these may be named Joan of Arc, The Maid of Orleans, Madame de Pompadour, Ninon de L'Enclos, and as late as the time of the first Napoleon, Madame Recamier.

It is true philosophy which says beauty of character is preferable to beauty of feature, but the former is only discoverable after long acquaintance and so is often passed by and not found at all, while the latter is seen, and confessed at a glance.

Moreover there is no reason why the two should not be allied in the same person, as indeed they often are. It may not be so much to the credit of mankind, but it is nevertheless a fact that beauty often commands homage and admiration which wealth and intellect fail to bring.

Beautiful women are sure to be worshipped, and as long as the sun shines they will hold court and enslave and exact their due—the admiration of the sterner sex. For the man who is not susceptible to the power of beauty does not deserve to live in its presence, for as Shakespeare says in "Love's Labor Lost," "Now for not looking on a woman's face, you have in that foresworn the use of eyes."

In all the thousands of years that our world has rolled onward, reaching ever upward to a brighter perfection, beauty has ruled the hearts of man.

Beauty is found everywhere around us—in nature, in art, in science. But yet in its most wonderful perfection—the masterpiece of the Creator's hand—is found in the human face.

"Wealth is power," is an old adage and a true one, but beauty is greater. Wealth cannot command beauty, but beauty can and every day does, command wealth.

But apart from the sentiment of beauty, there is a practical every-day side to be viewed, which may be said to be the power of beauty.

From the creation down to the present day a beautiful face has been a mighty power. And all along the line of history beautiful women and men have been a power for good and evil.

The power of a beautiful face, when pleading for loved ones has moved many a stern tyrant to mercy, and it was the essence of wisdom to make justice blind or she must often have restrained her hand at the petition of a fair pleading face. Beside the bed of suffering, a fair angelic face will do much to soothe and comfort the sufferer. In fact, whatever the mission be, the fairer the face of the messenger, the surer will be the accomplishment of the errand.

Since beauty is a great blessing and

so powerful surely it is worth possessing and worth cultivating.

One of the most gifted women in America has said that she would give all her fame, all her intellectual attainments, just to be beautiful. She could have kept all this and been beautiful too, if she had only known how to do it. For that mind which has enabled man to search the stars and put a girdle around the world, has also found a way by which a woman may be always beautiful.

Every lady knows that her face is her fortune. She may inherit or marry a vast sum of money, or be reared in the lap of luxury, so far as the power of money goes, but if her complexion is poor, she realizes that the one great thing which is life itself to women, the appreciative glance, the honest caress, the little attentions of respect and deference of men—these are the things which a woman needs and will have if she can obtain them. And this fact is shown by the myriad of articles which have been put on the market, under the various names of skin food, cuticle resolvents, rouge, powder, bleaches, and no end to them. Many women can trace their ruined complexions to the use of injurious cosmetics, which at their best simply cover up defects, and try one preparation after another, hoping to find one that will bring back what has been lost.

The modern woman has constantly before her two ideals. One is to look beautiful, the other is to keep young.

While so much has been written concerning beauty and beauties, but little has been written that would benefit and relieve the unfortunate whose facial blemishes or imperfections of the skin, caused either through sickness, accident, carelessness or age.

Through sorrow and bitter grief, through intense suffering, physical and mental, the wise woman of mature years has overcome at least ill-temper and hurtful thoughts. But the traces of the past are still there. The plumpness and radiant complexion of her youth are gone. In their place are sallowness and wrinkles. No matter how graceful her figure, how exquisite her manners, how rich and elegant her dress, the tell-tale wrinkles are there, a constant blemish and disfigurement. The sensitive woman whose face is thus lined can never look into the mirror without being overwhelmed with pain and regret.

The time is coming when it will be as common for ladies to have their wrinkles removed as it now is for them to have their teeth filled.

Battered, shriveled, dilapidated faces will no longer offend the sight. A finer, grander race will be developed. All mankind will be beautiful.

When the ancients told stories of fountains, where people could go and regain their lost beauty, and the elixirs that could be taken to change the life current, so that it ran a different way, and thus vanquished youth was restored, they were only relating dreams which have been harbored for ages by mankind. In the same manner the poet, in his ecstasy, has often foreshadowed the discovery of some great scientific truth.

But only think. We are now living in an age when the practical application of these dreams may be seen on every side around us.

It was perfectly natural that the time should arrive when science would rejuvenate and brighten with youthful beauty, the cheek of old age, as it was that one man should be able to speak to another from distant corners of the earth.

The scientific world was surprised. It is true, when "visible signs" were shown of a woman with the frosts of time on her brow transmitted, as if by magic to the comparative bloom of youth. It is true that the same thing has been done before where surgery has been resorted to. Others have hidden these defects with paint and powder. Now they are removed free from surgery, and instead of borrowing from art, nature is now restored. There is now no longer an excuse for ugly and repulsive faces.

The women of the future can remain beautiful to the last.

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Health and a Good Figure

The desired treasures of every woman and more essential than a pretty face. Do not be deceived by believing you must take a long course of physical culture to obtain the desired results. Simply learn to live. Let yourself be natural as nature intended, not forcing yourself to go through unnatural exercises to attain health. Simply learn to develop the dormant powers you have in yourself. By my method, originated and taught exclusively by myself through personal instruction adapted to the needs of each student, I am enabled in a short time to teach you to be a new and animated being, with health, grace, figure all a part of yourself and not an acted forced addition.

Extracts of letters from a few of my pupils: My INDIGESTION has gone. Have discontinued wearing GLASSES, eyes seem in PERFECT CONDITION. Have had no HEADACHE for more than a month. I SLEEP well all night. Insomnia all gone. My COMPLEXION is much clearer. My NECK and CHEST have filled with remarkable rapidity. MY BUST DEVELOPMENT has been marvelous. This makes the third week and my ABDOMEN is three inches smaller. REMEMBER MY GUARANTEE: If my course does not do all I claim your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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KATHRINE KNOWLES,

786 Fairmount St., Cleveland, Ohio.



Household Items

BY ANNA M. WITHEY.

Sick rooms should be ventilated even more conscientiously than the rest of the house. Many an amateur nurse forgets that the sick requires pure air quite as much as the well, and so neglects to secure all the air space that is necessary or available. All draperies, hangings and stuffed pieces of furniture that are not absolutely necessary should be banished from the sick room. To air the room without giving the patient cold, place an extra blanket or coverlet over the bed, draw the sheet up over the patient's head and face and let a strong draft blow through the room for a few minutes. This will effectually dislodge any layers of foul air that may have collected. Continuous ventilation should be maintained both day and night by means of an open window in an adjoining room, the door between being kept open.

HOW TO WASH A LACE COLLAR.

To wash a lace collar, first sew the lace with long stitches upon a double thickness of white flannel, plunge into warm soapsuds and wash, then rinse in clear water, to which a little borax and blueing have been added. Gently squeeze in the hand, place between dry flannel and press till dry with a hot iron.

HOW TO CLEAN HATS.

Cover a soiled white felt hat with a cake of magnesia and let it remain in that condition over night. Unless the case is an extreme one, the grime will go with the magnesia when it is brushed off. Pulverized French chalk left for several hours over a blemish made by milk on a wool fabric will usually restore the cloth to its original color. If the stain is not a stubborn one it will yield to a sponging in diluted alcohol.

WASHING DECORATED CHINA.

China that has borders and decorations of gold should be washed in hot water without soap. The mildest soaps will in time dull the gilt and wear it away.

HOW TO CLEAN OIL PAINTINGS.

To clean oil paintings, take a raw potato and rub it with the addition of a very little water, over the painting until it begins to lather. Wipe this off with a soft, wet sponge. Continue this until the paintings look clean. Change the potato, if necessary; then wash with tepid water and wipe perfectly dry with a soft silk rag.

HOW TO REMOVE MILDEW.

To remove mildew, mix lemon juice with salt, powdered starch and soft soap. Apply with a brush, and lay in the sun, or you may rub soap on the spots, scrape chalk on them, moisten and lay in the sun.

HOW TO CLEAN SILK.

It is little known that silk may be cleaned by sponging the soiled parts in the water that potatoes have been boiled in.

SPONGING WOOLEN CLOTH.

Heavy woollen cloth should always be sponged, and this can easily be done at home. Lay the cloth out on a wide table, wet a sheet and spread over it beginning about a foot from the end of the cloth. Fold over this portion of the cloth on to the sheet, and continue the folds so that the wet sheet will come next to the surface of the cloth all the way. If the cloth is too long for one sheet, use two, or as many as required. Fold the ends of the roll together and let it lie for six or eight hours. This dampens the entire surface evenly. Then press carefully with an iron as hot as can be used without scorching. It will not take long to go over the entire surface of the cloth, and there is the satisfaction of knowing that your suit will never shrink or spot.

HOW TO DRY WET GLOVES.

Gloves that have been wet should be allowed to dry in a cool room. When they are dry, the pliability may be restored by massaging them with olive oil.

HOW TO CLEAN BRASS BEDS.

To clean brass beds and chandeliers use the following receipt: Powder and sift rotten stone, then mix some soft soap and oil of turpentine until it is like stiff putty; then dry. When using, first wash with hot water; then rub

with the above, dampened with water, then rub with a rag and polish with leather, and your brass beds will look exactly like new.

THE WHOLESOME CELLAR.

Better a coat of plaster on foundation walls, inside and out, and a cement floor than oriental rugs or a piano; better than oil paintings or table silver, for a dry cellar spells health with a large H, and bric-a-brac, silver and ormolu are as dust and ashes when health and vitality are gone.

When you are sure your cellar is dry, consider the second proposition. Keep it clean.

Of course, no one would even permit such an unthinkable thing as bits of spoiled animal matter to linger in the cellar. Vegetable matter is nearly as bad, for the injurious gases generated by decay float all through the house. If you must have a garbage pail, keep it out of doors, where the freshening wind may dissipate its odors. The cellar is improved by a coat of whitewash, which can easily be renewed. If you add a little carbolic acid to your wash, you disinfect as well as clean.

MENDING OF CHINA.

For mending broken crockery there is nothing better than white lead. It is one of the few cements that resist both water and heat. Smear it thinly on the edges of the article, press them together and set aside to dry.

A waterproof glue for repairing marble or porcelain may be made by mixing plain white glue and milk, says the Boston Post. Into two quarts of skim milk put half a pound of the best white glue. Put the basin containing this into another basin of hot water. Cook until the milk has evaporated to such an extent that the mixture is like ordinary glue, or even thicker. When dry this cement is one of the hardest, with the clearness of ivory.

Unslaked lime mixed with the white of an egg is a simple and a good cement. It dries very quickly, even having a tendency to dry before the broken edges of the article can be brought together. If quickly mixed and applied, the mended dish will be strong and ready for use within a few hours.

Many other cements need to be left to their work for days and weeks before the dish can be used. A very good cheap cement that may be used in many ways in patching crockery ware and mending leaks may be made with plaster of paris. Mix this with the white of an egg to a cream and smear it on the article. As in all cements, this must be left to dry thoroughly before using. A heat and moisture proof cement is a handy thing to have.

Here is one that is warranted to fill cracks in kettles, close seams in pans, and mend all sorts of things, remaining perfectly indifferent to subsequent trials by heat or water. Get some powdered litharge and mix it with glycerine till thick and soft as putty. After these two elements have thoroughly blended, the cement is ready to be applied.

HOW TO MEND TORN GARMENTS.

There are several ways of darning a rent in a garment as there are several different kinds of rents. The rent known as the "Barn-door," a three-cornered cut or tear, is perhaps the most difficult. Lay under it a piece of the same material, taking a square an inch larger each way than the tear, and baste this down on the wrong side smoothly and firmly. Take a thread of, as nearly as possible, the same color and fineness as the wool of the cloth, and work back and forth across the rent with the smallest of running stitches. Never try to darn, even in heavy cloth, with a coarse needle, but always use as fine a one as will carry the thread you have elected to use. When all is darned, turn on the wrong side, trim off the superfluous patch, leaving only a fourth of an inch each side of the rent, and press neatly with a warm iron on the right side, laying a piece of damp muslin between the goods and the iron.

THOSE MATCH SCRATCHES.

If you find scratches on the wood-work made by matches, rub quickly with a slice of lemon, then with whitening and last of all with a cloth wrung out in soapy water.

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The Independent Woman

BY MAUD ROBINSON.

"I hope the time will come when women will have the sense to stay out of business and remain home and marry, as they should," growled Tom Oldfogg crossly.

"But what are they going to do if they need money?" put in his sister.

"Oh, half of them don't. They have parents who could just as well support them, only they want so many frills."

"If they want the good things of life and have brains enough to secure them, why should they go deliberately without just because they don't happen to be men?" retorted the sister, who earned a neat income herself writing clever advertisements.

"They take the bread out of other women's mouths; that's what."

"Do you know that never appealed to me as good argument," she answered. "If there were any question of favoritism among employers, it might be; but, all things being equal, why shouldn't women stand or fall on their own merits, as men do? What would a man think of his son when he came to the age when boys usually begin to work were the son to remark that he had a sufficient income in his own right and did not think he should be dealing justly by men who were penniless if he took payment for his labor?"

"Humph! But it is different. A woman is a woman, and she ought to marry."

"But they all can't!"

"Their own fault then!"

"—because they are homely or there are not men enough to go around."

"Tut! Nonsense! That isn't the principal reason why girls don't marry. It's because they run after the men too much. Men don't want anything that's easy and they'd run after the homeliest girl that ever was if she made herself difficult."

"Philosopher!" commented the sister dryly. "I see you have the lovely little characteristics of your sex down fine."

"Look at that Johnson girl, for instance," went on Oldfogg complacently. "She fairly makes a slave of herself over Jack Bender. She even begs him to come and call on her, and she keeps telephoning him and writing him notes. No wonder the chap is

conceited. I pity her if she ever does succeed in getting him to marry her."

"My dear," chuckled the sister delightedly, "don't you see there are five Johnson girls, and it's a case of marry or perish? They must marry! It's dinned into them morning, noon and night. Do you blame a girl for acting anxious under the conditions? If the Johnson girls were each self supporting, they wouldn't be in that wild fever and men would lose their relative importance."

"Humph! But, leaving them out of the question, many women do the proper thing and wait quietly at home to get decently married and have a husband to support them," he persisted.

At this moment Mrs. Oldfogg, a timid little woman, entered and, clearing her throat nervously, remarked: "I'm awfully sorry, Tom, but I'll have to ask you for \$5. The children's boots."

"Great heavens!" growled Oldfogg. "Didn't I give you \$10 only the day before yesterday?"

"But that was for my winter hat," replied Mrs. Oldfogg, with spirit.

"You surely can't expect me to go bareheaded."

"What was the matter with your last year's one? Anybody'd think you were a millionaire when I married you. Many's the hat you had to retrim when you were with your father, and precious glad you were to get me and escape it all. There, don't ask me again for money for an age—here it is! Now I want to read my paper I declare, women are enough to drive a man to the poorhouse!"

Miss Oldfogg followed the weeping little wife into the bedroom.

"Oh-h," sobbed the latter, "I nearly die of shame when I have to ask him for money! Oh, if I could only earn some! As it is, no matter what he says to me I have to stand it. I can't even leave him. I—I should starve! What can I do? What can I do?"

Miss Oldfogg looked at her pityingly; then she said softly, "You can teach your children to be self supporting, so that even if they love him they need not be the slave of any man!"

The Smallest Woman's Foot

BY ANNA ARMANDE.

The diminutive feet of women of China was long regarded as a national peculiarity, asserted to be of natural growth, and has thus been a wonder in books of travellers; but in our less restricted intercourse with China the secret was let out. There were certain small-footed ladies at Hong-Kong who gained a very fair livelihood by exhibiting their feet to sea captains, and other curious Europeans at a dollar a head, and the evidence satisfied a superficial examination and belief. But it appears that in the missionary schools may be seen numbers of little girls whose feet are in the various stages of torture, as narrated by a visitor who had the opportunity of witnessing what he has well described. On an appointed day the children were all seated in a row, and their feet, which had undergone a preparatory washing, were unbound by their mothers. The first was a child of two years old. Her penance had but just commenced. When the bandage of blue cotton was taken off it was seen that the great toe had been left untouched, but the other four had been forced down under the ball of the foot, and closely bound in that position. The child, therefore, walked upon the knuckle-joints of her four toes. The toes were red and inflamed, and the ligature caused evident pain. In the next three children of ages advancing at small intervals the preparation was only to the same extent; it was confined to the four toes. Gradually, however, these four toes, according to the continual pressure, lost their articulation and identity as limbs, and became amalgamated with the sole of the foot.

In the eldest of the four the redness and inflammation had entirely disappeared; the foot was cool and painless and appeared as though the four toes had been cut off by a knife.

In the fifth girl was seen the commencement of the second operation—a torture under which sickly children frequently die. The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow; the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened; month by month it is drawn tighter. The foot inflames and swells, but the mother perseveres. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, and the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is a shapeless lump. The instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and the heel.

Two of the girls seen by the narrator were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the eldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small-footed woman, and her feet were quite cool, had no corns, and were not tender to the touch. Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn together so as to produce the true "small foot." To disguise this imperfection upon her marriage day she has recourse to art. A piece of cork, shaped like an inverted sugar-loaf, is strapped on to her foot, and the small part goes into her slipper and passes for her foot.



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A Boy and Parepa Rosa

BY MADAME MARCHE.

The season of music was closing. Sated with praise, Parepa Rosa drew her fur wrap around her shoulders, and, stepping from the private entrance of the "Grand," was about to enter her carriage when, "Please, mi ladi," in low pleading accents, arrested her attention. It was only the shrunk-en misshapen form of little Elfin, the Italian street-singer, with his old violin under his arm; but the face upturned in the gas-light, though pale and pinched, was as delicately cut as a cameo, while the eager, wistful light in the great, brilliant eyes, the quiver of entreaty in the soft Italian voice held her for a moment against her escort's endeavor to save her the annoyance of hearing a beggar's plea.

"Well?" said the great singer, half impatient, yet full of pity.

"Would mi ladi please?" in sweet, broken English, and the slender brown hands of the dwarf held up a fragrant white lily, with a crystal drop in its golden heart.

"Do you mean this lovely flower for me?" A passionate gesture was his answer. Taking the flower, Parepa Rosa bent her stately head. "You heard me sing?"

"Mi ladi, I hid under the stair. 'Twas yesterday I heard the voice. Oh, mi ladi, I could die." The words came brokenly from quivering lips passionately in earnest. The loud voice of the world she had just left had never shown Parepa Rosa the power of her grand voice as she saw it now in those soft, dark eyes aflame, and in the sobbing, broken words, "Mi ladi, O mi ladi, I could die!"

"Child"—and her voice trembled—"meet me here tomorrow at 5." And holding the lily caressingly to her cheek, she stepped into her carriage and was driven away.

It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin, like

one entranced. Grandly the clear voice swelled its triumphant chords, and rung amid the arches with unearthly power and sweetness. The slight frame of the boy swayed and shook, and a look so rapt, so intense, came on his face, too, knew his very heart was stilled. Then the wondrous voice trilled softly, like the faint sound of bugles in the early morn; again its sweetness stole over you like the distant chimes of vesper bells. Encore after encore followed. The curtain rolled up for the last time, and as simply as possible the manager told the audience of last night's incident, and announced that Parepa Rosa's farewell to them would be the simple ballad warbled many a bitter day through the streets by little Elfin, the Italian musician.

Long and prolonged was the applause and at the first pause, sweeping with royal grace, came out our queen of song. At her breast was the fragrant lily. Queen, too, by the right of her beautiful unstained womanhood as well as by the power of her sublime voice, she stood a moment, then sang clearly and softly the ballad, with its refrain of "Farewell, sweet land." Accompanying her came the low, sweet wail of little Elfin's violin. There was silence in the great house at the close, and then a shout went out that shook the weighty pillars.

A whisper being heard that Parepa Rosa meant to educate the boy musically, the generous hearts of a few opened the gates of fortune for little Elfin. Today he is great and famous, "the boy violinist," and they call him to play before princes.

Parepa Rosa! God called thee in thy perfect womanhood, but thy voice lives in our hearts; and at the last great day it shall be written in shining letters on thy name: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

The Art of Washing

BY THE AUTHOR OF OUR HOME LAUNDRY.

In the good old times before this art was a lost one, we had a cook who rejoiced in washing. On my wedding day as I stood before the assembled household in my gown of soft creamy silk—"the sparrow," as we always called Mrs. Jenkins, hopped round me in ecstasy. With her hands clasped on her bosom, her eyes round with admiration, and her little feet hardly able to support her, she exclaimed in a voice trembling with awe—

"Wouldn't it look just lovely with a squeeze of blue?"

This speech was a high tribute from Mrs. Jenkins. It had passed almost into a proverb with our family. We have all laughed heartily over it during these succeeding years.

Now that I have become an adept in the art of washing, I am afraid I often look at a pretty material or delicate dress with an eye to that "squeeze of blue." It seems such a pity that the rose pinks, the terra-cottas and the lavenders should fade so quickly from our skirts, and ribbons, and cravats.

If Mrs. Jenkins sight could have been prophetic, she might have seen the remnants of that soft pongee only yesterday in the washpot. After thirteen years of lying by, that wedding dress has been cut up into blouses for my eldest girl and frocks for the baby.

In and out of the pot goes the erstwhile

"Raiment of maiden
Fair and fine."

Yet it has never grown dingy or yellow. Mrs. Jenkins would have had it in rags long ago, but I treat my dear old friends with tender hands. Perhaps that is the reason it has lasted so long.

I generally wait until I have a goodly number of silk things that need washing. Then in a gallon bath of pure, cold, soft water, I dissolve a teaspoonful of borax; this is my bleaching mixture. In it our blouses, handkerchiefs and smocks are left soaking for some hours. Then a squeezing leaves behind a good deal of dirt, and the silks are transferred to a tub of warm water in which some soap jelly has been lathered. This water must not be too

hot, or the stuff will "yell" as my daughters say. Wash by squeezing again, only rubbing when wrists and collar bands are more than ordinarily soiled. In a little bottle ticketed and kept for such occasions I have some prepared gum. This is one ounce of gum-arabic dissolved in a jar with half a pint of boiling water. It has been strained and will keep—if well corked—for months.

I pour one teaspoonful from this bottle into a basin of water. The silks are given their final rinse in this. Only in the case of pure white silk Mrs. Jenkins' "squeeze of blue" is allowed.

No one knows what a difference this gum mixture makes to the look of washed silks. It gives the soupcon of stiffness possessed by brand-new silk and prevents the limpness we almost inseparably connect with our best ties and the laundry. The articles after being mangled while still wet, are rolled up in a clean smooth cloth. Anything in the dapper way will mark the surface, so I advise a soft towel kept for the purpose.

A short time and our silks are ready for the iron.

That is one of the comforts in this branch of laundry work; the whole operation only takes a few hours. A tennis blouse can be washed in the morning and be ready for wear in the afternoon.

Between the right side of the silk and your smoother lay a piece of muslin—an old handkerchief does very well; then use a hot iron fearlessly. It is necessary to begin with a cloth between you and the silk; the wet materials coming in contact with your hot iron would leave a rusty mark. Yet in order to get a gloss on the surface of your silk, the heater must pass over it without the intervening shield.

So finish as you began, on the right side—but without the muslin.

If my readers will manipulate their things in the above way, they will be surprised how new and fresh their silks will be; what a good color they will retain, and how seldom they will need replacing.

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IN ITS RELATION TO

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BY DR. EMILY NOBLE,
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Questions invited along the lines of health culture, but diseases will not be recognized or prescribed for in this department.

Noon-tide of Womanhood

Just as sunlight is inseparable from color, so is beauty of contour of form and expression, most subtle manifestations of perfect health. At the noon-tide of life women should be at their best. In the marvelous economy of nature's great laws the physiological condition of woman has three periods, the morning, or girlhood, the noon-tide or climacteric, and the afternoon, which should be the Indian summer of a woman's life.

The noon-tide of life was not designed by nature to be a period of pain and danger and shattered nerves, but one of reserved processes of nature by which the woman becomes free from the functions of maternity and constant disturbances of nerve energy, and should gain an increased equilibrium, both mental and physical, which would place her at her best, and be indeed an emancipation from the cares and responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood, with which the first half of womanhood is so often beset. "Times change," and mortals change with the times. We get out of the old rut, and our minds crave for something new in the way of what the Hindus call "Chitta," or "mind stuff." The great wave of new thought which is sweeping over this country just now is really a part of the teachings of the most ancient of days in a new form. Budha was one of the earliest teachers in India, and in his teachings one reads exactly what is being taught in the new thought with regard to the power of thought of will or mind over matter.

Articles on the new thought in its relation to health and beauty—poise, nerves, repose, concentration, relation, diet, Hindu method of deep breathing, and many other phases of life of special interest to women will be offered in this department every month—combined with helpful suggestions along these lines of self-healing.

At the middle or noon-tide of life, it was formerly the custom for mothers of daughters to retire from active social life, wear caps and dowdy dresses—and passively wait for the end—really permitting themselves to believe that the best part of their lives belonged to the past—but happily, women of to-day have changed all that.

Not so very long ago nearly every writer of any importance made the heroines of their romance not only very beautiful—but very young. Shakespeare makes Juliet a girl of fourteen!—and long after his day sixteen was a very common age for marriage of girls in England—but to-day the most charming women in the whole world, are cultured women of middle age. At forty a woman should forget her birthdays and make her friends forget them also, by cultivating the charm of fascination that belongs to middle age alone. A woman should be at her best from forty to sixty. Growing old is largely a matter of self-suggestion. Mulford was right when he said: "Thought is creative as well as destructive."

At fifty, if self-control has been es-

tablished early—there will be no superabundance of avoirdupois—no lagging footsteps, no flabby muscles—no sagging cheeks and throats—and none of the disfiguring wrinkles caused by pain, discontent, and worry—and scattered nerve force. Modern science is helpful with regard to the care and beauty of one's hair and face and form—but the mind is the builder of the individuality.

Both Hindu and Shakespearean literature speak of "the God within us breeding wings." Let us hold on to the life buoy of optimism even though our boat swamps with the turmoil in the troubled seas of unrealized ambitions. Learn to float and swim and be self-reliant until the tide turns. The shore seems much nearer to those who can swim.

Let us cultivate toleration of other people's failings, and learn the art of forgetting the frictions of daily life which ignorance causes. Budha said: "Ignorance is the greatest evil in the world and the friction which ignorance causes can only be overcome by the spread of knowledge."

All the little frictions of life if permitted to weary and annoy, limit one's possibilities and affect one's poise.

Mere beauty is not all. Men often turn from the beautiful girl—to the sympathetic woman. She—has lived—and suffered—and she—knows just how, and when to comfort the wandering boy—or encourage the halting man. And her own sex also—for the truest, dearest type of all that is best in femininity is "a woman's woman." We all have our little frailties, but what of that? Flowers and weeds will ever grow side by side. Let us glory in the fact that many of the greatest of the great ones in professional, artistic and literary fields of the twentieth century are women of middle age. Let us always say middle-aged—it sounds so much better than in the fifties.

Among the chivalrous in Europe, middle-aged women have long been popular. Madame de Stael, the proverbially homely—had more popularity than any woman of her day.

Diane de Poitiers was forty when she won the love of a prince of eighteen and he still loved her at fifty!

Madame de Marneton, at forty, married a king of France and Peter the Great of Russia married a decidedly middle-aged woman. Cleopatra, Helen of Troy and very many other women could be named who made their greatest triumphs late in life. But apart from love, or passion or the attraction of sex instincts all humanity, aye and even the brute creation, hungers for sympathy, that broad humanitarianism which true sympathy engenders. In the cultivation of this divine quality, one might well emulate the devout Hindu who daily before he begins his devotion and supplication for himself turns and salaams to the north, south, east and west. And breathes out a great wave of good thought to all the world.

IMPROVING LANDMARKS.

The California Outdoor Art League has in view the improvement of Dolores street, and that historic locality, including the Mission Dolores, always a point of interest for tourists, will well repay the efforts in its behalf. Many of the seeds and plants this club has distributed are growing and making earth brighter for their kindly thought.

Both Corona and Contemporary Clubs gave elaborate and delightful breakfasts to retiring and new officers and guests during May.

CLUB COMEDIES.
Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, past president of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association offers three one-act comedies for club reproduction. No scenery, curtain or special costuming required, and only women's parts in these original, up-to-date farces, which have had remarkable success. One type-written copy of the comedy desired sent for two dollars and a half.

"Why the Ladies' Literary Had No Entertainment"—8 characters.

"The Knickerbocker Dames"—10 characters.

"From Three to Six"—14 characters.
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They wish to establish a "CABINET OF BEAUTIFUL BABIES," which will contain the photographs of all babies sent them under the following plan.

Write to SPIM CO. for a BABY REGISTRY CARD, which contains blank spaces for information concerning your baby's birth, which if you will kindly fill out and return for registry (followed as soon as possible with baby's photograph) will register your baby in SPIM'S CABINET OF BEAUTIFUL BABIES and a complete copy forwarded to you when issued, FREE OF CHARGE.

When this CABINET is completed it will be submitted to a committee of 3 (not one of whom has ever seen the pictures before), who will pick out the HANDSOMEST BABY of all those pictured in the Cabinet.

To the one so selected, SPIM CO. will immediately place in bank, in its native town, the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, in trust, which sum, when the baby shall have attained its majority, shall become ITS ABSOLUTE PROPERTY, with all ACCRUED INTEREST.

This \$500.00 at ordinary Savings Bank interest COMPOUNDED, will (if the baby be a boy) start him in business at his majority, or if a girl, give her a fine educational advantage and place her beyond the reach of immediate want.

PLEASE NOTE.—The only conditions required for your baby to be eligible for this liberal offer are that SPIM Soap or SPIM Ointment shall be used to preserve, purify and beautify its skin, scalp and hair, and a WRAPPER of one or the other sent us with the name of the druggist from whom you purchased them.

NOTE.—If your druggist does not keep SPIM Soap or Ointment, enclose with your request for a registry card 25c, and the card, the booklet and a CAKE OF SPIM SOAP will be sent you by return mail, all charges prepaid. SPIM Ointment is 50c prepaid.

Address in full SPIM COMPANY, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

Spim Soap and Spim Ointment

have cured a little baby born with blood poison, red blotchy skin, terrible itching, hair in thin, shred-like patches, hands broken out in raw places between the fingers, and on the delicate little body, chafing had worn the folds of the skin almost to a raw state. Everything was tried, the child meanwhile suffering cruelly, crying and moaning day and night. SPIM Soap with warm water baths appeared to help the sufferer at once. Greatly encouraged, they persevered with the treatment applying at intervals SPIM Ointment. In a short time the child grew better, the skin cleared, hair grew again, appetite returned with restful days and sleepless nights; finally came clear, healthy baby skin, smooth, pink and natural. Today the child is healthy and clear-skinned with no trace of the disease.

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Petaluma, Oct. 20, 1902.

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IMPORTANT REMOVAL NOTICE

For the convenience of our patrons and the public in general, we have removed the Sans Souci Dry Hot Air Plant for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Etc. from Van Ness avenue to Emma Spreckels Building, Rooms 426-427. Phone Mint 1552.

New Firm of Undertakers.

Samuel McFadden, 18 years manager for the United Undertakers' Association; M. J. McCreary, with the same company for 10 years; P. F. Green, late with J. C. O'Connor & Co., have opened new Funeral Parlors at 1171 Mission street, between Seventh and Eighth, San Francisco. Telephone South 44.



What Mothers Should Know

BY AMELIA A. HOOPER.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN'S HAIR.

Mothers should teach their children to care for their hair as early as possible. If the little girl is coaxed into the habit of giving her locks a hundred strokes with a stiff brush every morning and evening and braiding them loosely for bed, the foundation for a future beautiful head of hair will be laid. Counting the strokes will lighten the task for her, and she will soon become accustomed to it and make it part of her daily toilet. Too many children are allowed to go to bed with their hair in a tousled condition, only to have it jerked and tangled hastily when school time comes around. Such a practice is disastrous to the nerves of a sensitive child and ruinous to the hair. Teach the little daughter to take care of her hair, and at the right time, and also to keep her brushes and comb in the proper state of cleanliness. These articles should be as strictly personal property as the tooth-brush. Never allow one child to use the other's hair-brush. Diseases of the scalp are most contagious, and the brush is the surest germ agent.

TEACH SINCERITY.

Some little time ago a girl was left alone in a great city. On all sides she met with sympathy. People gushed over her and said:

"Oh, you poor girl."

"I am so sorry for you."

"I wish I could do something to make your life less lonely."

Then they promptly went off and, being busy with their friends and their festivities and their families, forgot all about her, and she was lonely, as much as anyone cares about being in this world, which was meant for good things.

At first she was grateful for the words of sympathy, but in the end, after she had heard half a hundred times, "I'm so sorry for you," "I wish you could have more pleasure," "It's such a pity a nice young girl like you should not be married with a home of your own," "What a shame it is you don't know more people," etc., she used to loathe the people who said these things to her, because she found out they didn't mean what they said. If they had, they would have put themselves out a little, would have introduced her to people, and would have put her on the road toward bettering herself.

But it was easier to talk than to do.

In the end they made her lose her faith in all human nature, which is a bad conclusion.

Now, this is a lesson to teach children from their earliest years. Sympathy is a great thing, but deeds, no matter how small, are infinitely better. You may not be able to do much, but do what little you can. Say "I'm sorry," if you will, but don't say "I wish I could do this and that," when you don't wish any such thing. If you did wish it, you would help toward it—that is, don't say so unless you mean to help the one you are saying it to. That is the true test of sincerity, and sincerity is what all women stand in great need of.

HOW TO MEND CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS.

Huge holes in the stocking knees of children can be mended neatly and save the labor of darning or the actual throwing away of the otherwise good stocking. Cut the hole right out and join the two pieces left with an over and over stitch on the wrong side. This will make a seam, to be sure, but not unsightly, and they can be utilized for second best.

THE CHILD LABOR EVIL.

What conditions are with regard to child labor in some of the States of this Union may be gathered from the fact that the Virginia Legislature has found it necessary to pass a law forbidding the employment in factories of children under twelve.

CALIFORNIA FLOWERS

Are the admiration of the world, and the acres of roses, carnations, sweet peas and chrysanthemums shown in the center pages of the April number of the California Ladies' Magazine were the product of the Cox Seed Company, 411 Sansome street, San Francisco.

THE TOO KIND MOTHER.

Too little selfishness on the part of a mother is apt to beget too much of it in her children and her husband. Perpetual surrender of her rights and privileges breeds corresponding indifference and neglect from the family without their realizing it. She has so long yielded all the new dresses to her daughters that, they think anything will do for her.

"She doesn't care much about going out, anyway. There's no use asking her to take a ride or to go to the picnic; she's used to staying at home."

FRUIT AS A MEDICINE.

Try one of these fruit "cures" for your particular complaint. I am sure they are much to be preferred to doctors' drugs:

Grapes are almost as good as quinine for malarial troubles, and pineapples are a sure cure for a sore throat.

Tomatoes are perfect liver regulators—they contain a very small portion of mercury—while oranges act on the kidneys very beneficially. Lemons are efficacious in curing and preventing cancerous troubles, and watercresses act on the lungs and are said to be a cure for incipient consumption. They certainly have marvelous tonic power and refresh one after great fatigue.

Lettuce if taken in time, with lemon juice, will cure jaundice.

HOW TO CARE FOR HARDWOOD FLOORS.

Few housekeepers understand how to care for hardwood floors. Simple or elegant, there is but one mode of treatment. Never put a drop of oil of any kind upon them. If soiled, rub them off thoroughly with a flannel cloth wet with turpentine. When dry apply a preparation of wax. When this is finished and dry, polish them with a cloth or brush made for the purpose until clear and shining, as the quality of the floor will admit. This carefully done will keep a wooden floor in perfect condition.

HOW TO REMOVE RED IRON RUST

Cover the spots with salt, moisten with lemon juice, let stand a time, adding more salt and lemon. If not successful with these, use for fast colors muriatic acid. Spread the cloth over a bowl of hot water, touch the dry spots with a drop or two of the acid. When the rust disappears, rinse several times in clear water, and then in water in which there is a little ammonia.

HOW TO IMPROVE BOILED STARCH.

Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little salt or dissolved gum arabic. A useful thing to remember is that the iron will not stick to the clothes if the starch used has been mixed with soapy water.

HOW TO TAKE MEDICINE EASILY.

To prepare the mouth for a nauseous dose of medicine, chew a piece of orange peel or take a tiny bit of cayenne pepper. This will prepare the mouth for nearly anything you can imagine.

HOW TO KEEP BATH TUBS BRIGHT.

Zinc bath tubs may be kept bright by periodical scrubbing with hot vinegar in which coarse salt has been dissolved.

HOW TO REMOVE MACHINE GREASE.

Cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

EMMONS' BATH for Rheumatics.

Tired and overworked society ladies will be benefitted by hydrotherapy hot fomentations. Massage and cabinet bath for ladies exclusively. 528 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Telephone Main 5569.

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THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS

AUXILIARY TO THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

The nineteenth annual Convention of the Woman's Relief Corps, Department of California and Nevada, which convened in San Francisco May 12th, was presided over by Mrs. Ida L. Jarvis, of Pasadena, Department President. Although suffering intensely through the entire session, and evidently too ill for such labors, she was never absent from the chair, and managed the large body of earnest women, with much skill and quiet dignity. The ladies seemed to realize that they were there for work and in accord with the spirit of harmony and fraternal fellowship, the business of the Convention was despatched with precision and in order.

The reports of the various officers showed the Corps forming this Department of the West, to be in a healthy condition. And no more representative body of women, of grander and nobler type was ever brought together, in this city for a common cause. The women who are exemplifying in their individual lives, touched to the quick by the powers which flow in unison with the great thought; that, "Patriotism is the first duty and Loyalty the first virtue." They teach the rising generation, which owns the future, the transcendent service of the grand old army to our country, in preserving the honor for which our forefathers fought; that we might forever remain an undivided nation. They point to the cities of silence, over all our land, where sleep our heroic dead, for the sublime lesson to all time, "that to live for one's country is Honor, to die for her is Glory."

As the Woman's Relief Corps, the auxiliary of the Grand Army of the Republic is the largest patriotic and charitable organization of women, in the world, and as California is soon to celebrate a memorable occasion, the National Encampment of the G. A. R., we quote from the report of Alice A. Fitch, Instituting and Installing Officer of the Department, hoping it will awaken a lively interest in the loyal heart of our fair Californiennes to renewed effort in this direction:

"We invite all loyal women of good moral character, over sixteen years of age, who have not given aid to the enemies of the Union, to join our ranks and give energy and influence towards the further success of the work of the largest patriotic and charitable organization of woman in the world."

"The fortieth anniversary of Lincoln's first call for troops discovered a great silent army awaiting the final roll-call. Every Memorial Day displays a diminished number of Veterans with weary, unsteady footsteps, marching under the flag, honoring the

memory of their sleeping comrades. Their loyalty and faithfulness to the government must not die with them. All loyal men and women should realize individual duty in developing patriotism in the boys and girls, in the young men and women, who must preserve and defend the Union after the old soldiers have fallen in the ranks. Let the Woman's Relief Corps be united in determined purpose to increase in power and usefulness, and in a fraternal, charitable, loyal spirit, educate and inspire the younger generations to be as faithful to our government as have been the old soldiers."

The Department of California and Nevada has sixty corps in its jurisdiction, with a membership of 3,828. It has expended in relief \$3,420.11 in cash; in other reliefs amounting to \$2,031.46; turned over to Posts \$725.25, making a total of \$6,180.42, that has been distributed for alleviation of suffering for the year 1902-03. Certainly a good showing.

Lyon Corps No. 6, of Oakland, like the brave commander, whose name it perpetuates, and who fell leading his valorous men to victory, has distinguished itself by heading the Roll of Honor, in cash relief corps work. Each deed of charity, sympathy and love in this crown of beneficent works, sinks with the setting sun, to rise again like the evolution of a star into the sunlight and glory of God.



MAJOR W. G. HAWLEY,
Post-Commander, Department of California and Nevada of the G. A. R.

THE ENGINEER'S SIGNAL

BY BRET HART.

The recent death of Bret Hart calls to mind this poem of his which has a peculiar interest, as lately there have been several of these brave engineers killed in railroad accidents:

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said,
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and hence
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped.

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song or midnight roundelay
Said what the whistle seemed to say;
"To my trust true,
So love to you!
Working or waiting, good-night!" it said.

Brisk young bagman, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence—
"Nothing ails—
Nothing—it is
Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and winter the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
Pierced thro' the budding boughs o'erhead,
Flew down the track when red sheaves burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned;
Sang as it flew,
"To our trust true,
First of all, duty! Good-night!" it said.

And then one night it was heard no more
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore;
And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds: "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
One only knew,
To his trust true,
Guild lay under his engine, dead.

The Corps representing the largest membership is the Stanton, No. 16 of Los Angeles, the sunny Southland, with swaying palms; where the aroma of the magnolia interblends with the breath of orange groves; the rose sighs its sweetest refrain to the kiss of butterfly and bee, and the whip-poor-will and lark, on flashing wing soar upward to the height of song.

The closing labors of the Convention were interrupted with a pleasant exercise not on the program, that of presentations to the retiring President, Mrs. Ida L. Jarvis. She was the recipient of a handsome diamond sunburst pin and a set of silver spoons, from the officers of the Department and members of the various corps in appreciation of the kindly loving spirit, manifest in all her administration. Mrs. Jarvis carries with her from the honored position, the warm and grateful hearts of a host of friends.

The Convention chose wisely, and well the Department President for the ensuing year, Mrs. Eliza Shepard of Lyon Corps, No. 6, of Oakland. Mrs. Shepard is just in the flush of a noble womanhood, gifted with many graces, mind and soul, and most of all, has, in a high degree, that peculiar magnetic force, which is the power behind the door. She will surely make a record for the Department this year, a memorable one, to Grand Army and Relief Corps circles. Her whole soul is in the work, and with her splendid attainments cannot fail to crown her efforts with brilliant achievement.

The other newly elected officers are: Senior Vice, Laura Hirsch; Junior Vice, Anna M. Sweasy; Treasurer, Ida May Carpenter; Chaplain, Carrie Ey.

Executive Board—Augusta Tozier, Bessie Johnson, Sarah T. Fox, Mary Frazer, Ella Davis. Delegate-at-Large—Sarah J. Farwell.

Other Delegates—Eliza Warburton, Carrie Dibble, Carrie Hawley, Anna Cannon, Inspector, Margaret Ryder; Press Cor., Mamie O'Keefe; Patriotic Instructor, May Jones. Instituting and Installing Officer, Maria Eaton; Counselor, Cora A. Merritt; Secretary, Rose E. Dorety.

Mrs. Geraldine Frisbie, National Senior Vice, officiated as installing officer, assisted by Carrie Robinson, conductor, and the work of the Convention of 1903 was concluded. The delegates went away from it with determination to devote themselves more energetically than ever to the good cause.

MARTHA P. OWEN.

IN MEMORIAM

[Dedicated to the late Colonel Peter T. Dickinson, Honorary member of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association.]

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL DONN ELLY.

It seems a little way I've walked with thee,
Beloved! Only a little, a little way!
I now 'mid blinding tears must walk alone,
Until I reach that perfect day.

It was so sweet, Beloved, to be with thee,
We dwelt in peace, together knelt in prayer;
My heart a moment would not set thee free—
When days were full of bliss, and harmony was there.

How can I walk alone, my own, my own!
In loneliness I linger in despair;
Thy voice forever dumb, thy spirit flown,
Death placed his silent signet there.

Oh, happiest hours on life's dull shore,
When within thy hand mine often stole;
Your eyes sought mine, Hope still was there;
Then confidence would o'er thee roll.

From out the wreck of perished hopes
One flower remains to bloom for me;
My heart will catch thy heavenly notes,
And lift my soul, oh God, to Thee.

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CALIFORNIA IN JUNE

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL DONN ELLY.

My days are filled with June delights;
Roses and lilies and green grass waving;
Flower laden fields, no fierce storms to blight,
A bevy of linnets each other upbraiding.

The bees are humming and whispering their love;
The song of the lark, a bright flashing wing,
Fruits temptingly red, the cooing of doves,
And all the glory that Summer doth bring.

The gardens are spread with blossom and vine;
The soft blushing pink, and flashing red dahila;
Proud flowers which have not to "toil or to spin—"
But stand like sentinels in regal regalia.

My heart is full with the blossoms of gold;
With exquisite incense, the summertime favors;
With all the grand treasures, California doth hold,
Great waving grains, Spring's own sweetest labors.

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Adams & Elting Co.
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Servants I Have Had, Especially Japanese

BY SARAH P. BRASTON.

Their name is legion and they run the gamut of all the nations. On the whole the Japanese seem quite as interesting as any. A singular fact is that those who render the best service are not born servants, and do not expect to continue in that capacity. With them you can never know when you are entertaining an angel unaware. He may be a Prince in disguise, for all you know to the contrary. They have the Oriental gentleness of manner and low, soft voice, but if required to raise the voice above a certain pitch, it becomes harsh and guttural. One boy who had been sick and to whom I had been kind, seemed appreciative, and to prove it electrified me by bringing a pair of his old trousers to be patched. I was somewhat puzzled to know how to refuse gracefully, and not hurt his feelings.

I have found the Japanese rather considerate and sympathetic in case of sickness. The Chinese, if not unkind, are indifferent. On one occasion I made arrangements on Sunday for a boy to come on Monday morning and commence his duties by preparing breakfast. I was impressed with his honesty, so gave him a key to the outside door, and told him to come in and go to work without disturbing me. When I went into the kitchen I found a clean, intelligent looking boy with a white coat and apron complacently getting breakfast. He greeted me with a smile and the Japanese bow that is so fetching. I looked and looked again, finally said: "surely you are not Shumi, the boy I engaged?" "No," he said, "I am Frank, Shumi's sick; he come tomorrow;" whereupon he produced a letter from Shumi which I destroyed, but which ran something like this: "Madam: It pains and grieves me and I loathe and despise the melancholy thing I have to do, believe me I am bowed to the ground to render you this ill, but I am sick and my friend will stay," etc.

For several days I expected Shumi. Whenever I asked Frank "when Shumi come?" he would smile so reassuringly and reply: "I think he come tomorrow."

I finally learned that, despite his grief and despair, he had accepted another situation where the wages were higher and given this place to Frank. However, Frank proved a good substitute, and very interesting. He had been through the High School in Japan and a seminary which he thought corresponded to our academy. I soon saw the compensation I gave him was but a tithe of the money he spent. He received regular remittances from home and merely took service in an American family, did all sorts of menial work and submitted to orders and rebukes the better to learn the language and the customs of the country,

which, indeed, is the case with many of them. Frank generally went out to call on his friends in the afternoon when he was not entertaining them himself. He was many times late in returning to get dinner, and when one evening he failed to return at all, I took it in the natural course of events, feeling sure he would appear in the morning, after breakfast. A call at the telephone proved to be Frank at Martinez. He said he was up there duck hunting, would be back tomorrow. Was it all right? I had to say it was. After three days he returned with no apologies, and a nice pair of cotton tail rabbits which he stewed for my lunch and which I enjoyed very much.

He had a large camera and took very artistic pictures. Sometimes they would be simply cloud effects, sometimes a gathering storm on the bay. Once he caught a bird on the wing, or poised. He developed them, toned and printed them himself, on the best paper, using the best materials, and I have never seen better by an American professional.

Another boy had been trained or board a man-of-war in the harbor, and was most respectful in his manner and always saluted with his hand to his head when he addressed me, and on one occasion, when I asked him what he was doing, meaning if it was not important as I wanted him to water the garden, he answered that he was reading Hiaiwatha; that the "metre" bothered him. Once I had just changed boys, there were guests in the house, the new boy did not look very promising, appearing to be rather stupid.

I sent some towels up stairs: my friend met him and said: "We do not need them, we have plenty." Her mother said: "He does not understand plenty," and to him—"Do you understand what 'plenty' means?" Without changing a muscle of his face he replied, first pronouncing, then spelling, the word "p-l-e-n-t-y, meant abundance." Another one, while having no title himself, had two cousins who were also classmates, one was a Captain in the navy and another a Lieutenant in the army. I addressed letters to both for him in English, he writing the Japanese inscription beneath.

It makes no difference whether they are satisfied with the place and you are satisfied with them. They will push on to another family. Your ways may be agreeable, but they also want to know how other people live, and you are liable to go down stairs any fine morning and find the boy you have so carefully trained, has levanted and his place been filled by some one you never saw before.

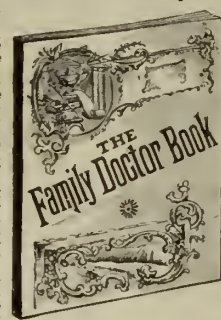
Books Worth One Dollar Free

To any lady who sends us 25 cents we will forward the CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE for three months and her choice of any one of the following books:

The Ladies' Guide to Beauty The Family Doctor Book.



This book was written by one of the most celebrated of our beauties, and fully explains the secrets employed by the famous beauties of all ages of securing and preserving the charms of the face and person. It contains minute and practical instructions, accompanied by many valuable recipes, for securing a handsome form, a clear and smooth skin, a beautiful face, a charming complexion, a well-developed bust, beautiful eyes, mouth, lips, hands, feet and ankles, a charming voice; it tells how to enhance the natural charms by dress, ornament and deportment; how to secure a beautiful head of hair, to prevent the hair from coming out, to prevent it from turning gray, to soften and beautify and to remove superfluous hair, to remove pimples, freckles, fleshworms, tan, wrinkles, etc., etc. For one-tenth of the cost of a single bottle of one of the popular cosmetics of the day a lady may buy this book, and not only learn how to put up herself at the most trifling cost the best of harmless beautifiers for the complexion, but at the same time acquire almost every known secret of beauty. It is a book of 64 large, double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.



This valuable book should find a place in every American home. It will save its small cost a hundred times over every year in doctors' bills. It contains plain and simple directions for the treatment of every known disease or ailment of the human frame, and suggests simple home remedies which will usually effect a cure without the necessity of employing a physician. The various topics are alphabetically arranged, so that any particular complaint may be referred to in a moment. Appended to the work proper is a valuable treatise entitled "Advice to Mothers," which will be found of the utmost value and usefulness to every mother, young or old. It would be a wise thing if the head of every household would buy a copy of this book. It costs but a trifle, the value of the information it contains can hardly be measured by dollars and cents. It will tell you how to cure every ailment you have now or are ever likely to have, and you will be surprised to see how readily and common ill yield in the simple remedies given. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and it will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

HOW Women May Earn Money.



There are thousands of women in our country who feel the need of earning money, but who do not know how to go about it. It is to lend a helping hand to all such that this book has been written. The author is Mrs. Elsie W. Merriman, a wide-awake little Western woman, herself a bread winner, and the book is the result of her experience, observation and extensive correspondence with well-supporting women. Salaried positions, where a woman may earn money in their own homes, without conflicting with their regular employments. Women who need a little "pin money" for their own use, or whose circumstances are such that they feel the need of helping to provide for the expenses of a family, will find the book invaluable, and we have no doubt that it will serve to lighten the burdens of many an anxious heart. The following are only a few of the many methods of earning money suggested and described herein: "Artificial Flowers," "Baked Beans and Brown Bread," "Bakery," "Bee Keeping," "Botanizing Chairs," "Candy Making," "Canning and Pickling," "Carpet Weaving," "Cleaning," "Cleaning Lamps, Silver, etc.," "Cooking for Grocery Stores," "Collections and Fruit Juices," "Corsets, Bands and Dress Forms," "Cozy Corners," "Curtains," "Cushions and Pillows," "Designing," "Embroidery," "Fancy Book Covers," "Flavoring Extracts," "Food Specialties," "Hair Work," "Holiday Gifts," "Home Dyeing," "Home Made Remedies," "Hot Cookies," "Horse Radish," "Hulled Corn," "Infants' Outfits," "Lace Making," "Paper Flowers," "Papering Furniture," "Remodeling Dresses," "Remodeling Hats," "Rings," "Small Fruits," "Tin Mending," "Washing Fluid," "Woman's Exchanges," etc., etc. "How Women May Earn Money" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

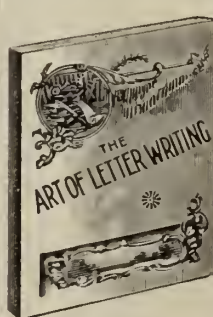
The Mystic Oracle; Or, THE COMPLETE FORTUNE-TELLER AND DREAM-BOOK.

This is a new book, just published, and without doubt the most valuable work upon the subject of fortune-telling, or the art of foretelling the future, ever written. It fully explains the secrets employed by fortune-tellers, and clairvoyants of every age since the world began, and tells you how to forecast your own destiny as well as that of others. It tells not how to foretell the events of the future by a single method, but by all known methods. It is a strange, wonderful and mysterious book, containing secrets of the greatest value and most remarkable usefulness to every human being. It explains the mysteries of Astrology, or the art of foretelling future events by the signs of the zodiac, the sun, moon, and planetary system; it contains a list of Lucky and Unlucky days, a list of Fortunate Hours, etc.; it explains the art of fortune-telling by the Transposition of Names, also by the Lines of the Hand, commonly called Palmistry, also by Moles, Marks, Scars or other signs upon the skin, also by the "Mystic Oracle," or the Hair, the Features, etc.; it tells how fortunes are told by Cards, Dice and Dominoes, also the art of telling fortunes by Charms, Spells and Incantations, showing the charms of Magic, Laurel, the Three Keys, "The Chain," the Magic Ring, the Witch's Chain, the Nine Keys, the Mysterious Watch, the Magic Rose, Cupid's Nosegay, Bride Cake Charm, Yarrow Charm, etc.; it explains the art of foretelling future events by the Interpretation of Dreams; and it also contains Napoleon's Oracle, or the Book of Fate, found in the cabinet of Napoleon Bonaparte, who estimated it as his greatest treasure, being in the habit of consulting it on all momentous occasions, and having always found its revelations to be true.



"The Mystic Oracle" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

The Art of Letter Writing



To be able to write an easy and graceful letter is a great art. All do not possess it. Yet it may be cultivated by almost any one with a little study, and such an art is well worthy of cultivation for the impression produced by a well-constructed letter is the direct reverse of that made by one clumsily and improperly expressed. Many a young man, at a critical period in his life, has had his prospects completely ruined by his inability to properly express himself by letter. And the same is true of young women. Fine penmanship, though desirable, is not as important as proper construction and expression. "The Art of Letter Writing" is a new book, just published, and will be found an efficient aid to the proper construction of letters upon all subjects and for all occasions. It is adapted to the requirements of both ladies and gentlemen, and contains numerous forms of letters upon Love and Matrimony, Business, Letters between Friends and Relatives, Letters of Introduction, Letters of Advice, notes with gifts, letters of Condolence, Invitations, Answers to Advertisements, etc., etc. In addition it contains a comprehensive treatise upon Etiquette and the "Sages of Society," and will be found a most useful and practical book, worth many times its small cost. "The Art of Letter Writing" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

A CART-LOAD OF FUN.



This is a new book, just published, and contains one Hundred and Sixty-six funny Stories, Anecdotes and Jokes by such famous humorists as Mark Twain, Max Adler, Josh Billings, Bill Nye, B. J. Burdette, and many others. It is full of fun and nonsense from cover to cover, and a sure cure for "the blues." All the best jokes, anecdotes and stories of recent years have been carefully selected, and are now offered in this large and splendid collection, which will be richly enjoyed by all who love fun, merriment and fun. Among the titles of the anecdotes and stories contained in "A Cart-Load of Fun" are the following: "A Man with a Liver," "Punkin Pie," "Pots and the Lightning-Bol Man," "How to Go a-Courting," "Baumgartner's Dog," "Stove's Elephant Story," "A Scheme to Manufacture Happiness," "Mrs. Jones's Burglar," "The Facts About Sam Snyder," "Deacon Amos Tenderloin Discusses Dudes," "The Sad Case of Filly du Bill," "The Dead Guleh Christmas Tree," "A Primval Scrap," "Marthy Became Reconciled," "I've Ephraim's Wisdom," "A One-Horse Hotel," "He Concluded not to Commit Suicide," "Queerly Married," "Hannah was Aroused," "How the Tired Patient Man had his Feelings Treated," "Why the Tree Man Isn't a 'Lone Ephraim's Baby,'" "Breaking up a Cat Concert," and 143 others. "A Cart-Load of Fun" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, sent by mail, postpaid, upon receipt of only 25c, together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

Remember, these books sell in any stationery store at one dollar each. Send 25 cents in stamps for a three-months' subscription to the California Ladies' Magazine and receive your choice of the above books free. Address CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE, Circulation Department, 1236 Market St., San Francisco.

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INTERESTING PUBLICATION.

"We are in receipt of the April number of the California Ladies' Magazine, and it has been long since we had the pleasure of perusing a more interesting publication."—Pleasanton (Cal.) Times, April 28, 1903.

"It is one of the finest pieces of work ever received at this office."—The Campton (Cal.) Enterprise, April 23, 1903.

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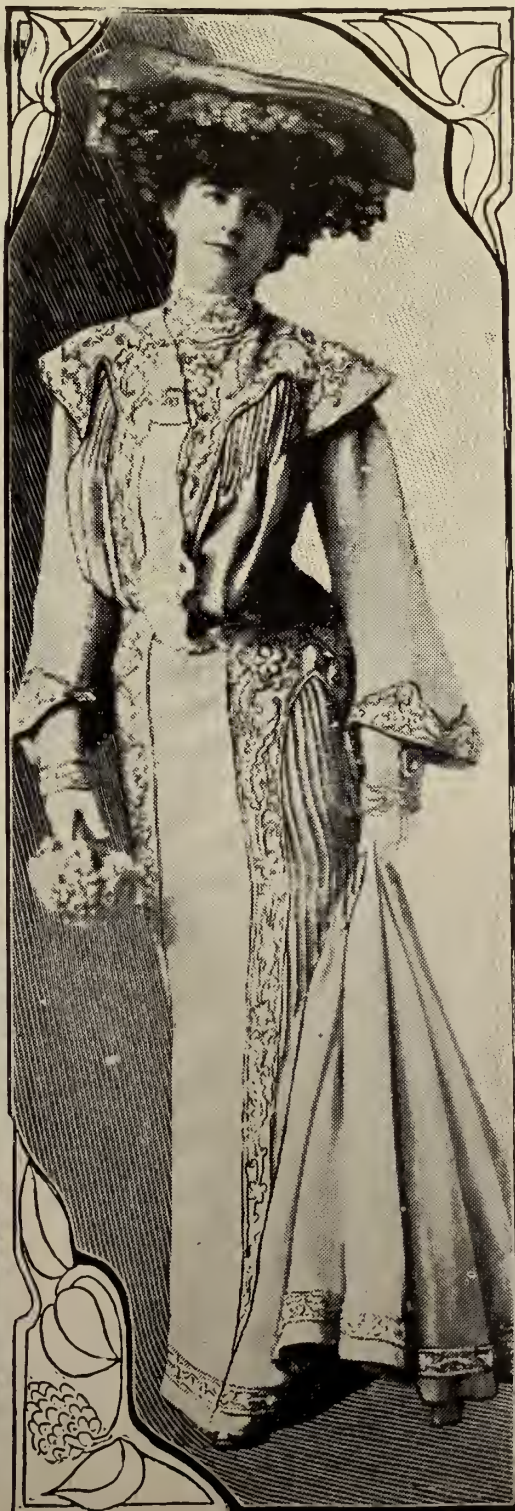
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CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE



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JULY

CALIFORNIA LADIES' PUBLISHING COMPANY

1903

THE HIGHEST COMPLIMENT THAT ANY MAGAZINE HAS EVER RECEIVED

Reviews from the press of the United States filled with criticisms of the California Ladies' Magazine

"The best magazine in the world"
 "The finest magazine for the ladies yet published"
 "Superior to any other ladies' journal"
 "Should be in every home in the land"

"Journal second to none in the land"
 "The great magazine of the day"
 "A leading publication"
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A few extracts from the favorable criticisms of over a thousand editorials published in the last fortnight:

"Morning Sun," Norwich, N. Y.

...The California Ladies' Magazine was established four years ago and has met with phenomenal success.... the best magazine in the world.

"The Record," Del Norte, Cal.:

...It is equal if not superior of any other ladies' journals....second to none in the land....this most highly edited Western publication.

"Rural Life," Sterling, Ill.:

...This magazine was established four years ago and its growth and development have been phenomenal. It is a large 56-page magazine, handsomely printed and illustrated on the best quality of paper and is just such a publication as the ladies have been looking for and are deserving of.

"The Daily Sun," Lewiston, Me.:

...a guide and an educator to their sisters. The growth of the magazine has been phenomenal, and the steady demand for it is increasing throughout the entire world. The new building, which will be erected for the Magazine by the intelligent and enterprising women of that State, will stand during the succeeding generations as a monument to the loyalty, ability and worth of our women.... It is a bright, readable magazine—in no way inferior to those managed and edited in part by men.

"The Journal," Haywards, Cal.:

...The California Ladies' Magazine should be better known to our fair sex, for it is without doubt, the finest magazine for the ladies....and it is without doubt the most elegant literary work yet published here.

"Evening Tribune," Oakland, Cal.:

...The June number of the California Ladies' Magazine is by far the handsomest edition ever published on the Pacific Coast.

"The Journal," Yreka, Cal.:

...published by an association of ladies. It is a 56-page monthly, handsomely illustrated, and equal if not SUPERIOR to the Ladies' Home Journal and similar publications in the East.

"Gazette-News," Kalamazoo, Mich.:

...The California Ladies' Magazine, edited and published by women at Oakland, Cal., has improved with every number since it was established four years ago, and now compares very favorably with the Ladies' Home Journal.

"Tennessee Farmer," Nashville, Tenn.:

...we are pleased to say it was one of the most interesting magazines we have ever seen. The style, illustrations, selections and editorials are first class.

"Oregon State Journal," Eugene, Ore.:

...One of the best magazines we have seen in a long time is the California Ladies Magazine. The June number is a perfect gem. The literature is of a high order, bright and sparkling, and the numerous pictures, including many portraits of noted people, are beautiful. It is both interesting and ornamental.

"Daily Record," Oneho, N. Y.:

...The magazine was established four years ago and its growth has been phenomenal. It is a thoroughly up-to-date ladies' magazine.

"Evening Journal," Jamestown, N. Y.:

...The officers and directors of the publishing company are composed entirely of women, who ought to know what their sisters want in literature and fashions.

"The Daily Dispatch," Shamokin, Pa.:

...It is replete with good things from cover to cover. It is gotten up in the style of the Philadelphia Ladies' Home Journal, and it will be a very sharp competitor for honors with that magazine, and may outrival it in circulation when it once becomes generally known. It is handsomely printed, filled with half-tone cuts, and reading matter written by some of the most noted writers of our country.

"Spirit of the West," Des Moines, Ia.:

...The number before us is replete with good things which are of interest to every member of the family, from the youngest to the oldest, and it is also profusely illustrated throughout. The magazine is nicely gotten up mechanically, the cuts used are fine half-tones, the arrangement of the best, and taken all together it is a monthly that should grace the reading table of every home in the land. It has passed the period of experiment and is now in the fifth successful year of publication.

"Solano County Courier," Suisun, Cal.:

...It is similar to the Ladies' Home Journal in size and make-up, is full of the most interesting reading matter, is nicely printed and is beautifully illustrated.

"American Advertiser," Delhi, N. Y.:

...This magazine is the only one owned and published by women, and its growth has been phenomenal in its four years of existence. This is an evidence of the progressive spirit of women over on the Pacific.

"Morning Mercury," San Jose, Cal.:

...Altogether, the periodical in literary contents and mechanical make-up, is highly creditable....

"The Herald," Dayton, Oregon:

...is a first class, up-to-date ladies' publication....

"The Sentinel," Salem, Oregon:

...the most creditable coast publication....

"Fargo Forum and Republican:"

...The Forum has received the May issue of the California Ladies' Magazine, a well illustrated journal containing much of value to the ladies everywhere....

"Farmer's Home Journal," Louisville:

...a handsomely printed and beautifully illustrated magazine....

"The News," Winona, Minn.:

...The growth of the magazine has been wonderful, and the steady demand of it is increasing throughout the entire world.

"The Argus," Albany, N. Y.:

...The California Ladies' Magazine, "the only ladies' journal on the Pacific Coast," owned, edited and controlled by women, is four years old and a fine, prosperous journal. It is profusely illustrated and compares well with any of the Eastern monthlies devoted to woman's interests....

"Nebraska Farmer," Omaha, Neb.:

...is a very creditable magazine.

"The Times," Pleasanton, Cal.:

...We are in receipt of the California Ladies' Magazine, and it is long since we have had the pleasure of perusing a more interesting publication. ...The ladies who are publishing the work should meet with flattering success, for the magazine is certainly worth the subscription price....

"The Call," Norwalk, Cal.:

...It is a well gotten up magazine, with fine illustrations, and is an organ of the various women's clubs throughout the State in general and San Francisco and Oakland in particular....

"The Star," St. Helena, Cal.:

...A publication which is meeting with the success it merits, is the California Ladies' Magazine. It is printed in the general style of the Ladies' Home Journal and the Woman's Companion, is very attractively gotten up and is the only publication of its kind in the west....

"Morning Enterprise," Riverside, Cal.:

...It is a splendid number to send to Eastern friends....

"Evening Tribune," Oakland, Cal.:

...The California Ladies' Magazine is a splendid home paper containing good stories, poems, home talks, illustrations, etc....

"Ione Valley Echo:"

...is a choice issue....

"The Morning Mercury:"

...The California Ladies' Magazine is a publication of varied interest, not merely because it is owned and managed entirely by women, but because of the character of its contents. Its stories, general articles and illustrations are all attractive....

"The Telegraph," Macon, Ga.:

...are filled with the best literary, household matter and illustrations....

"The Cypress," Monterey, Cal.:

...which within four years has taken rank as a guide and educator throughout this continent. Its growth has been phenomenal, the demand for this high-class publication increasing throughout the civilized world....

"The Jersey City News:"

...The magazine is profusely and well illustrated....

"The Tribune," Bay City, Mich.:

...its correspondents include some of the leading lights in the literary world, among these being his Excellency, Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger and others....

"Journal and Courier," New Haven:

...it gives abundant promise of being a winner.

"The Woman's Journal," Boston:

...beautiful magazine has become in less than four years a leading publication....

"The Daily Sun," Colusa, Cal.:

...is a wonderfully beautiful and useful periodical filled with good literature of the most interesting class....

"Independent," Plumas, Cal.:

...The reading matter is interesting, as well as instructive. It is profusely and artistically illustrated, and should, its merits being considered, find a place in every household in our State....

"The Enterprise," Compton, Cal.:

...and is one of the finest pieces of work ever received at this office

A CREDIT TO THE STATE

Oakland, (Cal.) Tribune, June 19, 1903.

The California Ladies' Magazine, edited and published entirely by ladies, is one of the brightest publications in the West. Its staff of writers are well known throughout the East and West in the literary world. They spare neither labor nor expense to make it all that they have designed it should be in every department. The last issue devoted to the Native Daughters of the Golden West, beautifully enhanced with portraits of fair women, is especially attractive.

The August number is to commemorate the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic and will be replete with golden nuggets. Mrs. Martha P. Owen, the well-known journalist, is the editor in charge of this remarkable issue, and this is sufficient guarantee of its dainty and artistic completeness. Mrs. Owen, as a writer, has no peer in the west. From her pen drop thoughts like pearls that shine in the diadem of literary excellence. Her patriotic enthusiasm will no doubt express itself to a gem of printed beauty that will be graciously appreciated by the old soldiers, and every Californian who takes a pride in the State, for Mrs. Owen's fealty to California is as well known as her journalistic ability.

THE BEST MAGAZINE PUBLISHED

From the Michigan Vidette

(which is devoted to the G. A. R., Woman's Relief Corps, Ladies of the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans, and Soldiers' Home, Mich.)

California Ladies' Magazine lies on our table. It is published by the California Ladies' Publishing Company, and the only one of its kind on the Pacific Coast, and probably in the entire country. It is a finely illustrated Magazine, all the work being of a high order and brilliantly executed. The reading matter is exceptionally interesting, its corps of writers having a world wide reputation, which is itself a guarantee of its merit. The August number is to be largely devoted to the interests of the G. A. R. and kindred organizations. Wherever The Vidette goes we hope to see this bright, breezy Magazine installed. It ought to find its way into every home interested in the G. A. R. work. It is the best Magazine published.

"The Moon," Guadalupe, Cal.:

...California Ladies' Magazine ranks with some of the best of its class in publication to-day. It is the only paper of its kind on the coast and compares favorably with the Ladies' Home Journal and other well known publications.

"Evening Argus," Oroosa, Mich.:

...and they have no cause to blush for their publication.

"Tri-State Farmer," Chattanooga:

...we are pleased to say it was one of the most interesting magazines we have seen....

"Daily Coast Mail," Marshfield, Ore.:

...making the handsomest publication that has come to our table in a long time....

"The Times," Pomona, Cal.:

...It is, indeed, a credit to the publishers. The quality of its matter, including illustrations, is of a high order. Its illustrations are not confined to human figures and dresses....

"Woman's Standard," Waterloo, Iowa:

...It is gotten up in the style, form, size of the Ladies' Home Journal....

"Bridgeport Chronicle," Union, Cal.:

...is one of the greatest magazines of the day.

"The Herald," Gridley, Cal.:

...a handsomely illustrated publication devoted to women and their work. The paper is up-to-date typographically, and contains a large number of illustrations typical of California. The leading women of the State have contributed to its columns, articles on fashion, society, club life, etc., making the magazine interesting to their sex....

"Marion News-Tribune:"

...the reading matter and the artistic manner in which it is presented furnish an explanation of the popularity which the magazine has attained during its four years of life....

"Rural Spirit," Portland, Oregon:

...and is a very bright publication.

CALIFORNIA LADIES MAGAZINE

Vol. IV

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JOAQUIN MILLER, THE POET OF THE SIERRAS

BY KATE BLYTHE COTHRAN.

"Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine,
Where I may sit above the sea,
And drink the sun as drinking wine,
And dream, or sing some songs of thee;
Or days to climb to Shasta's dome
Again, and be with gods at home,
Salute my mountains,—clouded Hood,
Saint Helens in its sea of wood,—
Where sweep the Oregon and where
Wild storms are in the feathered fir."

Thus wrote Joaquin Miller thirty years ago in Athens, Greece, and today true, loyal to his own land and sea, true as a mother to her child to his own "Sierras, and eternal tints of snow that flash o'er battlements," he will publish his complete poetical works in California. That he will sing no more we question. Did he not write—

"I too sing with lifted eyes
Because I could not choose but sing?"

More than a quarter of a century ago a young man of seven and twenty, ambitious, unused to the ways of the world, poor in purse, but rich in the inspirations of his own sun-land, arrived in London unheralded and unknown. In a few months this timid, modest youth was the center of the most exclusive and cultured literary circles of the Old World. The English were quick to discern and appreciate the genius of Joaquin Miller. While a few slang expressions, redolent of the wild, untamed west, crept into the earlier poems, that caused tiny chills to chase each other up the vertebrae of Oxford and Cambridge, his originality, his wonderful insight into nature, his matchless description, immediately captured the English. Some of the critics could discern traces of Byron, while others could see Browning in the lines, but the consensus of opinions was that he was unique and as original as the virgin paths of his beloved forests.

Although Mr. Miller lived in our midst more than a decade, no two persons will agree in their estimate of his personality. He is a veritable Eolian harp, and individuals are the wind that strike the different notes, and the song is sweet or harsh like unto the nature of the breeze that moves the strings.

While the English reviews were filled with praises and prophecies of the new poet, his own country knew nothing of him. Later on it required an Englishman, Sir Edwin Arnold himself one of the "lights of the world," to inform us that Joaquin Miller and Edgar Allen Poe were the greatest American poets. In 1871 the "Songs of the Sierras" were published in this country. Since that time Mr. Miller has done much literary work,

and perhaps his last is his best, as he has touched certain chords that he did not strike in his earlier work. In the "Songs of the Soul" the title is the index to the contents. The poems are

sions of a disciplined spiritual nature, a nature that had achieved the heights through great anguish. This subtle spiritual power is present in all of Mr. Miller's later poems. He has suffered,

tively made in Lord Buddah's understanding of the music of the Devas, before he made his great renunciation.

"Once the set
A stringed gourd on the sill, there where
the wind
Could linger o'er its notes and play at
will—
Wild music makes the wind on silver
strings—
And those who lay around heard only
that,
But Prince Siddarha heard the Devas
play."

Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, the Brownings, Poe, and Realf heard the Devas all their lives? Byron only heard the "wild music of the wind upon the silver strings," except as Professor Dowden says in his life of Shelley, that during the sojourn of Shelley, Byron, and Leigh Hunt in Geneva, Switzerland, when Shelley wrote very little and Byron seemed to partake of Shelley's spirituality and wrote the best canto of Child Harold. If Shakespeare and Goethe had not heard the Devas there would have been no "Midsummer's Night Dream," no "Faust." With all the exquisite art of which Tennyson is the master, he heard not the music until late in life. The Devas played and Joaquin Miller heard them only when he penned the "Songs of the Soul."

"One day, perfumed day in white," he was our guest. The household felt a special benediction in his presence. His gentleness, his charity, his optimism, appealed to all. With the household babes, three, about his knees, and the great Dane dog and the tortoise shell cat in suspended hostilities in peace at his feet, the poet talked in his own inimitable manner of poetry, of the sunshine in the hair of the babes, of the sunlight upon the golden grain, of the wind that passed up and down the garden paths, that caressingly tossed the roses back and forth across the way, that met you in such a friendly manner. "Why," he said, "if there was nothing in the world but the wind, life would be worth living. Life is so beautiful."

He sits not in judgment upon his fellow-men. No word of censure escapes him, and his chief admonition to men and women is to purchase a bit of ground and plant trees. These will return the care and love expended upon them a thousand fold. Joaquin Miller is a cremationist, and at his death, which we hope will be in the far future, the funeral pyre will be lighted, the body burned, the ashes scattered to the four winds of the earth, while his spirit will journey to the "Kingdom of the Hereafter."



JOAQUIN MILLER.

literally soul songs. The "Songs of the Sierras" have all the strength, beauty, coloring, power, grandeur, and sensuousness of a young giant. The "Songs of the Soul" are the calm, pure expres-

but has been silent; he has been wounded, but healed his wounds with spiritual pearls.

In "The Light of Asia" this spiritual inspiration is beautifully and sugges-

Joaquin Miller's Tribute to the Author of "Liberty's Bell"

"And some Orient Dawn had found me
Kneeling at the house of Fame."

Fame found Madge Morris Wagner in the blazing Colorado Desert, her fingers on the pulse of Nature at fever heat. Like all who are truly great teachers, making a text of the place and the time. This is what she said:

"Thou brown, bare-breasted, voiceless mystery,
Hot sphinx of nature, cactus-crowned, what hast thou done?"

Unclothed and mute as when the groans of chaos turned

Thy naked burning bosom to the sun.
The mountain silences have speech, the rivers sing,
Thou answerest never unto anything.
Pink-throated lizards pant in thy slim shade;
The horned toad runs rustling in the heat;
The shadowy gray coyote, born afraid,
Steals to some brackish spring and laps, and prowls
Away, and howls and howls and howls and howls,
Until the solitude is shaken with an added loneliness.
Thy sharp mesal shoots up a giant stalk,
Its century of yearning, to the sunburnt skies,
And drips rare honey from the lips
Of yellow waxen flowers, and dies.
Some lengthwise sun-dried shapes with feet and hands

And thirsty mouths pressed on the sweltering sands,
Mark here and there a gruesome, graveless spot
Where some one drank thy scorching hotness, and
is not.
God must have made thee in his anger, and forgot."

Not since I can remember have I heard a voice so true as this. It is like the sublime and solemn bass of St. John. It is even John the Baptist crying in the wilderness.

Indeed, I doubt if you will find anything more terribly truthful and fearfully sublime this side of Job than this one lone, lorn cry from the desert. A photograph, even were such a thing possible, could not be more ghastly and ghastly exact.

I shall proceed to say what this strange, strong woman of the desert has said from out her heart of hearts. For she is a woman, a very human, tender woman. And you will concede before you have done reading the little bits of her sweet soul which I am permitted to give you, that it is great impertinence in me to say much when she is singing. And I want you to know distinctly that these next lines of hers are as exactly true in all respects as her lines on the Colorado Desert. Her only little baby had gone away from her, out from the one narrow room to beyond the darkness; but in the next narrow room, a stronger woman nursed and rocked and cradled her stronger

child. So there and then, out of the awful agony and desolation, she sang:—

"I hear her rocking the baby,
Slower and slower now,
And I know she is leaving her good-night kiss
On its eyes, and cheeks, and brow.
From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
I wonder would she start,
Could she know, through the wall between us,
She is rocking on my heart.
While my empty arms are aching
For a form they may not press,
And my emptier heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness,
I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine.
And breathe a prayer in silence
At a mother's broken shrine,
For the mother who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine."

Here are the two extremes of song—the solitude, nakedness, desolation, mystery, and awful death and dearth of the boundless desert; and the crooning cradle song. She has pictured life and death. You can hear the mother rocking, rocking. You can see the dead men lying in the sands in her song of the Colorado Desert.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE AMERICAN LADY

BY FLORENCE STELLA MILTON.

NIEDERWALD was a little village situated in a deep valley among the Alps, and it was generally conceded by the inhabitants that Karl Ott was the most obstinate man in it.

He was not only held to be such because his motto in life was, "Never give in even if you are wrong," but also because he had for three years proposed to the daughter of the American lady with amazing perseverance and, in the face of equally persevering refusals, still persisted in renewing his offer. Karl Ott, eldest and only son of the village pastor, called upon the daughter of the American lady just as regularly as the church-goers went to receive from his father's hands the communion on the first Sunday in every month. Their walk through the village and up the winding path into the dark forest was as regularly expected by the simple villagers as was their return an hour or two later: Karl Ott with a set look on his face, and on the lips of the American lady an amused and peculiarly sweet smile.

Leaving her at her mother's house—the little wooden one opposite the Gasthaus with the creeping vines and the dark stained pillars—Karl Ott strode down the village street to his father's house, and the following conversation took place regularly:

"Karl, my son, had you a pleasant walk?"

"Yes, father."

"And what did she say, my son?"

"She treated it as a grand joke, father."

"She laughed at you, Karl?"

"Yes, father."

"And did she give you no encouragement, my son?"

"No; that is—Vielleicht etwas."

"Only a very little—perhaps," repeated the pastor, who knew every answer in advance.

There was a little pause here, and then:

"You will try again, my son," more as a statement of fact than a question.

"If she did not love me, father, she could not go with me so freely and often."

"She is not playing with you, Karl?" with his eyes on his son's face.

Karl never answered this last question. He only laughed and asked a question, himself.

"With me? Aber was für eine Idee."

Karl Ott may have been original, unsophisticated, but he was a dangerous man to be trifled with. He knew it, and thought of course every one else knew it. For was he not acknowledged to be the most obstinate and difficult man in the whole village?

The American lady and her daughter, with an American servant, had lived in the little house with the dark stained pillars for three years. They were generally known to the village folks as the "American Lady" and the "Beautiful daughter of the American Lady," because the villagers found themselves wholly unable to pronounce their double-barreled name.

They were in reality very poor, though compared to Herr Stosch, the richest man in the village, they seemed rich, very rich. A small income goes a long way in Niederwald, and the American lady and her daughter had sought the secluded life it afforded because of reverses at home when the husband and father died. At least so they said, and no one questioned the truth of it. Niederwald was a quiet, curious little out-of-the-world spot, and the people who had been bred and born there were equally quiet and far more curious.

It was a lovely place. A stream tumbled from the big mountains behind and flowed peacefully through the village, till the spring thaws and the winter storms converted it into a raging, racing torrent. Vineyards sloped away, below the village, to a lake, while above it dense pine forests stretched away till they joined the region of rocks and cliffs, and finally, of everlasting snows. Above all, three lofty white peaks peered over from the clouds into the little village, and reflected the sunset glory long after the village was wrapped in darkness and shadow.

Karl Ott owned a large vineyard, and made money by it. His Weinlese were always successful, and his grapes sweeter and juicier even, than those that grew in sunny Italy, on the other side of the white peaks.

He had seen the American lady and her daughter when they first came to Niederwald, and his father, as pastor, went with him to call upon them. While his father stumbled along in his broken English with the mother, Karl conversed with the beautiful daughter in German. He welcomed her to Niederwald. She had traveled with her father before he died, and had seen much. She had even been in the fair country that lay beyond the three white peaks. She was older than he was, and knew more of the world, he thought. He found that she loved the mountains and the forests, and that she listened eagerly to his description of the gorges, ravines, and vastness of the Alps around them. She longed to see them and climb to the great white peaks. And Karl, who knew every boulder and every tree, and had grown up in the company with toppling and dizzy crevasses, promised to show them to her.

He was not slow to believe what his father told him afterwards; that the proud American lady had sacrificed her daughter's best years to her own pride in coming to live in Niederwald, and bury her poverty where none could see it and sneer.

It was thus their walks began; and the American lady, apparently wrapped up in her pride and disappointments, let them go together.

Karl Ott had been fortunate enough to earn the gratitude of the daughter of the American lady, and it was then he first made up his mind to fall in love with her.

He did everything so deliberately, and his obstinate will held his feelings so under control that he was not able to fall in love without first thinking the matter over, and then coming to a decision. Such decision was, however, absolutely final, and from it there could be no recall.

The Devil's Rocks formed a steep slope of loose rocks that had crumbled down from the cliff above, and accumulated. They were not twenty yards long, and terminated abruptly at the edge of a precipice over two thousand feet. The rocks had to be crossed on the way to Wannsee. They were very dangerous, because the slightest disturbance set them all rolling over each other towards the brink. Several persons from the neighboring villages had been killed in this

way by losing their balance when the rocks began to move under their weight, and being swept down over the short distance that lay between the narrow path and the dizzy abyss. They were called the Devil's Rocks—Tüfelsfelsen—because the devil was said to be concealed beneath them, and to move them with his fingers whenever any one approached.

Karl and the girl were climbing slowly, and the little dog had run on ahead. His weight was more than sufficient to start the treacherous stones in motion. In spite of his struggles, and with much pitious barking, the little fellow was carried to the edge. Karl saved it by going after it, while the girl, speechless with horror, watched them from the path. She was powerless to help, and she knew they must both be carried over, and—she did so love the dog.

She could hear the rocks that had already leaped over the edge crashing down the face of the cliff, striking here and there its buttresses and projecting ledges. How brave of Karl. He had her darling by the scruff of his neck. Oh, the splendid fellow that he was. Ah, but horrors; he had slipped again. Her heart stopped beating for a moment, and she hid her eyes in her hand. She heard a rush of wind, and she knew that Karl Ott and the dog had disappeared into the gulf.

The next minute he was standing by her side with the dog in his arms. It was licking his hand, and evidently had no idea of the cruel death it had escaped. How it was done Karl could not tell. Only the rush of loose rocks suddenly ceased, and the one his weight rested on, six inches from the ledge, came to a standstill, and he scrambled up again to the path with the doggie panting and frightened in his hands. That was all he could say about it. He watched the girl kiss her dog, and saw her tears drop on to his little brown ears. He heard her thank him; and as her large eyes, with the long moistened eyelashes, looked so gratefully into his, he experienced a strange sensation in his heart.

He thought the tears were those of gratitude.

He thought of the girl, of her eyes and hair. He thought of the tears that fell on the dog's ears, and



The Devil's Rocks.

he thought of the slender brown hands that held him. A feeling more tender than any he had yet known crept into his heart. He thought of his father, the pastor; of the proud American lady; and then he thought again of her beautiful daughter.

He remembered, too, that he owned a vineyard, which made him rich. And he made up his mind.

The rocks were dropping past him, and plunging downward over the precipice. He stooped and picked one up.

"As surely as I have picked this one from the fingers of the Devil who is moving them from beneath," he said aloud, slowly, "and as surely as it will drop through the air and rest on the ground below,"—here he peered over the edge,—"so surely will I make the daughter of the American lady my wife." He threw the stone upwards and forward, saw it for a moment against the sky, and then heard it rushing downward through the air.

A few seconds afterwards it crashed upon the rocks below, and Karl Ott, as soon as the echoes had died away, climbed down again, and went home to bed.

Next day he told his father of his resolve, and the pastor had said, "My son, you have my benediction."

Karl waited a few weeks before he thought it well to speak his mind.

It was winter time, and one day Herr Muller, proprietor of the Gasthof, his son Fritz, Pastor Ott, Karl Ott, young Stosch, Frau Muller, and the American girl took their skates and a lunch basket, and drove six miles in a sleigh to the end of the frozen lake.

Karl slowly and deliberately fastened the shining skates on to the pretty little feet of the daughter of the American lady. They were soon flying together before the wind over the black ice, with the fox terrier racing after them as best he could on the slippery surface. He was barking his little heart out for happiness.

But in Karl Ott's heart there was no sign of fluttering. His big, muscular frame, with its mountain-trained sinews, never carried a more confident heart than then. The fact that he was going to ask the American girl to marry him did not make his pulse

beat any more quickly than usual; and "usual" was by no means fast.

He felt as he flew over the ice with the American girl beside him, as if the little gloved hands lying warmly in his own were already his; as if the hair, that escaped from under her fur cap and sometimes blew across his cheeks, was even then his to caress.

His purpose being so single, he had no recourse to beating about the bush, and saw no reason for hesitancy or difficulty in giving expression to so straightforward a proposition.

Karl simply waited for a pause in their talk, turned to the American girl as they were skating out in the middle of the lake, and said in his deep voice, in which was no tremor, nor trace of nervousness:

"Ich liebe Dich. Ich anbeite Dir mein Leben, mein Herz, mein Weinbergen, und meines Vater's Segnung."

As he spoke he looked her steadily in the face. He could not meet her eyes, because, in her desire to choose the best ice, she was looking downwards. But the girl made no answer, and no change came over her face. The wind roared in their ears as it swept past them, and the ring of their skates sounded musically over the lake.

Karl waited sometime for an answer, and then came to the conclusion that the girl had not heard him. It was the fault of the wind. He took his eyes from her face, and glanced down at the little feet that shot forward so swiftly and gracefully. He was sure she had not heard him.

There was nothing for him to do but to repeat the proposition; and this Karl Ott at once did, in a louder voice, and with an amount of calm deliberation that would have been the envy of all lovers in all lands, could they have seen him.

This time she certainly heard him, for she turned her face up and looked at him. Her eyes were wide open, but on her face, aglow with the wind, there was no evidence of surprise or embarrassment. Her lips were parted in the effort of breathing; her fur cap sat jauntily on her hair and her hands nestled cosily and warm in his own. Karl kept his eyes on hers, and waited for her to speak. But she did not speak, and Karl began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. He did not know what to make of it.

Then the daughter of the American lady nestled in a little closer to his side, and with a laugh that showed two rows of gleaming teeth, shouted against the wind,—"What was that you said about your father's benediction? If you don't look where you are taking me, it will be given over our drowned and frozen bodies."

Then Karl knew that she could not have heard all that he said. She was shouting her loudest, and he heard her none too distinctly. Dropping his eyes from her face, he looked ahead. They were within fifty yards of the lake proper. The shallow water of the great marsh lay behind them, and they were already skating over thin, green ice that a little farther on came to an abrupt end in the deep waters. Karl saw their danger at a glance. With a swing he altered his course, pulling the girl round with him, so that she came close up against his side and her hair blew again across his cheek. She laughed merrily, and tucked it under her fur cap.

"What was that remark you made about your father's benediction?" she laughed again: "did you want us to get drowned, or what? It would be a pity, to end our friendship in iced water."

Something in her voice made Karl feel for a moment that there was between them an immeasurable distance. The thought fled as suddenly as it came, and Karl's phenomenal obstinacy asserted itself.

He was on the point of repeating, word for word, his twice made proposition, when there was a sound of skaters behind them, and the next moment Muller and young Stosch raced up and joined them.

Their presence put an end, for the time, to any further avowals of love or proposal of marriage.

They formed a line of skaters, hand in hand, the girl between Muller and himself, and sped along to join the rest of the party round a log fire and a luncheon basket.

Karl did not find himself alone with the daughter of the American lady until the horse was being harnessed into a sleigh, and the remnants of the luncheon was being packed up. And then it was only for a brief moment, when he had nothing prepared in the way of words. The fact was, he felt nonplussed. Had she vouchsafed some sort of an answer, he would have known what to do and say. But her silence completely outwitted him. He could not understand it, and, for the time being, his obstinacy was met and conquered by the subtler force of silence.

Now that they were alone again for a moment, she asked him to tighten the strap that fastened her skates together.

"Make a little bundle of it, Mr. Ott," she said, "so that they won't clash together, and get scratched."

While he was doing her request, the muscles of his great fingers slow from the cold, the girl stood facing him. "And please," she added ever so gently, and looking up into his eyes, "please, Karl, never ask me those sort of questions again, because, if you do, we cannot go together on the mountains. And you know there's nobody else here who can climb like you, and—I may not go alone. Now, please don't, Karl, for it is quite impossible."

The smile she gave him was gentle enough to melt his obstinacy into slavery. But it only made Karl Ott angry. It was his turn to be silent now, for he knew enough, cold, strange lover that he was, to understand that she looked upon him only as a companion.

The first time she met him after the skating party, she greeted him with an amused smile that, so far as he was concerned, seemed to increase the distance he felt lay between them. It also increased his obstinacy. And this same amused smile was all the answer he got to his many subsequent proposals.

She called him Karl now, and when he had concluded his awkward sentence about offering for his love and his life and his vineyards, there was only this little smile for answer.

If he dared, as he often did, to repeat his words, the little smile broadened out into a laugh, that effectually closed his lips for the moment, because he failed to comprehend the feelings that caused it.

They never got any further than this, and the



"What was that remark about your father's benediction?" she laughed.

state of affairs might well have continued for a dozen years.

Meanwhile Karl's love for the daughter of the American lady changed in character. It was beginning to come from his heart instead of from his will. He now and again caught himself wondering what in the world he would do if she died, or—the thought was horrible—if she married some one else.

One day in the early spring, when Karl Ott went to the little postoffice, he met the American girl there.

She held some letters in her hand and was stamping them for America. Karl suggested a ramble on the heights of the Kronenberg and the girl was pleased.

"Yes," she said; "and if you think the snow is sufficiently melted, we will go by the way of the Devil's Rocks. I should like to see them once more."

"Once more," repeated Karl with surprise. "Why; what do you mean?"

"Oh, we are going away," she said simply. "Mother is going back to live in America. We leave in two days."

Karl fairly gasped. His heart sank within him.

"Wait here a moment," she added; "I will go and put on my nailed boots and climbing skirts. Then I'll tell you all about it." She had seen the blank look of dismay that had come into his face, and, for the first time, she felt in her heart a feeling of sorrow for him.

"Poor Karl Ott," she thought; "but he is such a simple boy, and has so much to learn. He surely could not have imagined that I might care for him."

"So they climbed up the lower slopes of the great Kronenberg, these two, who had together explored every foot of the mountains, and knew their most inaccessible parts, who had seen the sun rise from the top of the three white peaks, and watched the last sunset lights linger on the far away snow slopes that seemed to hand in the sky over the village. For nearly five years they had been companions in many a ramble through the deep forests, and had followed the torrents to their sources under the ice of the dangerous, slow-creeping glaciers. And as they followed the winding path, so familiar to them, the American girl told her companion of the impending change in their life.

"We are going back to our old home in California," she told him. "Mother's sister is dead, and we shall be better off now. We go to Paris on Saturday, and you must come to the station, Karl, and see us off." Come to the station and see us off.

Karl listened in silence. He asked no questions, and made no comments. The shock had been so sudden and so unexpected, it had stirred his feelings as they never had been stirred before. He could not define them, much less reduce them to words. Surprise, disappointment, rage, struggled for the mastery with sorrow, pride and outraged confidence. They rose up in such a strength of turmoil, that he

felt as if his heart was being torn out and destroyed. He walked as if in a dream, not knowing what he would do next. But the feeling that was uppermost was the bitterness that he had been trifled with.

Karl Ott was obstinate, and, whatever he felt, there was no indication of it on his face or in his manner. His feelings nevertheless increased in strength the more he tried to repress them. So he just walked on by her side, and listened to her voice, as they climbed up through the fragrant pine woods and then through the belt of stunted mountain oaks that led to the rocks beyond. When she had finished he made an effort to say something.

"I am sorry you are going. I did not expect it," was what he said in a quiet voice.

The girl said she was sorry, too, she was so fond of the mountains and forests; but he surely did not think she was going to live in Niederwald for the rest of her life.

Karl had no answer ready; or rather had a thousand ready, but they were all so strong, and he did not know which to choose.

Then the climbing over the rough boulders that formed the long slope at the foot of the Kronenberg's great shoulder began, and rendered talking, except in short exclamations, impossible.

They climbed on together, till they reached the final slope, at the top of which began the little path leading to the Devil's Rocks.

"Karl," she laughed, showing her white teeth. "I'm exhausted. You'll have to bury me here, or carry me to the top."

Karl turned his head away and looked for a moment at the view of the lake and forest far beneath them, and an expression came into his eyes that the girl did not see. Then he took her in his arms, swung her little body on to his great shoulders, and carried her steadily over the remainder of the trying soft snow-slope. He did not tremble. He could have carried her, for that matter, over a tight rope stretched from the peak of the Matterhorn to the Eggschorn. His feet never took false hold, his balance was always true; and when she laughed aloud and clutched his head with her two arms for safety, he felt his muscles respond to this call on their reserve force, and carry their precious burden with the ease of steel springs.

When they reached the top he let her down gently from his shoulders. She looked up at him shyly, and told him he was the strongest pack-horse she had ever ridden upon the Alps, and Karl felt that he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her.

"And when did you—your mother, I mean,—first decide to leave?" he asked, in a voice so quiet that a stranger would have thought him indifferent to whatever answer he got.

"Oh," she said with an imperceptible start, which did not escape his notice. "Oh; we have known it all along. We—we only came here for five years, you know."

But Karl didn't know; and her matter-of-fact way of announcing this important fact, which he felt should have been told him years ago, when he first proposed to her, came to him as a revelation. It acted as a stimulant. Then she does not care for me even as much as she does for one of the little snow-drops that are just coming up with the Spring, was the thought that passed through his brain.

"You intended from the beginning to leave Niederwald this Spring?" he asked quietly.

She looked at him sweetly, and nodded her head. Karl met her eyes for a moment without a sign of expression on his face, and then turned to look at the view again. It was ever changing, and a great gray cloud was rolling up the opposite rock walls of Chasseront—gloomy Chasseront, as it was called.

Karl again broke the silence.

"Yet you never told me that," he said almost gently. "I thought you would always live in Niederwald."

Karl was so simple, so innocent, so honest.

"Live here always," she cried. "Oh, Karl." And there came over her face the same smile of amusement that he knew so well. But there was in it something of pity as well, now, and Karl was stung more deeply than ever by it. Poor Karl.

"You allowed me to be always with you on the mountains," he continued, with something like anger in his voice, "and you allowed no one else. You have made and permitted me to grow very fond of you. You have always—"

"Now, Karl," she remonstrated. The smile of amused pity had died out of her eyes, for she felt that her companion was growing unpleasantly earnest. He spoke slowly, but in his voice was an inflection she had never heard there before. The idea of his getting really angry rather frightened her. Slow, deep natures, she knew, were never really angry unless when moved to their very bottom, and Karl Ott's nature was a very slow and a very deep one.

"You have always laughed at my proposals," he went on, in his deep voice, totally ignoring her interruption, "but you never forbade them. You knew I meant what I said, and that, in God's name in heaven, I loved you seriously and for ever."

"Silly boy," she laughed with spirit, and looking him full in the face; "how could you possibly imagine anything so impossible?"

Karl did not move a muscle, or take his eyes off hers. He felt his blood leave his heart suddenly in a body, and then rush tumultuously back again. It made his cheeks blaze, and moistened his skin.

"You ought to have known," she went on, emboldened by his silence, which she interpreted as an acknowledgment of defeat. "Our positions are so different; our ages too; and we belong to different races. Besides oh, Karl, I told you long ago, when you first spoke, that I could never love anyone."

Never love anyone. Suddenly the truth began to dawn on his mind. She loved some one else, then.

The girl suddenly put her hand on his shoulder and looked into his face, moving closer to him, as if about to speak. She kept her hand there, although she was aware that he shrank from her touch as if she had been a leper. She had opened her lips when he interrupted her with raging vehemence.

"And you," he cried, "have allowed me all this time to remain in ignorance that you loved someone else; allowed me to pay court to you, and to love you until all my heart and life and future are all yours; to—love so deeply that to lose you must mean to die. And you might so easily have told me the truth; a word years ago would have prevented all instead of letting month after month go by, play-



He carried her steadily over the trying slope.

ing with my life as only women can, who have—who are—"

"Karl, stop!" she cried. "I am married already."

He stood and looked into the eyes and face he loved so hopelessly. Then he turned, and looked down, and out of the panorama of distant woods and blue mountains. There was no word between them for a minute or more. Then the girl, who was sobbing now, sought his hand, and in a broken whisper, which could hardly have reached his ear, she moaned,—

"But Karl, my husband was a criminal—and for five years he has been—has been away. That is, we are going home to meet him when he is released—next week."

He felt the girl drawing closer to him, until her heaving breast was against his heart, and he could feel her quick sobs. He felt her arms round his neck; her head, with the golden hair, was on his shoulder.

"Can you never forgive me, Karl?" she whispered, her tears falling fast and hot on his neck.

Karl made no answer. Perhaps he had not heard her. Perhaps his thoughts were still in the cloudy distance where the little patch of blue heaven had disappeared. Perhaps, ah, perhaps, he was wondering and thinking, and asking himself, if, after all, the girl had loved him all along and loved him still.

So they stood together on that lonely mountain path, and the girl's head, radiant in the soft sunshine, sank lower on his shoulder, and the wind played with her beautiful hair.

But Karl Ott moved his feet, and set the Devil's Rocks in motion. Then he seized the girl in his arms and, raising her face to his, covered the tear-stained cheeks and the red mouth and the hair with a thousand kisses.

The stones moved forward, with a hoarse, grinding sound, towards the brink.

She heard the sound; she felt them moving beneath her feet, and she tried to free herself.

But Karl pressed her struggling little body closer to him. He held her to his heart. She was his own at last, and—he loved her. Pressed thus to his heart, the beautiful daughter of the American lady was carried by the shining rocks to the brink of the abyss.

Her cry of terror was half smothered by his hot lips laid on her own, as they fell backwards into the air.

And the wind heard her cry, and the far white peaks saw them fall.

And the Devil's Rocks, that dropped over the edge for several minutes afterwards, covered their bodies and formed their tombstones.



"The next minute he was standing by her side."



"The far white peaks saw them fall."

Society in the Leading Countries of the World

BY ELLA CASTILLO BENNETT.

The word society has, ever since the empire days of France, always held a charm. When not apparent with emblazoned details, it was latent and suggestive grandeur.

Society is not one of the things that have improved with time. The progress of civilization has not marked it with added perfections.

For the society of to-day is but the flotsam and jetsam of that society which marked an epoch in the history of the world.

Society practically had its birth in France. Its advent was foreshadowed in many climes and in every stage of history, but France was the mother of this fair, but capricious child; and to this day no one understands her like her mother. Born under auspicious circumstances, she early acquired a taste for the luxuries and elegances of life. This taste has not diminished, but added to it have been many objectionable acquisitions, most marked, alas, in the two greatest—if we judge by power and progress—the chosen few who rule the land and hold in subjection their brother man.

Here a member of the nobility may be bright; he may be stupid. He may be rich, he may be poor; he may be good, he may be bad; it is one and the same, he belongs to the titled class that rules, the class that has claimed distinction and precedence in all things. Castilian blood that flows through his veins entitled him to go into the coterie of exclusives, known as society. Money cannot buy that place; valor cannot storm it; talent cannot win it, nor genius illumine its musty, sequestered walls; and what is true of Spain, in varying degrees is true of Italy, Austria, Russia, and in a measure of Germany, and the smaller countries who merely cast reflections of their more brilliant sisters.

Now in Italy, Russia and Austria, the attractive foreigner is frequently admitted inside the sacred portals without well authenticated credentials, oft-times without even the shadow of an illustrious ancestor to cast a brilliant background for his entrance to the exclusive halls of blue-blooded aristocracy; but while a foreigner may win his way with grace of person and manner, a native may not. This is merely the acme of conceit in which less is demanded of others. Its own must be up to the requisite standard, due allowance must be made for inferior foreigners. So one whose grace or beauty of person or manners, whose agile tongue or dulcet voice does not coax admittance to the hallowed precincts of the favored few in his own land, need not despair. He has but to don fine apparel, get a "friend at court," and he may sail "sans ceremonie" on the smooth waters of social popularity with debonair sang froid, at least he may be in Austria, Italy, and Russia. In France there are several doors through which one may enter society, yet France, less exclusive, has the most elegant society to-day in the world. Unlike Spain, she does not always demand blue blood as a passport. It is desirable, but not obligatory. She does not demand wealth; it is welcome, but not necessary. Nor could wealth, and wealth alone, buy a place in France's society, as in America and England.

In France one falls heir to a place in society or one earns it; by beauty, grace, elegance, or by wit, talent, or genius in almost any line or capacity. Wealth is connived at, sought for, schemed after in France as elsewhere, but it is not worshipped with bended knee.

The French are the quickest nation to observe talent. From the days of Madame Recamier to the

present shabby, genteel unknown can walk through the grand entrance of Paris society if there is the suggestion that the laurel wreath may some day rest on his brow. It need not be there, but if wit, talent, art, literature, science, is discernible, the aspirant's foot is allowed a place on a rung in the ladder.

In England and in America, when the laurel wreath is firmly placed on the brow, when the credentials have been passed on by the committee on credentials, and seals of public favor confirmed and sworn to in genuineness, the celebrity is admitted. "See the conquering hero comes." Nay, more, he is not only admitted, he is given a place of distinction; he is "lionized," he is not on a par, as in France; he is above; he is really and truly treated almost like a lion. He is walked around, gazed at, stared at, commented about, gloated over, flattered, sought for, treated like some strange animal in a camp of savages.

He flies from it, he hates it; he loathes it. He had looked forward to his entree in that charmed circle with anticipatory pleasure; he had felt his advent to that throng to be the finishing touch to the laurel wreath that the world had placed on his brow; au contraire they tip it to the side; they make a caricature of him. He is not proud of his conquest; his sensitive soul rebels against the critical eyes, the whispered comments and the cringing bows.

His heart is heavy and he goes back to his work with a fresh dip of contemptuous venom on the end of his tongue. If an orator; a drop of distilled satirical ink on the end of his pen, if a writer; a new species of genus homo to examine under his microscope, if a philosopher; a more vindictive slash—with keener edge and colder cut to his lancet if a surgeon; and a madder prance and a wilder crash to his music, if a musician; a bolder demanding of the frailties of his kind, if an artist. Society in honoring him has desired to show its best. It has really shown its very worst, but if the lion is unaccustomed to the le grande society, he cannot be expected to know it.

So, if in lionizing him they have tipped his laurel wreath to the side and made him feel the loss of his dignity; made him feel like a Bacchanalian caricature of a genius, he retaliates and caricatures his admirers, till each almost hates the other.

Yes, "they do these things better in France." The lion is made to feel flattered and petted and loved, but he is not looked upon as a monstrosity, as something to be paraded, or exhibited like a wax figure at a dime museum. He is made to feel one of them. He knows his genius or talent has won him a place but there are others and he is on probation. He must sustain his reputation to hold his place in society's ante room of reward. He is put on his metal and he must occasionally fence to keep his place.

In England Lady Jane Brown is entitled to go in society because her ancestors were, and because she is Lady Jane Brown. She may be fat, coarse, stupid; it does not matter; she need not worry. Her place is assured. But birth is not the only ticket that is honored at the door of admission. Wealth is an easy passport and many there be who profit by it.

In America it is much the same. Here talent some times crawls under the canvas and sees the great show and no one is much troubled to find out just how it was managed, but only occasionally does this method of entrance pass unnoticed. The portals are

usually guarded. The season tickets must be backed by wealth, the season coupons by petition, usually.

Mrs. Porter Smith may be ugly, dull and mentally and physically unwieldy, ponderous. No matter. Mr. Porter Smith is a bright lawyer whom a well populated State has decided shall represent it in Congress, so Mrs. Porter Smith is accepted in society, a bitter pill, but sugar-coated by her husband's success. She is feted, dined and wine at home and abroad. It is only when she reaches Washington that it dawns on her well-fed vanity that a Congressman's wife is not of the greatest consequence, but even here she is not to be scorned. She may use two negatives to express a negation. She may even say done for did; she may openly show her dislike for other people; she may recklessly tramp upon their rights; she may get red in the face and show her temper if an accident happens to her gown; but she must be, and is tolerated, because her husband has a vote in the destinies of the country. And a member of the Spanish legation may take her to dinner, marvelling at the address of the American people. The French Ambassador shrugs his shoulders and casts his eyes heavenward in a vain effort to fathom the idiosyncrasies of the Great Nation. But our British friends thoroughly understand the situation—for do they not do likewise? And to them we do not have to explain, for they comprehend the methods used in this modern Roman Empire.

And while our representatives at Washington are moved like pawns in the political chessboard by the dozen expert chess players who superintend the game—because the end of its political life is not reached—still other cities should not be bound by these rules.

Worth, and worth alone, should gain one entrance to that select circle, that chosen few, that should constitute society.

That worth may be genius, in any of a half dozen lines, talent, character, or mental strength, New York and Philadelphia must be where it will eventually (if it does at all) start the new order of things. The small cities will but follow in the wake of the large ones. Boston is too prosaic. San Francisco is too conglomerate, too promiscuous in its moral codes, too prone to drag family scandals through crowded, curious court-rooms, to ever think of eradicating the unrefined; Chicago too coarse packing-house odorized to ever think of it. St. Louis might try it. But in Philadelphia or New York there is a chance of success. Let a score of bright people, men and women, from the nucleus raise the standard, turn the searchlight of truth upon the aspirant, and make society what it should be; a coterie of the bright, the congenial and the interesting.

That society could be ever perfect in a world of imperfect things, would be absurd to even hope for, much less expect; but that it could be made a gathering of what is best in humanity is quite possible and certainly desirable. At present it is a travesty upon good taste, a parody on good sense, and a gathering together of those who rival each other in a vulgar display, petty bickerings, squabbles as to the supremacy of leaders, premeditated snubs, and a continued "crooking of the pregnant hinges of the knee."

The plant of society was good, fair to look upon, and sweet to inhale; but on its branches have been grafted everything that is undesirable in human nature; but the plant is not dead—it merely needs the pruning knife, which a few bright men and women in one of our big cities should take upon themselves to apply.



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Kindly Mention California Ladies' Magazine.

Man and Women—One

BY CLARA B. NIELD.

"If I were only a man," exclaims the little woman, who has failed to accomplish something upon which her heart is set. As if being a man would solve the whole problem. Men strive, succeed and fail, women strive, succeed and fail in about the same proportion. Some men are strong, determined, positive. Some women are strong, determined, positive. Some men are weak and shiftless and their counterpart is not lacking among their sisters.

It is easy for the unthinking mind to place upon sex the entire blame for existing conditions. But I fancy if the world awakened some morning to find that men and women had changed places, grave troubles would still confront us.

The old decree has been that woman can do some things and cannot do others, because of her physical constitution. When we compare the slender, delicate hand of the man who is an artist, with that of his brother who is a horny-handed toiler,—we mark the contrast—yet both are men. When we compare a strong muscular woman, trudging in the field behind a plow, with a sweet, dainty, fairy whose pleasure is to ornament her husband's city home, the difference is startling—yet both are women. It is skill, genius, thought, the ability to concentrate that marks the path to success for a man or woman alike.

In the days of primitive man, when fire was first discovered it was necessary for some one to stay by the fire and keep it burning, while others followed the chase. Thus it came that the female and her young remained at home. Women have been tending the fire for a long time, but they have learned now and then of other possibilities. Queens have ruled nations, and attended to maternal duties as well, but "free" Americans are not thus privileged.

It is not a question of male or female in the accomplishment of things.

On the one hand of the great balance we find determination, strength, virtue, love, purity; on the other hesitation, weakness, vice, hatred and all their kin. Humanity hangs in the balance, now taking a dip in the sparkling waters of truth and again on the other side in the blackened pool of error. Each individual must face for himself the rights and the wrongs, and not blame the other half of the world for his own lack of success.

The birds find their mates and somewhere there exists for every man the woman who would make his life complete; whose strength would balance his weakness, whose patience would soothe his anger, and they two, physically, mentally, spiritually, would

form a unit. This soul-mate idea is true, but its truth can only be found in the perfecting of the character of each individual. It is not that somewhere there is a woman sweet and patient enough to make up for all the meanness a man allows himself to exhibit, or that a wife's frivolity and nagging can be atoned for by a husband's virtues. There are many who can find their soul-mates very near at home if they set about to look for them.

Mother nature is not always asleep when she whispers the first few words of love to the man and maiden who afterward stand before the altar. Unless the marriage is purely a mercenary one there has been an intuitive selection. If each could look for and refuse to see anything but the good in the other, communion of soul would be more readily recognized.

One difficulty is that we have not accustomed ourselves to consider that others have weaknesses, trials, disappointments like unto our own. We so often hug our trouble until it fills for us the whole horizon. Men are human, exceedingly so, they need sympathetic kindness far more than we are apt to think. "Oh, well, he's a man, he can stand it," is an expression often heard but wrongly uttered.

"And they two shall be one" has come down to us through the centuries, but which one? is left for our solution. There's no getting away from the fact that it takes both men and women to make up our little world, and how to find the most harmonious adjustment of relations is our task. It is useless to even think of regulating women to their household work. Woman has found her freedom and is using it and means to keep on using it, until the wrongs in our national life are righted, until the chairs of officials are filled by those who will enact justice, and whose lives are pure and clean.

Women should know how to keep house, just as men should know how to keep books, but when she has learned there is no necessity for her to keep at it if she can successfully follow other occupations. It makes no difference to the world as a whole if a woman runs a cattle ranch or a blacksmith shop, and a man engages in millinery and dressmaking. As long as the work is to be done, somebody will do it, and each should be free to choose their own vocation.

"Our Father" means so much. "In whom there is neither male nor female," but the One and that the spirit of the Christ; before whom all virtue is virtue, and vice is vice. One ideal of purity in the minds of men will lift us to the place where we shall all stand—One.

How to Forget and How to Remember

BY JANE MOSES.

If we know how to remember what we want to remember and to forget what we want to forget we should be in possession of a fairy gift of good. In the lives of us all, there are passages of which we are not proud. Now we have made egregious fools of ourselves; now a beloved, trusted one has broken our heart—at least we think so. Again, we have passed through such seasons of poverty and anxiety that to recall them is a nightmare. Let us pray for the blessed boon forgetfulness.

At the same time work while we pray. That is ever the way to have prayer answered. When you are overwhelmed with bitter torturing memories, simply think of something else. You cannot do it at one or two or three trials, but you can accomplish it in a few months or a year or two. To help drown bitter memories engage in some absorbing work and keep your attention fixed on the movements of your body while you work. So shall you drown out grief and bitter regrets and the memory of losses.

But to remember the things we need to remember, the thousand and one little details of housekeeping, of business—that is another matter. Yet it, too, can be achieved by the most absent-minded, forgetful woman that ever let her glorious childhood memory run to rack and ruin. Every woman who has a slipshod, worthless memory herself has let it go to pieces.

Listen. Nature gave everybody a good memory to start with. A child remembers all it sees. Its brain cells are fresh and receptive to the photographic pictures of events. There are millions of brain cells, enough to furnish a fresh one for every event in the life of a thousand years.

To begin with, never, never say, "Oh, I am getting so forgetful." If you make a statement it stands, especially if you make it against yourself. You

make others believe it; you believe it yourself in time; so it comes to be a fact. Never say you are either stupid, ugly, sickly or forgetful or anything else you would not like to be.

Draw your mental powers and your thoughts in from wandering like Satan up and down the earth and center them on the duty of the moment. Do not let them go hither and thither like wild horses galloping o'er the plain. You can remember everything you need to. If through a wicked, hurried, jumbling of mental impressions, you have let your memory waste, stop it. It will help you to write in clear, large letters upon a placard this: "I can and I do remember whatever I need to." Then suspend that by a ribbon of your favorite color where you will see it the first thing when you wake in the morning and the last thing at night. Make a powerful determined effort to live up to it.

Next force yourself to get a clear, sharp concept or mental picture of all that passes before you. Vivid pictures of things stay in the brain, and the taking of these mental photographs is the best means of remembering things. Make your pictures.

And never set down upon paper what you desire to remember. Nothing except the mental habit so many women have acquired, weakens the memory like written memorandums. The race had a glorious memory before it learned to write. If you have a list of things to buy, set them down only in your brain. At first, no doubt, you will forget. Well and good. The more inconvenience you are put to at first the less apt you will be to forget next time. So shall you keep your divine memory from running to decay. If you follow this system of memory training you will come by and by to feel as though you have been guilty of a sin when you forget anything.

THE SACRIFICE OF SILAS CONSTANCE

BY RENA SHATTUCK (POLLY LARKIN.)

A lovely picture made Kathleen Constance as she stood in the bay-window, with the lace curtains enveloping her like a bridal veil, hanging the last holly wreath. All day she had been busy twining the ruddy holly berries into garlands and wreaths and putting the final touches to the Christmas tree which she had given for years on Christmas eve for a few chosen friends.

To-night her heart was light and joyous as a bird's that trills his hymn of praise at evening. Why shouldn't she be happy? For her own true love, Roger Chatterly, had come from New York to claim her as his bride, and to-night he was to ask her father for the gift of his only child. She was too happy in her own joy to think of her devoted father, haughty and austere as the world knew him, but almost pathetically tender toward her. Kathleen watched the crowd coming and going with their faces wreathed in smiles and their arms full of mysterious parcels and wondered if they were as happy as she. She hoped so; she didn't want to think of a single sad heart existing when her own was filled with so much joy.

To-night before the guests arrived, she must break the news to her father and pave the way for an interview with Roger Chatterly. Her pleasant reflections were interrupted by a ring at the door bell, and the next moment a great basket of violets and lilies-of-the-valley was handed in with her lover's card attached. In the center of the basket she found a dainty velvet casket as purple as the violets, containing a necklace of tiny pearls. She buried her face in the fragrant depths, and then pressed her lips to the flowers—symbols of modesty and purity—and carried them to her room, where she could enjoy them while she dressed for the evening. It would give her time to see her father before the arrival of the guests.

"I will wear white—Papa and Roger like me better in that than anything else—and twine the string of pearls round my neck, with clusters of lilies-of-the-valley for my corsage and hair," she said thoughtfully.

Dinner was over at last, and she waited until her father had passed into the library to enjoy his smoke. Then glided in, a vision so fair and sweet that he exclaimed:

"You look like an angel of light, my dear."

"Do you really think I look well, papa? If you mean it, promise to grant me a favor."

"Did I ever refuse you anything?"

"No, I don't believe you ever did. Now, papa," she said, slipping behind his chair and twining her arms around his neck, while she pressed her soft, velvety cheek that rivalled the tint of a dainty pink shell, against his bearded face, "I want to make Roger Chatterly a Christmas present."

"Is that all? I thought you were going to ask me to play Santa Claus to-night."

"I am; you are to give the gift, papa, dear."

"What an idea! Give it to him yourself, Kathleen; he will appreciate it more than if it came from your old gray-haired father. How much money do you need to purchase the gift?"

"You would be the best judge of the value of what I want to give."

"Well, what is it, my darling?"

"My own dear papa," she said, kissing his cheek and hugging him a little more tightly, "it is myself."

"What!" cried Mr. Constance, loosening her arms from his neck and springing to his feet. "Yourself? Did you say yourself?"

"Great heavens! No! Give up my little girl, the pride of my heart? Not yet. You are young, my daughter, only nineteen, a mere child. You have plenty of time to think of marriage, my dear."

"Papa, you married my mother at eighteen"

"But times have changed. Girls don't marry so young now-a-days. Tell Roger Chatterly that I won't think of such a thing as your marrying until you are twenty-five. Then, if you haven't changed your minds in that time, I'll raise no further objection."

"Then you'll break my heart, papa. I've promised to return to New York with him as his wife. He has come for me. He wanted to speak with you last night, but I persuaded him to let me tell you first. You have never refused me anything before, and you are not going to now, papa. You couldn't do that." She stood before him with her eyes full of tears.

"I never dreamed of this, Kathleen. Never thought I was to be called upon to give up my baby, the sunlight of my old heart."

"Oh, papa, don't look like that. I can't stand it.

Take me in your arms and tell me you love me."

With one step he reached her side and lifted her tenderly, raining kisses on her face.

"How can I give you up, my darling? Think of this old house and your lonely old father coming home to it every night with no little sunbeam to greet him. But there, don't cry, dear, don't cry any more. Go and bathe your face and get ready to receive your guests and tell—Roger Chatterly that he has asked for my only gem—my pearl of great price. Tell him I can't see him to-night, and excuse me to your guests on the plea that I have a headache."

"Papa, it will be no Christmas without you."

"You love this young man, Chatterly, Kathleen?"

"Yes, dearly. With you and Roger in my heart, there is no room for anything else, papa."

"Now you are trying a little strategy," he said, making an effort to smile.

"Will you come down to the parlors? Do, there's a dear papa."

"Yes, I'll be down presently."

"And look pleasant, won't you, papa?"

"One would imagine I was going to have my picture taken from that remark. Put your arms around



She put her hands on his shoulder.

my neck as you used to when you were a little child, and kiss me once, twice, thrice and again. Now go, dear, and I promise you that there shall be no scene. Remember that I am an old soldier and I have been under a deadly hail of shot and shell and never quailed."

"Dear old papa," she murmured kissing him fondly.

"There, there, my darling, don't do that; that's the kind of shot and shell I can't stand to-night."

She left the room with her eyes swimming in tears like for-get-me-nots shimmering through dew-drops.

Left to himself, this strong man, who was so stern and unrelenting, so dreaded by criminals, and regarded as a man totally devoid of all feeling, trembled like an aspen leaf. One minute he raved and the next vowed it should never be. When it came time for him to make his appearance among the guests, he was the same cool and collected man, the same genial host he had always been. Only once did his nerve forsake him, and that was when a gift was handed to him from the tree. It was the picture of Kathleen

set in pearls. Then he saw through a mist for an instant.

"How do you like your present?" called Kathleen from the other end of the room.

"Beautiful, my darling," he said, but refrained from looking at the picture again.

The last good-night was said, and Mr. Constance went to his room. He wanted to get away from all eyes and once and for all decide this question that meant life or a miserable existence for him. The fire burned brightly in the grate, yet the man shivered as he drew his chair up before it. He went over the conversation with Kathleen. Was not every word burned into his heart, could he ever forget it?

So Roger Chatterly wanted his little girl and she had asked that he bestow her as a Christmas gift. She was such a child. No, he couldn't think of it. But then, she said her heart would break if she couldn't go with him. His heart was breaking now. He wondered if it would ever lose that dull pain. Why couldn't Roger have waited a few years? Roger was young and he was an old man. (He had aged years, he thought, in the last few hours.) The little gilt clock on the mantel chimed midnight and still Silas Constance sat in his chair, while the fire burned lower and lower. The feeble blaze leaped from one coal to another only to flicker and die out?

coal to another, only to flicker and die out? five years ago, when he asked for another Kathleen. She was smiling down now on him from the little silver frame on the mantel. He rose, took down the photograph, and studied the sweet face. The picture was taken the day they were married and she was in her wedding dress. On the back of it she had traced, "Until death us do part." Those words seemed strangely prophetic. The face seemed to be entreating for Kathleen. He recalled how sad her father had seemed when asked for the other Kathleen, but then, Mr. Constance argued, her father had other children and he had no one left but his little girl. Men were selfish creatures at best, and he was just finding it out.

Slowly the pages of memory turned, and he had passed the wedding day, the happy months leading to another day when the brightness passed out of his life and he stood beside the bed of his dying wife, holding their little Kathleen. He heard her saying, "You must be a father and a mother to her. I have been happy and now the only grief of my life has come—I must leave you and our baby." Long he continued to gaze at the lovely picture. How like this little Kathleen of theirs it was.

One, two, three o'clock, and the struggle was still going on. Four o'clock, and the Kathleen that smiled down at him from the mantel had won the victory for the living Kathleen. The fire was out, only the gray ashes remained and the room was cold. Conscience of it at last, he endeavored to stir up a few live coals, but failed. "It is only a symbol of what my future life is to be, gray and dreary," he said wearily.

Dawn was beginning to throw its first waves of light as if challenging the sun to show his face before he sought his bed.

"Christmas greeting! I caught you first, papa, dear. Fle on you, oversleeping this beautiful Christmas morning! The muffins and omelet are done and the mackerel broiled to a turn. You forgot something, too. You didn't put anything into my stocking, and I hung it up. First time you ever forgot it."

"So I did, but forgive me and I'll put my consent in it for you to marry Roger Chatterly."

"Thank you, my dear old papa. That will fill it from top to toe, and it will make us both so happy and our Christmas was such a merry one."

The wedding was over and the couple had taken their departure for their new home. Silas Constance had seen them well on their way and then returned to his desolate home. His heart was breaking, but she had not known by word or gesture of his. He had given orders that her room should remain undisturbed, and every night he spent two or three hours in the dainty blue and white bed-room, dreaming of the days that had been, or penning her a letter filled with cheerful nonsense. Then came a letter from Kathleen.

"Dear Papa," it read, "Roger has been ordered back to California to take charge of the business there, and we're going to live with you in the dear old home. We'll be on the way by the time you receive this letter. Your loving daughter."

"KATHLEEN CHATTERLY."

WESTERN WRITERS DEMAND RECOGNITION

BY ANITA WALCH M'KNIGHT.

Within the past few years murmurs of dissatisfaction have frequently floated from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic—Western writers do not receive due recognition in the East, the murmurs complained.

Some time ago a leading Eastern magazine spoke forcibly through its columns in self-defense, and consequently our feelings were for a time somewhat mollified. But now there comes under our observation an incident that should set every patriotic Californian a-thinking.

A year ago the Eastern winds blew to our genial coast a woman of undeniable intellect and ability, who in her Eastern career had won for herself a pleasing beginning with the pen. Naturally she cherished fond hopes of what she would do under the influence of beautiful California. Six months she labored, elated, inspired, enchanted. But alas! manuscript after manuscript returned unto her, until finally, disheartened, she determined to fathom the reason for her luck's untimely death. She wrote to several Eastern editors, two of whom frankly explained the situation—Calif-

ornia matter is not desirable, they admitted; for the past twenty years an effort has been made to boom California and her industries through the Eastern magazines; writers have frequently taken unfair advantage of Eastern editors by engaging in an indirect method of advertising.

Now, there are some facts to which we as Californians cannot close our eyes, and which we must consider logically if we wish to attain the recognition our fellow-workers on the Eastern coast enjoy.

In spite of our efforts to give our native sons and daughters the preference in the way of lucrative positions, it is the Eastern applicants who fill them. The doctor, the lawyer, the minister, the teacher, who soonest reaches the top round of the ladder of success on our own coast, is the one which comes to us from the East. Why is this? Reason it out for yourselves.

We rebel inwardly against these usurpers, and yet we are glad to get them.

Civilization came to us from the East, and continues its westward course. Like all others of God's

millis, this one too, grinds slow but sure. Rome was not built in a day; neither will California—it is still building.

The Atlantic coast has three hundred and fifty years the start of us; we joined in the handicap a half century ago, when the managing, intellectual North-European compelled the Spaniard to release his sleepy, bigoted head upon our coast. With these facts before us, it were wise to cease murmuring at nature's course, and instead, help her perfect her work.

We must erect for ourselves higher intellectual standards, and must aim unitedly to reach them. We must build a literary structure that will defy criticism, and that will make the world think it worth her while to pause and listen. We must give western literature strong support. Being faithful in these things we shall ere long compel the recognition that it has taken our Eastern coast four centuries to attain.

"Accuse not nature; she hath done her part; Do thou but thine."

BEAUTIFUL GUANAJUATO BY MOONLIGHT

A Mexican Experience

BY IDA M. MORRELL.



GUANAJUATO, MEXICO

From the roof of the Palace, showing tiers of houses and their peculiar quaintness.

"Venice by moonlight, you say?" Yes, the "Bride of the Sea" is then entrancing; the soul is thrilled by the countless pictures that dance before one in dainty reflection, in the placid waters, as the gondolas noiselessly, gracefully, glide along, just as a strain of music causes reverberation on the sympathetic nature so closely attuned to the delicate cadence, set in motion by a kindred spirit.

But go to Guanajuato, see it first by moonlight and while the sympathetic chord that is there set in motion, is not of such delicate timbre, yet, the feeling that pervades one's soul, is of awe, of solemnity, and the white, pale moon seems as a mentor, to penetrate your being and cause a realization of individual nonentity.

After a long and rather tiresome ride in the usual mule-car after leaving Silao, on the Mexican Central, we reached the historic city of Guanajuato. We were used to the noise and confusion consequent to the arrival of travelers, so readily managed to push our way among the many "cargadores" or baggage porters, that literally swarm around one. The hotel, the best, but of meagre accommodations, was quickly found, our baggage arranged and, having learned early in our travels, to improve, not only each shining hour but moonlight one too, started out. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, a very clear night and the moon high.

We soon left the noise of the band playing in the plaza and the moving crowd far behind us, and began to ascend a series of stone steps, which in turn, led to crooked ways, in and out of narrow passages, with only here and there a ray of moonlight to guide the footsteps that were beginning to be very weary now.

Not even a cat or a dog, both plentiful in Mexico, and much thought of, appeared on the scene.

Surely, we were going up the "Steps of Capri," this quiet moonlight night; the narrow stone sidewalks and narrower streets that we could often reach across and touch the opposite wall, were a marvel. Up and down, in and out, and only once did we see a human being. He, no doubt, just returning from tell-

ing the "old, old story," to his "Nova" in the barred window above the narrow street.

When we realized how old, centuries old, these stone or adobe huts and houses were, some built right out of the solid rock on the hillsides, and the steps in many places cut from the mountain itself, no wonder, this caused a feeling of awe and visions of soul-stirring deeds, in which lover, maiden and rival were involved, thrilled us as we crept along silently, and imagined what desperate deeds could yet take place, in such strange corners as we had penetrated. Sometimes the narrowness of the passage ways prevented seeing only a tiny portion of the silvery tinted sky above, and now and then, beyond our sight, a distant hill covered with the same stone or adobe buildings in tiers. There seemed no way of ingress or egress, as it were, for us, at least as far as they could reach.

The one lone peon we met, told us how to find our way to the hotel, and after many wanderings along roads as rocky as even Dublin boasted of, we reached the deserted plaza, it being near the midnight hour, the scene still entrancing all around us under the silvery glow which cast shadows far and near, a picture always to be hung in "Memory hall."

Each new experience in hotel life was never to be commented upon until one night had passed and so again we wondered what would be the tale we would unfold, on the morrow. My room was most dreary in



SCENE IN GUANAJUATO.

Showing in the extreme left hand corner the Pantheon on the hill, where in catacombs the mummies of many of the wealthy class are still intact, while the bones of the less fortunate (in regard to wealth) are in a heap at one side of the subterranean passage.

prospect. The only means of entrance for myself or air was through a set of narrow French window like doors that had not even half panes of glass but were solid wood and barred from within. A single candle in an ancient candlestick was the only illumination. It was the exception not to have electric lights, for in most all of the best hotels, brass bedsteads and oftentimes electric lights were a source of comfort in each room.

As usual, a thorough search for stray or forgotten bugs, such as beetles, spiders or insects of the grasshopper genus, was made and then one was never sure that mice would not penetrate the sacred precincts during the "wee sma" hours.

In the morning it was amusing to realize that the only apparent means of air or light penetrating the apartment was through a tiny hole, a little larger than that made by a pin, and which I noticed for the first time in the barred door, as I caught the faintest glimpse of a ray of light. No uninvited guests shared my room that night. I seemed to have been strongly fortified in all respects.

It is strange one never feels the ill effects from not having open windows in Mexico. The houses are so constructed that air is allowed in, in philtered portions, it seems, as malaria is ever present during sleeping hours and still one rises refreshed in the mornings.

Guanajuato by daylight, with its magnificent palaces and theatre, its catacombs and mines, is a source of pleasure and delight.

While the moonlight experience was in an unusual way enjoyable, the sunshine was very much more to our liking.

No one must fail to take a donkey ride to the Pantheon on the crest of a mountain that overlooks the entire city and impressing one with the feeling that he or she is surely in Holy Lands, so similar are the houses arranged and the surrounding country is of the same aspect.



A TYPICAL FIESTA SCENE.

These periodical gatherings or carnivals are much enjoyed by the Mexicans.

MOTTOES

"Happness" is fortune.
 "Virtue" is wealth.
 "Gold" is a comfort
 Through sickness and health.
 "Honesty" is a treasure
 We all should possess.
 "Charity" is a pleasure
 That brings happness.
 "Love" like a candle
 Turns darkness to light,
 "Kindness" brings joy
 And therefore it's right.
 "Good manners and morals"
 If with them we're decked,
 Will always procure
 Good people's respect.
 "Knowledge" is the ladder
 That leads us up higher.
 "Improvement" in everything
 Is our desire.
 "Industry" is the motto
 To lead us to fame,
 And "solid instruction"
 The good teacher's aim.
 "Right" is the path
 We all should have trod,
 Ere we arrive
 At the judgment of God.

—Laura J. Sears.



TEATRO JUAREZ AT GUANAJUATO.

A magnificent theater costing \$1,000,000. The interior is in rococo style; draperies from Paris. Opened by President Diaz in 1901.



STREET SCENE IN GUANAJUATO.

Adjacent to the Teatro Juarez, showing one corner of the building and the hillside in the background.

LAST WORDS FROM A GIFTED AUTHOR

BY THE LATE HARRIET E. SKIDMORE (MARIE).

To the earnest, unprejudiced observer of the signs of the times, the question often arises, "What are the tendencies, social, political and moral, of our day and especially of our country?" "What hope have we of the future well-being of America?" The pessimist would answer, "We have none, we are going from bad to worse, and there is no remedy."

Is he right or wrong? Which predominates in our midst, the material or spiritual, evil or good, or that indifference which all sages agree and the Scriptures assert, is worse than evil, as the latter spends itself at last, and leads, by its excesses, to its own correction?

Let us glance at the aspect of life in our own land, as its kaleidoscopic views are presented to us in the mid-day light of modern civilization.

Our people, in independence of character, energy and intelligence, have no superiors, and, it is safe to say, but few equals in the nations. The spread of education among the masses, and the certainty that all ways of advancement are open to every talented, ambitious man and woman—for, today, even among the most conservative, the pulpit seems to be the only spot where woman may not place her daring foot—has given an upward tendency, socially and politically to all classes.

At the period preceding the Southern war, honorable and laudable ambition to attain high places in the mercantile, professional, political, and consequently social world, led men to persistent indefatigable effort. Our colleges sent forth annually to life's arena young men of ability and aspiration, bound, if not to win success, at least to better their fellowmen, by their efforts in a noble struggle. Those training for the commercial career sought the busy marts of traffic, intent upon achieving, not only wealth, but honorable names and high station, by honest dealing and faithful attention to the routine of business. The learned professions were sought and adopted by young men whose talents and tastes pointed to them the fame of a Mott, a Marshal, or a Webster; while those seeking political preferment did not then predicate their claim to success almost entirely upon their cleverness in managing ward politicians, or upon the millions they had acquired honestly or otherwise.

What is the ambition of the average collegian of today? It is to run or wrestle better than his fellows. To dress more like a dude, drink more wine and spend more money than his classmates. What does he care for mercantile training, scientific attainments, or professional celebrity? Nearly all the niches in the temple of Fame are vacant, but his ambitious eyes turn not thither. He may sometimes think of getting a place at Annapolis or West Point, particularly if he has no "expectations." For, he argues, when he is tired of college life, or the "governor's" slender purse can no longer supply his extravagance, he will "get solid" with our Congressmen, "go in" for the navy or army, scrape through his examinations, become a middy and later a lieutenant—the navy is more desirable than the army—"One has less access to the best society everywhere, you know"—he will be a lion among the ladies and wind up by marrying an heiress. Or, if he is admitted at West Point, he can patch up his neglected education, get acquainted with the aristocratic families of New York and vicinity, and when he graduates, his chances of fortune through the matrimonial sacrifice—he esteems it indeed a sacrifice—are almost as good as those of his college chum of the navy.

If our young man intended to be a merchant, limited amount of book-learning is, in his estimation quite sufficient. So he scorns the classics as being "too slow," he does not care about "delving after Greek roots" and delving very hard after anything for that matter. He will study geography a little, mathematics a little, English grammar and composition a very little indeed—this last part is patent to all his acquaintances. Then he has a little knowledge of the commercial course, he will take the examination, perhaps get his certificate—how much or little that may mean we know—and then seek a position as clerk. If he is fortunate enough to get a subordinate place in a bank, he considers himself fairly started in life, and looks around for entree into society, that he may go in and win one of the golden prizes in the matrimonial lottery.

And what of those who adopt the learned professions? Their name is legion, yet while many of them are talented, ambitious and industrious, would it not be better if a tithe at least of the would be disciples of Solon and Esculapius, would be induced to devote themselves to the agricultural develop-

ment of the land. There is a wide field, metaphorically and literally, for earnest workers. Why do so many hug the busy over-crowded cities, when they might find man's first, best labor more adapted to their gifts?

Then from whence are we to get our workers in steel and iron? Are we never intelligent, well-educated, skilled Americans to build our steamboats and cars, construct our boilers, and steam engines? Yet in these avocations there is a broader scope for the exercise of masculine power, physical and mental.

Why, in a country where we boast of equality and the dignity of labor, is intelligent labor scorned? Why do American parents, with few exceptions, seek for their sons some paltry clerkship, some small political office, or force them into the professions where they are sure to meet with failure—for Nature is true to the gifts she bestows—when so many of them would achieve success, wealth and even distinction, at the forge or in the vineyard or orchard?

By mistaken callings, love of gain for its own sake, contempt for mechanical labor and mercenary marriages, we are deteriorating and the pursuit of the material is fast gaining ground.

Now how about the home life and influence upon which our moral and social well-being largely depend? To the weakness or absence of parental authority may be attributed many of the evils which darken our social atmosphere. Respect for age and do-

She goes to church on Sunday and attends what is irreverently called the "fashionable church." At fashionable church weddings, she keeps up a constant chit-chat with her neighbor, or entertains, during the entire service, some gentleman with a running fire of criticism on the dress, appearance and attractions of the young ladies in front, making meanwhile beaux deux at the young millionaire in the aisle adjoining.

Her brother is as indifferent to his parents and as frivolous as our young lady is. He spends all his salary in dress suits, neckties and cigars, never rendering his over-worked father any assistance under the burden of family expenses. He never asks his mother or elder sister—who is quite outree in dress and style—to go anywhere with him. If he attends a party, he always invites the best dressed girls to dance and never pays the least attention to the ladies of the house if they are either handsome or good dancers.

Now, are Mary Elizabeth and her brother to blame for their want of filial respect, and their frivolity? No, a thousand times no. The weak father and the weaker mother who have failed in the first duty of parents, the inculcation of respect for themselves and obedience to their commands are solely to blame.

Parents in our day, and notably in our country, are by far too indulgent. From the cradle to manhood and womanhood children are pampered. Parents too often make idols of their off-

future distinction, but they were not often found at the so-called "society gatherings," that social entertainments had degenerated into mere dancing school parties. That our merchants, physicians and lawyers destined to future eminence, have no time for social clubs; their heads having been cultivated to the neglect of their heels, they are not often invited to dancing parties, as "they are so stupid they can't dance much, and it is such a bore to try to talk to them."

The follies of parents are reflected in the uselessness or vices of their children. The boys and girls grow up without that wholesome restraint—which is the guaranty of Christian worth and social happiness.

We are all equal before the law, we determine, therefore, to be as good—not morally, but socially—as our neighbors. Every child who enters the Eighth grade can graduate, in time, from our High school. In consequence of the political influence of parents, the standard of graduation can be lowered to squeeze through the educational machine any thick-headed subject who may have stopped in transit. No matter how many good house-servants, cooks, laborers or mechanics are spoiled in the process, we are all equal, therefore we must all be teachers, clerks, doctors or lawyers. No mechanical laborers, no tillers of the soil, no hewers of wood, or drawers of water are to be raised in our American homes. Foreign white labor must come to the rescue; when that fails we must employ Chinese.

It is absurd to assert that our people prefer servile labor. If efficient native or foreign white laborers could be obtained, our leagues of smiling vineyards, orchards and grain fields would be dotted with the cottages of free white workingmen, and the Asiatic horde would be driven from our shores for lack of employment.

American fathers and mothers will have to govern their children, influence them rightly, and direct their talents into the channel which nature has marked for them. If children have the necessary gifts and tastes, let them, by all means, be educated for the professions. If their talents lie in the mechanical line, train them as educated, skilled mechanics. If their mental endowments are mediocre, teach them that manual labor is honorable. They should never be permitted to speak with contempt of the horny-handed sons of toil. They should remember that labor is the lot of man, that all that is honest is worthy of honor; that it is better to excel in agriculture or the trades than to be mediocre in the professions.

They should be taught to respect age, to honor their superiors, old and young. The state can do but little for the child, if parents fail in their duty.

Education without religion and home-training is only book-learning at best. At worst it is too often infidelity to God and ruin to the individual.

Young readers! In the language of the Roman gladiators, "We who are about to die salute you." We have erred, we have pointed out our errors. With us "the day is far spent." In its sunset glow, we ask your pardon if we have too often spared the uplifted rod of correction, and beg of you, our successors, to profit by our example.

The family, society, the state look to you. Each depends upon the other, all three upon you. Do your part then fearlessly. Form a society based upon reverence for age, respect for authority, honor for all that is truly honorable—love for God, and as earnest Americans, labor to correct the evil tendencies of our times.

"Mater filiorum multorum."

MASTERPIECES OF POETRY.

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THE LATE MISS HARRIET M. SKIDMORE (MARIE.)

mestic authority seems to have passed away with the poke bonnets and ample skirts of our grandmothers. The young rush forward and push their elders aside without ceremony. What father and mother says or thinks is of little consequence. Children come and go as they will, without question or hindrance.

In our best society, in California, if not elsewhere, the elders are almost ignored. The Chinese, it is said, destroy the weakling or deformed of the family in infancy, but, when, in their judgment, a person is fit to live at all, he is permitted to enjoy existence as long as nature wills, and the greatest respect is shown by children to their aged parents. We have improved our Oriental civilization and end at least the social life and importance of the individual who has passed middle age, or, as some writer has put it, "has out-lived his usefulness." So, when Miss Blank has a reception, sometimes her parents are permitted to be present, their names are mentioned afterwards in the society notes, among the list of invited guests, sometimes they are left out altogether; for "the line must be drawn somewhere," and there is no room for old folks.

Mary Elizabeth accepts, on her own account, invitations for the opera or theatre, goes out when she pleases, and with whom she pleases, and probably her parents know nothing of the character, family and sometimes even the name of her escort.

spring, and offer them constantly adulation and worship.

They do not exact obedience from the child, and the youth and the maiden hold them in neither respect nor veneration. Through the weakness and easy compliance of parents, the social gatherings, left to the guidance of the young, inexperienced and uninformed in mind and character tend no longer to the cultivation of the graces and courtesies of life, the interchange of intelligent ideas, the development of mind.

Some married women of good manners, good sense and good education, are still seen at our balls and gatherings. They are admitted under the odious title of chaperones. But are there many men of sense, talent or even good breeding? Many men worth dancing one's hair out of curl, or fading the roses on one's cheeks for?

A prominent lady once said to me that at all the fashionable gatherings she had attended during an entire season, the young gentlemen were inferior in appearance, ability, education and social prominence to the young ladies,—many of the latter being bright, witty, beautiful and of good family,—in fact that it would appear from her point of view, that the young society ladies of her acquaintance would have to stop to mate, or go unwed, for there were few young men of any promise.

I replied that there were many young men of undoubted talent, high character and brilliant prospect of



Illustrations by
Stanley Clisby Arthur.

AN UNPUBLISHED STORY

OF Daniel O'Connell's "THE LOST PATENT"



ROSSES everywhere, bordering the long crescent avenue, creeping up the trunks of the old oaks to mingle with the ivy, and clustering in huge bunches about the entrance of the hacienda where Don Miguel Gomez sat waiting the arrival of the young American engineer, who was to convert a large portion of the Los Ohitos Ranch into building lots for the foreigners. Don Miguel had no love for the Americans. His father half a century before owned near all the broad valley, stretching from the Coast Range on one side to the ocean on the other, but his father's sons, including Don Miguel himself, had been an extravagant lot, fond of gaming, and feasting, and display, so that now, of the once lordly Ohitos, but a few paltry acres remained, and these the Hidalgo was compelled to sacrifice to the enemy. The inevitable march of population had reached the Ohito, and gentleman of means, with an ambition for a handsome country seat, were clamoring at the limits of Don Miguel's boundaries for admission.

The barking of a sheep dog in a kennel close by, followed by the deeper and more threatening bay of a deer hound, warned the Don that a stranger came. "You are the Senor Lawton, the engineer from San Francisco?" said the old gentleman, advancing with that charming politeness which sits so gracefully on the Spaniard.

"At your service, and you are Don Miguel Gomez," replied the stranger. "You have a lovely place here, Don Miguel. I am not astonished that you have been so reluctant to part with it."

The Spaniard answered with a bitter laugh.

"It is the admiration of your countrymen, Senor Lawton, which compels me to welcome them as neighbors. It is now almost noon. We will lunch and after luncheon I will drive you over the ranch."

After a quiet toilet in the chamber which Don Miguel had hospitably prepared for him, and which he was to occupy until the subdividing of the tract was finished, Lawton joined his host on the veranda, and was ushered by him with much ceremony into a cool, spacious dining hall. "My daughter, Senorita Gabriella," said the Spaniard, and Lawton bowed to what at that moment flashed across his mind as the most beautiful Spanish girl he had ever seen. She was almost seventeen, tall, with large lustrous eyes, a skin as white as the apple blossoms in the orchard outside, and when she murmured her welcome, the young man mentally decided that no voice could be more musical. True, he felt rather amused at himself a few minutes afterward, at the sudden and alarming manner in which he had fallen over head and ears in love with his host's daughter. And when he reflected that two or three weeks of this delightful association lay before him, he looked so supremely happy that Don Miguel remarked interrogatively, "you enjoy the country, Senor?"

Donna Gabriella sighed. "The Senor should see Las Animas," she said, "it is much more beautiful than the Ohitos."

"My daughter speaks of a ranch we once owned, which lies about a league from hence," said Don Miguel explanatorily. "We went to law about it, or at least one of your countrymen sued us for pos-

session, disputed our title, and having lost the original patent, we were never able to prove ownership, so it passed out of our hands like many other matters. We never knew whether the patent was lost or stolen. My father imagined he had it in his strong box, but when we made an examination it was not there. You like our Spanish dishes, Senor?"

Lawton declared Spanish cookery was his favorite, and the conversation drifted to things in general, politics, books, and the growth of the State.

Lawton arose early next morning, and after a hearty breakfast laid out his plans for dividing the Ohitos. He rode carefully over the tract and decided that a broad avenue to lead from the country roads to the foot hills would be the proper limitation; as he rode slowly along the center of the tract, mentally calculating this clump of oaks would be left on the north side, and that on the south, he perceived a short distance ahead the ruins of an adobe building. Dismounting and hitching his mustang to a tree, the engineer made a curious inspection of this relic of early California days. At one end of the ruin stood the fragments of what had evidently been a belfry, so Lawton concluded that this had been one of the minor churches of the early Missions.

"Buenos Dios, Senor."

The engineer started, and turning quickly round saw a decrepid native California, bowing before him.

"You like my house," said the old man in English. Yes, Senor, I live here. My good master, Don Miguel, has been gracious enough to give his father's old major domo this ruin rent free. Would the Senor like to see my apartments, then follow me."

Pleased with this adventure, Lawton nodded, and the old man led him to a recess by the belfry, descended half a dozen stairs, followed by Lawton who found himself in a large subterranean chamber, furnished with a rude table, a couple of chairs, a dilapidated stove, and in the corner a heap of hay, which evidently served the hermit as a bed. Lawton took a seat, and much interested in this singular character, awaited further developments.

"I heard that my good master, Don Miguel, was sadly in need of money," said the hermit, "and that the old ranch was to be cut up and sold to the Americans. How it will hurt that proud man's heart, and the Senorita she will be sad when they come here with their white wooden houses and cut down the timber. They will spare nothing, those Americans, and by and by they will come to get the hacienda itself, and then poor Don Miguel will have to go to San Francisco. But how will he live? The city is no place for a poor Spaniard Caballero, is it, Senor?" and the ugly old fellow leered malevolently at his visitor.

Evidently, thought Lawton, my ancient friend has no love for his landlord, and then he said aloud:

"Oh, Don Miguel will realize enough from the sale to make him comfortable for the rest of his life. Good day, my friend, I must be going. Probably I shall see more of you when we come to work this field, and nodding to the hermit, he left the ruin.

The bell was ringing for the noonday meal as Lawton rode up the avenue. The Don's daughter was on the veranda clipping roses for her vases, and smilingly greeted the engineer. At table he told Don Miguel of his meeting with the hermit at the ruined mission.

"Ah," said Gomez, with a troubled face, "that is Sanchez, a strange, cross old fellow. He used to be in my father's service, and gave me my first lessons in casting the riata. But for some offense or other what it was I know not, yet it must have been a grave one, my father disgraced him, flogged him severely, and Sanchez left the ranch that night. Nor did he ever return until after my father's death. I offered him some place about the household which he refused, asking permission only to occupy yonder ruin. But I don't believe he has any love for our family now. He comes of that race whose resentment expires only with death."

"I must be on hand early to-day to see about the main avenue of our new town," said Lawton to Don Miguel Gomez on the following morning, and will take a few sandwiches with me, so do not expect me to lunch. The Spaniard politely expressed his regrets, and hoped the Senor would not fatigue himself. The long summer's day passed, the evening shadows fell, and still the Don's fair daughter listened for the clatter of the engineer's horse on the avenue. She liked him, and felt in his society an excitement, a pleasure for which she accounted herself as the natural gratification of associating with one of her own period of life, who was original, courteous and intelligent. At seven o'clock the Don's supper hour, Lawton was still missing. The evening wore on, but the engineer came not.

"He must have received a dispatch to go to town immediately," said Don Miguel, as he discussed with Gabriella, Lawton's absence, "but it is singular that he did not send us a message to this effect. However, we shall probably hear from him to-morrow."

But the next day and the next came and passed without a message from, or any tidings of Lawton. His instruments and papers were in his room, and a half written letter lay open upon his table. On the third day Don Miguel became apprehensive that some accident had befallen him. But then, he argued, had he been thrown from his horse, the animal would have found his way back to the stables. Gabriella's anxiety was plainly visible. She spoke continually of Lawton's absence, and when Don Miguel mentioned the theory that he had come to grief, she

earnestly begged that a search party be organized and that the company he was engaged by be informed of his absence. A letter to the company brought a response that they had had no communication with Lawton for five days. This made the matter more serious, and half a dozen mounted men were dispatched to search for him. After scouring the country they returned without any tidings of the missing young man.

With Don Miguel's grief at this occurrence was mingled the most serious anxiety for his daughter. The mystery of Lawton's disappearance so thoroughly engrossed her mind that she lost all interest in other affairs. She lost her appetite, grew thin and wan, her nights were sleepless, and finally the Spaniard decided to send her to her relatives in Santa Barbara for change of air and scene, and with the hope that this perplexing incident might, if not partially forgotten, lose at least its intensity. Gabriella gave a languid assent to the proposition, and preparations were made for her departure.

The evening before the contemplated journey she suggested to her father that she would ride about the old place, and one of the men brought around a beautiful little white mare, which had been expressly broken for her use. Gabriella rode slowly over the tract, and thought mournfully of the fate of the young engineer. The truth was now plain to her that he had obtained a deeper place in her heart than she had ever accorded to any one before. The evening was far advanced and the moon was rising slowly over the oaks as the young girl reigned her horse in the neighborhood of the ruined mission. An impulse for which she never could account afterwards, led her to dismount and enter the ruin. She sat near the dismantled altar, and there knelt and prayed that the Blessed Virgin would intercede with our Lord for the safety of her lover, wheresoever he might be, and bring him back to her. The last earnest words were trembling on the girl's lips, when a groan, which seemed to come from directly under the altar, caused her to spring to her feet with a scream. Her fright was momentary. An inspiration seized her.

"My prayer is answered," she cried. "He is here. Ernest, Ernest, where are you?" There was a pause, and again she heard those sounds of distress. With her delicate hands she cleared away the rubbish from the altar stone, and an iron ring was disclosed. An unaccountable intelligence seemed to direct her every movement. She rushed outside and returned with a stout branch, inserted it in the ring, and with extraordinary strength pried up the stone slab. Here, in a narrow vault, bound hand and foot, lay the insensible form of Ernest Lawton.

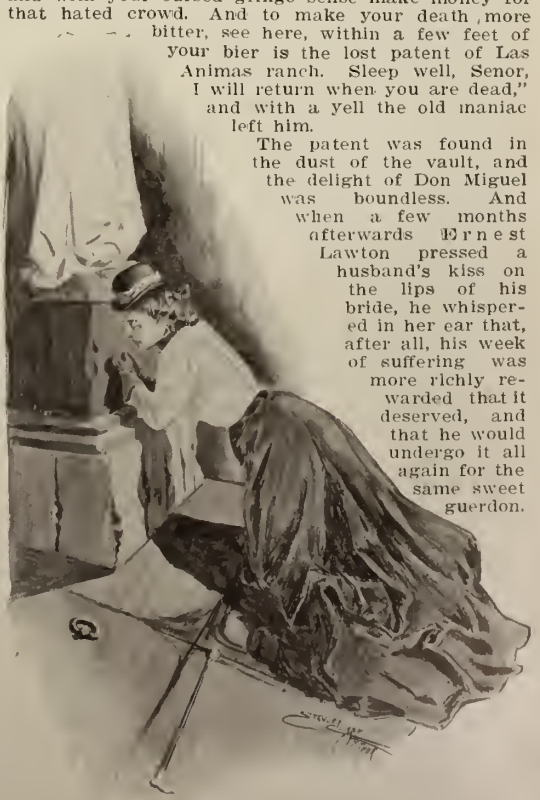
When Lawton lay in his chamber at the ranch once more restored to speech, he told the story of his imprisonment. On the evening of the day of his disappearance whilst riding by the ruin, he heard the whiz of a riata in the air, and the next moment he was dragged from his horse almost choked into insensibility. Before consciousness left him he recognized in his assailant Pedro Sanchez. His next sensation was that of being bound to the rings of the walls of the vault, and seeing Sanchez bend over him.

"You are here to die," hissed the revengeful hermit. "Ha, you would marry Don Miguel's daughter, and with your cursed gringo sense make money for that hated crowd. And to make your death more bitter, see here, within a few feet of your bier is the lost patent of Las Animas ranch. Sleep well, Senor, I will return when you are dead," and with a yell the old maniac left him.

The patent was found in the dust of the vault, and the delight of Don Miguel was boundless. And when a few months afterwards Ernest Lawton pressed a husband's kiss on the lips of his bride, he whispered in her ear that, after all, his week of suffering was more richly rewarded that it deserved, and that he would undergo it all again for the same sweet guerdon.



He was dragged, half choked, from his horse.



The last earnest words were trembling on her lips.

I AM THE DAUGHTER OF LOVE

BY FLORENCE ESTELLA MILTON.

Men call me La Frivole. The peasants think this an appropriate name for a Provencal stream that dances lightly from rock to rock, that dashes the spray so gaily against the iris reeds and smiles sparkling in answer to the soft whispers of the west wind. Perhaps. Yet there are days when the sunbeams do not come to play, and then I think of sad things and call to mind strange doings which have taken place along my banks.

One of them I saw played out many years ago, and the memory of it haunts me more than that of any other.

It is about the olive tree that stands at the entrance of the little valley, through which I flow when, with a bound, I leave the rosemary and rue-grown hill, the children call the Desert. A white Banksia rose-tree flings her soft branches about the dark trunk of that olive, and half covers with her cloudy mantle that gray and gnarled tree, as though she would shield it from the sharp stab of the Mistral and shade it from the fierce rays of the sun.

But I remember a time when no olive and Banksia grew in the valley. Once in those days I was lying very quiet and nearly asleep at noonday, when suddenly a beautiful maiden came out from the woods that lie towards the south. As she drew near I no longer cared to sleep, for I would not waste one of the moments I might spend in gazing upon her loveliness.

Her face was sweet and fair, and a wonderful light of happiness beamed from her eyes. Her robe was long, white and flowing, and as she walked I perceived that her every movement was perfect grace. To see her stoop and replace in the nest a nightingale's fallen egg, was a pretty sight.

I had watched her do this, and her face was still a little flushed from the exertion, a smile of pleasure at the mother-bird's delight still playing about her lips, when there came towards her, from the rocky desert above, a youth whom I knew well by sight, though never before had I seen him in the bright light of day, but only in the grayness of twilight or in the half blackness of night, when the moon begins to rise in the sable sky.

His dark face, handsome, yet so sad that I never loved to look upon it, was generally bent earthward as he paced along my banks, and his mournful eyes were usually fixed intently on the ground; but this day as he glanced upwards his eyes met those of the white-robed maiden, and then he stopped, as though in the presence of a gracious vision he might dispel by too near an approach.

The maiden, too, stood still for a few seconds, and then, a wave of pity faintly shadowing her joyous face, she moved toward him with outstretched hands, and gently accosted him.

"Who art thou?" she asked in a low-toned voice.

The youth falling on one knee at her feet, answered in tones most weary and melancholy: "I am the Son of Sorrow."

He paused, as though expecting some word or action from the girl addressed; but she continued to gaze gently down on him, her soft eyes looking pityingly into his.

Then an eager, surprised look came over the sad youth's face, as, rising and taking her hands passionately, almost roughly, in his, he said:

"Who art thou, fairest of maidens, that thou dost not shun my presence, now that thou hast heard my name, and must know the burden I am forced to bear? All men and women shrink from me lest, perchance, it should fall on their shoulders."



"I am the Daughter of Love," answered the damsel, gently; "and wherefore should I fly from thee? I see thy heavy burden, and long to help thee bear it. See, I am stronger than thou thinkest."

And I saw the fair girl, with a smile on her lips, put out her hand to support the load swung across the bended shoulders of the youth.

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the youth, drawing quickly back; "it is enough to look upon thee and hear thy voice. No burden can oppress while thou art near."

"Then I will stay with thee always, that thou mayst see me, and speak with me when thou wilt," replied the maiden, simply.

My attention was distracted at that moment by a slight rustling, followed by a low half-mocking laugh; and looking away from the youth and the maiden, I saw, at a little distance, the familiar, aged, though strangely young-looking figure of Dame Fortune. Into one hand she had gathered her long train, shot with a hundred colors, and changing with the dancing light, looking a black, leaden thing one moment, and gleaming with silvery whiteness the next.

With her other hand held up as though to quiet the singing birds, she stood almost motionless, listening.

"The Son of Sorrow and the Daughter of Love conversing together," I heard her say in a low voice, which also was half mocking, like her laughter.

The youth and the maiden, as they heard their names pronounced, slowly turned toward her.

"So you two would wish to dwell together, would you?" inquired the Dame. "The union would be very droll, really too droll." And she laughed again in the way I so much disliked; but I could not see her now, for she was hidden by a tree from my sight. "Would it be allowed, though? Do you foolish young things imagine for one moment that it would be allowed?"

Once more the old lady laughed scornfully, and between the trunks of two pines, I could again see her, and notice a twinkle of fun suddenly light up her eyes, as a mischievous scheme flashed into her mind. Her voice was broken with laughter as now she advanced a few steps forward, and said half jestingly, half seriously,—

"The match would vastly amuse me. I will see it made sure. You, O, Son of Sorrow, shall become an olive tree, and you, O Daughter of Love, a Banksia rose-tree at his side. If ever you would escape from this bondage—and at certain seasons, you shall be set free—it must only be if with each other, hand in hand together."

Dame Fortune never pauses to think over her plans, and so it came about that an olive, in the fair embrace of a white Banksia rose-tree, grew from that instant in the valley below the desert; and Love and Sorrow have ever since been found in the world together.

MYSTERY OF THE SON OF MADAME DE LAINE

BY EVELYN FLETCHER.

IT WAS no ordinary compliment that she had paid me, this sweet-faced, gentle old lady, as we sat together under the flowering chestnut tree; it was no small mark of confidence that she had shown me when she opened the locket and placed it in my hand.

I looked at the miniature in silence; no need for me to ask who it was. "My son" was her word, her hero; she thought of him by day, she dreamed of him by night; he was at once her memory and her hope. Yet she rarely spoke of him, save to me. No one else in all the village had been deemed worthy to look upon that pictured face. He was not in the least like her, yet it was a handsome face enough. There was nothing very remarkable about it. Not a face that told you very much either for good or for evil; somewhat weak, perhaps; boyishly bright, and yet with some faint suggestion of latent possibilities—was it in the eyes or the lines about the mouth?—that made me look with a tenderer reverence at the sweet old face that was watching me with such pathetic pride, as I said gently,—

"He must have been quite young, then, Madame?"

"He was eighteen; ah, yes, but eighteen! A mere boy, Lucy; but already clever and full of ambition; yet always so good to the old mother. For I was old even then; fifty, when he was but eighteen; and he was everything to me, ma chere, everything—just as he is now!"

"It must make you very happy to think that he—"

I paused, hardly knowing how to go on, for fear lest I might say too much; but, absorbed in her all-satisfying theme, she never noticed my hesitation.

"He has always made me very happy," she said simply. "Ah, my child, you understand, to you I can speak freely! But to these others, no; they are too occupied with themselves, with their own little interests. Oh, think not that I blame! It is so natural, so natural; only I speak not to them of my Raoul. To you—it is different. One day, perhaps, when the war is over—such a long, long war,—and he—"

Madame de Laine's voice faltered and died away. Not even to me did she ever speak of her son's return. The thought of it was, no doubt, too great a happiness to be lightly put into words.

In silence I laid the locket in her wrinkled hands; stooping, as I did so, to kiss the thin white fingers. At that moment I could not bear to meet her eyes. The "long, long war" that she spoke of had been ended years ago, and France had risen—phoenix-like—from the ashes of that terrible conflagration; yet still Madame de Laine waited, still she hoped. Dear Madame, how much pain was spared her; but—at what cost!

She closed the locket after one long, tender look at the boyish face, and concealed it carefully in the bosom of her dress, amid soft folds of rare old lace.

I watched her do it with a sympathy that was all the more pitiful for the helpless anger and bitter revolt in my heart.

And all about us the birds sang, and the air was full of the sweetness and happy promise of the spring-time. But the fallen petals of the chestnut blossom lay in crimson splashes on the grass at our feet.

What a sweet, tranquil old lady she was; and how perfectly at rest in her love for her son, her absolute faith in him! She had been a great lady in those far-away days before the war; aye, and for all her gentleness and simplicity, she was a great lady still—was she not of the old noblesse?—and proud, proud of her Raoul?

"France has no braver, truer son than my boy!" She looked up at me with kindling eyes. "Ah, Lucy; whether he live or die in the war, I am content; for I know that he will ever bear himself with honor, and serve the country he loves—our beautiful France. For the rest—it is in God's hands."

"True, Madame."

"My little Raoul!" (oh, the tenderness of her tone!) "Even as a child he was brave, a very hero. He wished to make a great name; to be, perhaps, a second Napoleon—yes, but to save France, not to ruin her!—A Napoleon; not like him who now leads our armies; but that other, the Corsican. A great man, that first Napoleon; though he was but a parvenu, and no true Frenchman. But my son is French, French to the very core; and a patriot indeed."

Napoleon III was in his grave, he had long ceased to lead the armies of France; but Madame knew naught of that, naught of his abdication, naught of the tragic death of his noble son. Her knowledge of all things that go to make history—yes, and of much besides—had stopped abruptly on one terrible day now many years ago; had stopped, never—please God—to begin anew.

"Lucy," the sweet old voice went on, with its pretty, caressing, foreign accent; "you have a saying, you English—I have heard Monsieur your father use it often—that the boy—how should I say? Ah, yes—the boy is father to the man. It is true, that saying; it was so with Raoul. He was born a soldier, and a soldier he is. It is the one life for a man like my son; and—he has distinguished himself. That is of course. Where all are brave, he is without peer; a very Bayard! I have heard it, I know. Ah, it is something to be the mother of a man like that!"

"It is indeed, Madame!"

"But—his wife, Lucy: some day he will have a wife to be proud of him also; but not as I am, child—not as I am."

"No, truly. And now, he is all your own."

"But I would not have it so always. Some day, when the war is ended. . . . But there will be time enough to make a marriage for my son then."

"Time enough, indeed."

"And meanwhile—thou art my little daughter, ma cherie; and she laid her wrinkled hand fondly on my head. "Thou knowest more of him than any one in the world save his mother, little one."

"Save his mother."

Poor soul! Oh, poor soul! An uncontrollable sob broke from me, and I hid my face on her knee.

"Be calm, my child," she said gently. "Ah, it is hard for the young to wait; but I—I have grown old and very patient. I forget."

She entirely mistook the cause of my emotion, but what of that? If she liked to think that I too was waiting even as she waited—oh, not for the world

would I have said one word to undeceive her!

"Dear Madame, you are indeed very patient! But you are happy?" and I looked up at her anxiously.

She smiled. "Happy! ah, but yes," she said softly. "I have my son."

Exile from her beloved France was nothing to her; never since my father brought her here, when I was a mere child, had she shown any wish to return. She was, as she said, happy.

And we loved her. Her story, of course, was known to but few; but all in the village were aware that "the old French madam up at Parson's had been sorely tried by some great sorrow, and on the rare occasions when she went beyond the Vicarage garden she met with nothing but respect and sympathy from our kindly people. Of late she had never done so; she was tired, she said, and the pleasant seat under the chestnut-tree was as far as she cared to go. She grew weaker daily; and we who loved her watched her with redoubled tenderness, for we had been warned that possibly—just at the last—

Oh, God grant that she might be spared that! That she might never know—

"Listen!" and she raised a warning finger. "How gaily the birds are singing! They recall to me a morning long ago, when my son was a boy. He had been away with his father to Paris, and I sat in the garden of the chateau waiting for him—just as I am waiting now. The birds seemed to know how full my heart was of joy, and to praise God for me; oh, how far better than I could myself! The chestnuts were in flower, too; but they were white, not red. These are very beautiful, but—I like the white best, ma petite, just for the sake of that other day when my son came home to me. Ah, yes; but soon—very soon now—"

She was silent, and lay back in her chair, gazing musingly before her; and I sat still on the grass at her feet, thinking of many things.

How quiet it was! The birds' glad songs scarcely seemed an interruption, and other sounds there were none. Even the wind had dropped, and scarcely a breath of air stirred the heavy fans of the great chestnut-leaves.

So quiet, that from my day-dreams I drifted into a dreamless slumber.

Something—was it a slight movement on Madame's part?—roused me, and I looked up.

Ah! she, too, was sleeping.

She had drawn the locket once more from its resting place, and had fallen asleep ere she had thought to shut it. The boyish face smiled up at her; her thin hands lay, lightly crossed, in her lap; her eyes were closed.

Yes; but hers was the sleep from which there is no awakening. Madame was dead!

And, thank God! the cloud that darkened her mind had never lifted; that which we feared had not happened. For she had died happy, not knowing that the son for whom she waited was long since dead.

Raoul de Laine had died a traitor's death on the day that had robbed his mother of her reason; he was shot as a spy by his comrades for betraying the France he had professed to love.

The shock that had shattered, had saved, her!

THE BIG REDWOODS NEAR SANTA CRUZ

BY ELLA M. SEXTON.

"Why go there?" said My Lady Disdain when our expedition planned itself. "I'm told there's nothing to see but trees." The Artist and Poet glared at her in speechless horror, while the rest of us flouted her as a Goth and a Vandal. I tried to explain the wonderful grove we were to visit with its grand and unique sequoias, but My Lady "had seen the Maine and Michigan wood" and thus calmly ended the subject for that day at least.

Her remark haunted me, however, as we sped next morning down the narrow gauge railroad from San Francisco and the miles of orchards bordering its tracks unfolded to right and left of us. "Nothing but trees" here, also thousands of apricots drinking in the sunshine they always seem to taste of when ripe, and pears and prunes preparing their generous harvest for later on. Then hay-fields fragrant and brown and dotted with great picturesque live oaks, and still on and on till the white observatory dome on Mount Hamilton was a landmark eastward, and the Santa Cruz mountains carved deep with shadowy canyons drew nearer on the west. A few redwoods fringed their summits at the sky-line, and soon we began to thread the blackness of the many tunnels, and to rejoice in the new world opening at each farther end. Still there is "nothing but trees" on a thousand hills, but what variety in the picture! Along the railroad are young redwoods in their spring robes fringed with light green tassels, and the "tan-bark oaks" with red clusters of new leaves almost as bright as blossoms. That slim, bronzed forest-maiden, the madrono, stands shyly apart on the upper slopes, and down where the creek tumbles and foams over its boulders there are thickets of azaleas, creamy and pink and heavy-scented.

It grows hotter, and the engine pants up grades and through deep cuts topped with waving wild-oats. Dozens of ideal camping-places, lovely spots under great laurels and by rippling waters, tempt us to leave the train and take immediate possession. Even My Lady admits that a hammock and a book under the spreading arms of a fragrant bay-tree might reconcile her to camping, and the children want to go no farther.

Then at last the grove, and from the dry, hot woodsy smell of the open hillsides and the sunlit space of the station we step into a cool greenness, a stillness as of a temple with long vistas of twilight-shadows stretching away to depths unknown and afar. I am at My Lady's elbow, the disdainful little woman who has "seen woods before," and after one glance at the huddle of melancholy hotel-buildings she takes a straight line to the nearest mighty redwood. It is the one known as the Giant and I begin to rattle off the customary "Sixty-five feet in circumference, three hundred and six feet high" to be rudely interrupted by "Do hush! I want to look at this

tree as you call it. A tree!" she repeats dreamily; Why, it's a tower, a round tower, a very fortress of strength and beauty! Surely it didn't grow—and from a seed of that little cone, too?" She surveyed it with rapt attention and wandering eyes that tried vainly to take in the noble trunk without a branch for a hundred feet and its crown of foliage far, far above us.

Maliciously reminding her that there was "nothing to see here but trees," I introduced her to all the notable ones, from the historical General Fremont with the hollow at the foot of its trunk that served to shelter the great pathfinder one rainy night half a century ago, to "Ingersoll's Cathedral." This is a ring of eleven good-sized trees sprouted round an old

trunk, while in the Y. M. C. A. group thirty-two saplings have sprung from the buried and decayed heart of a monster tree of long ago. So we wandered and wondered, passing the Artist who in breathless haste was "painting in" cinnamon-red trunks like columns, clumps of vivid green foliage, ferns and berry-bushes against a patch of deep turquoise sky. The Poet scribbled and mused alone on a mossy log, while down under General Grant's three hundred feet of huge trunk and canopy of high branches the Professor learnedly holds forth to an audience armed with notebooks and much patience.

My Lady and I find a comfortable spot and a rug where we proceed to lower our proud heads and gaze in comfort up to the crowns of those forest-kings. We hear the Professor's steady flow of scientific talk and learn that these are not Big Trees but just "Coast Redwoods;" the sempervirens or always green sequoia, the only relative and brother of the true Big Tree, the Sierra Sequoia. These redwoods delight in the dripping fogs brought on the wings of the trade winds from the warm Japan current that laves our California shores, continues the Professor. They are the largest of coniferous trees and are remnants of an Arctic flora driven southward during the Glacial Age. In California alone, says our scientist, these sequoias found the necessary heat, the enclosing sheltering mountain-walls, rich soil and moisture from rains and fogs to develop into mammoth trees. Three thousand years they have towered here—but at this My Lady hastily rises. Figures are the Professor's weak point she vows, as we saunter slowly through the tall ferns to the mighty Giant of them all. The afternoon sun is sending long, quivering shafts of light through the forest and each great trunk and high crown is touched with golden fire.

"Beautiful and wonderful," are our parting words, and My Lady adds indignantly: "Why didn't you tell me how grand they were? Of course you talked of trees hundreds of feet high and scores in girth, but that doesn't describe their magnificence nor convey any idea of their size!" No, truly, one must see these redwoods to fall under their spell, and to understand why California should guard them as beyond price, and as curiosities found nowhere else in the civilized world. So go thou, if an unbeliever, and learn likewise of these giant redwoods.

The Big Tree Grove comprises nearly one hundred of these redwood monsters, ranging in circumference from forty to sixty feet and towering to a height of two and three hundred feet. Not only their dimensions, but the strange variety of their growth, have served to make them truly attractive, and the State has already reserved a park in Santa Cruz county to perpetuate the beauties of these forest kings, by staying the ax of the woodman.



THE SANTA CRUZ REDWOODS

BY JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

Clasping cool hands, fair shade and silence move
In majesty serene throughout the place,
Queens of the realm of leaf-fringed solitude,
Envelop them with soft and quiet dreams
Their lovers—kings—the mighty redwood trees,
Who tower majestic, glorious over all.
All nature looketh upward to the king—
The forest king—and lowly homage pays.
Pale violets peep from tiny vests of green,
Adding their perfume to the quiet air,
While on the swaying bough the robin's nest
Rocks gently, and the mother-bird croons low,
And trills a lullaby of peace and rest.
Beneath the perfumed tapestry of pine,
With glimpses of the azure sky between,
We lie and dream, throughout the golden day.
Slim sunbeams slant between thick-woven boughs,
But scarce are bold enough to venture in
The home of shade and silence, and the realm
Of good King Redwood—sovereign of the place.
But now the merry birds their warblings hush,
And Dusk with noiseless footsteps cometh near;
The salt breeze blows from off the dark'ning sea,
And brings with it the moan of restless waves.
Day closes all the flowers ere she departs,
While Shade and Silence grasp seductive arms
Around the Redwoods—and the dark night falls.



CALIFORNIA BIG TREE (Sequoia Gigantea)—A FALLEN MONARCH OF THE FOREST.

THE APOSTATE OF LOVE

BY E. F. BENSON.

M R. CARLINGFORD was the holder of Argentine stock, and until the day on which that most irresponsible republic remarked that it was not going to pay any of its debts he was a rich man. He was, in fact, so rich, and held money in such supreme contempt, that he did not put the slightest opposition in the way of his only son taking up the profession of a sculptor. But, contrary to his or any one else's expectation, with the single exception of Tom himself, who remarked, with much reason, that no one would ever believe in you unless you had the utmost belief in yourself, the budding artist soon made for himself a name, and—what surprised his father, who was a finished old cynic, much more—a market.

Tom turned out charming little figures of crouching nymphs and Arcadio-Parisian shepherdesses, which looked admirable as clock ornaments, while the larger sizes were the very things to stand in the corners of rooms in front of artistically disposed red velvet.

In fact, he got on so well that, on the strength of his growing success and his substantial expectations, he permitted himself to fall in love. May Winterson, who was a charming girl, also fell in love with him. In a word, Fortune seemed disposed to bestow one of her broadest smiles on the pair.

Tom Carlingford then took a ruinous step. Six months before his marriage an artist friend asked him to come and spend a few weeks with him in Rome, where they would walk the Vatican together; and Tom went. From a purely artistic point of view, it was very likely the making of him; financially, it was his ruin. The two results are by no means incompatible.

The first day Tom was there he went off alone to the galleries, for his friend, whose name was Manvers, was unable to go with him; and when he came to the torso of the Belvedere Hercules he stopped quite short. Then he said "By Gad!" and looked at it for half an hour without speaking.

There was some excuse, or at any rate some precedent, for Tom, since Michael Angelo, in his sightless old age, used to run his fingers over this statue for hours together. But the mischief was done.

Manvers was a sculptor of the more advanced French school, who had got past mere prettiness, and sculptured sheer ugliness with amazing skill. He preferred cripples. But he was still capable of appreciating prettiness, and Tom had left with him that morning a few photographs of his exhibits in London that year. Manvers had turned them over for half an hour or more with much respect, for they were exceedingly pretty and quite modern. When Tom came in he was still looking at them.

"My dear fellow," he said as he entered, "do you know, these are devilish pretty?"

Tom did not answer him, but strode across the room to see what he was looking at. When he saw, he flushed deeply.

"Give me those horrors," he said; and he flung them into the wood fire.

The fire thrust out a greedy tongue and licked them in, and in a few moments all that was left of them was a scrawl of crinkly gray ash, over which little red sparks ran about like fiery beetles.

"I have seen the Belvedere torso," said Tom, and dropped into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

"That doesn't make your 'Bather' any the less pretty," remarked Manvers.

"It makes it a blasphemy," said Tom.

Manvers had seen this sort of thing before, and he was not much alarmed for Tom's career. Indeed, he had himself spent five weeks in earlier days wrestling with a gigantic Apollo that was going to make the Golden Age return; but being a person of great good sense, immense talent and no genius at all, he had returned at the end of his forty days in the desert to his "meditating ladies" and "tattered beggars" with a wholesome conviction that not having wings it was no earthly use attempting to fly, and that it was folly, not being able to fly, to refuse for that reason to walk.

He lay back in his chair and laughed.

"I wish you hadn't torn those things up," he said; "they were very pretty. And now you will go home, and set up a life-size Apollo, just as I did, in a three-pair back in some grimy San Francisco street, and gnash your teeth at it for a month, or perhaps six; then you will go back to the shepherdess with a sense of unutterable relief. I am not denying that Hercules is magnificent, but it won't do nowadays. All the same, it is a good thing to go through that stage. It gives one ideas about drapery; not that the Hercules has much drapery, but some antiques have. But why didn't the divine madness seize you when you first saw the Elgin Marbles? They are what gave it me."

"It did," said Tom; "but it frightened me. I simply turned tail and ran. I saw how tremendously good they were, but I was frightened. I put them out of my head as quickly as I could."

The madness lasted all that month, as Manvers fully expected it would. Tom sat gazing in front of headless gods and goddesses all day, and returned home at night in a sort of artistic intoxication. His friend regarded it merely as a sort of vaccination; it had taken well; he would be free for at least seven years from any fear of the disease.

At Easter Tom went home to California, and a fortnight afterwards his father lay on his deathbed, and the Argentine Republic had gracefully declined to have anything to say to its bondholders.

The old man had a certain grim sense of humor which even the King of Terrors was unable to scare away.

"I'm stone-broke, Tom," he whispered, "and there will be nothing left for you but to break stones."

And he went out into the Valley of the Silence. Tom felt in a heroic mood, and he said fine things to the effect that he would sooner be poor than rich, and that he would make his way in the world attended not by Parisian shepherdesses and boys bathing, but by gods and goddesses of an elder day, and he predicted that the Golden Age would shortly return.

When May endorsed all that he said, Tom felt that the Golden Age was already returning. She was not at all artistic, but she had a great belief in Tom,

and she appeared to be head over ears in love with him.

There was great opposition, perfectly well-founded, on the part of her mother, which made them both feel more heroic than ever; and this reached its climax when Tom counted up the utmost sum at their disposal on which to set up housekeeping and found that it amounted to \$1020.60. So they spent a blissful day at Hopkins' Art Gallery, and had a very bad lunch at a down town restaurant.

Tom was quite mad, and wished to execute a war dance on a figure which he had left unfinished before he went to Rome. It was an extremely pretty statuette of a boy shooting, and was about the best thing, from a technical point of view, that he had ever done. But May was not mad, although she had decided to marry Tom on \$1020.60, and she demanded it as a present. Tom frowned and said, "How on earth you can manage to look at it without being sick, I can't conceive." But he gave it her, for he cared for her more than for all the gods and goddesses of fifty Vaticans. And May put it on the chimney-piece, and Tom gnashed at it periodically.

He hired four rooms, not on Broadway, but in an unattractive spot near the Mission, paid six months rent in advance, and ordered a mountain of clay. He and May were married at once, and were immensely happy.

Tom spent all day in his studio, and when dusk was falling, they often took the cars to Golden Gate Park. May was serenely happy, and Tom was very happy too, but not at all serene, because he was still quite mad, and had not yet learned that men can no



"Tom stood silent, with his candle in his hand, looking at her."

longer fly in this nineteenth century, and that those who stand on tiptoe are not appreciably nearer to flying than those who do not. But madmen have a very pleasant time so long as they are quite unaware that they are mad.

In August Manvers came to California, and stumbled up the rickety, badly lighted stairs which led to the temple of Tom's muse with mild disgust mingled with curiosity. Tom had been trying to induce the Golden Age to return for six months, and it was time that he should stop. May received the apostate in their sitting room, which commanded an extensive view of chimney-pots and dirty slate roofs, looking like a duchess who, for some private reason of her own, had decided to live in South San Francisco, and wear out her old dresses. They went together to the studio, which commanded a view of nothing at all, because it was lit by a skylight. The classical figure which was to be the herald of the Golden Age represented Demeter mourning for Persephone. The pose was very simple and, in its way, admirable. The goddess stood with one foot drawn slightly back; the head was drooped in sorrow for her lost child, and the arms hung limply by her side. Tom had sent the model away, and was just finishing a fold of drapery. He looked up as the two entered, and welcomed Manvers. May drew her arm through his, and the three stood there a moment in silence. The room was stiflingly hot, for the August sun had been baking it all day, and the blinds over the skylight were shabby and torn. Tom had no money to waste in blinds.

Then Manvers turned to Tom.

"Yes, it is admirable," he said; "it might be Greek."

Tom drew a long breath. How he had longed that some one should say that!

"But do you like it?" he asked.

"Well, you know, it's not in my line. But I think it probably comes near your conception, and that is the greatest that can be said of anything."

"Then let's go to dinner," said Tom, for they had settled to dine together at a restaurant.

But Manvers was interested in the statue, and stopped some time longer, praising, advising, suggesting; and, when they had left the studio, he spent a full ten minutes more looking at the statuette which May had saved from Tom's intending war dance, and before that his praise was of a very different order. May had gone to put her hat on, and in her absence he could talk to Tom more freely; for he had felt rather like a traitor under her gray eyes when he had said the Demeter was not in his line.

"It's the best thing you've ever done, Tom," he said, handling the statuette respectfully. "It really is confoundingly good, from the top of the forage-cap down to the end of that bootlace tag. As for that hor-

ror in the studio—you call my things horrors, you know, so why shouldn't I call yours?—the sooner you smash it the better. Not that it isn't good; it is admirable, as I said, but it won't do. If you are to be anything nowadays you must be intelligible. People will not cudgel their brains over art to see what it means. Most art critics, in fact, haven't got any brains to cudgel—that is why they are so fond of my product. In any case they haven't got time. What they want is something which they can like in a moment—that boy shooting, for example. Any one can see how good it is. And somehow or other you have managed not to be vulgar. That's the easiest way of getting popularity. I've just done a ballet-girl dancing; it is incomparably vulgar—in fact, I think it is the most vulgar thing I ever saw—and in consequence every one raves about it. You really had much better smash the Demeter. What will you do with her? No one will buy her, you know; they may take it at the Academy—I should think they would, in fact; but in the autumn it will be returned to you—or rather you will have to go to fetch it. Pears might buy it as an advertisement for their soap, if you were only an Academician; it's a beautiful white piece of marble—after using Pear's soap, you know. But as you're not, no one will take the trouble to understand it."

Tom grew more and more impatient throughout the speech, and could contain himself no longer.

"Don't talk blasphemy here!" he shouted. "The only object of art, according to you, is to make fifty silly women look at the figure you produce for five minutes while they are thinking of another bit of scandal. You are welcome to them. And if no one else cares for my Demeter, May does, and the rest of the world may go to the deuce for all that either of us care. You're a rank heretic, and when you die you will go to a place entirely peopled with the types you love so, while I shall sit at wine with gods and goddesses."

"What will happen to all your other people—the boy shooting, for instance?"

"If he shows as much as the end of his horrid gun I'll kick him down stairs, to join you and your fellows," said Tom.

"Thanks! I shall be charmed to see him."

Tom burst out laughing.

"Do you know I'm awfully charmed to see you, old fellow, heretic or not heretic? We don't talk art any more. Come on.—May will be ready by this time."

For two months Tom wrought and wrought, and Demeter grew more and more godlike underneath his hand. Sometimes when he went into his studio his heart gave a sudden leap. Was his dream coming true after all? Was the earth to be peopled again with gods and goddesses? It was not conceit, only the true, deep consciousness of an artist, when he sees his conception growing materialized before his eyes. For an artist's conception, when he works for his ideal, is the highest thing of which he is capable; it is his god; and when he sees his god becoming incarnate, how can he but be filled with joy and trembling?

On one snowy morning in December the cry of a newly born child was heard in the house, and on that day Demeter was finished.

Demeter was put into marble, and all Tom's friends agreed that it was very beautiful, and that the difficulty of getting it down stairs would be immense; and eventually it stood in the Royal Academy, where it made a number of realistic bronzes look vulgar and gawky; and though it was for sale, nobody seemed the least inclined to buy it. Demeters do not "go" with modern systems of art decoration.

Tom received several letters that summer from various dealers asking if he had any statuettes for sale. They all of them admired the Demeter enormously, but not one of them offered him sixpence for it. Tom swore a little over these letters, and pitched them all into the waste-paper basket, and began on a new statue of Persephone.

July was hotter than ever that year, and the baby was not well. May, who was not naturally at all nervous, sent for the doctor one morning. Tom was out all day, and it was not till dusk had fallen that she heard his step on the stairs. She met him on the landing, and they went into the sitting room together.

"Tom, dear," she began, "the doctor has been here to-day about the baby. He isn't at all well."

"What's the matter with him?"

"It's the climate, the doctor says, and want of fresh air. He says he must go away."

"Where must he go to?"

"He recommends the mountains."

There was a long silence. Tom rose from his chair and paced up and down the room.

"I haven't got a penny to spare."

"No, dear, I know," she said; "but couldn't you sell something? There's the boy shooting which you gave me, you know."

"But it isn't finished."

"Why not finish it, then, and sell it? A man called here to-day to know if you hadn't anything for him. He said he had bought things from you before. He looked at the statuette, and said it was the best thing you had ever done."

Tom stopped in front of the mantelpiece.

"O, ye bootlaces," he cried. "But it's a horror."

"Ah, but the dealers don't think so. And I think it's awfully good. Surely it's good, Tom. And the baby must go away, dear."

For several minutes Tom did not speak. Then he sat down gently by his wife.

"Yes, darling, you are right. I will finish it at once."

May went to bed early that night, and when the house was still Tom went into the studio. Demeter stood shining there, with her head dropped in sorrow for the lost child, and by her the half finished clay sketch of Persephone.

Tom stood silent, with his candle in his hand, looking at her. Then with his left hand he grasped the cold marble fingers of the goddess.

"Good-bye," he said, "they do not want you. And I—I have another goddess and another child."

GRETNA GREEN — THE "RENO" OF ENGLAND

BY B. P. L. MACMORLAND.

IN this age of steam and machinery, when the swift express has supplanted the mail-coach, when telegrams have replaced notes, and newspapers almost take the place of letters, when we think far less of a trip to India than our ancestors did of a journey from Edinburgh to London,—we look back with interest on the old days, over which time has shed the soft light of romance.

There is no place more associated with old-world memories than the little village of Gretna Green, which the traveler by the Glasgow Southwestern Railway passes on his way from Carlisle to Dumfries. Tales of fond lovers and of stern parents, of hurried flight and of hot pursuit, crowd to our minds as we read the name on the sign board.

Let us in fancy alight from the train and pay a visit to this far-famed spot.

Gretna Green proper derives its name from the village common or green, and consists of four or five cottages, the church, station, and Gretna Hall.

If we pursue our way towards Carlisle, we come, in about three minutes, to the cluster of houses named Headless Cross, from an old Runic cross which once stood there. Remains of it may still be found incorporated in neighboring buildings.

Farther towards England lies the village of Springfield, extending in two long rows of houses on both sides of the street. A walk of eight minutes from the last cottage brings us on to English soil, and to the station of Gretna on the Caledonian Railway, just a mile from Gretna Green.

Gretna Green simply owes its celebrity to its position.

By the Scotch law a couple who declared themselves husband and wife in the presence of two witnesses are legally married. Similar irregular marriages were solemnized in England up till 1753, when Lord Hardwicke's Act put an end to them, and forced young couples anxious to avoid parental authority to fly across the border.

Gretna Green was the first place in the northern kingdom reached by fugitives from the South. The services of anything in the shape of a parson were of course quite unnecessary; but strangers arriving suddenly in an unknown district often found it difficult to secure witnesses, till an inhabitant of Gretna Green conceived the lucky notion of starting a kind of matrimonial office, where all facilities could be found—of course on payment of a certain fee.

Some mention Scott as the originator of this happy idea, others claim the honor for an old soldier called Gordon; but it is certain that the profession only began to flourish when it was adopted by Joseph Paisley, who first lived in Gretna Green opposite the church, and afterwards removed to Springfield. He was originally a tobacconist and smuggler, and seems himself to have greatly patronized the latter trade, for he regularly drank two bottles of brandy daily up to his death in 1818. As no qualifications were required for the marrying business he had many imitators. His most formidable rival, David Lang, set up at Springfield in 1792, after a career of much adventure. He was a native of Gretna, but went in early youth to Lancashire as a draper and peddler, and was there kidnapped by the press-gang and forced to serve in the navy. The ship in which he sailed was boarded and taken by Paul Jones the pirate; but Lang managed to escape, and returned to his native place. Elliott, a stage-coach driver, married Paisley's granddaughter, and thus succeeded to that branch of the profession; and Simon Lang, a weaver, followed his father David, and was in turn replaced by his son, the local postman, who still does what little work in the marrying line is to be had in these degenerate days. John Murray, at the Sark toll-bar on the Scotch side of the boundary line, was always ready to unite couples who were in a great hurry, and, with a keen eye to business, he afterwards pressed them to put up and rest at the neighboring hotel, which he had specially built for their accommodation. Towards the middle of this century the most aristocratic weddings took place at Gretna Hall, the old mansion-house on the Gretna estate, which was bought and turned into an inn by Linton, an ex-valet of Netherby, and at which he himself officiated as landlord and parson. Besides these celebrities, there were many persons of

less note quite ready to proffer their aid to anybody in need of it.

Though no ceremony was required, the Gretna priests generally found that the conscience of their clients were soothed by a short service, and frequently read over them a ritual slightly resembling that of the Church of England. Sometimes, however, matters were performed in a very primitive manner. Thomas Blythe, who lived at Springfield towards the middle of this century, did a small trade in what he called the "joining line," was one of the witnesses at a Court of Probate case, and thus described the solemnization of matrimony as conducted by him: "I first asked if they were single persons. They said they were. I then asked the man, 'Do you take this woman for your wife?' He said yes. I then said to the woman, 'Do you take this man for your lawful husband?' She said yes. I then said, 'Put on the ring.' The ring was put on. I then said, 'The thing is done; the marriage is complete.'" Marriage lines were generally given to the woman, and most of the Gretna priests kept registers. The following is the form of certificate used by Paisley:

"This is to certify to all whom it may concern that M——, from the parish of X——, England, and N——, from the parish of Y——, England, both came before me declared themselves to be single persons, and hereby are now married by the form of the Kirk of Scotland, and agreeable to the Church of England, and therefore given under my hand this 23d day of June, 1818.

"JOSEPH PAISLEY."

Love attacks all alike—great and small, rich and poor, high and low—as the inhabitants of Gretna Green had every cause to know. Lads and lasses arrived on foot, tired and travel-stained; fond lovers came jogging along in a market cart; or a gaily dressed gallant handed his lady out of a mud-bespattered post-chaise. Nor were the victims of the tender passion always young. An impecunious curate arrived with a wealthy spinster of uncertain age, whom he had triumphantly carried off from a fawning crowd of nephews and nieces. An elderly widower from the south of England, who had long cherished matrimonial

views, profited by the absence of his son to start for Gretna with the object of his affections, a young woman forty years younger and in a lower class of society than himself. The ceremony was over, and the happy pair were rumbling along on their homeward journey, when they met, a few miles from Carlisle, another post-chaise driving at furious pace. As the two vehicles passed each other the bridegroom glanced at the occupants of the other carriage, and recognized with horror his own son, seated beside an unknown damsel. No need to ask on what errand the young couple were bent. The newly-made husband was transformed into the irate parent. He ordered his postillions to turn the chaise and give chase. Slowly but surely the distance lessened between pursuer and pursued, and there seemed no escape possible for the fugitives, when the son, leaning out of the window, discharged his pistol at the head of one of his father's leaders. Ere the dead horse could be extricated from the harness, the runaways had reached their destination and hurried through the marriage rite.



"The horses which drew the eloping pair flew along at lightning speed."

History does not relate the subsequent meeting of the two couples, but we will hope the elder bridegroom remembered that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and did not upbraid his son for following so closely in his footsteps.

As a rule, the post-boys were inclined to favor the fugitives, having doubtless discovered that love paid better than parental authority. The horses which drew the eloping pair flew along at lightning speed, while the steeds of their enemies paid no attention to the whipping and spurring apparently administered by the drivers.

On one occasion a curious accident helped the cause of law and order. The postillon engaged by the lovers was stone deaf. The horses were at a full gallop on the road between Carlisle and Gretna when the linch-pin of the chaise suddenly gave way, and the forewheels were separated from the rest of the vehicle. The post-boy continued his career heedless of the cries and entreaties of his employers, who were left sitting in the middle of the road. Their fate is uncertain, but as they never appeared at Gretna they were probably recaptured.

Sometime a Gretna Green wedding put an end to an awkward situation. In the beginning of this century the eldest son of a Scotch peer fell violently in love with a somewhat faded London beauty. Unhappily the young man was betrothed to his cousin, and his father held him sternly to his engagement. In despair the ardent lover confided his woes to the young

lady's uncle and guardian, who greatly desired the match. "My lord," said the cunning old gentleman, "I cannot counsel you to break your word, but the road to Gretna Green is straight and wide." The hint was taken, and this time there was no pursuit.

In the halcyon days of Gretna about three hundred marriages were celebrated yearly. On one occasion Paisley's services were required simultaneously by two couples, who were both in a desperate hurry, and after the ceremony was over it was found that by a trifling mistake the wrong brides and bridegrooms had been united. "Aweel!" said Paisley, contentedly, "jest sort yersels." The same worthy was wont to remark that, though he was well paid for conducting marriages, he could make his fortune in a week were he able as rapidly to effect divorces. The fees demanded varied greatly—from 10s. to 100 guineas—as most of the Gretna parsons followed the principles frankly avowed by Linton, when he explained that "he cut his cloth to suit his customers." A young Church of England clergyman, whose nuptials cost him £30, complained bitterly of the extortionate charge, which contrasted vividly with the modest sum he himself asked on similar occasions. Happy pairs often began their honeymoon without a penny left after the expenses to their journey and their wedding and frequently appealed to the generosity of the old Presbyterian minister, who put them up and tried to negotiate a reconciliation with their guardians.

Many illustrious names appear in the Gretna registers. Lord Cochrane and Lord Deerpark (the eldest son of the Earl of Coventry) both made what was known as an "o'er march" wedding. Lord Burghersh, afterwards tenth Earl of Westmorland, eloped with Miss Child, the daughter of a wealthy banker, in 1782; and the grandchild of this couple, Lady Adele Villiers, carried on the family tradition and escaped to Gretna with Captain Ibbetsen in 1845. Great excitement was caused by the sudden flight of Lady Florence Paget, who, while engaged to Mr. Chaplin, was married to Lord Hastings at the Sark toll-bar. David Lang's greatest exploit was the "joining" of Lord Erskine to Miss Sarah Buck, on which occasion the Lord Chancellor of England made his way to Gretna disguised as an old woman, and was married in that garb. The name of a Bourbon Prince of Naples also appears.

As the Gretna parsons had not enjoyed a liberal education, and were not well versed in modern languages, there was considerable difficulty when foreigners applied for their services.

Sometimes strange secrets came to light. A gentleman on a visit to friends in the neighborhood went for curiosity to see the Gretna registers, and was astonished to discover the name of a supposed bachelor uncle, who had twice been married at Gretna Green.

Lord Brougham's Act of 1856, which provided that one of the contracting parties in a marriage must have lived twenty-one days in Scotland previous to the ceremony, nominally put an end to the Gretna weddings; but the system would probably have collapsed at any rate under the weight of public opinion and the telegraph.

It is a pity that it has not survived till our time. The idea of a pair of young runaways tearing along in the Scotch express, followed by an infuriated guardian in a special train, possesses a peculiar fascination quite wanting in the old coaching days.

Now Gretna Green is only a commonplace village. Even the registers have been removed, except those begun by Simon Lang and continued by his son and grandson, which may still be seen in William Lang's cottage at Springfield.

Murray's books were taken to Carlisle by one of his descendants, and perished in the flames which consumed her cottage; but those kept by Paisley and Elliot are still in existence, and were recently in the possession of Mr. Johnstone, at Atterly in Cumberland. Mrs. Armstrong, who lives at Dornock, about ten miles from Gretna Green, has inherited Linton's registers. They are bound in red morocco, are regarded with great veneration, and have frequently been taken to London and solemnly opened in court to decide an important law-suit.

These records and a few old tales are all that is left to remind us of the golden days of Gretna Green; but our regret for the romantic past must be tempered with a feeling of relief that in this generation we do not enjoy such unrivalled opportunities of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure.



"A gaily-dressed gallant handed his lady out of a mud-bespattered postchaise."



"And was astonished to find the name of a supposed bachelor uncle."

RESULT OF A COMEDY OF LOST NUMBERS

BY ANITA WALCH M'KNIGHT.

"Oh, Maria. I'm ruined. Our wedding will have to be postponed."

"For heaven's sake, George, what's the matter?"

"I've lost twenty \$100 bills."

"Where?"

"Where? What nonsense. If I knew where, wouldn't I go and find them? I've been robbed."

"Robbed?"

"One of the customers of the house came into the office last evening when I was alone and insisted on paying me \$2,000. I told him that I would not receive it, as the safe was locked and I didn't know the combination. Then he said he had to take a night train for New York and I must receive it, as he wouldn't carry it with him. Fearing he would report me to the firm and they would blame me, I consented and gave him a receipt. After he had gone I put the bills in my inside pocket and started for home. I can remember leaving the office and walking a short distance; then my memory stops. At the end of a block, I was lying on the sidewalk, with a crowd around me. The first thing I did was to put my hand in my pocket to feel for the bills. They were gone."

"Gone? Oh, George."

"A couple of policemen took me home, and mother persuaded me to go to bed."

"But what was the matter with you?"

"Why, the policemen say that I was undoubtedly followed by some person or persons who sandbagged me and took the money. Any one could see into the office, for the gas was on and the curtains not drawn. They may have seen me counting the bills and making a memorandum of their numbers after the customer had gone."

"You have the memorandum?"

"That's what troubles me. If I had that, the bills could be recovered. I can't remember what I did with it."

"Don't distress yourself, George, dear. Since you remember making it, we must find it. First, the office must be ransacked."

"The office has been ransacked. I don't believe I left it there."

"Nor I. It would be more natural for you to take it with you. I hope you didn't put it in with the notes."

"I don't know whether I did or not. My head aches yet, and I can't remember much of anything."

"Do they blame you at the office?"

"Oh, yes. They say that I had no business to receive the money."

"And do they intimate—have they shown any disposition to suspect you?"

"They don't say so, but they look it."

"George, that memorandum must be found. You may have put it in some safe place in the office so unusual that it will be very hard to find it. You must attend to that. I can't help you. If you put it in any of your pockets I will find it, for I will go home with you and turn them all inside out."

"Mother has done that already. No, nothing can be done. There's no hope of tracing notes the numbers of which we don't know. We are taken from a height of happiness and plunged into an abyss of misery. Tomorrow instead of being married I may be behind bars."

"Cheer up! Come; let us go to your home, and I will make a search."

"First, give me your coat."

"Here it is."

"Now your vest and trousers."

"Here they are."

"Your hat. You may have put the money in the lining. No, it is not in any of your pockets nor your hat. Did you have on gloves?"

"No."

"You wouldn't have put it in your shoes. I've examined all your outer clothing. I don't suppose you have any pockets in your underclothing?"

"Not except in my nightshirt, in which I have a

pocket for my handkerchief, but (contemptuously) I didn't have on my nightshirt on the street."

"Certainly not. Have you got on the shirt you had on when you were robbed?"

"No. Mother gave me a clean one to put on this morning."

"What did she do with the soiled one?"

"Oh, my dear, you are wearing me out."

"If you will get me the soiled shirt, I'll not trouble you any more."

"Here it is in the closet. But I must say that it seems very ridiculous to overhaul a shirt to find a memorandum. But father gave me a long lecture the other night to serve me, after being married, about the singular ways women have of getting at things, and it may be that after all (very contemptuously) there is some connection between the \$2,000 and a soiled shirt. Here it is."

"Where is the collar?"

"Oh, that's in the closet, too. I suppose you want the cuffs?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, here's the whole thing. By thunder."

"These marks in pencil on the cuff. What are they?"

"The numbers of the notes."

"Thank heaven."

"You mean, 'thank you.' Father's right. Women do have queer ways of getting at things. (Give me a kiss—another, another, a thousand.)"

Extract from newspaper item:

A QUICK RECOVERY—A man attempting to change a hundred dollar bill yesterday on which was a number known to the police was arrested, and nineteen other similar notes that had been stolen were recovered. George Randall, from whom they were taken, is to be married this evening. Mr. Randall's employers have given two of the bills to his bride as a wedding present.

A SPARK FROM THE ANVIL

BY E. H. RYDALL.

THE great red fires glowed at Pennington's Iron Foundry, San Francisco, while bloom after bloom was hauled by the immense hanging crane that is always in evidence in such places; now and again came forth the great heated pieces of red hot iron, carried by the suspending iron chain to the great steam anvil, where they were pounded by the hammer smaller and smaller until the attendant with the calipers measured the required size; when a steel wedge was held over the bloom and down came the hammer until section after section of the long glowing iron bar had fallen to the floor. Among the five or six aids to Vulcan attending the work was John McAllister, a good looking young Scotchman; he was the foreman and upon whose orders the others worked. He it was who gave the signal for the bloom to be taken from the furnace, for the steam hammer to descend, to order the measuring and decide the length to be cut off, as the great "shoes" were one by one clept by the hammer. But this particular day, after he had been employed as foreman for a year, and six months after he had married Esther Somerville, a teacher from San Mateo rural school, a spark flew from the red hot bloom and struck him in the left eye. Agonized with pain he rushed immediately to the nearest doctor, some three blocks away, and had the eye attended to.

"You will lose that eye," said Dr. Murphy, after John's third visit; "better let me take it entirely out so I can save the other."

John was in receipt of six dollars per day as foreman for the Pennington factory. Successively he had worked his way from helper, to measure holder, to bellows-blower and furnace minder, on by degrees and various stipends to this prominent position in an iron factory. The progress he had made justified John in his own mind, which is enough for all parties out of interest, to propose to the school teacher; for he saw that six dollars a day was sufficient to keep a rural school teacher and himself in comparative comfort. They lived in a five room flat

on Tehama street, some ten blocks away from the foundry and were apparently as happy as six dollars a day can make two harmonizing people of not very expensive tastes. Contrary to the wish of his wife, he sometimes bought theater tickets, for she was economical and disliked the unnecessary expenditure of money. But life was passing and he was young, and John thought the present was the only sure time and the best of all to improve and glorify as he traveled over life's pathway.

When John came home that day with his eye bandaged up Esther solaced him as best she could; and the next day helped to fasten on the silk handkerchief round his head when he went to the doctor, for fear that he might catch cold in it; when he returned home the third day and told Esther what the doctor had said, she burst into tears:

"Don't cry, Esther, you know I have one eye left."

"Yes," she answered, sobbingly, "but that eye is not as good as the one you have lost and you will not be able to watch the blooms and cannot hold your job."

Time went on and it was even so as Esther had spoken. John McAllister's right eye was not as good as his left; and after the operation, John found that his work was gone; he could not be depended upon to certify accurately the length to be cut off the blooms for the "shoes," and was valueless for such other important work at the foundry. John had to step down and become a helper; merely to let the hammer go when a man with two perfect eyes gave the signal; merely to fill in the furnace doors with bricks when the bloom was in, so as to bring out the heat to cover the bloom; merely to blow the bellows when special heat was needed in the furnace; from six dollars a day John receded to a dollar and a half; on this the family did not live in such luxury by any means as of yore.

But Esther's heart was broken. She had married a man getting six dollars a day; he was just as faithful, kind and indulgent at a dollar and a half, but this was of no avail. Evenings would pass in silence, for Esther was too discouraged to talk; she spent much

of her time lamenting his misfortune and wishing she was back teaching again at two and a half a day.

One night John came home and found Esther as usual crying.

"We shall have to move to a cheaper flat," she said.

"Well, dear," he answered, "We can be happy there, money is not everything; I will go over to Hampshire street and get three rooms at a less rent and we will move in and do the best we can."

In a few days in accordance with this proposition, mutually concurred in, John and Esther moved their belongings into a smaller flat and sold part of the furniture by auction at the auctioneer's place on Market street; cosy and comfortable were the new apartments, but over the little kitchen, the sitting room and the bedroom presided that genius of Sorrow, for Esther's hope was over, her vision melted and now she was doomed to spend life with a man who got a dollar and a half a day, when at the time of her marriage she expected six dollars.

Time went on, as it always does and created changes in families in the neighborhood, but no change to the dull black cloud that ever haunted Esther's sorrowing heart. One evening John arrived home and found everything neat and nice and upon the sitting room table a note in the words and figures following:

"Dear John: When I married you you were getting six dollars a day; now you are getting only a dollar and a half; I think it best we should part as we cannot be happy together on that amount; I am going back to teaching at two fifty."

John is still helping around Pennington's foundry; he is alone and has a little furnished room in a lodging house and gets his meals alone at restaurants; he does not like to be alone; but he is a sufferer: one of them: from that most curious fatality—a spark from the anvil. He told me the other day he intended after a while to obtain a divorce. And such is modern life in humble circles.

CONDITION OF WOMEN IN TURKEY

BY MARY EDITH DAY.

The very last to swing into line in the onward march of the new woman have been the women of Mohammedan countries. Even the Chinese have been before them. By Christian nations this backwardness has been at once set down to Mohammedan theology and so dismissed from the mind. But now comes a Turkish lawyer, Kasem Ameen, and writes a book demanding complete emancipation for Mohammedan women and denying in toto that the Mussulman faith enslaves the sex. He does not deny that Mohammedan women are enslaved, ignorant, dwarfed mentally, fat, helpless and anaemic bodily. He even attributes the present degeneracy of the Turkish nation to the fact that the mothers of the race are of such sort. Corruption, lack of noble moral convictions, treachery, cunning and backwardness in the ways of modern civilization characterizes the people, and all owing to the besotted ignorance of Mohammedan mothers, declares Kasem Ameen, Esq. In the matter of the degradation of Mohammedan women he admits all that is claimed by the most radical come out of the feminine sex in the occident. He says, "We have so low an opinion of women that when we want to denounce a man for his rascality we say, 'He has been brought up by a woman.'"

But then—At this point the Turkish lawyer and woman champion shoots off in a line directly opposite the course of reasoning taken by Christian woman's rights people. Theology has nothing at all to do with the Christian woman's superior, nobler,

freer development, quotha. The difference is merely one of mode of thought and a custom between oriental and western races. He waxes wroth that Christian nations should lay the lamentable condition of Turkish women to the only true theology, Mohammedanism. If religion really affected the customs of a people, quotha, further, than the Mussulman female would be the freest, the most developed, most enlightened woman of all the world. The Koran itself, says Kasem Ameen, Esq., elevates woman and provides for her as no other code of religious teaching does. Then he proceeds to excuse by one of those explanations which accuse. Centuries ago in the beginning of the making of the Moslem empire, the followers of the true faith were intent only on conquest. The sword was to their seeming the best weapon to spread the faith. They overcame whole tribes of heathens and adopted them by force into the bosom of the true church. But these wild tribes had their revenge, like the races conquered by the Israelites of old. In time they corrupted the true believer with their unholy heathen ways, and one of the chief of these was the degradation of women.

Anyway, the Turkish ideal of womanhood is certainly heathenish enough, and we may let the argument stand with that admission. Now, not a woman, but a man, Turk of the Turks, believer of the believers, issues a trumpet call for the education and emancipation of Mohammedan women. It required

a man, for Turkish women are too sunken in ignorance and slavery to demand better things. The book has aroused profound sensation in the Moslem realm. Women count for nothing, but it is among the men that the new woman awakening is taking place. The party of Young Turks, especially those educated in Western European schools, are welcoming the new woman book as a great illumination and demanding for themselves educated wives capable of being their intellectual companions and friends. They are tired of the fat, ignorant, silly child wife business.

Meantime in Constantinople itself a modest new woman work is progressing quietly, unobtrusively—that is, sending out year by year the very girls that young Turkey wants for its wives and intellectual comrades. This movement centers in the American College For Girls at the Turkish capital, a college founded and maintained by noble American women.

The students of the school comprise the strangest mixture of races ever drawn together by the common desire for an education. Fifteen different nationalities are represented, ranging from Persian to Greek and English. Every brand of theology known to man, except, perhaps, feticism, is also represented among the girls, and owing to the gentle influence of the teachers, all dwell together in loving harmony.

Many of the college students are from the troubled Balkan States, which is a bright sign for the future there.

ORDER OF THE EASTERN STAR

BY J. M. SCANLAND.

There is not a nobler and more praiseworthy organization in the United States, or in the world, than the Order of the Eastern Star. It is founded upon the Holy Writings, and is an adoptive system of Free Masonry. The obligations of this Order are based upon the honor of the female sex, and framed upon the principles of Justice and Equality. The adoptive Masonry degrees resemble Masonry and are Masonic in spirit, and were invented for ladies who have claims upon that Order, through the immediate relatives of their family who are or were members of the Masonic fraternity. Those who are entitled to receive the degrees of the Order of the Eastern Star are Master Masons, their wives, mothers, widows, daughters and sisters. The Five Degrees are called the "Rite of the Eastern Star," and are very beautiful and impressive. The moral teachings of the Order are most excellent, and it is a protection for the lady relatives of members of the Masonic Order. The American Adoptive Rite was invented in 1850 by the venerable Robert Morris, a native of Kentucky, and whose portrait hangs in the office of the Grand Chapter, San Francisco. The American Adoptive Rite differs from the European Order, which was instituted about a century ago. Many thousands of people have participated in its beautiful and highly impressive ceremonies, and there are now about two hundred thousand members of the Order in the United States. There are Chapters in every State in the Union, and a Grand Chapter in nearly every State. The order is rapidly growing in membership and its moral teachings meet the spirit of the age. It not only attracts great interest throughout this country, having many strong and powerful adherents, but is extending to other countries. It has reached Honolulu, has a large membership in Scotland, and has also reached far away India.

The founder of this Order states in his memoirs that from his early Masonic life he entertained a desire of introducing the female relatives of Masons into closer friendship with the Order of Free Masonry. He gave the subject a great deal of earnest thought, and, finally, he decided upon a name, and then the number of points to correspond with the emblems of the Master's carpet, which are five. This is the pentagon, the signet of Solomon, and proper to Adoptive Masonry. He selected from the Holy Writings four biographical sketches to correspond with the four first points, and the fifth point introduces one to the early history of the Christian church.

The characters that have been selected are Japhtha's daughter, named Adah, which is illustrative of respect to the binding force of law; Ruth, as illustrative of devotion to religious principles; Esther, as illustrative of fidelity to friends and kindred; Martha, illustrating undeviating faith in the hour of trial; Electra, as illustrative of patience and submission under wrong.

All these points are Masonic virtues, and they have nowhere in history more brilliant examples than in the five characters represented in the lectures of the Order of the Eastern Star.

The objects of this Order are to give practical effect to one of the principles of Freemasonry by placing in the possession of the female relatives of that Fraternity a key by which to unlock, when needed, those benefits which await the disposal of all good Masons. They prove their claim by membership in this allied Order. Its ceremonials and teachings make the members, when heeded, better men and women. The Order brings people into closer friendship and social relations: It makes men and women thoughtful and helpful, and expands the sentiments of good will, benevolence and charity. There is a charm in it that increases with advancing civilization.

The Order of the Eastern Star was introduced in California in May, 1869, by Mr. William S. Moses, a prominent citizen of San Francisco.

The grand chapter of California was organized in May, 1873. In the month previous twenty-two delegates of the six Chapters in San Francisco met to consider the necessity of organizing a Grand Chapter. On May 8th, the following named seven Chapters adopted a constitution, elected twelve officers and organized the Grand Chapter: Golden Gate Chapter No. 1, Sulun Chapter No. 2, Silver Star Chapter No. 3, California Chapter No. 4, Alameda Chapter No. 7, Oak Leaf Chapter No. 8, and Evangeline Chapter No. 9. The total membership of these Chapters was about five hundred. Mr. George J. Hobe was elected Grand Patron, Mrs. Marie Everard was elected Grand Matron, Mrs. Henrietta Whitcher was elected Grand Secretary, and Mrs. Kate Josephine Willats was

elected Grand Lectress. Subsequently Mrs. Willats was elected Grand Secretary, which responsible position she has held for the past twenty years.

Following are the present officers of the Grand Chapter of California, for the year commencing October, 1902:

Worthy Grand Patron—Lyman C. Byce, No. 61, Petaluma.

Worthy Grand Matron—Mrs. Mabel Boyd Seymour, No. 38, Sacramento.

Associate Grand Patron—Dr. Arthur Hill Millberry, No. 124, San Francisco.

Associate Grand Matron—Mrs. Emma Elizabeth Rupp, No. 96, San Diego.

Grand Secretary—Mrs. Kate Josephine Willats, No. 1, San Francisco.

Grand Treasurer—Miss Henrietta Heuer—No. 1, San Francisco.

Grand Conductress—Mrs. Martha Ann Sriver, No. 168, Los Angeles.

Associate Grand Conductress—Mrs. Mary Matilda Laird, No. 159, Penryn.

Grand Chaplain—Mrs. Caroline Musaus, No. 167, Los Angeles.

Grand Marshal—Mrs. Fannie Steinman, No. 117, Sacramento.

headquarters in San Francisco, has done most excellent work in the past few years in extending the good work of the Order, and foremost among all the noble workers was Mrs. W. Frank Pierce, Past Grand Worthy Matron, a resident of the beautiful City of Oakland. She has been first and foremost in all undertakings for the good of the Order, and to her untiring efforts may be attributed much of its prosperity and growth. With rare executive ability, combined with good judgment, she has accomplished much, and her greatest aim is to advance the interests of the Order of which she is a most worthy and energetic member.

The Grand Chapter is discussing the matter of putting up a building in which to hold its meetings, have its offices and parlors for the eleven Chapters of the City. The matter was energetically advocated by Mrs. Pierce, when Grand Matron, and though nothing positive has been decided upon in reference to the building, it is hoped that the matter will not long be deferred, as the Order is growing rapidly, and its increased membership perhaps now justifies it.

The national chapter of the United States, which meets in September, may meet in San Francisco, though a place has not yet been decided upon. If it shall be decided to hold the session in San Francisco, the delegates will receive a hearty California welcome, and it will be a special recognition of the growth of the Order in this State and on the Pacific Coast.

As stated, the order has grown more rapidly on the Pacific Coast than in any other section of the United States, and its membership has increased more in California than in any State on the Coast. Oregon and Washington each have a Grand Chapter, but Nevada has not.

At present the State has seven Chapters with a total membership of six hundred, more than enough to entitle it to a Grand Chapter, but defers the matter on account of the expense. It is hoped, however, that a grand chapter will soon be organized in that State.

The Grand Chapter of California will hold its thirtieth annual session at Sacramento next September, and the session is looked forward to with much interest.

A complete census report of the membership of the chapters will, perhaps, show a larger membership than the above quoted figures, and, also, progress in every line. A printed circular letter relative to the natal day of Robert Morris will be read.

Each of the eleven Chapters in San Francisco will send three delegates to the session and the Grand Chapter.

It will thus be seen that from seven Chapters and a total membership of five hundred at the organization of the Grand Chapter, thirty years ago, the Order has increased to a membership of nearly seventeen thousand, with one hundred and sixty-five Chapters. There are eleven chapters in San Francisco, six in Los Angeles, and eight in Alameda county.

Following are the names of the eleven Chapters in San Francisco, and of the Worthy Patron and Secretary of each:

GOLDEN GATE, NO. 1.

Worthy Matron—Mrs. Frances P. Tower.
Worthy Patron—Mrs. Henry G. Schumacher.
Secretary—Mrs. Katherine Johnson.

IVY CHAPTER, NO. 27.

Worthy Matron—Mrs. Minnie Fidelity Walls.
Worthy Patron—Mr. Rufus E. Ragland.
Secretary—Mrs. Eva D. Salsbury.

BEULAH CHAPTER NO. 99.

Worthy Matron—Mrs. Anna Smale.
Worthy Patron—Mr. Fred C. Mayer.
Secretary—Mrs. Mary Todd.

MISSION CHAPTER NO. 155.

Worthy Matron—Mrs. Lizzie Christianson.
Worthy Patron—Mr. Richard Herring.
Secretary—Mrs. Mary G. Foster.

OLIVE BRANCH, NO. 169.

Worthy Matron—Mrs. Lizzie Atwood.
Worthy Patron—Dr. W. A. Atwood.
Secretary—Mrs. Sadie J. Kahn.

KING SOLOMON CHAPTER, NO. 170.

Worthy Matron—Mrs. Fannie M. Franklin.
Worthy Patron—Arnold W. Liechti.
Secretary—Mrs. Alma E. Drinkhouse.

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MRS. W. FRANK PIERCE,
Past Grand Worthy Matron of the Order of Eastern Star of California.

Grand Organist—Miss Dehorah Wallace, No. 111, Mendocino.

Grand Adah—Mrs. Ada Elizabeth Cockerton, No. 140, Oakland.

Grand Ruth—Mrs. Dora May Patten, No. 107, San Luis Obispo.

Grand Esther—Mrs. Belle Schillig, No. 56, Yuba City.

Grand Martha—Miss Anna Beauchamp Barnes—No. 82, Healdsburg.

Grand Electa—Miss Sue "E." King, No. 180 College City.

Grand Warden—Mrs. Julia Elizabeth Ford, No. 74, Adin.

Grand Sentinel—Mrs. Johanna Wilhelmina Aden, No. 3, Vallejo.

The Order is stronger on the Pacific Coast than in any other section of the United States, and, in proportion to the population, perhaps California is stronger than any other State. There are one hundred and seventy-five chapters in this State, with a total membership of about seventeen thousand, and the membership increases at the rate of about one thousand every year. There are eleven Chapters in San Francisco, with a total membership of 1650, and the membership is increasing perhaps more rapidly than elsewhere in the State. The Grand Chapter, with

HOW THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS WAS SAVED

BY FRED C. PFAU.

John Harris was a bright youth of 15, but he was quite tall for his age. He was a poor orphan, as his mother and father both died when he was young. He was left without a home or a friend, so he had to go out into the world and care for himself. He was employed as a messenger boy for the Western Union Telegraph Co., at St. Louis. His salary was but \$3.00 per week, and then between working hours he ran errands. His home was in a cheap lodging house in the heart of the city and he ate his meals at the different lunch counters.

One day the messengers decided to go on a strike for more wages and shorter hours. Tom did not agree with their plans, so he would not stand in with them. The following morning they laid the conditions on the manager's desk, as he was not present. Tom was now the only messenger employed, so he had to carry all the dispatches to the different parts of the city.

The boys were very indignant at Tom for backing out, and so they sought for their revenge. They appointed a leader and followed him out to the suburbs of the city. They hid in the tall grain that was growing near a tumble down fence and awaited Tom's return from a message he carried. They did not have to wait long, as their enemy soon turned the corner at full speed. The gang jumped out of the ambush and surrounded him. He tried to get away, but it was in vain, as he was at the mercy of the mob. They struck him brutally over the head with a heavy club that knocked him helpless to the ground. They completed their treachery by demolishing his wheel by smashing it with bricks. The leader commanded him to sign their papers, and he consented, as he knew if he did not they would kill him. Tom's face was all disfigured and both his eyes were blackened from his severe beating. The gang soon scattered in every direction, and they were never seen again. Tom lay in the middle of the road numb, and the blood flowed freely from his wounds.

The poor lad suffered intensely till a kind gentleman passed along and discovered the victim. He knelt over him to see if he were dead, but he saw there was still life in the prostrate body. He carried him to a nearby house and telephoned for a physician. The ambulance soon arrived and the doctor pronounced him out of danger. He was then taken to the hospital, and he remained there for quite a while.

The time passed rapidly and Tom had almost recovered from his assault. It was a warm day and Tom thought that he would take a walk to the telegraph office. He finally reached there and on entering he saw the manager deeply interested in the morning paper. He approached him and said:

"I've come back after being confined indoors for two weeks, to commence my work again."

"Well," said the manager, taking off his glasses, "I have discharged all the messengers, and you was among them."

Tom was very disheartened at the sad news, so he turned around and left the office.

He stepped across the street and purchased a stock of newspapers with his last dime. He wanted to get a meal for it, as he was very hungry, but he knew he had to have money for the papers first. He sold all he carried, so he hurried back after some more, and before noon his stock had been exhausted. He now felt himself rich, so he went into a bakery and came out with a bag of doughnuts. He walked into a doorway near by and sat upon the steps and ate each of them one by one like a hungry lion. After he was through, he felt better satisfied, but all of a sudden he felt a tap on his shoulder. He looked around and saw a nicely dressed gentleman that stood before him. He said: "I judge you to be an honest boy, so if I can trust you I will have you go on an errand for me. Are you willing to do it?" "Yes sir," replied Tom. He handed him a \$100 bill and clearly explained to Tom that it was to be exchanged in a bank at Ashton, fifty miles away. He then slipped into his pocket \$6 more so as to pay for his railroad fare and his trouble.

Tom proceeded to the depot and purchased his ticket, which was \$1.60. The whistle blew, and just as the train started to move he jumped on the platform of the last car. He noticed that a mysterious man was following him and he grew suspicious at his conduct. He was a professional pickpocket, and he saw Tom put his ticket and wallet in his side pocket. Tom took a seat near an open window and his rival sat beside him. He did not take any more further notice of his seat-mate but amused himself in view-

ing the beautiful scenery. While he was gazing at a passing train, the pickpocket slipped his hand into Tom's pocket and drew out his money and ticket. The thief concealed what he stole under his coat and escaped to another car.

As the train was crossing a bridge the conductor entered the car and began collecting the tickets. He soon came to Tom for his ticket, but after feeling in his pocket awhile for it, his face suddenly turned pale. The conductor grew angry for being detained so long and asked what was the trouble. Tom replied "I have been robbed." But the conductor exclaimed, "You are trying to beat your way, and I must put you off at the next station."

The brakeman then dashed into the car yelling to the top of his voice, "Next station, Brownsville." The train slowed up and made a short stop. The conductor took Tom by the collar and jerked him off his seat. He threw him off the train, and as it steamed away, Tom was left alone at the station.

The lad sat on a bench to study what was the best thing for him to do. He at last concluded that the only thing for him to do was to walk the rest of the



It was just in the nick of time.

way, which was 15 miles. He started on his weary journey, following the track over its rocky course. The sun was so hot that the perspiration dripped off his face. Tom soon reached a dark tunnel and on entering it, a frightened feeling came over him. He fought through the darkness, hunting his way out into the daylight. The sun was setting and night was approaching. Tom was very tired and so he sought for a soft bed. He found an old oak tree with its spreading branches, and taking his coat for a pillow, he lay down to sleep.

Tom slept soundly all night, but in the morning he was awakened by an angry growl. He opened his eyes and heard a rustle in the bushes. He gazed around and beheld a ferocious mountain lion. Tom ran for his life, but the lion soon lost track of his supposed victim. He was very frightened over the great experience. The air was very clear, and the birds were singing in the trees. Tom was very hungry so he plucked some sweet red berries that grew by the wayside. It was a very rough trip as he had to cut his way through the underbrush.

Tom continued his journey, and he saw by a sign that he was only three miles from Ashton. He turned the curve on the mountain and a long trestle lay before him. He took out his watch and found

that he had but ten minutes to cross. Anyhow, he thought he could make it. He walked the ties of the track, and took great pains not to make a misstep. If he should lose his balance he would have fallen hundreds of feet below and been dashed to pieces in the river. He reached the middle of the trestle and he discovered a broken tie. He glanced at his watch and found out that the lightning express would pass in five minutes. He thought he'd better walk back, but then he gained courage.

He decided to signal the train and to save it from its doom. He made a danger flag by tearing off his red necktie and tying it to a stick. He put his ear to the track and heard it tremble, which showed that the express was not far away. It suddenly appeared at the foot of the trestle and the bell rang furiously. It approached the bridge and it thundered with the heavy laden cars. It came dashing towards Tom and he waved the flag to and fro. All was lost, as none of the trainmen saw the signal.

The engineer suddenly put his head out of his cab to see if the road was clear. Spying the danger, he immediately pulled off the air brake and pushed back the lever. It was just in the nick of time, as the locomotive was brought to a standstill only two feet from the broken tie.

Tom was invited on the cab with the engineer, and they backed off the trestle. The passengers were filled with wonder at the strange action of the train. The express stopped and everybody on board got off. They were all in excitement, so they decided to interview the engineer.

The engineer's answer was: "If it wasn't for the brave act of this lad, your lives would have been blotted out of existence. He is the one to whom is due the credit."

They gathered around the hero and praised him for his noble deed. Tom was never so happy in his life as he was at that moment, but he still worried over the lost money.

The passengers rewarded him by drawing money out of their purses and presenting it to him. Tom had more than enough money to pay back the owner of the stolen money, as his pockets were filled with coins of all sizes and checks of different values.

During this time the trainmen were repairing the broken track so as to continue their journey. An hour later the road was clear and the lightning express started, with Tom in the engine room. As they crossed the fatal bridge, they remarked to each other: "If this hero had not discovered the broken tie, the whole train would have plunged headlong into the rushing current."

The train reached Ashton many hours late, and it was met by newspaper reporters and a great throng of people. They ascertained the trouble and after greeting Tom, they dispersed. Since there was no business now for him in Ashton, he decided to go back with the same train.

At 1:30 p. m. the train steamed out of the depot, and their journey back was a quiet one. Tom related to the engineer his story of adventure, including his errand. His companion, in return, showed how the machinery was worked and described everything from a screw to a boiler. They reached their destination just as the sun was setting.

They both left the locomotive and proceeded to walk to the S. P. office. The manager was very surprised when he saw the engineer, accompanied by a lad, enter. The engineer told what had happened and how the lightning express was saved. The manager leaned back in his chair, and said: "Tom Harris, you have done us a great deed, and to reward you for it, I am going to give you a position on the train." Tom thanked him, and then they were dismissed.

Tom left the office and tried to hunt the owner of the money. It happened by luck that he met him at his private office, and he handed back the money. Tom's task was over, so he took supper and went to bed early, as he was very tired.

He slept all night, and in the morning he woke up bright and early. He dressed quickly, as he was so anxious to get to the manager's desk. He got there soon enough, and when he opened the door he saw the manager with a small box in his hand. Tom wondered what was in it, but he will soon find out. He approached him and he was told that he was to start to work immediately. The conversation was closed by Tom receiving the box. He broke it open and his eyes dropped on a beautiful gold medal which bore the inscription: "Awarded to Tom Harris for his heroic act in saving the Lightning Express."

The Order of the Eastern Star

(Continued from page 17.)

CALIFORNIA CHAPTER, No. 183.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Mary Wittman.

Worthy Patron—Mr. Harvey D. Loveland.

Secretary—Mrs. Isadora Horton.

SAN FRANCISCO CHAPTER, No. 196
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Eva Scheeline.

Worthy Patron—Mr. George W. Geauque.

Secretary—Mrs. Josephine Walworth.

STARR KING CHAPTER, No. 204.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Emma F. Goodman.

Worthy Patron—Mr. Isaac B. Schantz.

Secretary—Mrs. Sarah David.

ALOHA CHAPTER, No. 206.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Abble E. Krebs.

Worthy Patron—Mr. Jesse B. Fuller.

Secretary—Mrs. Susan M. Willats.

HARMONY CHAPTER, No. 124.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Elizabeth V. Gould.

Worthy Patron—Mr. Alfred Beadle.

Secretary—Mrs. Eva May Garrison.

Following are the names of the Chapters, and of the Worthy Matron, Worthy Patron, and Secretary of the Chapters in Alameda county:

UNITY, No. 65, OAKLAND.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Helen E. Edwards.

Worthy Patron—Mr. Charles C. Kryster.

Secretary—Mrs. F. A. Perkins.

OAK LEAF CHAPTER, NO. 8, OAKLAND.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Mattie R. Dalton.

Worthy Patron—Mr. Frank B. Ogden.

Secretary—Mrs. Cynthia C. M. Waller.

OAKLAND CHAPTER, No. 140.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Edith Batchelder.

Worthy Patron—Mr. George Cocherton.

Secretary—Mrs. Venice F. Cushing.

ORIENT CHAPTER, No. 117, CENTERVILLE.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Sue G. Granger.

Worthy Patron—Mr. Farley B. Granger.

Secretary—Mrs. Kate R. Willis.

BERKELEY CHAPTER, No. 178.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Lizzie M. Ferrer.

Worthy Patron—Mrs. Lizzie M. Ferrer.

Worthy Patron—Dr. Silas H. Frazer.

Secretary—Miss Anita M. Sleeper.

GOLDEN WAVE CHAPTER, No. 103, SAN LEANDRO.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Sophia Frank.

Worthy Patron—Mr. Kirby B. Smith.

Secretary—Noah T. Sturtevant.

CYNTHIA CHAPTER, No. 115, ALAMEDA.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Elizabeth A. Weber.

Worthy Patron—Mr. Edward K. Taylor.

Secretary—Mrs. Magdalene A. Norman.

SEMPER FIDELIS CHAPTER, NO. 135, LIVERMORE.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Emma S. Johnson.

Worthy Patron—Mr. W. H. Wright.

Secretary—Miss Margaret K. McKee

Have Women The Right To Establish Clubs?

By SOPHIE E. GARDINER.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the destinies of the world."

social in their character. The California calls itself also a working club. One of their special objects is to work to better the condition of women employed in stores and factories, to endeavor to obtain for them better pay and more healthful surroundings, where it is in many cases a crying need. Also establishing reading rooms for their instruction and recreation. Through the influence of this club the wholesale destruction of the gigantic trees of California has been stopped.

Once a year or so an exhibition of the industrial, as well as fine arts, is given in their rooms, where the skilled workman is encouraged to come and give practical illustrations of his art, and where all those dainty and useful articles may be purchased by either members or visitors wishing to help in this

mirers of women's clubs now are the fathers and husbands of their members. If these gentlemen are more, or even as intellectual, as the ladies of the family, they are pleased to have congenial society at home, and to have their wives and daughters converse entertainingly on the principal topics of the day, instead of being obliged to listen to all the gossip and silly tattle of ignorant, idle women, for it is only those that revel in that kind of talk. And how much better fitted to train the minds of her children is the intelligent woman, familiar with all how much better fitted to train the minds of her present generation have too much a tendency to criticize and lead their parents with, as they think, their superior knowledge. Then all honor to the clubs that encourage and bring forth the intellectual qualifications of the mothers of families.

"If the hand that rocks the cradle rules the destinies of the world," then how very necessary it is that women should be learned, clear-headed and progressive. If any man, no matter how great, lets his talents lie dormant, they will rust for want of use, and after a while almost cease to exist. And so, too, with a bright, well-educated woman if after her marriage she seeks her only amusement in fashionable society and devotes most of her time to frivolous occupations, neglecting all mental improvement, she deteriorates, and when her children need her guidance and assistance in the path of learning she finds that what once she knew so well has fled from her mind, and that with the newer methods of education that have been adopted in this age of progress she is totally unfamiliar. Her children cannot understand all this, and they marvel that she is so far behind the times.

What a boon to woman then is the intellectual club, where at least once a week she can forget household cares for a few hours, and where in the midst of congenial surroundings meet bright women with whom she can exchange ideas, or listen to learned treatises, interspersed perhaps with delightful and elevating music.

In France, when Madames Recamier and de Syael, made their salons the scenes of such brilliant gatherings of wit and eloquence, woman improved and reveled in this intellectual intercourse with the greatest minds of the day. But now in the glare and fuss of fashionable receptions, where pride and money hold full sway, intellectual conversation has become the ghost of what it was then.

Silly frivolous utterances and commonplace idle talk is generally what one hears in these glittering halls of fashion, and which certainly does not tend to elevate or improve the mind.

But intelligent women, as well as men, have always felt the necessity of an exchange of thoughts with others of their kind, where in intellectual and social meetings the mind is filled with useful knowledge, the character is elevated and the conversation is bright and entertaining.

And this is the object and aim of these much-talked of, and often maligned "Women's Clubs," where a number of congenial women meet, under rules of gracious breeding, for the universal purpose of improvement, and which they make at the same time delightfully social.



MRS. CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE—Los Angeles.
The Mother of Women's Clubs.

great work. It has several thousand members, the greatest number of any of the women's clubs in the city, which are necessary in order to carry on successfully their many great projects.

Mrs. Lovell White (only recently resigned) was president of this club since its foundation, and to her energy and ability is due a great deal of its success and its present flourishing condition.

To be an active member of the Women's Press Club it is essential that the person must have written something for publication. And many are the clever newspaper women and authors of note that belong to this breezy, up-to-date Association, where it is a pleasure to listen to their bright entertaining talks.

"The Century Club of California," is one of the oldest and most exclusive clubs in San Francisco. It has a large elegantly appointed home on Sutter street, with a fine library, beautifully furnished reading and reception rooms. Here its members can drop in any time to read and rest, and if they wish, call for a refreshing cup of tea served in the daintiest of porcelain.

At one end of the house is a large auditorium, where the club members meet every Wednesday afternoon, and where all the intellectual and interesting topics of the day are written up and discussed. As all its members are cultured and talented women (the necessary qualifications to belong to these clubs) the subjects are well and ably handled.

It is an exquisite enjoyment to be present on the day devoted to music, both vocal and instrumental. For knowing their critical audience, only those truly up in their art venture to appear.

Also prominent people of the day are often invited to come here and speak on the subjects with which their names have become identified and they are sure of an intelligent and appreciative audience.

Delightful receptions are occasionally given in the evening, when the gentlemen friends of the members are invited and charmingly entertained, and without exception the most enthusiastic advocates and ad-

When the two first large women's clubs were formed, the Sorosis in New York, and the New England Club in Boston, there was a great hue and cry over the country. The papers ridiculed and wrote long satirical articles about them. Pictures were drawn showing these women with short hair and in the most unpicturesque attire, standing on a rostrum, and in a most beligerent manner holding forth on women's rights. And even when they became convinced that this was not their object, and also that those necessary adjuncts to men's clubs, "the side-board," and "card table," would have no place there, they fell back upon the old worn out libel that all meetings of women could only be for gossip and frivolity. But all that has changed now, and in spite of opposition and ridicule, women's clubs were established, have grown and flourished, and we find them doing great and useful work in all our large cities of the United States, and honored by press and people.

California boasts of many prosperous women's clubs, among which might be mentioned the following: Paradise Sorosis Club, Placerville Shakespeare Club, Sacramento Tuesday Club, Sacramento Kingsley Art Club, Woodland Shakespeare Club, Woman's Club of Palo Alto, San Jose Woman's Club, Woman's Club of Petaluma, Watsonville Woman's Club, Alameda Adelpian Club, The Tea Club of Alameda, Berkeley Town and Gown Club, Oakland Ebell Society, The Oakland Woman's Club, Stockton Philomathean Club, Washington Township Country Club, Alpha Club of Lemoore, Woman's Club of Bakersfield, Fowled Improvement Association, Woman's Club of Hanford, Woman's Club of Visalia, Woman's Union of Armona, Woman's Club of Lemoore, Shakespeare Club of Sanger, Parlor Lecture Club of Fresno, Query Club of Fresno, Nineteenth Century Round Table Club of Hanford, Alhambra Wednesday Afternoon Club, Covina Monday Afternoon Club, Downey Friday Afternoon Club, Long Beach Ebell Society, Lompoc Alpha Literary Society, Los Angeles Ruskin Art Club, Los Angeles Ebell Society, Los Angeles Friday Morning Club, Los Angeles Wednesday Morning Club, Los Angeles Kindergarten Club, Woman's Parliament of Southern California, Stimson-Lafayette Woman's Club, The Writers' Club, Monrovia Saturday Afternoon Club, Moneta Progressive Club, Pomona Woman's Club, Pasadena Shakespeare Club, Pasadena Monday Afternoon Club, Pasadena Nineteenth Century Club, Pasadena Current Topics Club, Santa Maria Ladies' Literary Club, Santa Maria Coterie Club, Santa Barbara Woman's Club, Ventura Tuesday Club, Hueneme Shakespeare Club, La Jolla Woman's Club, Redlands Contemporary Club, Riverside Woman's Club, Riverside Socorro Club, The Ebell Society of Santa Huna Valley, San Diego Club, San Diego Channing Club, San Diego Shakespeare Club, Sherman Heights Mother's Club, Santa Ana Woman's Club, and many others.

Among the most noted clubs in San Francisco are The Century, Sorosis, Laurel Hall, Forum, California, Corona, Fortnightly, Women's Press Association, Mills, Philomath and the Women's Council, and other clubs.

All except the California are purely literary and



MRS. GEORGE BABCOCK—Fresno.
Recording Secretary, California Federation of Women's Clubs.



MRS. ROBERT WATT—Oakland
President of the New Century Club.

THE TREND OF THE TIMES—WOMAN'S NEEDS

BY FLORENCE JACKSON STODDARD.

The British Review of Reviews is one of the periodicals that stands boldly for the advancement of the people, not merely for the male half of the population. In an article that journal has recently published on "The Undesirable Alien," the statement is made that the only "aliens" necessary to exclude from any country are the foreign women of bad character and their "owners," and it is declared that a census taken of one portion of one street in London, showed 233 foreign prostitutes to 43 natives, and it was proved that many of these women were only the "chattels of bullies who live upon their earnings," and that this traffic in young women is carried on continuously between Europe, Africa and America. The terrible evil is difficult to deal with, owing to the ignorance and often innocence of the unfortunate victims who are made to believe they are being sent to domestic situations and find, too late, that they are merely white slaves, with starvation or prostitution as their only alternatives.

You women who, merely reading the word prostitute, shiver and say, at once "I must keep this article from my daughter," think, only for an instant. Which is worse?—to read the word—to grasp the thought for one moment, or to be and to live what that thought means? Your shirking it does not put it away; does not put the fact out of thousands of lives, that, with the help of your thinking upon it, acting to prevent it, might not reach to the wretchedness they know, might overcome baseness or never sink to it.

It is the woman opposer and the man opposer of the effort to give to women a real understanding of her obligation to prevent crime, who helps it on. Many declare that if women were admitted to equal suffrage, this class of immoral lives would blight the purity of national politics. Notice, if you please, that nothing is ever said about the immorality of men's lives blighting their abilities to think on public questions. However, this aside, the undesirable women are, fortunately, so few in number compared to the good, the earnest, the pure, that their influence would be absolutely nothing. It would seem, however, that some men fear this very influence of purity and earnestness, for there is a male opposer of woman's civic recognition, who is not a politician but is worse than a politician, for his very objection is caused by a polluted mind. The other day a man with whom I had been arguing on the lines of justice to the taxpaying citizen and who admitted many of my pleas, yet continued to look unconvinced and said "but—but," he went no further for a moment and then showed that his reason was deeper than sex—it is in short sexual. "All men are Morimons at heart," he said. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "you give away the secret of your objection to the suffrage." He admitted the charge.

There it is. The vast majority of men still want to regard women as objects of pleasure, and every woman who remains listless in attempting to gain the suffrage is lending herself to the fostering of this estimate man has of her. Such men fear women will become unsexed, that is—we must in this vital matter speak strongly and speak clearly—unfit for mates—be it wives or concubines, they fear women will not wish "to fulfill their destiny and be mothers." We might ask if they cease to fulfill their destinies as husbands and fathers because they drop papers into ballot boxes. Last summer a fresh, fair, good girl, said to me—what proved at once her fear of not appearing in men's eyes as an object of desire, "The boys wouldn't think of me the same way if I voted." She was willing to be thought of as an object of pleasure, but not as a being able and willing to help other beings to live by exercising her mind, as well as her other functions. Fortunately some men, honest, just and clear thinkers, are friends to the cause.

The address of Dr. H. Dickson Burns, made at the New Orleans Convention on "Liberty, Male and Female," was one that several journals have loudly commended. He said that putting aside all other grounds, he was content to rest his belief in woman's suffrage on "the simplest principles of justice and a naked love of democratic freedom. By what commission, I would ask, does man hold his commission to keep in thrall the other half of humanity? I can conceive of but one watchword for a free people. It is written between every line of our own constitution and underlies the institutes of every liberal government: "Equal rights and opportunities for all; special privileges for none." Dr. Burns recalled the occurrences of 1898, "when in the constitutional convention we contended for an educational and property qualification in a voter," and he said he was confident that if a vote on the question of admitting women who could so qualify, had been taken immediately after the address made to the convention by the President of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, the movement would have carried. But twenty-four hours had intervened before the question could be considered and in that time there "arose in miniature a new Cervantes and laughed our chivalry away. We were told how shameful it would be to seek refuge behind the petticoats and votes of our women and the logic of justice and liberty fell down and crumbled into dust." Then was made that compromise by which the women taxpayers were allowed to vote on "all questions submitted to the taxpayers as such." Of this Dr. Burns said: "Oh! what a masterpiece of masculine logic and masculine justice was here! If the woman taxpayer has a just right to vote upon the imposition of a new tax, has she none in choosing the agents by whom the old tax shall be expended? Does not every act of the government affect either directly or indirectly the value of her property? And if it be honest to permit her to vote on a new tax, is it not dishonest to deny her a vote in the selection of public officers? Now permit me to drop two hints as to the conducting of your cause: "First: Keep ever in mind that the professional politician is your implacable enemy. To him an election is not a process for ascertaining the will of the majority, but a battle to be won by any strategy. He knows that he could not "get at" you, therefore he will never consent to your enfranchisement until compelled by the gathering force of public opinion. Second, at all times give prime emphasis to the fact that to-day,

government to-day? It is composed of men who each represents, not the business interests that elected him. These men are there to attend to the business of industries and sometimes of the people in general. The duty of government is to keep the cities clean and healthy, to make the inhabitants happy. Now what is the duty of woman? To keep the people clean and healthy, say the generality of mankind. Granted. Now why can't they do that through the great medium of civilization—organization? The government attempts to do what ought to be done by women. There was a time when teachers were all men, but that ignorance has been outgrown long ago." Mrs. Gilman showed that woman's ability to care for a home, when applied to the regulation of a city, would give the happy results found in a well regulated household, and to do this was one of the duties of to-day.

A report given by Mrs. Clara C. Colby, on "Industrial Politics," contained these important statements: "The industrial problems especially affecting women, have shown that women are at a disadvantage as non-voting members of the community. As recent facts in regard to Government employment, I would cite the order of Postmaster General Payne, that a woman must give up her position if she marries. The Civil Service Commissioners are compelled, by law, to keep separate lists of men and women who have passed examinations, and they must certify to the appointing officers from either list as specified by the heads of the bureaus, so that it is quite possible for these to keep women out, and fill the place with voters. Commoner W. D. Foulke, not long ago, called the attention of the chiefs of bureaus to the fact that by taking from the men's lists down to the lowest point of eligibility, while women who had passed with a rank of 90 and over, were not chosen, the government was not getting the skilled labor it was entitled to. * * * The continued defeat of the child labor protection laws in some of the Southern States and the condition of children working in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, as shown in the testimony before the Coal Strike Commission, show the need of woman's help in shaping social economics, and her powerlessness without the ballot in its sharp contrast with the protective law of Colorado."

How can we stimulate women all over the country to do what they can do, to add their weight of their names and their effort as far as it can go, is one of the greatest questions, and of this Mrs. Colby says that "it needs a consciousness of the solidarity of human interests, so that, from an impersonal, unselfish standpoint, if they have no personal need, they are under the most commanding obligation and add their strength to ours to make better conditions. We might despair of reaching either the over-worked, under-paid, unresponsive wage-earner, or the indifferent, irresponsible, and almost inaccessible woman of fortune, were it not that all are linked by one common possession—that of womanhood, which, when awakened, is the Divine Motherhood, and this is what we must appeal to. We must march on with closed ranks, leaving no woman outside, however apparently separated by good or by bad fortune, by exaltation or by error. Then only will we win in this battle for liberty, the holiest war ever waged."

Mr. M. J. Sanders, who attended the first meeting of the Convention as an ignorant—that is, uninformed if not opposed, listener, declared in a thrilling speech he made later, "there is justice and a grandeur about your cause vastly beyond what we had conceived, and there is an intelligence and force behind it which sweeps away all indifference and compels the earnest consideration of thoughtful men. I have seen enough to believe that hand in hand with earnest men, as co-workers and equals, in no way subordinate, women can furnish brains and power to remove a vast load of the iniquities and inequalities of life and to lift the country to a plane of civilization wherein the masses shall have a chance for happiness and freedom."

There were eight States at the Convention which were represented by but one delegate. These were: California, Delaware, Maryland, Montana, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, South Carolina and Vermont. Mrs. Priscilla I. Hackstaff, who gave the report on enrollment, said that nothing is more hopeful in increasing the membership and therefore of gaining ground, than having the names of friends and sympathizers of the cause. "The importance of this work," said Mrs. Hackstaff, "was impressed upon me in the recent New Hampshire campaign. Had New Hampshire enrolled her suffragists in every town and village, the work of the campaign committee would have been wonderfully lightened. So I urge every State to work vigorously on the enrollment, that you may know where you can organize a club, and on whom to call in your legislative work and when a campaign comes upon you."

Mrs. Hackstaff's address was the topic on "The Relation Government Bears to Civilization." She spoke of how soon in the life of a race, government becomes something apart from and over the people, especially when it works for its own good rather than for theirs. She pointed to examples history furnishes of this and how social restrictions soon follow governmental ones. But lately the seers had an ideal of government, where individual recognition should be given each person, and now the state of civilization demands such a government. "Strong governments require strong men," said Mrs. Hackstaff, "and the primary object, therefore, of manhood suffrage is to make strong men." Quoting President Jordan of Stanford University, she gave his words: "Without participation, men lose interest; without interest, they lose intelligent comprehension, but given participation and an interest and intelligent comprehension, men are stronger in their patriotism, broader in their views, and wiser in their methods of action." "It," Mrs. Hackstaff demanded, "suffrage has this effect on men, will it not have the same effect on women? Do not restrict the growth from barbarous conditions, by forcing one half the people to drag forward with them the other half who cannot help in the process."

"Justice, simple justice."—Lucy Stone.

CALIFORNIA WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

Member National American Woman Suffrage Association.

Honorary Presidents: Mrs. Ellen C. Sargeant, Mrs. Sarah Knox-Goodrich.
President: Mrs. Mary Simpson Sperry.

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Auditors, Mrs. Mary McHenry Keith, Mrs. Annie L. Corbett.

all over the civilized world, women vote. The most unfair advantage taken by the opponents of woman's suffrage is their insistence upon the treatment of it as though it were still an experiment. Therefore spread broadcast the information that in four or five of the United States and throughout the widespread federation of Australia and New Zealand women vote on equal terms with men; that in the United Kingdom women possess all but the parliamentary suffrage. Din this into the public ear, for in these United States, whose people profess to be the most enlightened upon earth, the ignorance of the elementary facts, is wonderful."

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's address, which space prevented my noticing in the last issue, was on "Duties of To-day." In asking "What are the duties of women to the needs of the States," she said: "Women are so keen to all that relates to the home and so dull to the world around them. They do not seem to take an interest in public affairs. What is

TO ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

IN MEMORIAM

(By Imogen Holbrook Vivian.)

'Tis not of Dewey and his guns,
That rent the early morning air,
To loose from thrall those far off isles,
And firmly plant Old Glory there,
Nor yet of they on Cuban soil,
Who scaled in blood El Caney's height,
To show how brave hearts do, and dare,
For freedom's flag, for freedom's right.

But one there was, great, virile, brave,
And easily of these the peer,
Whose voice is now forever stilled,
With strength supreme, she knew no fear.
Upon this tomb but newly made,
Come, place the laurel wreath of fame,
For this great soul hath nobly won,
The right to an immortal name.

And to the hallowed spot where rests,
This valiant one, our honored dead,
Who sought to right her sister's wrongs,
Bring lilies fair, bring roses red,
Her mortal passing came to end,
E'er hope had reached its fullest flower,
But her brave soldiers in the ranks,
Undaunted still, will never cower.

'Till Justice, equal rights to all,
Is blazoned on their cloth of gold,
And in the ages yet to come,
Their strength, and valor, will be told.
We know what band the compass held,
Toward liberty, our ship to guide,
And steadfast still, who forged ahead,
Through storms of scorn, nor turned aside.

Mild oppositions little souls,
That fret, and fume, their lives away,
This mighty being saw, through faith,
The dawning of a brighter day,
Her disembodied spirit shall,
Our guide and inspiration be,
'Till we shall span the gulf between
Our dreams, and dear reality.

Sweet liberty, and equal rights,
Shall, in that not far distant time,
Come as a heavenly heritage,
For 'tis God's plan, his law sublime,
Homage to her, whose daring hand,
The corner stone, laid firm and strong,
For justice, moved this dauntless soul,
Her strength was spent, to right a wrong.

LIFE AMONG HIGH CASTE WOMEN OF INDIA

BY DR. EMILY NOBLE,

Whose Personal Experiences in India Gave Her an Insight Into Social Conditions Not Possible to Many Outside the Caste.

Because so many American ladies are so kindly interesting themselves at the present time in the seeming (?) condition of the women of India, I am glad to say more on this subject. I do not dispute the veracity of anything that has been said about the condition of child wives, mothers and widows of India, my object being to emphasize the fact that because India is so vast a country (as large as all Europe—if we leave out Russia) what may be true of some small section is not representative of India, or more than a small minority of its people, which always number over three hundred millions!

Hindu families prefer caste life, and it suits their habits and customs, which have been fixed by religious laws since the beginning of civilization. England pledged itself in a most sacred compact not to interfere with caste customs, and if the compact had been adhered to as sacredly as it was made, there would probably have been no Indian mutiny.

DISTINCTIVE CASTE RULES.

I was chiefly in Southern India, and in visiting in or driving through the Hindu villages I noticed much of their modes of life. I noticed, too, even the houses are built according to caste rules, and only certain times of the year are considered propitious in which to build. Then, too, a certain form of architecture is followed very closely by the different castes—and oh! the wonderful difference between the absolute simplicity of even a rich man's home—and the awe-inspiring grandeur of the temples, especially some of the older and larger ones. The entrance to a rich man's house is always called the lion's gate, and just as in the occident—we have ceremonials in laying corner stones—and burying beneath them coins and printed matter of the period—so the Hindus always commence the building of new homes, or temples with ceremonies peculiar to the different castes. The priests chant hymns, and prayers. The pillars and rafters are blessed—often garlanded with flowers—and anointed with oil and incense, and whether the buildings are for the rich or for the poor—a palace or a hut—there is always much of solemnity and importance about the ceremonial.

PECULIARITY OF THE HOUSES.

Orthodox Hindu people all live on the community plan—with very many relatives of different generations under one roof. The street sides of the houses are always blank walls—with a slanting roof—the lintels of the doorway are usually freshly sprinkled or marked with sandal paste every day. The symbol of their form of worship, and caste is marked on the door. On account of the heat the native houses are mostly without windows. They are built quadrangle fashion, with the interiors opening into courtyards in which is often seen a tank or a fountain of water, and as sun and rain have free access—these court yards are often riotous with the vivid coloring of tropical trees and plants.

THE "FLAME OF THE FOREST."

There is one wonderful blooming tree that is very common in India called the "flame of the forest." It has no foliage, but is covered with a gorgeous mass of bloom, shading from brilliant crimsons to deepest orange tints—and so brilliant it can be seen miles away! Other trees look in the distance exactly as if they were covered with black leaves—but when one gets close to them, one sees they are covered with bats, with large dark wings hanging upon the foliage slumbering in the sunlight, until the dusk arrives, and they start off on their nightly scavenging.

In all homes the kitchen is the most sacred part of the house, and no person of a lower caste than the master of the house, is ever permitted to enter it, or even look inside. If ever the shadow of an out-caste fell upon the food of a Brahmin—the food would be destroyed—together with the pot in which it was cooked.

SIMPLE FOOD SERVICE.

The food, even in the rich families, is still served with the utmost simplicity upon plantain leaves—

and is made extremely palatable, though entirely without meat—or fish or fowl—or eggs. Many of the people in India still live in the primitive way—that has been pictured to us of the people of Asia in the Old Testament of the Christian Bible—and many of the women look so beautiful, swathed in their one simple arment, with a pot of water gracefully poised upon their shapely heads—that one is at once reminded of the pictures of the Bible women carrying water from the wells. They use very little in the way of furniture. The floors are mostly cement, often covered with bamboo matting, but rarely with carpets.

All classes sit upon the ground, and are very uncomfortable if, when calling upon Europeans, they are persuaded to sit upon chairs or sofas. There is usually no bedding on account of the intense heat, people sleeping anywhere—on mats or rugs, and servants kept busy night and day pulling punkahs, to cool the air.

EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.

Servants do not sleep in their master's house—but often on the roofs or verandas, though the head man is usually to be found on his master's door mat at night, and ayahs and other personal attendants, of course, remain near their charges. All in the house retire early, and get up before sunrise, and after bathing they make their oblations to the sun and spend some time in religious contemplation—place their caste marks upon their foreheads—with crayons of different colors, salute the four points of the compass with "good thought" and say "hail, kindly light that illumines North, South, East and West." And in praying for themselves at this early hour, many never fail to make some sacrifice or oblation in memory of their dear ones whom death has claimed, then they take a very light breakfast, and attend to the duties of the forenoon.

BATHING, PRAYING AND EATING.

At noon the meal of the day is served, but is preceded with more prayers and bathing of the body and attiring with a clean loin cloth, or sari; then follows the siesta. Usually in a rich man's house enough is cooked at the noon day meal, and offered to the gods, to feed many hungry mendicants who ask for food as they pass by. The prayers are not long or tedious but seem to be a natural part of every Hindu's life. Even at the temples the ritual is very simple. Just a few verses from the vedas are read twice a day—by a priest who gets no salary. But often the temples are crowded with worshippers who go morning and evening for praise, sacrifice and contemplation for spiritual growth. And a Hindu never goes to the temple empty-handed—or gives to his church the last coin he has in his pocket, or offers to his gods something he does not want himself. Hindu women never have a "rummage sale" for their gods—but give of their best. And as a consequence one finds at the temple's gates, that thousands of starving poor are fed every day—from the offerings that are constantly brought, and which may represent anything from a handful of rice to an elephant. No one in all India would refuse food to a beggar. It is a part of their religion to recognize God or good even in the person of an abject beggar.

DOMESTIC SIDE OF LIFE.

It is a fact that most Hindu women cook beautifully, and home cares and fashions do not set heavily upon them. Domestic affairs and the care of their many lovely babies seem to be the delight of their lives. They are not interested in other women's husbands, as they never meet them personally, so there are no flirtations to disturb conjugal peace. They wear no millinery, never change the style of hair dressing—go barefoot, and their one garment consists of a long piece of cloth called a sari, which is woven in one length and most gracefully swathed around the wearer, who always keeps one end free with which to cover the face from the gaze of the inquisitive.

She has no use for shoe laces, stay laces, hair pins or needles; does not know how to sew, has nothing that ever needs remaking, or mending, and the children of both sexes go absolutely naked! until they are seven years old. Then the sexes are separated and the high caste boy goes through the first important ceremony of his life. He is taught something of the faith of his father, and taught to be proud of the symbol of his god—upon his forehead, and invested with the "sacred cord," a three fold thread or string which is worn by every male Brahmin over one shoulder and across his breast to his hip, to remind him of the "right path." When he is older another important ceremony in which he has no voice, takes place, that of marriage to some child who later becomes his life's mate.

PROUD OF THEIR CHILDREN.

The babies are the dearest little contented fat roly-polys imaginable. They rarely cry, but are shy—though when of older growth have exquisite manners in the presence of their elders and before strangers. Celibacy is unknown in India except among those destined for the spiritual or religious life, and among these people maternity is looked upon as the crown of womanhood, and children the special gift of God. It is considered a curse to be childless. Children are greatly beloved and welcomed even by the poor, though for social and religious reasons, boys are still more welcome than girls.

HINDU MARRIAGES.

The marriage ceremonies are long—usually lasting five days. There is much of religious ceremonial sacrificing, and feasting, for the poor, according to the rank of the families, and every member of the family, even very distant relatives, attend the wedding, if he is within traveling distance to get there in time. No wedding ring is used, but the garments of the bride and groom are knotted together to symbolize the tying of the marriage knot, and an ornament called a tali is tied around the bride's neck—the hands are joined.

Water, food and fire is offered to the gods, then the bride and groom join hands and solemnly walk around the sacred fire three times, and for the only time in her life, the wife eats with, and in her husband's presence. Then when the ceremony is over the bride often remains under the parent's roof until it is considered wise to establish marital relations.

ADVANTAGES OF CASTE DISTINCTION.

Mr. J. Rees, C. I. E., member of Lord Curzon Council, recently made the following remark on the subject of caste:

Medows Taylor thought the Hindus "as courteous and intelligent a people as any in the world; kind to their children, respectful to their parents, charitable, honest, industrious, and with such virtues as are common to human nature." He denied that they were untruthful, and saw in "caste the means of enforcing the least outwardly moral conduct of members."

A RELIGIOUS BASIS.

"The Dewan of Travancore well says that the Hindu home is founded on the basis of religion, its rules and observances on the basis of hygiene, in which a Hindu lives, moves, and has his being. The father is the guardian, preceptor and patriarch, the woman protected by her male relations, and always married; nor looking at other countries where celibacy is practiced by women, can I consider universal marriage altogether a curse. The decay of marriage marked the decline of the Romans and Greeks, and the Dewan would adhere to the High Hindu standard, merely postponing the ceremony till the latest permissible period. The present system produces wives who in all that goes to the happiness of the husband and the peace of the home cannot be surpassed. There is great misapprehension, says the Dewan, among European nations regarding the purdah. There is no slavery or tyranny, and as families rise in the world their females ask for the privilege of the zenana system."



NATIVE HOMES OF THE HIGH CASTE.



THE TOMB OF A HINDU PRINCESS.

EASY TO GET MARRIED IN CALIFORNIA

BY ELLA CASTILLO BENNETT.

Apparently the easiest thing in the world to do (barring the celebrated process of rolling off a log), is to get married. All you have to do is to go to Mr. Danforth at the City Hall, assure him you are of age, and that there is no impediment to your union with "Beatrice," raise your hand and swear, "So help me God," etc., sign your name in the record, pay two dollars, get your license, and sally forth to priest, minister or justice of the peace, and "Ye twain become as one." No red tape, no explanation as to your suitability or that of the intended bride; no proof of your responsibility, mental, physical, moral or financial, to enter the state of matrimony. You could not enter upon a business transaction with less trouble. You are married and you enter upon the matrimonial routine, the first year or which ends with an undress parade about two o'clock a. m., your wife as a drowsy spectator, you doing the pedestrian act, while your first born is being carried around on your shoulder like triumph by his constituents and followers. Only your offspring does this triumphant parade with unceasing regularity, on an average of every other night, gaining in vocal powers as time progresses until memory takes you regretfully back to the nice little room in the City Hall when the pleasant, courteous Mr. Danforth smiled so benignly to make marriage look seductive, and you think of this urbane dispenser of marriage licenses issuing the privilege to take care of a large and interesting and every other-yearly growing family and you are sure he is aided and abetted by merchants who must sell their goods, therefore encourage matrimony, so conducive towards the propagation of the race and the unlimited manufacture of goods. And you wonder when Mr. Danforth goes to purgatory and is toasted a delicate brown if he will be sorry.

He has issued marriage licenses for ten years and still shows no sign of either remorse or reformation. He helps to bind together on an average of nine couples a day, principally foreigners, Italians predominating. People in all condition of life, and "previous condition of servitude," all ages, all styles, from a young couple of sixteen and eighteen, whose parents do not oppose this juvenile mating, to the grandfather and grandmother, marrying men and women old enough to be their grand children.

The San Francisco population is largely composed of Americans, yet the licenses issued to such run behind those issued to foreigners, showing the increase of bachelors and old maids in this generation. Monday is the star day, and Friday—ever the bane of superstitious—the poorest day in the week, and May the poorest month.

The average age of the men is thirty and the women twenty-one, showing older for the men and younger for the women than the average in Eastern States.

The greatest contrast in age that Mr. Danforth remembers during his incumbency was a woman of 75, who married a youth of 24, the same world wise young man being very good to the susceptible old lady, who left him the fortune which he some years afterwards shared with a wife more suited to him in years.

Mr. Danforth has issued in his time 40,000 marriage

licenses. Now, how many of these belong on the credit side, only Providence can tell.

A mulatto, who came for a license to marry a white woman, was highly indignant that the laws of this State did not permit such unions. He asked if this wasn't a free country, and on being told that it was generally so considered, he took issue on that point, declaring he could marry the Queen of England—if she would have him. He put it to the clerk to know what he thought of such an outrageous law; and his indignation reached fever heat when Mr. Danforth told him he approved of it. So the dusky lover took his Desdemonia to Victoria, B. C., where the law sanctions a union with "any old thing," and was duly and legally married, and if Desdemonia has not been smothered by this time—well, she ought to be.

Japs and Chinamen apply for licenses to wed white women and are amazed to find a barrier put in their way. One Chinaman said, "No mally Melican girl? Why? she likee me. I likee her. What you got, say? She Scotch. She heap good girl. I takee good care her. How you fixee him?" On being told that there was no way to "fixee," the celestial fled him and his betrothed to kindly British Columbia and came back to San Francisco to propagate the species of half-breeds. The Chinese half of which is probably the better, for the white woman who could marry the Chinese is too low to be even his equal.

One white woman, the widow of a Chinaman, came for a license to marry the brother of her late husband. She had been true to the memory of her transported celestial a year, and tiring of widowhood, was ready to supplant in her affections for her dead husband the nearest thing available.

The crushing news was announced to her that such unions could not be in this State. She grew ugly and quarrelsome, acting as though the lawmakers had a special grudge against her to keep her from Chinamen, the desired objects of her heart. Mr. Danforth asked her where she had married her first husband, and she told him in British Columbia, so he informed her she would have to go back there again to be married.

She laid great stress on the fact that her marriage must be legal. Whether this was an indication of fear of the Chinaman experiencing a change of heart or whether it was proof of her virtuous tendencies would be hard to determine; if the latter, it is only another proof of the freakishness of human nature.

Imagine a white woman bad enough to live with a Chinaman, caring whether the union was legal or illegal, and this virtuous specimen of womanhood probably thought herself superior to the woman who sacrificed her virtue for love of some man, at least half worth the loving.

The law, passed a few years ago, which prohibits marriage sooner than a year after the divorce is granted, is after all more of a detriment than a benefit. It does not deter people from marrying. Most of them will hasten to Reno, Nevada, marry and return by the next train, thus making the prohibition law a farce.

Mr. Danforth knows of two applicants in which this law was evaded by simply living together; by

people who did not go to Reno. One couple, the woman a widow with two children, who had been separated from her husband two years before, applying for a divorce, and the man who was a bachelor, simply drew up a contract, which was of course not in the least legal, before witness to live together always, and to be married according to the laws of the State as soon as possible, and this they did the minute the time was up.

The man of the other couple had no such honorable intentions. He knew well enough when he brought the girl to the office that a divorce of four months did not permit him to marry. He feigned surprise, and the girl showed her keen disappointment. Mr. Danforth suspicioned at once what the man's intentions were, so he said to the girl: "Now, don't consider for a minute a 'tug' or contract marriage, for they are not legal. You will have to wait till the time is up." The couple acted as though they thought eight months an interminable length of time, and doubtless it is to lovers, and those serving a sentence in jail or penitentiary. Finally they were told if they could not wait they could go to Reno, Nevada, and be married. The man protested his inability to leave business for that length of time, and Mr. Danforth learned that under promise of marriage, as soon as the prohibition time was up, he had prevailed on the foolish girl to live with him. That was two years ago, and the man has never come for the promised license. She might have known that the man who could not make a sacrifice of a couple of days from business to make her legally his wife would never do so, no matter how favorably the circumstances, nor with what serious promises he had beguiled her.

Mr. Danforth will sell some people a license, and afterwards the same parties procure a divorce, and in the course of time call for another license and try it over again.

The old copy-book line of, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," which once photographed on the retina of the eye, from writing it down a whole page, is never effaced, and is doubtless responsible for some of this persistency in the matrimonial line.

And while marriage licenses are being issued by the pleasant Mr. Danforth, divorces are being granted by one or more of the twelve judges in as many different rooms in the same building, and until the end of time it will probably be so, certainly until human nature is better, and some restrictions placed about marriage, for the hue and cry raised against divorce is absurd. It is far more decent for men and women to divorce each other than to live together in wrangling and quarreling; and railing at divorce is commencing at the tail end of the reformation. It is useless to lop off the branches while the trunk and roots remain intact. While men can obtain marriage licenses for the mere asking, without having to show proof of the financial ability to maintain a wife, and at least one child, and a record of a temperate, honorable character, divorces will result.

The divorce is as natural a consequence of loose marriage laws as that suffering in some manner follows the breaking the laws of God, nature and man.

Thou Rose-land! Do stand, thou, mine own!
Thou Sun-land! Leaf-land! Land of seas
Wide crescented in walls of stone!
Thy lion's mane is to the breeze!
Thy tawny, sun-lit lion steeps,
Leap forward, as the lion leaps!

And thou, the lion's whelp, begot
Of Argonauts, in fearful strength
And supple beauty yieldeth naught!
Thine arm is as a river's length.
Thy reach is foremost! Thou shalt be
The throned Queen of this vast, west sea!

Yet here sits peace; and rest sits here.
These wide-boughed oaks, they house wise men
The student, and the sage austere:
The men of wondrous thought and ken.
Here men of God in holy guise
Invoke the peace of Paradise.

Be this my home till some fair star
Stoops earthward and shall beckon me;
For surely Godland lies not far,
From these Greek heights and this great sea
My friend, my lover, trend this way;
Not far along, lies Arcady.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

✧ Across the Continent—San Francisco to New York ✧

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER.

I can hardly realize that I have left the old beaten path and am now flying across the continent as fast as steam can carry me, safely and comfortably installed as I am, in these elegantly appointed Pullman Palace cars of the Sunset Limited. We will soon leave behind us this greatly favored Golden State, with all its rich vegetation. Luxuriantly beautiful is Southern California, its trees laden with golden oranges and lemons, and a wealth of brilliant flowers everywhere, all forming a dazzling picture. The weather, too, is simply perfect, though its pleasant warmth gives us faint warning of more torpid days to come, as we travel farther south.

But already we have begun to pass on to less attractive scenes. Traveling from Indio to Yuma, through an alkali desert, is a decided and weary contrast to the verdure and bloom of our just departed Eden. On account of its high altitude and great dryness (for here it never rains) the atmosphere of Indio is considered most beneficial for people suffering from any disease of the lungs. A hotel and a large number of cottages have been built here, and an attempt to beautify the grounds, making an oasis in the midst of this dreary desert waste.

At six o'clock in the morning, when we reached Tucson, in Arizona, a very pleasing and familiar sound was wafted toward us. From a Catholic church in the city we heard a deep-toned bell ringing the three alternate strokes of the Angelus, and we seemed to hear the many reverent voices answer in prayer the early calling.

Later in the day I noticed, at the foot of some mountains we were passing, a large body of water with dancing waves. Asking the name of it, I was told what my senses could hardly make me believe, that no water was there. It was what I had so frequently read of—a mirage—I could fully understand how this often fatal illusion had deceived weary, thirsty travelers, for it seemed impossible that what I saw was not a large body of sparkling water.

The borders of Arizona passed, about noon we entered New Mexico, famed for having the oldest city in the United States. As it is some distance from the railroad, I was unable to see this interesting old place, but we stayed for nearly two hours at El Paso, which is situated in the border line. I was surprised to see such an enterprising, up-to-date city, with electric cars and lights, and rows of very handsome buildings. Immediately in front of the station is a beautifully laid out park, and flitting among the trees were fashionably dressed young ladies. From a paper I bought I see they have a very flourishing Women's Press Association there.

In passing through the towns of Arizona and New Mexico, one is struck with the odd mixture of Yankee enterprise, and the slower old Spanish life. One still sees here the rude adobe buildings of these soft-tongued people, and also the squalid mud-roofed huts of the Indians, while the figures grouped around their doorways form a quaint picture very different from those of their American neighbors.

We are now in the largest State in the Union, Texas, and what an immense tract of uncultivated land is everywhere around us. I regretted, exceeding-

ly, that we passed Fort Bliss in the morning at 2 o'clock, and so was unable to see this interesting old fort, which was formerly occupied by United States troops. It is situated at an elevation of 5,000 feet and the weather is always cool and delightful here, no matter how hot it is in the other parts of the State. It is now used as a summer resort for the exclusive four hundred of this part of the country, cottages with beautifully laid out grounds having been built around the old landmark.

At about noon we passed over the third highest bridge in the United States. It is called Pico's High Bridge, built of steel, over 2000 feet long, and 321 feet high. We could not realize its great height until, looking down, we saw some cattle on the banks of the stream below. They seemed to be the size of those little wooden animals we see in that old-fashion toy box called Noah's Ark. Looking back as we passed on its greatness gradually grew upon us. It was 8 o'clock in the evening when we arrived at San Antonio, one of the largest cities in Texas. We remained over an hour, so saw a good deal of this interesting place. We took the electric cars to Alamo, where a battle was fought in the Texas war. We also stayed nearly two hours in the beautiful city of Houston. Like San Antonio, it is a typical southern city, about which there is something very fascinating.

We had hardly left Houston, when we came to Beaumont, the greatest oil town of the South. The first thing that greeted our eyes was a gay party taking a ride in an automobile.

The thick forests of palmetto and magnolia trees, tell us now that we are passing through the beautiful State of Louisiana.

New Orleans with its thousand and one interesting landmarks is already spread before us. This old Southern city we behold decked out in gala array, in honor of the great reunion of Confederate veterans, whose convention is being held here. The old survivors of the "Lost Cause" have come from all the Southern States, and Canal street, the great thoroughfare, is one blaze of light and color.

The great charm of this old Creole city lies in its many historical places, and associations. For this reason the old St. Louis Cathedral, with its sunken marble floor and quaint but beautiful altar, is an especial object of interest. After the ancient fashion—the Beadle in cocked hat, red coat, sword and halberd officiates at all ceremonies.

This cathedral faces Jackson square, which is undoubtedly the most historic spot in Louisiana. In its center stands the celebrated equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson, commander of the American army in the battle of New Orleans. In this old square took place the surrender of Louisiana to Spain, and here, later, the Independence of the State was declared by the French in 1768, only to be reconquered by the Spanish at which time this square was the scene of the death of the French patriots.

On the north side of the Cathedral stands the old "Cabildo," a building with much history, as it was here that all former transfers of the colony from nation to nation took place, and it was here in olden times that many celebrated dignitaries were enter-

tained by the authorities, one of the most notable being the great Gen. Lafayette of Revolutionary war fame.

Beside Jackson square there are many famous parks in New Orleans, beautifully laid out and kept. Each one, except City Park, is named for some celebrated personage whose statue is conspicuously placed in its midst. City Park, beside its chain of fine artificial lakes, contains a magnificent grove of live oaks, draped with gray Spanish moss. This was formerly a great dueling place.

The one that interested me most was the Margaret Park and statue, at the intersection of Camp and Prytanis streets. It was the first monument ever raised in America in honor of a woman. It commemorates the charities of Margaret Hangery, who, reared in poverty, accumulated a fortune in the bakery business, and who used this fortune to care for and help the poor of the city. She was especially devoted to children, and many a little child felt the benefit of Margaret's generosity. In the center of the park we see the quaint figure of this old woman, carved in bronze, her arm around a little child. Over her shoulders is a knitted shawl, but kindness and charity is written in every line of her plain but benevolent face. At her death the Orphan Asylums and other charitable institutions were made the recipients of generous bequests.

One of the most interesting and curious sights here is the cemeteries. Interments therein are almost entirely made above ground, and the effect of the white mausoleums is so unlike that of burying places in other cities as to make a visit noteworthy. The old National Cemetery of Chalmette, is tastefully laid out and most beautifully kept. It is located on the site of the old historic battlefield where the battle of New Orleans was fought between the British and American forces, on Jan. 8, 1815.

The day before our departure from New Orleans occurred the great parade of the Confederate veterans. It was really the most imposing and spectacular display I ever witnessed. In the slow marching up the streets, many bands were playing inspiring Southern airs, the music swelled high above the heads of the hundreds of thousands who viewed this great, but pathetic scene. The men uncovered their heads and the women strewed blossoms along their path in such quantities that these old soldiers actually walked through beds of flowers.

At the intersection of St. Charles and Howard avenues stands a colossal statue of the great Southern hero, General Robert E. Lee. As the procession passed this stately figure, with folded arms, it looked as if he stood there in life reviewing his old troops, and a mighty shout went up from the vast multitude.

The next morning I was taken along the renowned levee, and I touched with my hands the waters of the great Mississippi. It was my farewell to this interesting city, named for the one in old France made famous by the deeds of the heroic Joan of Arc—the Maid of Orleans.

Though the weather was now hot and dusty, and the cars very inferior to our California palace cars, yet traveling from New Orleans to New York had



TYPICAL SCENES IN CALIFORNIA'S FLOWER-BEDECKED GARDENS.

many attractions for me. The famous Southern cities I saw as we passed through twelve different States, each having its own peculiar attractions and scenery, were certainly so very interesting that I was able to forget all inconvenience and discomfort. Especially beautiful is the green, feathery foliage of the trees, and the creeping vines, against the bright red soil peculiar to Virginia. Then there were the many large rivers, crossing each other in these different States, familiar by name, but viewed now for the first time.

Only a glimpse did I get, I regret to say, of those two noted cities—Philadelphia and Baltimore, but we changed cars and remained a few hours in Washington. I felt a thrill of patriotism and delight as I gazed upon this beautiful city—this great capital of our glorious Republic. It was scarcely more than a bird's-eye view I got of it, but besides its magnificence I seemed to see, on their old familiar, all the famous men, whose great achievements built up this "Land of Liberty" from the illustrious Washington down, pass in review before me, and what a marvelous power it was.

Reluctantly I left this great capital city, so closely linked with all the historical events of our country, and on the wings of night was carried through many places of note. But bright visions greeted mine eyes the next morning, for flooded with sunshine Greater New York, with all its wealth and grandeur, its poverty and squalor, was spread out before me. Delightfully pleasant are the warm greeting, refreshment and rest I now receive and enjoy after my long but interesting journey of 3,000 miles across the continent.

What a big city this is! It takes weeks to realize its immensity. The day after my arrival I started to do some shopping, and that was a strange experience threading my way between the thousands of strange faces, and confusing labyrinth of street cars, underground tunnel cars, and elevated trains. The first place I visited was the noted Wanamaker's huge department store, formerly the far-famed A. T. Stewart's, and I need have gone no farther, even if I had intended to buy enough to stock a good-sized department store for myself. But curiosity led me from one big place to another, not only to inspect the variety and beauty of goods displayed, but to view the immense structures, themselves, each from ten to sixteen stories high, and many of them occupying a whole block.

I quite agree with the lady who said that whenever she came out of one of these big stores she always found that the streets had all turned around. Such seemed to be the case with me.

It was after leaving one of these mammoth establishments on Broadway I happened to look up at the uamp post and read on the sign "5th Avenue." It's a mystery to me yet how I got there, but I also saw in front of me a very attractive millinery store upon which was inscribed the name "Henesey." Seeing some exquisitely beautiful hats in the window, I entered for closer inspection (what woman could resist). There was something pleasantly familiar about the tall, stately woman who advanced and greeted me in true California courteous style. I soon learned she was from San Francisco, and that only a few years before she had come here unheralded and unknown, but through her energy, taste and skill, had built up this large business establishment. Nothing like the pluck of our bright California girls, it always means success with them.

The Native Daughters of our Golden State are very popular and greatly admired in New York, both for their brilliant talents and great beauty. They

have met with wonderful success upon the stage and in all the other professions they have chosen.

I felt honored to meet several of these gifted young women at a reception I attended, given by the Women's Press Club of New York. It was the last social meeting of the season and was held in the beautiful myrtle room of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. I was the guest of their President, Rev. Phebe Hanaford, who most courteously introduced me as a "guest of honor" from California. Mrs. Charlotte Wilbour, President of Sorosis, of New York, Mrs. Fannie Hallock Carpenter, President of National Society of New England, and many other distinguished women were also present. It was a delightful meeting of cultured women. The papers read were bright and interesting, and the music, both vocal and instrumental, of a superior order.

Each day I visit some of the beautiful as well as historical places in and around this overwhelmingly large city. One of the first visits was to the famous Metropolitan Museum, with all its wonderful objects of interest; its countless rare works of art. One could never tire of gazing at the magnificent pictures and statuary, the inspirations of the greatest masters of the world. Then picturesque Claremont, a charming spot at the northern end of Riverside Drive and overlooking the Hudson from an elevation of 200 feet. At the entrance of this park is the imposing tomb of the late Gen. U. S. Grant. Directly on the opposite side of the river are the Palisades, which is a name applied to a long perpendicular, apparently columnar, wall of trap rock, formed by nature, and extending along the coast for over twenty miles.

From historical old Fort George one gets a splendid view of the winding rivers, and several cities that make up Greater New York. It is on a rocky projection now terraced down to the water. Just below is built the celebrated Washington Bridge, and also two other of fine mechanism a little farther down the river. There was a redoubt here during the Revolution, and the old cannon are still fixed in the stone walls.

Central Park, with all its natural beauties and monuments of art,—a simple outline of it would more than fill my limited space. I will only mention the two especial objects of interest that most attracted my attention to this great garden of the world. One was the famous Obelisk, or "Cleopatra's Needle," towering high above all the other monuments that surround it, as if its greater age gave it that privilege. This interesting relic was brought from Egypt to New York in 1880, having been presented to this city by the late Khedive, Ismail Pasha, through the Department of State. The work of removing it from Heliopolis, where it had been erected 1500 B. C., was entrusted to Lt. Com. H. M. Gorringe, U. S. N., who designed for the purpose massive and novel machinery. The entire expense was borne by the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt. On the sides of the tall pyramid are hieroglyphic writings telling of the warlike deeds and victories of an ancient King Thukmes II, during his campaign in Central Africa. These inscriptions take us back, therefore, to a period more than fifteen centuries before Christ. This monolith was gazed upon by Moses. It was an ancient monument, the significance of which had grown dim with the mists of time, when Augustus, Caesar and Anthony fought out the question of universal empire in the sight of the voluptuous queen by whose name it has been known for more than a thousand years. During these centuries this Obelisk, so lately transferred to this great modern city, stood erect as a landmark of the Levant near Alexandria.

The other, to me, most interesting and especially ornamental monument in this beautiful park is Bethesda Fountain. It is built on the picturesque terrace near the shores of the lake, and was designed by a woman. The idea of the fountain was suggested by the story of the Pool of Bethesda in the Bible. The figure of an angel stands in the attitude of blessing the waters. She bears in her left hand a bunch of lilies, emblems of purity, and wears across her breast the crossed bands of the messenger-angel. She seems to hover over, as if just alighting on a mass of rock, from which the water gushes in a natural manner, falling over the edge of the upper basin, slightly veiling, but not concealing, four small figures, emblematic of the blessings of Temperance, Purity, Health and Peace. The artist who designed and executed this exquisite group of figures was Miss Emma Stebbins of New York. It was not in vain that this young girl sculptor sacrificed and devoted herself to hard study. She has won fame, and this noble work has proclaimed her to the world a genius.

A FABLE

BY BELLE D'LEIN.

On the garden wall a Kill-Kenney Kat
Climbed up and down and spit and spat.

A caucus of Kats the yeows soon called
And O! my, how they squaled and squaled.

An Eagle upon the roll of fame
Had condescended to scratch their name.

"Now," said the Kats, "what shall we do?"
"Let's shoot the Eagle thro' and thro'."

Approval was sought of Mr. Tom Kat,
Who was busily talking 'through his hat."

"We'll ask for counsel, we will," sez he,
"Go call Mr. Owl, perched in yon tree."

Mr. Owl looked wise and said, "What a shame
That anyone dare guy-younge your name."

"Now Kill-Kenney Kats, you've got to see
That the Eagle flies no more," sez he.

"It's good advice" they all did yeowl;
Then a pack of coyotes set up a howl.

A moment the Eagle listened, and then
Said, "What's in a name?" "Now give me a pen."

"I will bear aloft Fame's banner high
And engrave my name upon the sky."

"It's not my fault," the Eagle explains,
"That Kill-Kenney Kats were made without brains."

A flutter of pinions, and then away
Soared the Eagle toward the orb of day.

There went up a yeowl, from the feline crew
Looking away where the Eagle flew.

"Who would have thought that our swift dart
Never could touch the Eagle's heart."

A dismal mewling and moaning, sore
And Kill-Kenney Kats were heard of no more.



PALATIAL RESIDENCE AND GROUNDS OF MRS. F. M. SMITH IN OAKLAND, CAL.
Where the United Aid Societies hold their annual May Day Festival.

Native Daughters Golden West

BY ELIZA D. KEITH, PAST GRAND PRESIDENT.



MISS STELLA FINKELDEY,
Grand President.

In assuming charge of this department in the California Ladies' Magazine, I extend a cordial greeting to all my friends in the Order, and outside the Order, and hope that we may find mutual interests during the coming year. While this department is primarily devoted to the advancement of the Order of the Native Daughters of the Golden West, and the setting forth of the aims and objects of our organization, yet it is my determination to conduct it upon lines so broad and liberal that all club women, all fraternal societies will turn to its columns in the full assurance of finding upon this page, help, inspiration, and a fair discussion of all points relating to the common cause of organized effort.

Our Order, Native Daughters of the Golden West, has just held its annual convention, or Grand Parlor, at Red Bluff. This session was successful beyond my most ardent hopes, in that the affairs of the Order were placed before the delegates with an attention to detail, and an exhaustive treatment never before attempted, the Grand President's report taking nearly three days to read. Still further, a number of questions that have been productive of much diversity of opinion, heated argument, and unhappiness in the Order have been settled for good, and the delegates have gone home, feeling that the session has been for the honor and the advancement of the Order.

Not a little doubt and perplexity had been caused by a rumor that the Grand Parlor could not be accommodated at Red Bluff. This rumor gaining credence as early as March of this year, led to an attempt on the part of certain parlors in San Francisco to induce the Grand President to call an extra session for the purpose of deciding that the Grand Parlor of 1903 should be held in San Francisco. Fortunately, the so-called petitions were not according to legal form, and the Grand President gladly embraced the opportunity to escape issuing the call for the extra session which would have cost the Grand Parlor, in mileage alone, about one thousand dollars.

Every preparation had been made for the comfort and convenience of the Grand Parlor at Red Bluff. Dr. F. H. Albright, the Recording Secretary of the newly instituted Mt. Lassen Parlor, was instrumental in organizing Berendos Parlor, N. D. G. W. The citizens of Red Bluff in one evening subscribed over five hundred dollars for the entertainment of the delegates. The two societies, the Masons and the Odd Fellows, placed their halls at our disposal, rent free. A public reception, an open air ball, a grand banquet, carriage rides, visits to the Sierra Lumber Co.'s saw mill, were among the social attentions lavished upon the attendants at the Grand Parlor. In addition to all these, a Street Fair was in progress, which, while entirely independent of the Grand Parlor, and of the citizens of Red Bluff, did contribute to the general air of festivity, and its attractions were enjoyed by many of the delegates and visitors to the Grand Parlor. A. L. Brown, President of Mt. Lassen Parlor, N. S. G. W., and Superintendent of the Sierra Lumber Co.'s plant, was most active in entertaining the delegates, and Miss Ellen Lynch, Superintendent of Schools in Tehama county, President of Berendos Parlor, No. 138, N. D. G. W., was a hostess unexcelled.

Socially, the Grand Parlor session of 1903 was one of the pleasantest in the history of the Order, and without exaggeration, may be said to have been productive of more new friendships, and as we all hope, more lasting attachments than any other Grand Parlor. In attendance, this was the largest Grand Parlor up to date, there having been enrolled nearly one hundred and seventy delegates, with a very large number of visitors. For many years the northern part of the State has asked for a Grand Parlor session within its borders, and by the number in attendance at this, the first one, for years north of Sacramento, the residents of the extreme north showed their appreciation of the choice of Red Bluff for the meeting place. Large as was the attendance, the order was most excellent. There was not a moment when the delegates showed any signs of weariness. That a large gathering of women all interested in the events of the session should once in a while show a desire to whisper, is perfectly natural, but as the presiding officer, I must compliment my Grand Parlor upon its order, its strict attention to business, and upon the neatness and despatch with which all business was transacted.

Night sessions were held, and the Grand Parlor of 1903 has a record of five days to its credit. One of the pleasantest evenings was that of Thursday night, when Berendos Parlor exemplified the opening march of officers, and the balloting, winning prolonged and spontaneous applause from the Grand Parlor for the excellence of the work. Too much praise cannot be accorded Berendos Parlor, the "baby parlor" of the Order, for what it has accomplished during the few weeks of its existence. Another pleasing feature was the night of nomination of officers. More than once has the wish been expressed that outsiders, especially

our brothers, could hear a set of nominating speeches. So much enthusiasm, friendliness, and good will, such loyalty, and devotion, such eagerness to place one's self on record for this candidate or that, is shown by those making the nominations that one cannot but be glad at the sight of such good fellowship. The nominating speeches, too, are models of excellence, and are received with breathless attention, and perfect courtesy by both sides. For there are two sides to every question and generally more than one candidate for every office, and it is well that such is the case. Otherwise the Grand Parlor would stagnate, and stagnation in the Grand Parlor, in time, would be the death of the Order. It seems to be generally conceded that the Grand Secretary and the Grand Treasurer should not be changed, since they are the working machinery of the Order. Over half an hour on nominating night was taken up with speeches in favor of Laura J. Frakes, the Grand Secretary. Nearly every Recording Secretary among the delegates, and they were many, seconded Miss Frakes' nomination, and it must have been a satisfaction to her and to all her friends that she was re-elected this year without an opponent.

The new head of the Order, Miss Stella Finkeldey, is a well-known educator of Santa Cruz, and she has taken a six months' leave of absence from her position. Great things are expected of her administration. She is a woman of superior attainments; she takes the Order at the very moment when all vexed ques-



MRS. ELLA CAMINETTI,
Grand Vice-President.

The year has gone and with it have been engulged the hopes and aspirations, the errors and the achievements of a twelve-month. What is worth saving for the wreckage of Time?

That is for you to decide; you are the arbiters of the fate of the Order and to you I commit my record—knowing that with you as loyal Native Daughters, as gentlewomen, I shall find intelligent appreciation of my fraternal ideas, and loving, tender, sympathetic understanding of my efforts to serve our beloved Order.

Realizing to the fullest extent the honor conferred upon me by my elevation to the highest office in the Native Daughters of the Golden West, and assuming my responsibilities with the firm determination to be true to our Order, to our principles and to myself, it has been my object to make the name of our Order stand for more in public estimation than ever before. I have sought to bring the Grand President into close touch and sympathetic relation with all the Parlors; to draw all our members into the closest bonds of kindly fraternal feeling. It has been my ambition to present to you at this last day a brilliant record for the Order, a blameless one for myself. I come to you with clean hands and a pure heart. Here is spread before you an open page—every act inspired only by the highest thought of the Order's best good—and executed in the full light of the law.

No thought of winning over an enemy, no fear of losing a friend, has ever stood between me and the performance of my duty as I saw it. I may have lost a friend by my refusal to be used through my office to work out another's revenge, or to square accounts. I have been the Grand President, striving always in thought and word and deed to be worthy of the trust reposed in me—in every way seeking peace and harmony—yet never to fail knowingly in the performance of my duty—even though the simplest way would have been to close my eyes and stop my ears and to glide along on waves of indolent ease. If I have made mistakes, they are my own. If success has crowned my efforts, it is due to the loyal support of Native Daughters. I have tried to do my work by the kindness that knows no hesitation, no fear, and allows no insubordination. It has been the kindness not of violence, but of the strength of the law and a mastery uncompromising.

When I assumed the responsibilities of my office in June, 1902, the Order was still in the midst of one of the most strenuous sessions of its seventeen years. My experience as Grand President has been unique. It began with a three hours' session after the midnight installation of officers. Ordinarily, a Grand President takes her chair, appoints her committees, makes an address, and then the Grand Parlor adjourns, but the Grand Parlor of 1902 sat until 3 o'clock in the morning after the installation, and on Monday held an all day session, the minutes of which have already been approved and printed in the proceedings of the last Grand Parlor.

At the beginning of my term, our Order was in a very shaky and discouraged condition. "Another such Grand Parlor," said the delegates, "and it will be the end." The delegates of the Grand Parlor of 1902 went home, sick, tired and discouraged, declaring that they never wanted to attend a Grand Parlor again. More than one Parlor talked of surrendering its charter because its members could not endure ridicule or face adverse criticism, as an Order, in their home towns, where heretofore they had held the highest respect and played a leading part in the affairs of the community. We know that this was the inevitable result of the prolonged and argumentative sessions, of the continuous strain to which all had been subjected. We had been more or less misrepresented by the press, partly, indeed, almost wholly, through our own want of courtesy—and lack of tact in dealing with the reporters.

Before the Grand Parlor adjourned in 1902 the committees for the ensuing year were announced. Soon after the adjournment of the Grand Parlor the District Deputy Grand Presidents received notice of their appointment; and with but a few exceptions the list has remained unchanged.

Having appointed the Committees and the District Deputy Grand Presidents for the ensuing year, my next duty was to revive the drooping spirits of our Order, to present anew to them our aims and objects as a great association of loyal Native Daughters, to inspire them with fresh hope and renewed energy. To this end I issued my greeting to the subordinate Parlors. It sounded the key note of my administration, and from it I read with particular appropriateness at this moment of assuming the responsibilities of a Grand Parlor session.

Let us study our Constitution and By-laws so closely, and with so earnest a desire to discover the full import of each section, each paragraph—yes, of every sentence, and of every word—with so sincere a determination to know what is the law and to abide by it, that no perplexing or contentious question can arise.

Yet I would not have you lack the courage of your convictions or surrender what you believe to be a

GRAND PRESIDENT'S GREETING

Santa Cruz, June 21, 1903.

Dear Sisters—Another year has been added to the annals of our history, the 18th year has now its mission to perform, and I trust with a united Order where strength of character and true nobility of purpose prevail, our Order may reach a very high standard along all lines for which it is organized.

The new year opens in many respects under very favorable circumstances. Let your efforts during the coming year help to make the term of 1903-1904 one of the bright ones in the history of the Order.

Remember the welfare of our organization depends upon how well you, as a Parlor, and as individuals, live up to the principles of the Order. Without your hearty co-operation the efforts of your Grand President would be in vain.

May I ask you one and all to be governed by a just and liberal spirit, recognizing the true worth of your sisters, their efforts and their ability.

I am pleased to recommend the intellectual features presented to you, especially during the last year, but realizing that each Parlor knows its own needs best, will leave to the best judgment of the individual Parlors how much of the work they may be able to do.

I would especially urge you as Parlors to become factors in the community in which you are located, lending your aid, your moral support, to that which is of benefit to the same, thereby adding your mite to the upbuilding of our own glorious California.

With very best wishes for the success of our Order and the future greatness of California, I am, sincerely and fraternally,

STELLA FINKELDEY,
Grand President N. D. G. W., 1903-04.

tions, all past difficulties have been eliminated from the path of the Grand President, she has the united support of the membership, and it is confidently predicted that the next Grand Parlor at Pacific Grove will be one of the happiest and most harmonious of the Order's many sessions.

Before summing up in detail any of the results of the legislation of the Grand Parlor, it will be appropriate to quote a few extracts from the Grand President's report, as presented by me at the Grand Parlor. At the very outset, I informed the Grand Parlor that it was very long, possibly exhausting as well as exhaustive, but that it was my duty as Grand President to set before the Order the true state of affairs, reserving nothing, concealing nothing, so that the Grand Parlor might act intelligently and effectively, for all time, upon the questions that had harassed my term, and which, if not promptly settled at once and forever, would disrupt the Order. Again I thank the delegates for their courteous attention, their prompt and efficient action, their loyal support of the Grand President.

To quote from my report:
Soon the seventeenth year of our existence will be a thing of the past. Its hours are numbered. Its records nearly closed.

"The book is completed,
And closed like the day,
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away."



MRS. ALBERT VANDER NAILLEN,
San Francisco.

fundamental principle of right and justice, for the sake of "speaking peace where there is no peace." Stand for justice, yet remember to temper justice with mercy, and ever seek to obtain peace with honor. Be cautious in all things, but realize that there is a point beyond which caution becomes cowardice, and cowardice ever seeks to hide itself under the cloak of hypocrisy. Create your own atmosphere of courage and breathe its vital air.

It's my heart's desire that our Order may take its rightful place in the forefront of all the forces which make for the honor and glory of California, the development of her resources and the advancement of all her interests.

While my first letter to the subordinate Parlors was yet in the press, I started out upon my first official visit. Fortunate, indeed, was it for me that the necessity of using every moment of my vacations to the best advantage compelled me to fare forth as early as the last week in June; before my term was more than fifteen days old, Grand Presidents do not come ready made,—but each must be developed with experience, and I felt that I could acquire mine none too soon. Is it too much to claim that, because of my constant communication with the District Deputy Grand Presidents, through my official visits to the subordinate Parlors, I do now know the Native Daughters of the Golden West more thoroughly in every detail than does any other member in our Order today? I have visited every Parlor in our State save five. Three of the five, because of sickness or absence of officers, could not receive the Grand President, although several dates were set for the official visit. One of the other two it was impossible to reach at the time—and the other I was compelled to cut out because of my own illness and inability to travel.

My visits have been made in every month in the year. I have seen the Parlors in every season and under every condition. My correspondence has been immense, both official and individual. The demand for decisions was very great, showing a live interest in our law, and a desire to know "the more perfect way." It has been my constant endeavor to answer promptly every letter that reached me—and no Parlor, no individual member who ever appealed to me for advice, or help—or sympathy, has been refused, ignored, or sent empty away. On my official tours I entered many Parlors that had not been visited by a Grand Officer since Worthy Past Grand President Gett made her record-breaking tours over our State. In each and every Parlor the members have made me feel that a Grand President is one whom they delight to honor, for whom they have respect, and in whom they will freely confide. What wonder, then, that I should feel that I do know this Order more intimately, more thoroughly than any other Native Daughter can know it to-day—and that my conclusions are based upon the facts of observation and experience, not upon the rhapsodies of sentiment or imagination?

It is my firm belief that more than one Parlor has been retained in the Order, through the untiring efforts of both the Worthy Grand Secretary and myself—to renew interest, to restore courage, hope and harmony. The Parlors that have surrendered were dying last year.

New Parlors have sprung spontaneously into being. They have demanded entrance into the Order, and I am proud to present you with the splendid Parlors of Clear Lake at Middletown, Lake county, instituted by Junior Grand President Gett; Tejon Parlor, Bakersfield, instituted by District Deputy Grand President Julia Levy, of Visalia; Keith Parlor, San Francisco, instituted by Grand President Keith; Placer Parlor, Lincoln, instituted by Grand President Keith, assisted by Past Grand President Gett, and District Deputy Grand President Lottie Moose; Berendos Parlor, Red Bluff, instituted by Past Grand President Ema Gett; all of them good, strong Parlors.

To sum up the observations of my official visits—to speak generally of conditions within the Order—peace and harmony prevail, with only an exception here or there. While there may be some petty jealousy at work—some temporary forgetfulness of the vow not to let feelings of pique, revenge, nor creed, influence the slightest act, yet the virtues of love, charity, patience and forbearance do exist and exert their benign influences upon us. But a danger menaces our larger Parlors, from which the smaller ones are happily exempt. In a small Parlor all the members must work helpfully and harmoniously, or the Parlor can not live. But in every large Parlor, a very small proportion of the membership is in constant attendance.

Such conditions develop the rule of one energetic

sister, and before the general membership of a large Parlor is aware of the fact, its affairs are decided, its policies determined by a very few, who in some cases yield to the temptation not to keep all the members fully informed on any subject. It may be a benefit to a Parlor to have all its affairs in the hands of a few energetic members who will keep everything running smoothly. But, I do believe that a Parlor best fulfills its reason for being, when all the members feel their responsibility, perform their duties, when all love the same cause and labor unitedly for the same object, sharing both the burdens and the honors—equally.

The Proceedings of 1902 are the largest volume ever issued by the Native Daughters of the Golden West. The volume for 1903 will be still larger. Our organization is no longer a young lady's society—or a social club. The Native Daughters of the Golden West is a corporation with widely-scattered, ever-expanding interests. Each year means more to the Order as a fraternal society—as one of the great moral forces of the State. Consequently each year there is more to record. Larger reports make a bigger book. Consider the growth of our Order—the increase in the columns of figures alone has added many pages to the printed records. This year the Grand President issued the Sifford Study of the Ritual, with Outlines of California History, also Keith's Digest of Parliamentary Law, and many printed circulars, embodying instructions, decisions and advance ideas.

It is true that through the educational work of the Grand President money has been spent, but I do hold that it is better to spend money in educating the Order in the law and so averting breaches of the law, than to have to pay it after the law has been broken.

While it is an arduous task to visit all the Parlors in the State, taking miles to travel, and days to rush, it is only by her own personal official visitation of all the subordinate Parlors, that a Grand President can gain a thorough knowledge of the condition of the Order, and become personally acquainted with the entire membership. My itinerary had been arranged so as first to reach the Parlors that had been omitted last year. This brought the long and uncomfortable sea trip, the far and distant points, the hot, dusty, and all-but-endless stage trips very close together. That you may realize what is the itinerant life of a Grand President—travel with me from Parlor to Parlor—be with me in the rolling, tossing, trembling little lumber schooner, stage it with me in the hot July sun in the glare and dust of mountain roads. Ride with me for hours and hours on the top of a stage coach in one continuous downpour of the first rains of winter—plough through the snow-covered forest with me in the soft, silent snow storms, travel all day and all night by rail, by private conveyance or on foot, everywhere to be met by loyal, enthusiastic Native Daughters, everywhere to receive the warm welcome of loving Native Daughters' hearts.

As Grand President I have traveled over 1400 miles by water, over 700 miles by stage, and including the trip to Red Bluff nearly 5000 miles by rail, making a total of 7000 miles. I have visited officially ninety Parlors, paid twenty-five social visits to Parlors, and witnessed eight installations of officers by my District Deputy Grand Presidents, and installed the officers elect in five Parlors. Three birthday parties have I attended, officiated at two Native Daughters' funerals, taken part in two Memorial Day observances, and instituted two new Parlors. I have received nearly sixteen hundred letters, written nearly twenty-eight hundred letters, and issued twenty-seven circulars, three sets of which were issued at my own expense. Among these circulars were those addressed to the school teachers of our Order, to the County Superintendents of Education, and the first of a series of leaflets upon California history.

Other printed matter issued by the Grand Parlor during my term were the Sifford Study of the Ritual, Outlines of California History, Keith's Digest of Parliamentary Law the bound copies of the Historical Landmarks Committee's Report, Maryland Ode Books, Native Land odes, Map of California, and Pictures of Pioneers.

As a result of the year's labor, we have "Native Land," introduced in subordinate Parlors; Balloting Made Uniform; Continuous music for all floor work, and our Memorial Services formally introduced; official Native Daughters of the Golden West pin brought prominently before the Order; Study of California History, introduced into Subordinate Parlors; Formal Observance of September 9, as Pioneer Day, Flag Day—Thanksgiving season; Arbor Day, first observed by the Native Daughters, as an Order; Trees planted in Stockton, Bakersfield, San Jose, Woodland; First Native Daughter Memorial Tree, Golden Gate Park planted by Keith Parlor, April 8, 1902; Roosevelt Souvenir and Joint Reception, May 13, 1903; Forty Parlors contributed to the Examiner Landmarks fund; The observance of the Children's Birthday Party, in Subordinate Parlors; Birth book introduced as one of the Subordinate Parlor's records; File book for presentation of correspondence—generally introduced through the Grand Secretary's office; Collection of Gold Seals of Subordinate Parlors framed and placed in Grand Secretary's office; Lithograph copy of official Native Daughters of the Golden West emblem placed in halls of Subordinate Parlors and in the Grand Secretary's office; Great Seal of California and description thereof placed in Grand Secretary's office; two pamphlets and one bound book published by Native Daughters of the Golden West; five new Parlors added to the Order: Map of California placed in Subordinate Parlors.

As a result of our Grand Parlor deliberations, I am happy to say that the Grand President's policy was commended, her work endorsed, her ideas adopted. The Native Daughter emblem was ordered placed in every Subordinate Parlor, the official emblem adopted as the device for the official letter head of the Order, "Native Land," was formally adopted as a Native Daughter Ode. All old regalias, and old editions of ritual, and ode books were called in. Parlors were instructed to provide themselves with new rituals within the year, and to cease displaying old banners, but to supply themselves with banners of the prescribed form, such as were displayed at the Grand Parlor through the kindness of Sara G. Sanborn, President of Aloha Parlor of Oakland. The Grand Parlor and the Subordinate Parlors are each to provide themselves with an electro of their official seal for use in printing notices. The Grand President and



MRS. JESSIE CALHOUN ANDERSON,
San Francisco.

the Grand Secretary are to receive the aid of printers' ink during the year for notices and circulars. The Grand President is to file her decisions as soon as rendered with the Grand Secretary and once a month to send out printed copies of her decisions to the Subordinate Parlors.

These are a few of the suggestions made by me that have been adopted. The one that must be of lasting value to the Order is the publication of the Manual of Instruction which is to contain all the instructions of my administration, together with some new matter introduced by the Grand Secretary under the sanction of the Grand Parlor, such as sample pages of Subordinate Parlor bookkeeping. This Manual is to include the words in the ritual, properly marked for pronunciation, and each accompanied by its synonym, the Order of Business, Directions for Balloting, programs for musical accompaniment of the floor work and changes in initiation, and other information necessary for the subordinate Parlors.

Among other results, the Caminetti Grand Parlor Funeral Fund was adopted by a great majority. In the next issue of the California Ladies' Magazine, full particulars will be given regarding the operation of the fund. Also more detailed accounts of Committees appointed and the work possible for each to accomplish.

The litigation that has vexed the Order for a year had been ended, the ban of censure removed from Minerva Parlor, the danger of another suit at law this time over a printing contract averted.

One of the happiest incidents of the Grand Parlor was the presentation of an elegant altar flag to Berendos Parlor. Grand Secretary Frakes ordered a flag to be sent up ready for an emergency. Sisters Fannie L. Prather, and Mary Dempsey of Los Angeles Parlor proposed that the Grand Parlor members be invited to make additional contributions to a flag fund for Berendos Parlor. A committee of Sisters Prather, Dempsey and Past Grand President Bertola collected the money, and on Friday night Sister Prather, in behalf of the committee, presented the flag to the Grand President to present the Berendos Parlor. Ellen A. Lynch, President of Berendos Parlor, received the flag for Berendos, Past Grand President Bertola made a few appropriate remarks, and the Grand Parlor joined in singing "Native Land." Thus closed one of the most sympathetic moments of the entire session.

The music throughout the session was particularly fine. Ida B. Herman, the Recording Secretary of Amapola Parlor, Sutter Creek, was Grand Organist, and the Grand Parlor, recognizing Miss Herman's superior ability as a musician, gave her a vote of thanks for her exceptionally fine rendition of the marches and melodies of the session.

One of my last official acts as Grand President was to render a decision as to which officer was entitled to install the incoming Grand Officers, the sitting Past Grand President, or the Junior Past Grand President. Reasoning that the sitting Past Grand President could not be the Junior Past Grand President until her successor was installed in the chair of the sitting Past Grand President, I awarded the honor to Junior Past Grand President of the Grand Parlor of 1903, Ema Gett, who installed the Grand Officers elect, and she also presented the retiring Grand President, as in her new rank as Past Grand President, with the emblematic ring of the Order, a diamond and a ruby in a circlet of gold.

Past Grand President Conrad for the third consecutive time was the Worthy Supreme Grand Marshal. Her floor work is perfection, reflecting in its excellence the discipline of the Order of the Eastern Star, of which Mrs. Conrad is a Past Matron. Past Grand President Bertola presented Grand President Finkeldey with a beautiful bunch of red and white pinks, congratulating her upon being the idol of her Parlor and Miss Finkeldey responded in fitting terms. Junior Past Grand President, Baker, read a touching little poem on "Justice," and Sara G. Sanborn, President of Aloha, paying a tribute to the poem and its sentiments, called for a rising vote of thanks to Eliza D. Keith, the Grand President of the year 1902-1903.

Such an expression of love and good will, indeed, do touch my heart, and I thank all who so honored me with the seal of their approval. Now we have entered upon a new administration. That it may be a happy and a prosperous one is the devout wish of every loyal Native Daughter.



A BEVY OF CALIFORNIA'S PRETTY BABIES—THE PRIDE OF THE STATE





RISEING GENERATION OF NATIVE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF CALIFORNIA





BEAUTIFUL BABIES OF SOME OF CALIFORNIA'S LEADING FAMILIES





A GROUP OF CHILDREN OF SOME OF CALIFORNIA'S PROMINENT PEOPLE



Fourth of July Celebrations in Early Days

BY J. M. SCANLAND.

The first Fourth of July celebration in California was in 1836. It was a picturesque affair, and lasted two days. Jacob Primer Leese, an American trader, obtained from the Mexican government a "concession" to build a house, and live in the country. He landed some lumber at Yerba Buena cove, on the second of July, and at once began to lay the foundation of the future San Francisco. He selected a lot on the south side of Dupont, a few doors north of Clay. The few American traders and sailors in the port assisted and the house was finished about ten o'clock in the morning of the Fourth—the object of the rush being to finish in time for the celebration. It was a frame, 60x20 feet. Tents were stretched for the accommodation of the guests. Mr. W. A. Richardson had previously built a tent house on four redwood posts on the corner of Clay and Dupont, and thus the new village was ready for the celebration. Mr. Richardson went across the bay inviting the citizens, explaining to the Mexicans that it was the same as their 16th of September. About sixty guests were present, including General M. G. Vallejo, General Castro and Don Jose Martinez. A few ladies were present, including the sister of General Vallejo, whom Leese married three days later. The celebration began at three o'clock in the afternoon by the booming of two small brass cannon borrowed from the Presidio. The Stars and Stripes were raised and fluttered by the side of the Mexican flag. Dinner began at the fashionable hour of five o'clock, and was a continuous performance until late at night. Many toasts were drunk. The toast-master, Reese, hoped that the American and Mexican flags would continue to wave in friendship forever. General Vallejo responded with a toast to the "Great Americano," George Washington. During the festivities, a band borrowed from the Mexican brig "Don Quixotte" did its best. The band consisted of a flute, clarinet, violin, fife, bugle and drum. The Mexicans were dressed in their native costumes of wide-legged pantaloons with bell buttons down the outer seams, cloth jackets braided, and waistcoats of many colors. The Americans wore the best they had, including well-worn suits of broadcloth. Indians danced around, and were liberally supplied with provisions and "fire-water." The celebration ended late on the night of the 5th.

The Fourth was celebrated at Monterey on the eve of the conquest, on board the "Congress," in

which the officers and sailors of the other ships of Commodore Sloat's squadron joined. He had arrived on the second day of July. The sailors were paraded on the deck, and the Chaplain, the Rev. Walter V. Colton, delivered a prayer, and read the Declaration of Independence. Six days later, upon hearing of General Zacharia Taylor's victory over the Mexicans on the Rio Grande, he landed his marines and took possession of Yerba Buena, afterwards known as San Francisco.

In the meantime the Fourth was being celebrated at Sonoma. The Declaration of Independence was read by Lieutenant Woodworth, of the navy, and several other officers of the "Portsmouth" were present. There was a fandango in the evening, and a considerable quantity of whisky was dispatched. On the next day there was a more serious celebration. Some of the celebrants, those who belonged to the "Bear Party," met and declared that California ought to be a free and independent republic. The Bear Flag, a bear couchant on a white field, was raised, and considerable powder was wasted. Martial law was declared, and several prominent Mexicans were arrested, who were at a loss to understand the cause. A few days later Commodore Montgomery sent a force to Sonoma and took possession in the name of the United States, and hoisted the American flag.

The celebration in San Francisco, in 1847—the first after the American occupation, was practically ignored by the Mexican element. There were none to toast the "Great Americano," George Washington. There was a military procession from the Presidio to the plaza, where the Stars and Stripes waved from the staff where formerly flew the Mexican eagle with a rattlesnake in his beak. The two cannon which had been buried when the Mexicans fled from the pueblo, had been dug up and placed on duty in the plaza to salute the flag. The Declaration of Independence was read by Mr. Robert Semple, editor of the "Californian," the first newspaper printed in San Francisco. Himself and W. V. Colton had started the paper the year previous in Monterey, and subsequently removed it to the growing village of Yerba Buena as a better field. Mr. Semple was a Kentuckian, and was the biggest orator in San Francisco at the time, being six feet and eight inches in height.

The feature of the celebration in 1850 was the "tallest liberty pole ever seen." It was one hundred and eleven feet in height, straight as an arrow, one foot in diameter at the base, and tapering to three inches. It was cut from the forests of Oregon and presented by the people of Portland to San Francisco. It was erected in the Plaza, and the Stars and Stripes now flew higher than ever before. The presentation speeches were made by W. W. Chipman and S. Coffin of Portland, and responded to by Hon. J. W. Geary, Mayor of the City.

The celebration of 1852 was a banner one, and the most varied and comic in the history of the State. It was the largest of any preceding celebrations, there being a general turn out of the French, Italian and Mexican population. The Chinese also added with their mite—the only instance in which John has carried the banner in an American procession in California. At that time there were about 4000 Chinese in San Francisco, and a place in the parade was given the wearers of pig-tails—at the tail end. They carried their green dragon flag, burning fire-crackers as they marched, evidently believing that the Americans had adopted their method of frightening evil spirits. They beat cymbals, gongs and stone drums, just as if going to a funeral, the noise raising above the strongest efforts of the other bands, which were blowing out the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Wearing of the Green," "The Marseilles," and other national airs.

The celebration of 1853 was the first military parade held in San Francisco. The parade was from the Presidio to the Plaza of the seven battalions of troops, including the Sutter Rifles. Major General John A. Sutter reviewed the troops from the grand stand in the plaza, surrounded by a staff of officers in brilliant uniforms. At night there were grand fireworks in the plaza, at the expense of the city.

A few years before the American conquest, the accomplished and pretty daughters of Don Juan Bandini, of San Diego, made an American flag, in compliance to the Americans who visited the Don's hospitable residence. The flag was displayed at receptions and balls given in honor of Americans, and at Fourth of July dinners. This was the first American flag made in California.

New Year's Eve. Twenty-eight Years Ago

BY EVELYN MORETON.

THE words in a feeble handwriting were still wet upon the smooth, fair paper of the open diary. Miss Elizabeth Leslie had been in the habit of using such a diary during the last sixty-five years. In bygone days there had always been a lock to the book, but now the writer was old and lonely, there were no treasured secrets to record. She sat erect as she had always done, in her old fashioned mahogany chair, lost in thought. A frail looking little old lady, with neatly smoothed snowy hair beneath the clean white cap, the silver locks half hiding the little ears, and passing thence into such a small knot at the back of her head. Her features were finely chiseled, the nose aquiline, the brow low and broad; the eyes, once a brilliant hazel, were hollow and lustreless now, while the mouth had fallen in flatly, where the pearly teeth had been wont to peep forth in merry smile and laughter.

Miss Elizabeth was very old, and sadly frail, as the hand containing the pen showed plainly by its tremulousness; but there was no one left to care for her age or frailty now. Yes, she knew it well as she sat alone on that winter's night, with the silently falling snow without and the bright firelight within. Old, faded, useless, and so lonely, for she had long outlived her generation, and the busy life of younger men and women found scant room for an old woman of eighty. She belonged essentially to the past century—the present one bewildered her with its rapidity. She heaved a sigh as she gazed at the glowing embers where intermittent blue flames lapped round the logs of firewood, her memory, the while traveling back into the dead past. No, not dead, she thought; what had once existed could never really die: past faults, past virtues, the days of joy, the days of sorrow, all those myriad items, great and small, which make up the history of each human life, are things as immortal as the life they have moulded. We may relegate them to the dust heap of forgetfulness, or bury them deep out of sight, flattering ourselves that we have outgrown this weakness, forgotten that folly, crushed out forever yonder cherished and futile hope. So we think until there comes a sudden overwhelming tidal wave of recollections, sweeping onward, forcing upon our unwilling knowledge the fact that memory is everlasting and the past eternal. It does not interfere with the present, or trammel our daily existence; it is only at times when in the rush and hurry of life we pause for a moment to look back upon the road over which we have traveled, that we are thus overtaken, swept once again into the limbo of the past.

It was thus with the solitary woman to-night, as the fire crackled and the old tabby cat on the hearth-rug purred in sleepy content. Yes, she was transported back, far back, among the days which had long ago ceased to exist—back among men and women laid to rest in the bygone years.

"Childhood and youth are vanity," she said meditatively to the bright fire and the cat; yet those were the portions of her life to which memory reverted most readily, of which she dreamt most gladly. Surely, she thought, the prophet was wrong, for was it not in youth that the life history of most of us lay? She drew an old diary from the open drawer by her

side, and turned over the leaves; the ink was brown and faded; here and there a grain or two of silver sand still lurked in the crevices of the binding. She smiled softly as she passed her fingers up and down the gritty particles which had lain there since the day her girlish hand had dusted them over the wet writing.

Here was the record of the happy day when she was released from school bondage; in running Italian hand, with numerous flourishes and adornment, ran the childish expression of joy:—

"My education is finished at last, and I am grown up. Yes, really grown up at last. Mama has given me a lovely pair of white satin dancing sandals, and I have practiced all my steps in them before the great mirror in the withdrawing room; and oh, I am longing for a ball or a rout, where I can show myself to everybody as a really grown-up young lady."

Further on a long account of dresses and bonnets and all manner of youthful delights and varieties: among them stray remarks—for it was dated 1813—on the absorbing subject of Napoleon's Russian campaign; casual words; for of what import were the rise and fall of empires to a dainty maiden of eighteen in the first dignity of being "grown up?"

Then came the record of her first ball: long pages of raptures; panegyrics upon the toilettes, the dancing, the gallant officers in their gay uniforms, the "bloods" of the day, and last but not least, her own success upon that occasion. She smiled as she read it; how strange it all seemed—so far away. Sixty-two years this very night since she stood, a light-hearted, thoughtless child, upon the threshold of life; and she was standing upon the threshold again, waiting, not to enter, but to depart.

"I am engaged to Frank—my Frank, my own precious darling; yes, he really is my very, very own at last, and I am nearly mad with joy—so happy that I cannot find words in which to write or speak one-half that is in my heart. I can only sing all day long, 'Frank loves me, Frank loves me.'"

She pushed the book aside sharply; why open the old wound long healed, though deeply scarred? And yet, there was a bitter-sweet pleasure in it all which she could not resist tasting once again. Sixty-two years this very night since she had danced at her first ball in her simple white frock with its quaint high waist, her hands and arms veiled by faint lace mittens lending additional refinement, it seemed, to the tapering fingers and pink filbert nails. Sixty-two years since Frank Cavendish, "Handsome Frank," as his friends called him, had first pressed her hand and whispered soft words in her willing ear. "Frank—my Frank," she murmured, a shadow of youth flitting across her seamed and wrinkled face, as she recalled the handsome young lover with his clinking spurs, the sword and sabre-tache at his side, clattering martially as he moved, the hussar slung jacket with its soft fur floating from his broad shoulders. Ah, yes, she saw it all so vividly, in spite of her dim eyes. Then that following Christmas eve, beneath the mistletoe bough, hanging so enticingly in the old hall at home, he had stolen his first kiss; she had blushed and almost cried with mingled shyness and pleasure, whilst her brothers laughed aloud and long at "little Betty's" conquest.

But he had ridden away, and she waited vainly for the clink of a sword, the jingle of spurs; what was a pretty little country maiden with cherry lips and starlike eyes to a gallant young officer of his Majesty, King George III's valiant regiment of—Hussars—

But he came at last, gay, debonaire "Handsome Frank," to woo and win her—win her so easily; then followed that ecstatic period of youthful love and airy-castle-building, until within ten days of their marriage. But even as the cup of happiness was raised to their lips, duty sent forth her warning cry, and three days before the appointed wedding Frank was starting for the seat of the great war—to face that wonderful little Corsican artilleryman, who was playing his gigantic game of chess against Fate, with the Powers of Europe as the pieces upon the board, and vast armies and navies as the pawns. And so the poor trembling little maiden watched her lover depart for the distant land, while she must possess her soul in such patience as she could muster until his return—until his return; ah, ah, those weary days and nights, those endless weeks of cruel waiting, of scanty news and agonized doubts and fears, of overwhelming dread for his safety. One bright June morning all England rang with the stirring news of Waterloo, of the wonderful victory, the crushing defeat of Napoleon; but in the old country home there was mourning and sorrow, for among the long list of gallant dead was the name of Frank Cavendish.

To-night as she recalled it all, the tears chased one another down her withered cheeks, blistering the blank pages of the unfinished diary. He had died gallantly, as he had ever wished to die, for his country and his King, while little Betty Leslie was praying for him in peaceful England. "I'll wait for you even till death, darling," had been her parting words; little had either thought how far off would their meeting be.

What changes she had seen since that time; the slow decay of health and strength and the gradual loss one by one of those who were dear to her; until to-night, sixty-two years later, she was sitting, old and lonely waiting for the bells which should announce the birth of the new year. She had long ago ceased to wonder what the newly born year would hold for her; she had seen too many to feel any enthusiasm, any curiosity.

Her eyes wandered to the open drawer and rested tenderly upon its contents—a few crumpled brown roses loosely tied with blue ribbon, a packet of oft-read letters, yellow with age, blistered with many tears, and a little gold ring. Poor paltry things, but her greatest treasures; the few tangle records of bygone days. Tears blinded her eyes as she gazed at them.

Suddenly through the still night came a deep sonorous boom, the first stroke of midnight was sounding from Big Ben, solemnly quivering upon the night wind. Above the dull roar of the great city's ceaseless traffic it rang, silencing with its ponderous majesty the lesser chimes and clocks within hearing. The old lady counted the strokes, as Time hammered them slowly forth into Eternity; and as the last one died in a quivering breath of sound like a long drawn sigh, her head sank upon her hands. "How long, O God, how long?" she murmured.

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FRENCH EMBROIDERY

BY MRS. SHEPARD OLIVER.

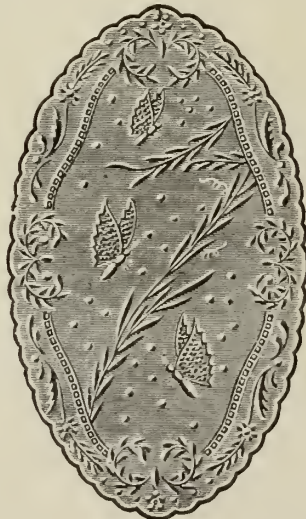


French embroidery is employed for almost all household linen initials and monograms, of course; but also for towel borders, dresser scarfs, pillow shams, borders for sheets, center pieces, etc., there is no form of embroi- dery more effective.

One of the latest and most popular novelties is the little tray oval. Almost every regulated household has two or more little silver trays of different sizes, used for cards or for passing cups at table. Necessarily the oval doiley which is invariably placed on the tray must have frequent launderings and therefore French embroidery is the ideal decoration.

For a long time I used to think that this style of work must be done with embroidery cotton, but accidentally I discovered that silk called tailors' hand sewings, which I use in lace making, was the medium par excellence for this style of work. It can be had in various sizes, "O," "A," "B," "C," "D," as you prefer, and for some mysterious reason this grade of silk can be boiled without turning an ivory hue. The twist is perfect, and to button-hole with it is a delight. I give here a tray and cover designed for French embroi- dery; it is original, and is perforated in two sizes, one 12x7 1/2 and the other 6x3 1/2 inches in size. The motif is butterflies and grasses drawn ex- pressly for this particular style of embroi- dery, therefore each space is just the right width for over and over stitch.

The border should always be button- holed very close and firm; as the



OVAL TRAY COVER.

spaces are very narrow between the lines in the scallops no padding will be necessary for this part of the work. For the border you can use silk as coarse as "D." The wings of the but- terfly are buttonholed around the edge with a very narrow stitch, they are filled with dots worked over and over, just as you would work a jewel. The larger dots should be padded.

The body of the butterfly must also be padded and worked over and over crosswise. The grasses should also be raised and worked over crosswise. The inner border should be feather-stitch- ed on each outline and the little squares inside work solid. The half wreaths, pad and work same as grasses; work all stems over and over. The design between the inner border and outer scalloped edge treat in same manner, only emphasize the padding more in this part of the work; raise the half wreath higher than any other part of the work.

Ladies, you can certainly make no mistake carrying these tray ovals in your summer resort stocks, and they are very desirable wedding gifts. A nest of a dozen, assorted sizes, would be more acceptable to a bride than silver, because harder to procure.

SCIENCE OF EMBROIDERY.

Embroidery requires two sciences— one the mechanical art and the other 'science of art.' The mechanical art in embroidery is to take the stitches right, and the science of art is to be able to put the colors in their proper places. It is hard enough for any one to learn one thing at a time, but the students of art needlework must learn two things at a time; therefore their work is much more difficult.

CENTER PIECES FOR ALL WHITE WORK.

First, for white work the design must be drawn with a view to suit- able spaces for the over and over satin stitch. These spaces should not be too wide, then again many ladies wish to do French embroidery but they "hate to pad," so that dislike should be borne in mind also, and in the three center pieces given here I think all re- quirements—simplicity of design, suit- ability of spaces to be worked over and



NO. 286—BUTTERFLY CENTER.

over, and a pleasing motif have been observed.

First on the list presented is the dainty butterfly center, No. 286. In this there is very little satin stitch called for and that of the simplest kind. The eyes must be worked over and over, the antennae and scrolls about the head worked in satin. The body must be padded lengthwise and worked over and over crosswise, and then divided into sections by laying at intervals a straight thread across, or the upper parts can be thus worked, the body outlined and the lower parts filled with the tiniest seed stitches; work the wings either in fine outline or tiny feather stitches. The scrolls between each butterfly must be worked over and over in satin stitch and may be padded or not. They will be all the richer for the padding. The rococo part of the scrolls can be outlined or couched, and the border should be worked very close and firm. This design is made in all sizes, 6, 9, 12, 18, 20, 24, and 27 inches. If satin stitch is too difficult in the scrolls, that part can be done in solid stitch, though it would not be as attractive.

The second on the list, No. 285, is a beautiful arrangement of mountain fringe. This design must be padded. Always lay the padding in an opposite direction to that which the over and over stitches must follow. For the leaves commence at the tip at the right



NO. 285—MOUNTAIN FRINGE.

hand side and work on an easy slant to the center vein, taking one long stitch to cover the space. These stitches must lie close and even, but not be crowded one over the other. Keep the outer edge true to a thread. Work the stem in close cord outline, having the stitches covering the flow- ers run all the same way. The outer edge of border pad very high and work over and over in close buttonhole.

The rococo parts work in crossed outline. The curved side lines are ef- fective done in feather-stitch. The part of border filled with dots should have the outer edge buttonholed to match the rest of border and the space inside filled with seed stitches or French knots. This design is also made in all sizes given for No. 286.

No. 309 is sure of a welcome. What there is about ferns that so appeals to

the embroiderer is a mystery I have never yet solved. There are other de- signs just as pretty and just as sim- ple, but they do not seem to appeal to so large a number of workers as the fern. I am not quarreling with this state of things, I am just as much a fern lover as the maddest enthusiast of them all. I only wonder why?

This design is exquisite worked out in white. The fern can be worked in white filo in the usual solid stitch, shading in a bit of green 1720, 1721, 1722. The scrolls must be worked to match the ferns, but the outer edge forming the border should be padded and worked in solid buttonhole stitch, using white Dresden, No. 1201. Where the fern fronds form the border, but- tonhole all around them first in close, short buttonhole stitches, then work them solid just as though there was no buttonhole edge underneath or any edge to be considered; the row of but- tonhole stitches will prevent fraying when the edge is cut out.

This set is made in 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 20, 24, and 27 inches. Nothing could be lovelier or more acceptable for a wedding gift than a center, eight plate doilies all worked to match in white. For the fern fronds I use filo floss, also for the scrolls.

Either of these three designs make beautiful luncheon sets. The 24 inch center pieces are 65 cents, 20 inch cen- ters 50 cents, 18 inch center 40 cents, 12 inch doilies 90 cents per half dozen, 6 inch doilies 60 cents per half dozen. The embroidery silk numbers and de-



NO. 309—FERN CENTER.

signs represent the patterns and silk of the Carlson-Currier Co. of San Fran- cisco.

FANCY DRESS TRIMMINGS.

I am making dress trimmings this year, and as they are very simple, think perhaps others would like to know how to do it. I make lovely ed- ges around boleros, jackets and entire vests. For the edges I take old lace motifs that have a scroll pattern for motif, baste this lace on the material for vest and cut away the lace back- ground, leaving only the scroll pattern. Take a double thread of India Royal floss (all the oriental colors in one skein) and couch it around the pat- tern with gold thread, couch this on both sides of the scroll; through the center of scroll sew a gold bead every quarter of an inch, allowing a long stitch of the silk to show on the right side between each bead. Fill in the spaces with French knots of the dou- bled silk; it gives a rich oriental effect to scatter these knots over all the plain material of the vest.

PHOTO BOOKS.

These convenient receptacles for photographs are very easily made. A piece of linen 11x30 inches will be re- quired to make the book. If a silk lin- ing is desired, then a piece of silk the same size will be needed. In case you line the linen cover, sew the linen and silk together around the edges, then make up as described below. Place the linen right side down on the table, take the two ends and bring them nearly, but not quite, to the center. A space one-quarter of an inch must be left for a hinge. Feather-stitch the edge with silk to match in color the lining. Sew the two sides of each pocket together. Now to keep the book in shape cut two cardboard covers just a little narrower than the depth of the pocket. Cover with sheet wadding and China silk, overhand around the edges. Satchel powder can be added if desired. Slip one board into each pocket. The rib- bon bows should be made out of the best quality of silk or satin ribbon.

JUVENILE TALENT

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BILL PRINDLE

A LEGEND OF CALIFORNIA.
BY MASTER WALTER DONN ELLY

A few miles from San Francisco, across the bay, there is a deep inlet, winding several miles into the interior of the country and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp or morass in a canyon. On one side of this canyon are a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size. Under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, there was a great amount of treasure buried by Spanish pirates. The inlet was so situated that they could bring the money secretly and at night to the very foot of the elevation whereon these trees grew, while these oak trees formed good landmarks by which the place might be easily found again.

The native Californian believed that the devil presided over this canyon, consequently gave it a wide margin. "The devil always watches over buried treasure, particularly when ill-gotten." Many years later when earthquakes were prevalent and shook so many almost out of their senses, there lived not far from this canyon a miserly fellow by the name of Bill Prindle. He had a wife as miserly as himself, and they both were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Not a hen could cackle that she would not secure the new laid egg. Her husband could not find the secret hiding places of what should belong to both. It was hard to tell what they found to eat. They lived in an old shack that stood alone, with the look of starvation about it. A few straggling trees grew near it, where the ragged buzzard roosted no smoke was ever seen curling from the chimney; travelers never stopped at its door. A sorry looking old horse in an inclosure made of brush leaned his head piteously over the fence at the passer by and seemed to ask for food and water. The house and its inmates had a bad name; the woman was tall, with a fierce temper. They were often heard quarreling, when Bill Prindle got the worst of it. If a man was passing, and he was a bachelor, he would hasten on, rejoicing in his freedom. One day when Bill had been over the hills looking for strays, he took what he thought was a short cut homeward through the canyon. Like most short cuts it was an ill chosen route. The night was dark, the owls hooted in the neighboring thickets. The way was full of quagmires partly covered with weeds and mosses, where lived the bull-frog, the tadpole, the water snake, etc. Bill had been picking his way cautiously through treacherous green-spots. He was startled now and then by the quacking of some wild bird rising on wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a firm piece of ground which ran out like a peninsula into the deep and dark bosom of the swamp. Bill Prindle was tired, and paused there a while to rest himself. Anyone but Bill would have felt unwilling to linger in such a lonely spot, for the natives for miles around had a bad opinion of it. He did not care, however; he had no fear. He seated himself on the ground and listened to the tree toads cry. Sticking his cane into the damp earth at his side it struck something hard. He pulled it from the soil and lo! it was a skull. "Oh," said Bill, as he gave it a kick. "Let that skull alone!" said a deep voice. Bill lifted up his eyes and beheld a great dark man near him. He was surprised, having neither heard nor seen anyone approach, and he was still more surprised to see, as well as the gathering

gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither white nor black. He scowled for a moment with a pair of great red fiery eyes and said, "What are you doing on my grounds?" "Your grounds," said Bill, with a sneer. "These grounds belong to General Dawldon, and pray who are you, anyhow?" said B.P. "I am commonly called 'Old Nick,' but I would much prefer to be called 'Old Scratch.'"

Bill for the first time noticed a very large axe in the stranger's hand, and said, "what are you going to

the stranger, "buried treasure and all."

One would think that to meet with such a singular person in so wild and desolate a place would have frightened one most to death. But Bill was hard minded, not easily scared, then he had lived with a scolding wife so long, that he even did not fear "Old Nick," but rather inclined to take him as a friend. The stranger, seeing that Bill was leaning that way, said: "Upon conditions that you will not disclose my whereabouts I will take you in as partner in business that will be of some value to you, but first I must put my mark upon you, that I may be sure of you."

"If what you tell me is true, and I will be benefited thereby, I will agree to your proposition, and you may put a mark on me if you want to know me next time," said Bill.

The dark man looked with fire in his eyes, which lighted the way, and said, "It is time that you go."

Bill rose and walked to the dry path out of the swamp with the dark man, when to his surprise the stranger had disappeared. Bill reached home as fast as his feet could carry him. The first news his wife had to tell him was that Gen. Dawldon was dead; "a mighty man had fallen." Bill was not prone to let his wife into the secret. He chanced to look into the one cracked glass and what did he see but a black finger print burnt into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate. His wife saw it at the same time and demanded an explanation. After bickering and scolding, he consented to take her into his confidence. At the thought of gold being in the possession of a black man she determined to overreach her husband and get into the black man's good will. So she started off for the canyon. When she returned she would not speak. The next morning she started off again with her apron full of something, Bill could not tell what. When evening came, she did not return. Morning, noon, night again, yet she did not return. Bill grew uneasy for her safety, especially as he found she had taken all the valuables they possessed. Another night passed; another morning came, but no wife. In fact, she was never heard of more. Her real fate no one ever knew, but it was well confirmed that a great dark man was seen coming out of the swamp with an air of surly triumph. During a long summer day Bill thought he would visit the canyon again and search for his wife. He walked over the gloomy place; he called her name repeatedly, but no wife replied. At length he looked up and beheld a bundle tied in a checked apron hanging on the branches of a tree with a great buzzard keeping guard hard-by. His heart leaped with joy, for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it contained their household valuables.

"Let me get hold of the property," said he to himself, "and I will get along without the woman." It was believed that she attempted to deal with the dark man as she dealt with her husband, but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the "Old Nick," yet in this case she had the worst of it. Bill believed that she was dead, and had died game. He knew her powers from experience. He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at the signs of a fierce hand to hand fight. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it." Bill was a man of fortitude and consoled himself for the loss of his wife and property. He even felt gratitude toward the dark man and sought to cultivate his acquaintance, but without success. The "Old Scratch" buried treasure. He dissolved partnership with him, Bill had betrayed his confidence, therefore he could not trust him. He would not now show him the buried treasure. He dissolved partnership with him, and almost cut his acquaintance. He seemed to look upon Bill as some one inferior, for, said he, "Bill, you are meaner than I am, and I am the Devil."



MASTER WALTER DONN ELLY.

do with that axe?" "I am going to cut down that large tree yonder, I need it for fuel. I will take it and several others to make a fire hot enough for Gen. Dawldon." "O, don't," said Bill. "This land is mine by right of discovery and all that is on it," said

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

BY ANNIE VIDOVICH.

Johnny Lee was so good-natured, and so ready to help every one, that all the boys in the school liked him. He was a good scholar, too. No one studied harder or behaved better in Miss Clark's room.

Of all his schoolmates, Fred Parker was his best friend. He sat next to Johnny and was next to him in rank in the class.

Both boys were as fond of play as well as study, and they especially liked to go a-fishing together. They often went to the river to sit patiently, on the pier of the bridge, with rod in hand, waiting for a bite.

On Saturday afternoon the boys were there fishing, and had sat still, side by side, for a long time. The fishes must have been away on a picnic, for neither boy had a bite.

At last Fred felt something at his hook. He shouted, and gave such a pull that his line snapped short off, and he fell back against Johnny and knocked him into the deep water.

Poor Johnny! When he was taken out by two men who had heard Fred call for help, he was almost drowned, and had a cut on his head and one foot hurt.

He was carried home, and good old Dr. Butler came and put a big plaster on his head, bound up his lame foot, and gave him some hot, bitter medicine, that he might not have a fever.

After a while, Johnny was much better; and when

the doctor came again, he was able to tell how it all happened.

"Then you don't think Fred was to blame," said the doctor.

"No, sir," replied; "he didn't mean to do it. I



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am sorry Fred lost his fish."

"But you lost your new rod," said the doctor.

"Yes," said Johnny, "but my old one is pretty good yet. It's stronger than my new one."

"You have got quite a cut on the back of your head," said the doctor.

"Yes, but mother says that is much better than if I had a cut on my forehead or my cheek, and made a scar that would always show."

"Your mother is right; but you will have to take my medicine."

"I know it, doctor, and I don't like the peppery stuff, but mother gives me some candy when I take it. I shouldn't get any if I had not been hurt."

"That is true," said the doctor; "but you can't go to school all this week, and Fred will get above you in your class."

"Yes, said Johnny; but I had rather it should be Fred than any other boy."

"What are you going to do all day? You will have to stay indoors."

"O, I am going to whittle out a boat for cousin Willie. I shall have plenty of time now that I can't go to school."

"That's right," said the doctor; "I see you are making the best of it. But next time you and Fred go fishing, don't let him put you into the water for bait."



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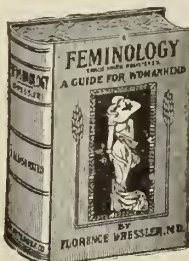
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FANCY WORK

BY MRS. SHEPARD OLIVER.

CHATELAIN BAGS.

First string two bunches of beads. Make a chain of 5 sts.; join and work 2 sc. in each of 4 and 1 sc. in the fifth making 9 sts. altogether. Thus the foundation of a 9 point star is made.

Then 1 stitch, 1 bead, 1 stitch, bead, until the first round is made. This makes 9 stitches with beads and 9 without (every other stitch a bead).



FIGURE 5.

2nd round 1 st., 1 b., and the next st. (also with bead) in the same loop, thus widening each section of the star.

3rd round—1 st., 2 sts. each with beads, 1 st., etc.

4th round—1 st., 1 b., 2 sts. (with beads) in one loop, 1 st., etc.

5th round—1 st., 1 b., 2 sts. (with beads) in one loop, 1 st., etc.

Each round is increased as the previous ones are, having one extra stitch



FIGURE 6.

with a bead in it, in each section of the star. Go on this way until there are eleven (11) sts. with beads, then decrease the beads and increase the plain sts. See illustration.

At the 17th round commence using a bead in the center st. between the star sections, next round 3 beads, increasing each time until the

star is finished. Then 1 bead and 2 stitches for 9 rounds, or until the bag is sufficiently large.

The back side is made in the same manner, but entirely plain, no beads being used, as they scratch and wear the skirts. It may be mounted with steel or silver top, at home or at the jeweler's. Finish by crocheting the two sides together, as far as clasp will reach and make a bead fringe of any desired length.

Figure No. 6 is made like the illustration of the star design, only that a bead is used in every stitch of the front, and the back is plain.

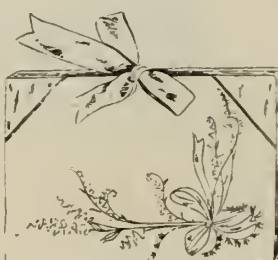
GLOVE, NECKTIE AND HANDKERCHIEF BOOKS.

Sets of three pieces are the fad of the moment for unceremonious gifts, and as they are so useful, it follows naturally that they are always accepted gratefully. To add to their general usefulness I will say that they can quite appropriately be given to either lady or gentleman, as both use the articles which they are designed to hold. Three sets are shown here. Water



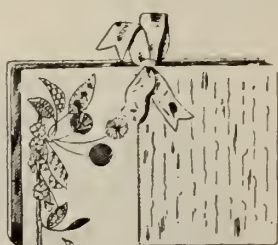
lily, fern, and Golden rod. I will describe the method of making up books, which is quite a simple matter. All you need is a glue pot or paste tube, a pair of scissors, a bit of cardboard and the ready stamped linen cover which can be found in almost any shop. The dimensions of the covers for the glove books are 15x28 inches, this covers the outside covers.

The handkerchief books are 10x30 inches and the necktie books 9x26 inches. This gives enough linen to make the box of China or taffeta silk, using the linen for the book covers only.



INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING BOOK BOX.

In making up these books, first make the box which consists of the bottom and four side pieces; shape the two pieces like this () for front edge and like this () for back edge; this shapes the edge of the box to imitate a book. Cover the side and end pieces of cardboard with the silk, overhanding the edges. Cover the bottom of box with the silk but on the surface forming the inside of bottom, put a sachet pad. You are now ready for the cardboard cover, which is to be cut in two pieces,



as follows: One cover, five inches; one cover, seven inches; down the side of the seven-inch cover cut a score mark two inches from the edge, cut nearly, but not quite through the board. This is to form the hinge of the book and must be on the upper cover, not the one covering the bottom of the box. Now glue the five inch board to the edge of the one just scored. This will give you a book with covers, five inches wide, and a back two inches wide.



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THE BIRTHDAY PILLOW

Nothing is More Up-to-date and Appropriate for a Christmas or Birthday Memento.

BY MAY ASHTON REED.



SAGITTARIUS—DECEMBER

The gem is turquoise, signifying prosperity.
The flower, holly, denoting happiness.
The astral colors, gold and brown.

December—The Bowman rules from November 22 to December 21, the motor and the muscular nerve-systems, represented by the thighs. Sagittarians are consequently active, energetic, industrious, and indefatigable. The leading characteristic of the sign is fidelity, which is expressed in all the departments of life. Once they take to a thing, they are not inclined to relinquish it, often being unwilling to recognize even utter defeat. Still defeat seldom accompanies their efforts, which are so bold, decisive, fearless, enterprising, and well directed that success is almost a foregone conclusion. They succeed where others fail, and are prosperous and progressive when others are eking out an existence. They are found behind and directing the greatest enterprises in the world, as exemplified in Andrew Carnegie, Henry Frick, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Cyrus Field. They are, however, essentially one thing at a time people, for they concentrate all their forces and energies on that which they do, carefully weighing and balancing the difficulties and consequences, and then proceeding with all the energy and strength of body and mind. Concentration is a predominant characteristic, and they are restless and anxious when compelled to diffuse their forces. Like the Bowman, they aim well and hit the mark, this applying to their mental, moral and physical accomplishments. They are excellent marksmen and are strongly inclined to make war on certain forms of vice. They hate anything secret or hidden. They are honest, sincere and open, so frank that they are apt to make enemies and wound their friends by speaking their minds too freely. They are both friends and enemies will all the might of their being, though their kind and sympathetic natures restrain them from deeds of violence. They are quick and high-tempered, impulsively doing that which they afterward regret. They are lovers of science, hygiene, self-culture, and take great interest in public affairs. In business they are executors, giving play to their physical energies. They are remarkably successful military and naval commanders, and the most brilliant musicians come from this sign. The Sagittarius women are notably more successful in making their own way in the world, holding positions of honor and responsibility, and holding first rank as writers, musicians, ethical teachers and accountants. Yet they are very domestic, and being finely organized and artistic, they make beautiful and happy homes. The marriage relation is held in most sacred fidelity by both sexes, and mismatching is a most serious thing to this exalted nature. They are tender, sympathetic, and devoted to religion, home and friends. They have strong intuitions, are prophetic and clairvoyant, often knowing in advance what will befall the public, themselves and their friends. Sagittarius people should endeavor to cultivate repose, as they are quite given to squander their forces un-

less their innate restiveness be held in subjection. Fatigue and prostration are the inevitable penalty for their ceaseless activity, which is expressed mentally, in planning, scheming, etc., if not physically. They should lay their plans carefully, and then, drawing on their wonderful powers of concentration and energy, proceed to execute. Also they should ever keep before them that "to err is human—to forgive divine."

AQUARIUS—FEBRUARY.

This sign extends from January 20 to February 19, and is represented by the water-bearer, who governs the bones and framework of the system and also the nerves of sensation, consequently occupying corresponding departments of service in the grand body. Perhaps this is the most paradoxical sign in all the twelve, its people being liable to the greatest extremes in character and action. They are at once the weakest and the strongest.

When under the proper impulse and the soul is really aroused, they are capable of wonderful achievements in the way of good. On the contrary, when under adverse impulses or with the spiritual faculties dormant, they are prone to sink to the lowest depths. They are rarely mediocre in any function of life, being decidedly one thing or the other—running the gamut in all directions, in fact are extremists. Their mental endowments are wholly in the useful, and they belong mainly to the mercantile sphere of life, though with strong impulses in the direction of public good, we frequently find them among the most eminent politicians. James G. Blaine was born in Aquarius.

They are prominent patrons of popular resorts and assemblies, being supporters of operas, theaters, fairs and all amusements. They like to mingle with the crowd, and are inclined to go to extremes in the matter of public opinion, caring too much of what people say and think of them. They belong essentially to the province of city life, where they may be active in business, social and public life. Some of our best national financiers come from this sign. They are shrewd, versatile, earnest, proficient, and when their energies are aroused to enthusiasm they are capable of the greatest achievements. They are remarkably good judges of character, have strong intuitions in



AQUARIUS—FEBRUARY.

The gem is amethyst, signifying contentment.
The flower, primrose, meaning believe me.
The astral colors, blue, pink and Nile green.

matters of honor and dishonor. They are endowed with a great deal of psychic force, being able to control wholly by the power of the eye. They are also very clear reasoners on matters of a purely materialistic character, and are capable of acquiring the finest education.

The most devoted of wives are found in this sign—which gives the purest and most faithful kind of love-nature. They have great regard for their personal appearance, and also are disposed to adhere to conventional forms and beliefs. Form and ceremony appeal to them strongly and they are more than likely to go through life on the lines or paths marked out for them by their predecessors. Yet they are easily persuaded and influenced into new channels and lines of thought, as their own thought is not progressive, being too well satisfied with the established order of things. The things of the ideal world appeal to them more forcefully than do the practical, every day realities. They are amiable, affable, and make the most agreeable companions, since they are not combative and would do anything to avoid disagreement—would sacrifice a great deal for the sake of harmony. They are rarely high-tempered or arbitrary. They are tender-hearted, sensitive, and easily hurt, though showing it in a most dignified manner. They can be kind, merciful and sympathetic, or hard and cold—as things appeal to them. Aquarius, being the trader, should marry with a person born in Leo, thereby conserving the home relations.

PISCES—MARCH.

The Fishes rule from February 19 to March 21, governing the feet of the grand body—metaphysically the understanding. This is the last sign of the Water Triplet. Pisces belongs to the mechanical and is a restless searcher after knowledge in all departments dealing with the externalities of life. Persons born in this sign are noted for their restlessness and anx-



PISCES—MARCH.

The gem is bloodstone, denoting courage.
The flower, violets, meaning love and faithfulness.
The astral colors, white, pink, emerald and black.

ity. They are nearly always anxious about money matters, fearing lest they should come to want and so be forced to depend on others—a condition they could not endure. They wish to know that they have earned what they possess, and consequently are entitled to enjoy it. With this thought ever before them they are provident in contemplation of the future. Also with the innate feeling that people and fate are against them, they feel that they must look out for themselves, and so are inclined to be close and careful in the use of money. If the love of money becomes the controlling influence with them, it is likely to make them lose sight of the sense of honor and become tricky and dishonest. Otherwise they are honest and upright, and as we rely on the feet to keep the body erect, so may we rely on these people. They are careful and conscientious and make very reliable and accurate clerks and accountants. Their chances are most favorable in mercantile pursuits. When selecting a vocation for children born in this sign great care should be taken, as a wrong start is serious for them, holding them down to the sphere of drudgery and servitude. While not wholly lacking in self-esteem and self-reliance, they need some one to push them forward. Natural modesty and marked conscientiousness, as well as being honorable, just and upright, makes them fear to fall short of requirements due the situation, and so they hesitate, till some one comes along who will supply the deficiency in confidence. For this same reason they shrink from professional and public life, even after having spent years in study, research and preparation. Their search for knowledge, both scientific and philosophical, leads them through all channels in which knowledge is to be obtained—travels, books, life. They are great students of history and the useful sciences. Their minds are logical, tenacious and exacting, and decidedly materialistic. What they believe is founded on reason, giving no heed to intuitions, which antagonize. They find it difficult to form accurate conceptions of religious or spiritual subjects. They are, however, law abiding, just, sensible and kind, and inclined to be strict disciplinarians in family matters. While they are not particularly ardent in their love natures, their fidelity and sense of duty make them good husbands and wives. They are subject to despondency and self-censure. Great activity, both mental and physical, is characteristic of those born under the sign of Pisces. Being in the mechanical, the motive or mechanical members of the body are brought into play, viz.: in walking and swimming. Frequently their recreation takes the form of pedestrian tours or explorations. They are subject to diseases of the feet and head, in the latter respect being affected in the brain, though in much smaller degree than those born in Aries. Women should guard especially against peculiar weaknesses. Pisces, the understanding, the mechanic, should wed with Virgo, the discriminator, the perceptive power.

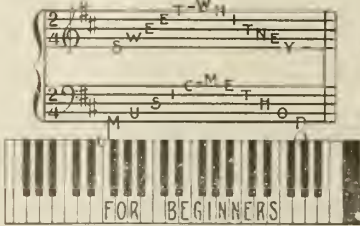


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Dear Minerva—Please give me some of the good advice that you seem to be so full of. I am in love with a very wealthy young man who is very far above my station in life. He sends me many expensive presents and takes me to see everything. This makes me discontented with my own poor lot and the humbleness of my surroundings. Tell me if you can, what must I do. Should I refuse to see him any more and give all my attention to my work or should I accept him and leave the things to which I was born.

MARGUERITE.

I think you can make both your circumstances and your love agree. Continue to keep his company if he is satisfied, and work earnestly till such time as he asks you to accept an equal position with him.

Dear Goodness—I want you to tell me what in the world I am to do. I have been keeping company with a young man for some time, and last evening he proposed to me. I had never seriously thought of getting married and I refused him. He has left me in sorrow and anger, and I wish I could now tell him, "Yes." I never knew that I loved him so much before and if I had I would never have rejected him. Tell me, is there any way that I can arrange things in an honorable manner and bring my dear Frank back?

FLORA.

You acted foolishly in not taking time to consider his proposal, when you had not thought seriously of matrimony. By all means write to him and tell him that you have considered better. I doubt not that he will be well satisfied.

Dear Minerva—I am just sixteen years old today, but I was never more unhappy than I am on what should be the sweetest of all my birthdays. I have a dear girl friend of mine who is deeply in love with a very nice young man. He also loves her in return and I know that they are made for each other. Now I have come to love that young man dearly, but I have never shown it to him, because I thought it might be wrong to break in on their happy dream. Now tell me, dear Minerva, whether I should sacrifice myself and keep silent, or whether I can let the young man know that I also love him.

EGYPT.

My dear young friend, it seems harsh that the little god Cupid should wing his arrows in such an ill-fated manner. For friendship's sake you must drive all thoughts of that young man from your mind and rather encourage the happiness of your two friends. This will be a noble sacrifice for you to make, and surely Cupid will send an arrow of recompense into your sad little heart.

Dear Madam—I am just after having a good cry all to myself, and I thought the best thing I could do was to write to you and ask you to help me. I keep company with a young man, who loves me and whom I love very much and prefer to any one else. But a few evenings ago we attended a party together where I met many nice young men. Now, as I like to be popular, I spent most of the time talking play-

rully with my new acquaintances, and leaving my sweetheart to look out for himself, because I knew he loved me anyway and I thought he wouldn't mind. He did mind, and all the way home he wouldn't talk, and he didn't bring me into the ice cream parlor, as he always used to and hasn't spoken to me since. Now tell me, dear Minerva, what a poor, sobbing girl should do.

ELSIE.

Don't cry any more, dear, but go right away and ask that young man's pardon for your carelessness. If he really loved you, he will be more than satisfied and every thing will be brighter than before. After this attend to your lover in preference to any one else, and if he wishes all your time give it to him.

Dear Minerva—I am not seventeen yet, but I think I have lots of trouble. I have two sweethearts who are both very much in love with me. But they dislike each other and are always having angry words over me. In their jealousy, like in the romance of old, they have decided to have a fist fight for the possession of my hand. Now, dear Minerva, how can I stop such a brutal affair? Shall I refuse to see either of them or shall I let them settle it?

F. S. S.

My child, you will act very correctly if you refuse to see your lovers. They are very foolish and their behavior renders them unfit for any girl.

Dear Minerva—I am sorry to trouble you, but you know the old proverb, "If a man is drowning he catches any straw that passes next to him, imagining that he can save his life." Now I am in great trouble myself, not drowning accidentally, but am afraid I willingly will go and drown myself. The young man to whom I was engaged left me all at once without any reason or cause and I don't know what to do. Please help me in this great trouble.

MARY L.

You little, silly, foolish girl, what sense is there in your letter? That young man is better off to stay far from you if you are so silly as to think of drowning yourself for such nonsense. You must remember that you have a soul which is not your own property, but the property of your Creator, and you have no right to dispose of the same. Difficulty in love can be settled in many different ways, and you must try an entirely different one from drowning.

Dear Minerva—I have a dear lady friend who was in trouble with her lover last February. She took your advice and did everything you stated and she succeeded finely. Such experience made me ask advice from you. In a few weeks I am going to be married, but my sweetheart is of a different religion to mine and wants me to be married in his church and I want it in mine. A third party advises us to have the Justice of the Peace marry us, that it will be right for both.

NETTIE.

Dear lady, it is better to be married by a church of any kind or form than by a judge. Such a question, in which church is concerned, cannot be answered.

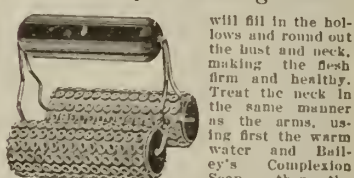
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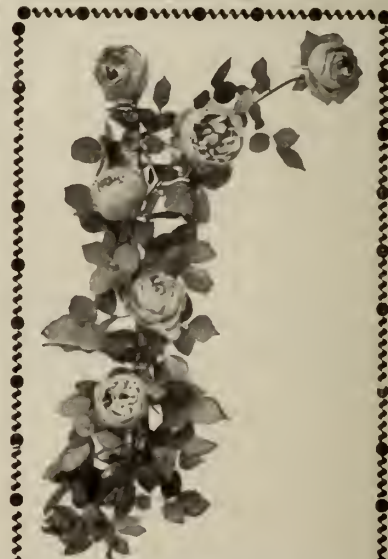
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SUMMER

To the general mind an impression is made, either favorable or unfavorable, by one's clothes as a part of the personality. Many women have naturally the knowledge of how to dress to the best advantage, and no matter if the material used is not costly, as is sometimes the case, they will always make a good appearance.

The prevailing style should be followed, but in a way to bring out the most advantageous points of the personality.

Neatness is another important item. No matter what kind of a gown is worn, neatness in its appearance doubly increases its effect.

The majority of men realize only the general effect in clothes, and when these are becoming to the wearer, this effect is enhanced. Let the gown be simple and pretty, and it is apt to make a much more favorable impression than one that is expensive. This is particularly the case when a man knows that the wearer or her family is not rich, and even in that case the thought will go through his mind, perhaps unconsciously, how much he will have to expend for dress if he marries the girl.

On the other hand, a simple, tasteful, gown will show him how well she can manage. He will be more apt to hurry the hour when he will ask her to dress for him, and not wait until he



THE CYNTHIA SHIRT WAIST.

has scraped together more money, and the blush of youth has passed away forever.

Never forget that the coiffure is important; that by puffing the hair out in one spot to fill a cavity, or smoothing it back in another, results are to be obtained. Always remember that the way a hat is put on may spoil your appearance or render it much more attractive.

One day you may be able to wear your hat at such an angle, the next, your hair isn't quite the same, you are depressed, your face a bit pinched, and it does not look well worn in the same position, and at the same angle it did yesterday, when you were happy. Take out the pins and rearrange it. Perhaps you will have to bend the brim. A tilt to the fore or rear will often work wonders.

No woman under 5 feet 4 inches should wear a large hat. No woman of imposing height should wear a tiny chapeau. The short woman should abjure flying ends; they make her seem even shorter. Don't expect your acquaintances to say a new hat is anything but "becoming" to you, no matter how you look under it. It's "polite" to admire it; don't be satisfied with such admiration.

If you have doubts as to the hat you have, or intend purchasing, put it on, and with a hand glass stand at a good mirror. Note your defects, and your good points—remembering all the unkind as well as the kind things said about your various features, your coloring, etc. Look for the bad points, note those that are accentuated and those that are modified.

Next take the good ones, observe which are brought out and which are lessened. Pitch the hat at different angles and study yourself again. Bend the brim in here, then out there; push a spray or flower here and there; pull a bow so as to stand out this way or that. In other words, ring all the changes on the hat. If satisfied, wear it. If not, don't stop until you are.

THE CYNTHIA WAIST.

A pretty shirt waist of fine linen, tucked, with low hung deep flounce of linen lace and embroidery. Tucked and stitched cuffs on moderate Bishop sleeves. The stock is of good black India silk, the hem lining feather-stitched on, the same uniting the three bands forming the collar. Turnover of white linen, done in Mexican drawn work.

BUTCHER'S LINEN COSTUME.

Costume of white butcher's linen, seven gored skirt, seams hand dotted with black silk French knots. Medallions Teneriff lace surrounded by dot work. Blouse waist buttons at back, the bag sleeves are set in wide turn back cuffs. Black chip hat with black and white feathers. Black and white sunshade.

STYLISH PONGEE GOWN.

Costume of Shangtung Pongee, skirt with shirred sections set in and medallions embroidered in the silk. Back set in inverted plaits. The blouse is cut on bias, gathered full in front on yoke of Fillet lace, with band and straps laced over. Sleeves cut in tabs opening over sleeves of lace and silk. All edges piped with turquoise blue silk. Sunshade to match. Hat of burnt straw, trimmed with white tulle, and narrow black velvet.

FASHIONS

Color, as well as form in dress, should also be taken into consideration. It has been proven that color has more or less influence over people, as, for instance, a person entering the room carpeted and papered or painted in red, will find the action of pulse and heart slightly increased. Red therefore, can be worn in winter where a warm effect is desired and not used for shirt waists in summer. These may be pale green, light blue or gray, to give a restful, cool effect to the eye.

A color, if adhered to, like a perfume, will be found to make such an impression that, when a person meets that color or perfume, he or she will be reminded of the one who uses it steadily.

Color helps reveal character also, for it will be usually found that true, straightforward, dependable women like blue; quiet, unobtrusive, home-loving women like gray; while hasty, impulsive women like red to predominate in the color or coloring of their dresses.

A plain girl will sometimes be seen getting more attention than her prettier and more striking sisters. In a majority of such cases the reason for this will be shown in her style and manner of dress, which reveals indirectly the attractiveness of her character.



BUTCHER'S LINEN COSTUME.



STYLISH PONGEE GOWN.



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TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY

BY MADAME MARIE EMMETT, DOCTOR OF BEAUTY.

Letters to this department should be plainly directed to Madame Marie Emmett, California Ladies' Magazine, San Francisco, California.

Please sign some name or initials which can be printed in the magazine, as replies will not be answered by mail.

Proper questions and information will be given in these columns each month, and I kindly ask all subscribers and readers of the California Ladies' Magazine to write and ask me such questions pertaining to health and beauty as they may deem proper and wish to know.

A few words about the care of the hair, hands, nails, complexion and how to present a youthful appearance, will not be amiss. A skin of beauty is a joy forever.

Beauty is one of the greatest blessings heaven has bestowed upon woman.

Rarely ever is an individual found who is not beautiful or cannot be made beautiful by proper care.

Too much cannot be said against the reprehensible habit which some of us have in neglecting ourselves. When the proper care is taken, with a little time, a transformation always takes place which is not only instructive, but always beneficial.

Many women of scrupulously cleanly habits seem not to understand how to thoroughly wash and cleanse the face, head, neck and hair.

The pleasing whole of a well dressed neat looking woman's appearance is completely marred when one discovers the apparent neglect of any one of these important little members.

The diet has much to do with refining the skin—avoid greasy, highly spiced and stimulating dishes, pastry and sweets of all kinds. Eat plenty of fruit, take a tepid bath each day, preferably in the morning before breakfast, with a hot soapy scrub at least once a week, and drink a pint of water each day between meals.

Of course, it is impossible to give full directions for the preservation of health and avoidance of actual disease of all the various conditions of life upon our planet.

I can only hope to present some general rule for the protection of our invaluable bodies, which is far more to us than an equal weight of the finest gold could ever be; and a few directions for recognizing and escaping, as far as possible, the thousand and one little ailments that mar our beauty in some unguarded moment, and as they are strong or weak, numerous or isolated, either kill us at once outright, or slowly and insidiously undermine our beauty.

According to the inexorable laws of our step-mother (Nature) bare existence itself, and still more healthy and comfortable life, is the reward solely of unceasing watchfulness—the prize of a constant struggle; the crown of a merciless warfare; with all the opposing powers and forces which incessantly strive to extinguish our beauty and health.

If for a little time the hostility of these adverse influences seem to be lulled into slumber, this peace is a delusive one, and we may be sure the enemy is steadily at work snapping the foundation of every careless improvement and neglect.

It has been related to me of the celebrated eccentric Dr. Coryell that upon one occasion a child was brought to him suffering from some disease of the skin, it is true, but in a far worse condition for want of cleanliness.

The doctor, seeing at once that this later misfortune was the cause of the former, said to the boy's mother:

"I can soon cure your son if you will strictly follow my directions: Get a large tub, fill it every day two-thirds full of warm water; put the little fellow into it and then rub him all over with the best castile soap and a towel."

"But, doctor," exclaimed the astonished woman, "that would be giving my child a bath."

"True," replied the physician, "it is open to that objection."

If, as I firmly believe, it is morally our duty to take the best possible care of our bodies, with which we have been intrusted, the old saying, that "cleanliness is akin to Godliness," finds

no higher expression than in the proper use of baths.

In order to understand the value of bathing we must glance for a few moments at the anatomy and the physiology of the skin, which is, of course, the portion of the body interested in this, our first beauty talk.

Baths should never be taken immediately after meals, nor when the body is very much exhausted by fatigue or excitement of any kind.

For the purpose of cleanliness baths par excellence are those of warm water, this term being applied to the ones in which water of a temperature from 70 to 80 degrees is employed.

Liquids of this degree of heat usually give a sensation of warmth when placed in contact with the human skin, and therefore avoid the disadvantages of the shock to our systems produced by a cold bath (that is, below 60 degrees.)

Many persons are apt to remain too long in a warm bath and care should be taken to avoid this mistake, which has a very debilitating effect if often indulged in.

For the purpose of aiding my elderly readers, who are not yet tired of life, and who desire to grow old comfortably for some years more, I again respectfully request all to ask me any questions pertaining to health and beauty and same will be answered in these columns.

Cold baths are invaluable aids in promoting and preserving health, if properly used in suitable cases, but may become dangerous agents, causing even fatal results; if employed by the wrong individuals, at improper time, or with excessive frequency. Very cold plunge baths, that is, below 50 degrees in temperature, should only be indulged in by the most robust, even with them it is doubtful whether the shock to the system is not more injurious than the after reaction is beneficial.

In every instance the test for the advantage of a cold bath is very simple and easily understood, being merely the occurrence or non-occurrence of this reaction or "glow" as soon as the skin is dried; when such a glow is felt promptly the bath does good, and may be repeated at the same temperature; but if reaction takes place slowly or not at all, the person feeling chilly, and the lips, the skin beneath the nails, and indeed, that of the external surface generally, continuing for ten or twenty minutes bluish, instead of pink, the bath does harm.

Cold (not ice-cold) sponge baths are valuable tonic and may often be advantageously used in delicate states of health. The shock to the system is much less than with the plunge-bath and the consequent reaction less intense, but the rules for judging of their beneficial influence is precisely the same.

"Retaining beauty" is a phrase in common use among many people who rarely recognize that it expresses a given truth in regard to intellectual as well as physical life, for a woman can and often does live through her physiological capital in thirty years, when with care she might have made it last to sixty or seventy. Oftentimes we can have our choice at the outset of life; but the days come, it may be soon, when we must decide which path-way we will follow, and then we should remember that all experience proves we cannot retain our beauty unless we take care of same.

It is for this reason that "Triumph of Beauty" has been added to the California Ladies' Magazine.

In conclusion will say: For the purpose of aiding my elderly readers, who are not yet tired of life, and who desire to grow old comfortably for some years more, I again respectfully request all to ask me any questions pertaining to health and beauty and same will be answered in these columns.

MOTHERS

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When this CABINET is completed it will be submitted to a committee of 3 (not one of whom has ever seen the pictures before), who will pick out the HANDSOMEST BABY of all those pictured in the Cabinet.

To the one so selected, SPIM CO. will immediately place in bank, in its native town, the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, in trust, which sum, when the baby shall have attained its majority, shall become ITS ABSOLUTE PROPERTY, with all ACCRUED INTEREST.

This \$500.00 at ordinary Savings Bank interest COMPOUNDED, will (if the baby be a boy) start him in business at his majority, or if a girl, give her a fine educational advantage and place her beyond the reach of immediate want.

PLEASE NOTE.—The only conditions required for your baby to be eligible for this liberal offer are that SPIM Soap or SPIM Ointment shall be used to preserve, purify and beautify its skin, scalp and hair, and a WRAPPER of one or the other sent us with the name of the druggist from whom you purchased them.

NOTE.—If your druggist does not keep SPIM Soap or Ointment, enclose with your request for a registry card 25c, and the card, the booklet and a CAKE OF SPIM SOAP will be sent you by return mail, all charges prepaid. SPIM Ointment is 50c prepaid.

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have cured a little baby born with blood poison, red blotchy skin, terrible itching, hair in thin, shred-like patches, hands broken out in raw places between the fingers, and on the delicate little body, chafing had worn the folds of the skin almost to a raw state. Everything was tried, the child meanwhile suffering cruelly, crying and moaning day and night. SPIM Soap with warm water baths appeared to help the sufferer at once. Greatly encouraged, they persevered with the treatment applying at intervals SPIM Ointment. In a short time the child grew better, the skin cleared, hair grew again, appetite returned with restful days and sleepless nights; finally came clear, healthy baby skin, smooth, pink and natural. Today the child is healthy and clear-skinned with no trace of the disease.



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The Use of Correct English

BY JEAN K. BAIRD.

The use of incorrect English arises from one or all four sources; ignorance of the correct grammatical form which can be learned only from the study of technical grammar; the influence of an environment whose atmosphere is reeking with bad grammatical form; the readiness with which we accept and add to our own vocabulary provincialism and localism; and our mental indolence, which finds it easier to slight a construction than observe it in all its niceties.

If one has been accustomed from childhood to hear ungrammatical expressions it will be a difficult, but not impossible matter, to acquire the use of correct English; and the greatest difficulty will be not in overcoming the error but in recognizing it. It is exceedingly difficult for an ear accustomed to discords to recognize them as such, so it is with the ear which is accustomed to wrong case and tense forms.

The use of elegant English is largely a matter of environment. It is possible for a person to speak correctly and well, and know nothing of the technicalities. But the blessing of an environment from which such results come has been granted to few. Those not so blessed, may acquire it either by the study of a text book itself, by the reading of standard authors, or by strict attention to the conversation of the educated and careful speaker.

In reading, it is well not to select a dialect story or one which is strong in local coloring. We acquire much unconsciously, and invariably the unconscious part of us is the stronger.

Eternal vigilance is the price of pure English. Under some circumstances, the use of slang is countenanced, and localisms permitted, but one must be a Solon to know the time and place. In this matter it is better to be too rigid than too lax in the choice of words. The too free use of slang is like the too familiar manner, often tolerated in our friends, but rarely enjoyed.

Slang should be to our conversation what tahasco sauce is to our meals, used rarely and with a background of the substantial.

The inelegance of speech which results from ignorance, while being deplored, may be tolerated; but for those which spring from indifference and mental laziness there should be no toleration shown or pardon granted. Society does not overlook slovenliness of attire; why then should it overlook slovenliness of speech, since both spring from the same cause?

Incorrect speaking may be divided under four heads: poor enunciation and the slighting of sounds, which is the direct result of careless physical habits; the use of ungrammatical expressions; the incorrect use of synonyms; and the use of inelegant terms and localisms.

One may be pre-eminently correct in the construction of her sentences and yet be inelegant. The learning of a rule in grammar is the easiest part of the matter; for if to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, few would blunder in speaking. After comprehending a rule there must come a mental drill, the use of our strongest will-power, the eternal vigilance which not only has an effect upon our speech but which is a potent factor in the formation of character itself.

Do not be slovenly, allowing yourself to slip over words easily, giving little or no thought to correct form. If you make a grammatical mistake immediately correct yourself. This keeping a check-rain on oneself is not pleasant; but it is corrective and wholesome, and that is what the women of today are demanding.

Watch yourself closely while in conversation with friends. Observe the number of errors which you make through carelessness and not because of your lack of knowledge. Correct these before you seek to broaden your knowledge of the technicalities. One rule studied in its observances is worth a whole grammar committed to memory and not practiced.

Write out a list of the mistakes you have made—not as you make them but in their correct form. This is one of the principles of teaching in which training schools are drilling their students: "Keep the correct form before the learner. Never call attention to that which is incorrect." The newer rhetorics and language books are working along this line, and are omitting many of the exercises in the correction of false syntax.

If, for example, you discover that you do not always say, "It is I," or "It may have been he," write these forms on a piece of note paper and tack it by the side of your dressing table, where it will meet your eye every time you arrange your toilette. Then go over the expressions a dozen times or more. I suggest that this be done aloud, that your ear as well as your eye may become accustomed to the correct form.

When it comes to the subject of clear enunciation, few of us can cast the first stone. This slighting of sounds is, in part, a lazy habit into which we are drifting; and, in part, a lack of physical training of the organs of speech, which sometimes are unable to act as quickly as the mind.

Americans use the upper lip very seldom in talking. In this, they differ greatly, from the Germans, whose upper lips in the forming of the modified vowels are drawn far down below the edge of the teeth. The direct result is a long upper lip among the Germans, or even those who have spoken that language for some time.

As a race, we Americans have upper lips which are weak, short, and disproportionate to our other features.

As a test, read aloud several pages from any book and observe how seldom the muscles about the upper portion of the mouth are brought into play. The use of these muscles are necessary to the correct pronunciation of several sounds.

Of course, this fault must mainly be overcome in the school-room. But the simple device used by the teacher may be of benefit to the woman who although long out of school, is ambitious to be correct in speech.

Five minute drill each day must be given repeating a list of words as—ask, bask, task, mask, cask; observing that much abused sound of a, and the much neglected 'k.' Then 'ed' or 'ing' must be added to the list and each word again repeated. There will be a tendency here to pronounce the word as though it consisted of one syllable.

A second exercise used to bring the tip of the tongue forward to the teeth is found in repeating the following list: prints, price, chintz, chins, chance, chants, glands, glance, lance, lands.

An excellent drill to bring into play all the muscles about the mouth is found in repeating, "Some shun sunshine. Do you shun sunshine?" "A shot-silk sash shop is a shop where shot-silk sashes are sold."

There was a time and not so long ago when it was considered modest and well-bred for a woman to talk with lips parted as little as possible. These were the days that Dickens tells about when young ladies entering society were taught to repeat: "papa, potatoes, prunes, prisms," to get their mouths in proper shape.

But that time with much of its affectation is gone. The trouble of today is that few women separate their jaws wide enough in speaking. In this do trained vocalists have an advantage even in conversation.

To overcome this habit of keeping the teeth touching each other, take a book and going off where no one will interrupt, read aloud. After pronouncing each separate word open the jaws wide enough to allow three fingers to be inserted between the teeth. Each day read a page or more in this manner.

This will give firmness to the lower part of the face, and rob it of that characterless tone which the lips and jaws of many women show as they talk.

The trouble with the majority of women is that they weary in well-doing. They covet a beautifully modulated voice, full-tones, clear enunciation, and correct form, but they become disheartened if the end is not accomplished in a short time and by easy methods.

Reading a grammar or rhetoric, and not following it by a drill is like Hercules seeking to strengthen his muscles by tossing pebbles.

We generally reach the plane on which our eyes are fixed. If we do not, the fault generally lies within ourselves. The old adage that "Everything comes to him who waits," is true in part. I like it better with its modern addition—"and hustles while he waits."

The trouble with the majority who seek cultivation is not that they are unwilling to wait, but they are unwilling to make strenuous mental effort unless it be followed by immediate results.

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PARISIAN GOWN OF WHITE SUMMER CLOTH.

The new Paquin model is that of a Parisian gown of fine white summer cloth, skirt and blouse accordion plaited. Sleeves of the cloth plain, trimmed with fringe, and rosettes of ribbon, centered embroidery. Cape with long ends of the cloth embroidered, edged fringe. Undersleeves and vest of white ribbon. Odd sash of kilted and embroidered cloth. Black tulle hat, trimmed with jet pendants and feathers. Parasol trimmed with black lace and white chiffon.

One of the most attractive promenade suits of the season is an elegant gown of grey crepe de chine, deeply accordion plaited. The blouse and sleeves done in narrower plaits, lace bolero with shoulder capes, and lace cuffs appliqued on sleeves. Hat of black chip, trimmed with black tips and white lace applications.

An exquisite coat for summer wear is made of black silk, cut in round tabs at bottom, with edged black and white ball fringe. Handsome collar and stole of black and white silk. The full sleeves set in cuffs to match. Collar of white silk embroidered with black. Lining of white silk.

A chic costume is made of tan voile, embroidered with black and white silk cord, with raised grapes. Skirt cut with foot flare; stitched hem. Shirred elbow puff; close cut lower sleeve, embroidered cuffs. Yoke and stock of tucked chiffon with stitched bands and passementerie laid over.

Large black chip hat, underfaced tulle folds. Trimmed black plumes, tulle and jet.

MILLINERY NOTES.

Among the many attractive creations for summer wear is a hat of black and white straw braid, sewn in shells, which are sewn over each other. The top is sewn in plaque shape. Black velvet ribbon on the top of the crown and over the brim at the left back, and under the brim.

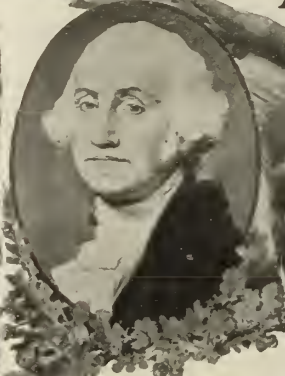

Another stunner is the new shirt waist hat of brown and green straw, trimmed with changeable silks to match, cut and stitched in many ends and loops, spreading from low crown over brim; two strands carried over brim to the head side. Loops and ends wire-l.

The "Florodora" hat is made of black horsehair lace, with comet shaped jet fringe on under brim. The hat is flat, and raised on deep bandeau. The top is trimmed with flat rosette bow of black velvet ribbon, with a white and black feather coming from under, falling over the left side.



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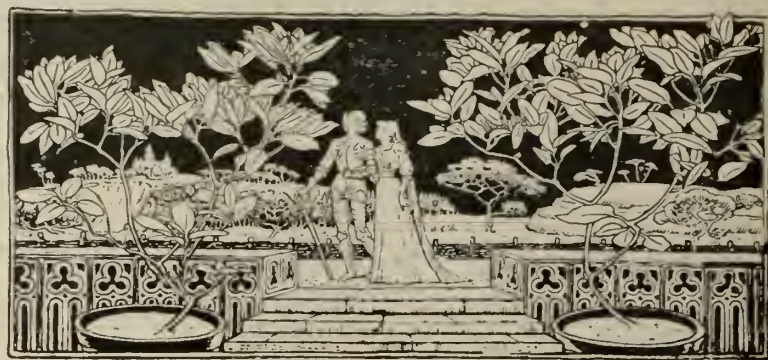
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Life-work for Women

BY JEAN K. BAIRD

The right of women to be bread-winners and wage-earners may be open to question. Whatever the ethics of the case, the fact remains that many are so, some by choice, others by necessity. The question with woman now is not how to rid herself of the responsibilities, but how to meet them to her own upliftment.

A drudge is a thing to be avoided; but an intelligent working-woman conscious that she has a special work in the world to do, and a particular place to fill, and ambitious to do that work and fulfill the duties and courtesies of that place, as no one else can, bears the marks of her own nobility.

The great mistake which many young women make in their eagerness to be wage-earners is in taking up the first work which presents itself, whether it be suited to them or not.

Anna B.—has taken up teaching, secured a position in good schools at lucrative salary. Immediately, Anna B.'s ambitious young friends flock to the school room. One or two of the number, by good luck rather than the exercises of good judgment, may find the work congenial and achieve a fair rate of success and happiness. The others will be, for the remainder of their lives, little more than drudges or hangers-on in the profession, and if they experience any happiness in their calling, it will be at best a passive, neutral kind of happiness. There can be nothing exquisite about it.

The amount of salary or income is not the measure of success. The spirit of the work makes the work divine. It is a sordid consideration of money that makes labor a thing to be bought or sold. A large salary where the work is uncongenial and the whole system subjected to a physical and nervous drain is dearly bought. It is much like a series of false entries in accounts. A day of reckoning is sure to come.

A woman may draw on her health and reserve nerve force for a time, but the day inevitably comes when she must meet these demand notes.

Before undertaking any new work a woman should consider the matter after this fashion: "I have so much physical and mental strength; so much time and natural executive ability. I owe certain duties and time to my employer; certain others to the development of my own three-fold nature; yet a third part to society." I use the word society in its broadest sense;—"I have neither time nor strength to accomplish all I desired. Now, what of all these things is worth while? What had I best let go to the wall?"

Even under the best conditions, a woman can accomplish but a fractional part of what she desires, and where the conditions are not favorable and she is working against 'the grain', the fractional part lessens in proportion as the friction increases.

There are two great principles of philosophy which every woman should absorb. The first is that friction is a destroying power and success depends upon reducing it to its minimum. It can not be wholly destroyed in these days of imperfect surfaces and uneven tempers; but it can be reduced until its effect is almost negative.

So long as a woman is employed in uncongenial work there will be friction; not necessarily an outward manifestation of fuss and turmoil, but a constant wearing force that she must bring to bear upon herself that she may accomplish the work she has undertaken, a nose-to-the-grind-stone sort of existence will be hers.

The second principle of philosophy, that I would have her learn is that 'power works easily'; but only when applied in its legitimate direction. A stream flowing in its natural channels performs its work with little noise, and no fretting. It is only when it is dammed back from its natural way and overspreads the surrounding country that it causes confusion and ruin. Two equal forces acting upon a body from opposite directions produces a state of rest. This is the condition of the professional woman who seeks to overcome natural adaptation by an

excess of energy applied in an opposite direction.

Irritation, discontent, nervous troubles are often the direct result of misapplied energy.

There is an old rhyme we used to learn in school-days:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

The word toiling as used here is not pleasing to me. To the healthful, ambitious soul,—who has found her own work in life—there is no toil. Laboring in that place which is hers by nature is an exquisite joy. She dreams and seeks to fulfill her dream. She no longer is a mere creature but a creator. Little by little, she shall drop that which is animal and draw nearer to the divine. In her services to humanity, she works out her own salvation, and in a measure becomes her own savior, for she lifts herself by her own efforts from all that is selfish, and narrow, and low, and brings herself into that plane which the drudging soul never dreams.

Our Concord philosopher writes: "The common experience is that the man fits himself as well as he can to the customary detail of that work or trade which he falls into and tends it as a dog tends a spit. Then he is part of the machine which he moves. The man is lost. Until he can manage to communicate himself to others in his full stature and proportion as a wise and good man, he does not yet find his vocation. He must find in that outlet for his character so that he may justify himself to their eyes for doing what he does."

"That work or trade he falls into!" Is not that what many of us do?—Fall into the first work that seems to offer itself to us, wholly disregarding our natural tastes or adaptations?

If the work promises to pay from a financial point of view, and if she feels that she can accomplish it after some sort of fashion, the average woman accepts any position or enters any profession as the easiest solution of the labor-problem.

It may be said that some women are forced into certain lines of work because no other opportunity presents itself. The great soul creates opportunities. Columbus did not wait for the perfecting of a modern steam-ship to discover a new world. He proved the theory and accomplished his purpose with what was at hand.

I caution everyone before taking up a life-work to consider. Look at the professions and trades from the point that gives the broadest view, remembering always that there is something beyond its money consideration. There is the woman herself with all her high ideals and noble purposes. If you believe that life, and mind, and soul, and lofty purposes are things to be bought and sold, at least, rate yourself so high that in all the Universe there can be but one purchaser.

Before undertaking a profession or trade, a girl should know something of its duties and responsibilities. She must gauge her physical strength to see if it is equal to the task; consult her natural tastes in order to be sure she is taking up the work she herself, and not her friends or family, desires; study herself to see if she has moral force enough to bear the petty trials and vexations that may come up, and do come up, daily in every line of work.

Let her think over these matters, then choose her profession, and her choice under these conditions will uplift the work and the worker, ennoble the woman, and the atmosphere about her shall be purer and sweeter for her effort, and the woman herself will experience an exquisite happiness.

For it is only in congenial labor that happiness can be found; all else is drudgery, toll, trouble. The weak soul shrivels in such an atmosphere, and that which should be a crown of glory becomes a millstone about her neck.



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The Training of the Child

BY OTILLIA WILLIS.

The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day.

—Milton.

It is a sad, but nevertheless true fact that the average American child is not a well reared child. Compared with its European cousin it certainly does not rank as the child of so glorious a republic as ours, should rank.

Let us view it on this page with an impartial eye, and let us all, mothers, sisters, teachers, friends, strive to bring it to a higher standard of training. Viewing it impartially, we must admit, however much against the grain, that it is lacking in obedience, veneration, economy, industrious habits and respect for law and parental authority.

There are many mothers, it is true, who discharge the sacred obligation placed upon them, with the finest kind of judgment, tact, firmness and discrimination of responsibility. To these we only say, help the others.

Statistics show that crime is on the increase in our country. Now so long as the conditions in the home are not improved, it will continue on the increase. The lawbreakers in the home will be the lawbreakers out of it. Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.

Almost daily we find some mother attributing her child's disobedience or willfulness to its youth. "Johnny is too young to know better," she invariably explains; "but he will come out all right in the end; he will outgrow his temper when mother can reason with him." Poor, weak, self-deluded mother! If she would only reflect for a moment, she would certainly see what all sane persons cannot help but know, that every repetition of disobedience, or indulgence of temper gives strength to the act and roots it more firmly in the child's nature.

The training of the child should begin on the day of its birth. It is true you cannot reason with an infant in arms, but you can form for it habit that will later on make it yield of its own accord to correct reasoning, and will make it pliable toward good.

Have you ever watched an average mother in her attempts to quiet her first-born's cries? The program seldom varies. At the first indication of restlessness she takes the little bundle of humanity from its pillow, temporarily stifles its crying with some half dozen excited kisses thrust into the open mouth, and pitches the infant about in her arms, assuming in the latter act very closely the line of movement a batch of butter takes in an old-fashioned churn. If between these movements the little one is able to suck enough oxygen into its lungs to start its vocal anatomy anew, it again breaks forth, but this time quite spasmodically, owing to the scarcity of oxygen—in fact so spasmodically, that its color begins to deepen somewhat.

At this stage kisses are not resorted to, but instead, "No, no, no darling!"—"Mamma's own dear, darling baby," etc., etc., are poured into the gasping mouth—(for little ears are firmly closed to such appeals) and the supply of oxygen falls lower. A deep purple suffuses the baby's temples and forehead, and the cries emerge at longer intervals. At this stage even the meal which the frantic mother frantically attempted to administer between her other performances, is abandoned, and the little martyr finally ceases its defense from sheer exhaustion, and falls into a tired, hungry sleep, from which, after a short interval, it awakens, pale and irritable.

Perhaps all the baby wanted when first it called the mother's attention to itself, was change of position. The mother seldom takes all her sleep in one position; what right has she to expect her offspring to do what she rarely, perhaps never does?

Feed and bathe a baby regularly and clothe it comfortably. If, when these duties are performed its sleep is restless, change its position occasionally, shake up its pillow and straighten out its clothing, and if it is a healthy child, it will usually be satisfied.

I once knew a mother who always placed two pillows side by side when she put her infant to sleep. If the little one's sleep proved restless, she would gently take it up, turn it over on the second pillow, and immediately shake up the first pillow to be ready for further use. This same mother never permitted any one to take up her infant as long as it could be made comfortable on its bed; and when the child was taken up to rest it from its long, reclining position, it was never bobbed up and down, or danced about the room for amusement. "Such treatment excites children," the wise mother stated to the nurse, "and I want my daughter to grow up, oblivious of the fact that she has nerves."

On the other hand take up an infant every time it calls your attention to

itself, and it will learn in a very few weeks how efficacious its lungs are in the matter of self-will, and it will rule—yes, rule the entire household with a merciless, tyrannical hand. It is infants thus started, that grow into the "peculiar" children that are the bane of every teacher's life.

Prompt obedience is the most difficult lesson mothers have to teach, and children have to learn, and it can be obtained successfully only by persevering firmness.

If you make a request or give a command, see that your child carries it out; slight other duties if necessary, but do not let your words go unheeded.

Some mothers may raise the cry: "Who will do our work if we devote so much time to our children?"

If you begin properly and early in the child's life, the training into prompt obedience will not require an exorbitant amount of time, and the time that it does require will be made up to you with compound interest, as soon as the child realizes that your yes means yes, and your no, no. Have you ever noticed that the obedient child seldom puts its parents to shame by an evil temper? It has learned that its parents' words are law, and that no amount of fuss or commotion can shake their good judgment. And here let me say, dear mothers, be careful that your judgment is good, else woe be unto you!

Some years ago there lived a mother just this side of the Alleghenies, who was a firm believer in obedience, and who in spite of an unconcealed pride in her ability to exact that quality from her offspring, possessed positively the two worst children in the neighborhood in which she lived. The following incident, which is a fair example of her mode of procedure in obedience training will fully diagnose her case:

One evening, callers being present, she asked her two little ones at their usual bed hour, to say good night, and to let their nurse put them to bed. The presence of the callers, however, proved too strong an attraction for the children, and they blandly refused to do their mother's bidding. Coaxing, persuasion, promises of good things to come, were indulged in for about fifteen minutes with no result, but increased obstinacy on the part of the children. Finally in a tone of victory that settled the question beyond a doubt, the mother commanded: "Now you simply shall not go to bed—for I will be obeyed!"

Mothers, let your no be no, and your yes be yes, for if a child once discovers that persistency on its part can sway the parental will, he will soon assert his own, and make things in general lively; in short, he will soon be "father of the man."

But until obedience is reduced to a standard, we cannot hope for general improvement, for one mother will be satisfied with "Yes, mother, in a minute" (the minute varying in length from half an hour to total forgetfulness), while another will accept nothing short of "Yes mother," and immediate discharge of duty.

Often when women become grandmothers, they recognize the shortcomings of their own motherhood and try to improve upon it in the rearing of the third generation, but usually this recognition comes too late, for the daughters have already fixed their standards by their mother's and thereby proceed to rear their offspring.

It is more difficult to get obedience from some children than from others, I hear some mothers say. This is quite true, and therefore you must use tact as well as judgment. A contrary cry is made concerning the schoolroom.—Our children are not all treated alike. How in the name of justice can they be? If there are thirty children in a schoolroom that room comprises thirty distinct personalities, or rather, granting the teacher the privilege of a personality also, thirty-one. One child yields obedience intuitively, we might say; another, from mere suggestion; still another from a single command; while a fourth may feel privileged to usurp half a session to grant the same obedience. The Creator does not deal equally with His subjects; is it possible, therefore, for a mother or a teacher to deal equally with the varied temperaments given into her charge? No, a thousand times, no!

The average American-born child is quick to grasp ideas. Intellectually it is at a premium; physically, perhaps at par, but morally it is at a discount. As before stated, it is lacking in respect for law and parental authority; in obedience; in veneration, and we might add, in regard for the rights of others.

Can we not as a nation turn the quick-wittedness of our children into a course that will make the rising generation more law-abiding, courteous, respectful and mindful of the rights of others? We can, but only with the constant help of the mother.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

ODD

There ain't a room in all the house
Ez int'restin' to me
Ez is the kitchen—that's the place
A feller mustn't be!

There ain't a day in all the week,
A hull one, when a kid
Cu'd play, like Sunday—that's the day
Yer'd ketch it if yer did!

And hev yer noticed now, I ask,
How things is never half
So roarin' splittin' funny'z when
Yer where yer dassn't laugh?

And did yer ever hear 'em tell
They'd had so big a blow,
Such all unheard of larkin'ez
The time yer didn't go?

CATHERINE YOUNG GLEN.

Max and the Wonder Flower

BY JULIA D. FRY.

Long before the great King Charlemagne ruled over Germany and France, the mountain forests that border the Rhine were peopled by gnomes and dwarfs, witches and fairies, some of whom were very mischievous and could never be trusted, while others did kind deeds for the people.

They all were under the control of a fairy king, who lived in the deepest recesses of the mountains, and whose palace was so vast that it reached even under the river. On moonlight nights the fairies could be seen playing in the clear waters, sometimes enticing the fishers to their death, by showing them gold and jewels; for the poor, simple fishermen would dive down into the water and would never be seen again. But then there were good fairies among the mountains, and these gave presents to persons whom they thought deserving of rich gifts, for the mountains were filled with treasures of gold, silver and precious jewels; and my story is about a little boy who was rewarded by these good fairies.

He was only a poor little shepherd boy and tended the flocks of a rich baron whose castle stood high upon a rock that looked down over the valley where the little boy lived. His father was dead, and he was the only help of his mother, and two little sisters, Roschen and Elsie. They owned a little cottage, a goat, and a small bit of ground which Max, for that was the boy's name, tilled in the evening, after the sheep were all safely penned for the night.

He was always cheerful and kind to all. He loved the beautiful river that flowed along so peacefully, and the vine terraces where grew the purple grapes. The dark forests, that seemed so still, filled his heart with reverence and wonder toward the great God who had made such a lovely world.

Max longed to know how to read, so as to learn more about it all, and yet he worked on, early and late, and enjoyed even the air, and the flowers; and the butterflies, as they flew by him, made him glad that he was alive and well.

But there came a day of sadness for poor little Max, in the winter time, for his mother was taken very ill, and the old nurse of the village, who took care of her, said she must die unless an herb could be procured that grew in the mountains, and these were now covered with snow, beneath which the herb lay buried. But Max did not despair; he started forth, with his snowshoes and a stout stick, to climb the mountains and find the herb that should cure his sick mother.

It was cold and the wind blew drearily through the trees; still he tramped on boldly, until at last he stood on the summit of the mountain. The snow lay around like a soft white blanket, covering all the herbs, ferns and flowers, keeping them warm and tucked out of sight, until the spring time. It was not very deep, and Max, with a little spade he had brought along, pushed it aside, and there was the brown earth beneath. Yet in that spot there was no herb, but before his eyes there grew a beautiful strange flower, whiter than snow, its heart like a breath from the garden of heaven. Max gazed with longing upon its beauty, and his first thought was to pluck it, and to take it home that they all might see the loveliness, but his second thought was, "Oh, no; I must first find the herb to cure Mother, and then I can come here again for this flower with which to gladden her eyes."

So, with a parting look, he went farther on his search, found the herb, and with it safely in his pocket, came back to the spot where he had left the lovely flower.

Alas, it had disappeared! But while the tears filled his eyes, the mountain where he stood opened wide, like a door, a dazzling fairy figure appeared, and a silvery voice said:

"Enter, little Max, for thou didst first thy duty, Take what thou wilt of the treasures before thee. The wonder-flower that thou hast seen, thou canst not take with thee. It blooms but once in a thousand years and can only be seen by the pure of heart. Take of the gold and diamonds, love thy mother ever as now, aim to be a good man, and keep thy heart pure, that thou mayest again see the flower in the gardens of heaven, where a thousand years are but as a day."

And the fairy vanished, but around in a great marble hall shone diamonds and rubies, and bright bars of gold, before the eyes of the bewildered Max. A little brown dwarf who seemed to be a guard over the treasures, gave him a sack, and motioned him to fill it, and even helped him, saying never a word. When it was filled, it was so heavy that Max wondered how he could ever carry it home; but while he hesitated the dwarf threw it over his shoulder, and beckoning Max to follow, crept out of the door, and as

Max followed the mountain closed behind them, and the snow lay over it as before.

It would all have seemed a dream, only that there stood a dwarf, with his pointed little cap, and strange face, with eyes like a squirrel. Not a word did he speak, but he trotted on down the mountain, and it seemed to Max scarcely an hour before they stood at its foot. There, with a bow, the dwarf set down the sack, and then clambered up the mountain.

Max hastened home as fast as he could, with his heavy treasure, and gave the nurse the herb, hiding the sack under his bed, until his mother should be able to hear of his good fortune.

The herb did its work so well that in a few days his mother was able to sit up, and then Max, with his hand in hers, and his little sisters standing by him, told her all.

She clasped her hands and said:

"My sweet child, the dear God has been very good to thee. Thou hast seen the wonder-flower, that first blossomed when Christ was born, and that no one but an innocent child may see. Keep its beauty always in mind, else the treasures it brought will give thee no happiness. Let us thank the great God of heaven for His love to thee, a poor little shepherd-boy, to whom He has shown the wonder-flower, which even the king himself may not see!"

And it was in this strange manner that Max's wish was at last granted; for with his treasure to help him, he now could go to school, and learn all about the great world outside of his little Rhine valley. He lived to be an honored and learned man, always doing good to others; and with all his wisdom he was as unassuming as a child.

RIDDLE BOX

Answers to riddles in the May number:

Heads and Tails—1, cart; 2, clamp; 3, ebony.

Diamond—1, C; 2, car; 3, caper; 4, Captain; 5, realm; 6, rim; 7, n.

Cross Word Enigma—Flag.

Charade—Manage.

HEADS AND TAILS.

1—Behead me and I am to authors dear;
Curtail me I may be gained it is very clear;
Complete I do connive, it will appear.

2—Behead me and an angry passion find;
Curtail me, I am a tree oft tossed by wind;
Complete, I'm terrible but also kind.

3—Behead, and I'm a solemn looking bird;
Curtail, you'll find me grazing with a herd;
Complete, in convents it is a common word.

BON TON.

PHONETIC SPELLING LESSON.

1 To try; 2, not difficult; 3, to covet; 4, a river in Asia; 5, set in order. (Combine two letters of the alphabet in such a way that when spoken they form a word.) Example: A girl's name, answer K T (Katy). E. C. M.

EASY CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in January, my second in October, my third in April, my fourth is in June, my fifth is in November, my sixth is in February, my seventh is in August, my eighth is in September, my ninth is in March. My whole is the name of a patriotic maiden who was put to a cruel death. M. C. D.

RIDDLE.

A troop of tiny soldiers brave,
All ready for the fray;
In shiny yellow uniforms,
And orderly array.

But now they scatter for the flight,
Which hot and hotter grows;
Oh, how they snap their little guns!
And dance upon their toes!

The battle o'er, but where are gone
The little soldiers bold?
You'll see them wearing robes of white
And shining crowns of gold.

MYRTLE WILKINS.

THE TRAIN AT 4:04.

"Four tickets I'll take, have you any?"
"There's a train at 4:04," said Miss Jenny,
Said the man at the door,
"No four for 4:04,
For four for 4:04 is too many."

WANTED HELP, NOT COUNSEL.

A boy bathing in a river was in danger of being drowned. He called out to a traveler, passing by, for help. The traveler, instead of holding out a helping hand, stood by unconcernedly and scolded the boy for his imprudence. "Oh, sir!" cried the youth, "pray help me now and scold me afterwards." Counsel without help is useless.

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To help you in the selection of a place for your summer outing, the California Northwestern Railway publishes every year a book called "Vacation." This year's edition, "Vacation 1903," contains over 100 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information in regard to mineral spring resorts, select camping spots, country homes and farms, where summer boarders are taken; giving location, accommodations and attractions, together with the terms, which range from \$7.00 per week up. To be had at the offices of the Company, or by mail in response to a letter addressed to R. X. Ryan, the General Passenger Agent, Mutual Life Building, San Francisco.

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ECONOMY OF THE HOUSEHOLD

BY OTTILIA WILLIS

Emerson indeed spoke truth when he said: "A creative economy is the fuel of magnificence. Without it the world would scarcely know the millionaire."

The economy of the household depends largely, in fact, principally upon the wise management of the wife. She rules supreme in her small domain and by her example weaves an inevitable influence around her subjects, of whom her husband is her most impressionable follower, as well as her strongest ally.

Management is the corner-stone of economy, and if the wife is lacking in it, the bank account stands a poor chance of increase. It requires no great ability to earn a dollar, but it certainly requires ability to keep it, or to render it as effectual to one's purpose as possible.

The secret of the great fortunes of our country lies not in the making of them, but in the process of making.

What a step toward the betterment of the condition of mankind were it, to require every couple contemplating marriage, to pass an examination in the economy and management of a family! I fear the per cent. of applicants of both sexes would be appallingly small, and I am certain the matrimonial bureaus would become bankrupt in a single day.

It is interesting to note the different standards of economy among the many nationalities represented in our State. The more enlightened North-European bases his economy on the thrifty management of expenditure for food, clothing and daily comforts to gratify his intellect; whereas the South-European and the Oriental in general economize on intellectual pursuits to meet the requirements of their love of display.

The economical household spares expense according to its circumstances and wastes nothing!

Blessed indeed is the woman who can make a wisely bought garment serve her brood in downward succession until its very identity is lost in the varying touches given it to make it suitable for each new aspirant. I say a wisely bought garment because it is the man or woman of moderate means, who can least afford to buy cheap clothing.

And blessed is she also, who from "scraps" gathered from her pantry can put together a meal that would defy the criticism of an epicure. There are such wives and mothers, but our country needs to multiply them.

It is a notable fact that, comparatively, greater economy is practiced by the wealthier classes than by those who really need to practice it. Watch the markets of any city in early spring and notice which classes in general patronize the early vegetables and fruits.

It is the laboring classes, and not the families of independent means. The latter did not accumulate their riches by thriftlessness and extravagance—and habit is strong.

A wealthy woman desiring to give her washer-woman's family a treat the past spring, purchased for them one morning two boxes of strawberries at fifty cents a box, and gave them to the small son who regularly called for the clothes. She handed the baskets to the boy, saying: "Here's something Johnny, you haven't had yet this spring," when the latter answered triumphantly: "Law, maw bought us four baskets of 'em two weeks ago!"

The following is told of one of our San Francisco millionaires, and forms a strong background for the washer-woman's idea of living. On one of his visits into the foot-hills to look after some business interests, he was accompanied by his young grandson, and with the latter spent two weeks in the home of the ranch superintendent, a man of comfortable means. At the outset of the first meal the attending Japanese spread the young heir's bread with butter and jelly, whereupon the grandfather promptly ordered the jelly scraped off and saved for another slice, exclaiming: "If he is hungry, one spread will taste good to him and if not, both spreads will only be wasted."

I once knew a Colorado woman whose economy ran along the same line as that of the millionaire. She never permitted cream gravies served with meats at her tables, when the vegetables of the meal required sauce or gravy of any kind. She too, was a person of no small means.

The majority of us abhor such economy and readily cast our sympathies with the views that recently permitted an eastern girl to be frightened out of her engagement, because the young man of her choice, dilating upon the thriftiness of his people, remarked one

day that an aunt of his had made one paper of pins last her fifteen years. The young woman failed to appreciate the many points of such economy and feared to enter a family that practiced it.

Not many of our American girls would think it possible to entertain two college chums and an epicurean uncle on a sixty-cent dinner, and to entertain them right royally, at that. Yet this was done recently by a Philadelphia girl who is being educated in this State by a well-to-do bachelor uncle.

Before her last spring vacation she received the following invitation, which, as many before, she eagerly accepted: "Come and spend your vacation with Uncle Joe in the country, and show him how you can run a house. The Chinaman has begged for a week's leave of absence, so we'll have a gay time."

It was during this visit that she was called upon unexpectedly to entertain two college chums to dinner.

It happened that her uncle had gone to San Francisco on that particular day and would not return until half past six in the evening. She knew that he would be glad to find her friends with her when he returned, but a certain pride and a deep appreciation of all he was doing for her made her hesitate to entertain them at his expense without his previous knowledge of her doing so.

Yet, what was she to do? She had but sixty cents in her purse—not as much as Uncle Jack usually paid for his porterhouse steaks.

However she decided to make her sixty cents go as far as possible and started off for the nearest provision store. This is what she bought: Twenty cents worth of lamb chops (four chops); five cents worth each, of carrots, potatoes, lettuce and celery; a half dozen eggs for ten cents, and a can of shrimps for ten cents.

From this store she prepared a meal that would have pleased any normal palate. Coffee, milk and "trimmings" as a matter of course she used from the pantry.

She prepared her dessert first, in order that it might be sufficiently cool by meal time. For this she beat together the yolks of three eggs, one fourth cup of sugar and two small tablespoonfuls of corn starch—the last first mixed with a little milk to keep it from forming in lumps—and poured the mixture slowly into a quart of boiling milk, stirring constantly for about five minutes. Before removing it from the fire she flavored it with lemon. When the mixture was nearly cool, she distributed the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, in rounded tablespoonfuls over the surface of the pudding, being careful to preserve the snowy whiteness of the froth by not dipping it too deep into the pudding.

Carrots were the vegetables chosen, because they would serve her for two courses. After she had scraped and washed them carefully, she put them into a boiler with about six cupfuls of water, and let them slowly cook on the back of the stove, while she made her salad. The latter she made in the usual manner, by chopping up a sufficient quantity of shrimps, celery and lettuce, mixing it with an oil and egg dressing and serving it on lettuce leaves. The remaining lettuce she seasoned with pepper, salt and a little vinegar, and garnished it with two hard boiled eggs cut into thin slices.

The potatoes she French-fried. When the carrots were thoroughly cooked, she removed four cupfuls of the carrot water and put it into a separate granite pater and put it into a separate granite dish. To this broth she added a piece of butter half the size of an egg, a good portion of salt and some pepper. This was her soup—bouillon sans stock she termed it. Those who have never tasted carrot soup still have a treat in store for them. Served with crackers or a bit of toasted bread, it is delicious.

For the carrots themselves she prepared a dressing of butter, cream, pepper and salt, and added just enough of the carrot water to moisten them well.

The crowning part of the meal was a plate of good old-fashioned baking powder biscuits that would have done credit to any southern Aunt Dinah.

When our young friend's table was laid, and she made her final trip to the kitchen to review her menu and to add a finishing touch or two before summoning her friends to the dining room, she mused complacently: "Not a fashionable meal by any means, but I'll warrant it's as good as anybody could get up for sixty cents!"



EMILY NOBLE.

The New Thought

IN ITS RELATION TO

Health and Beauty

BY DR. EMILY NOBLE,
(Recently Returned from India)

Questions invited along the lines of health culture, but diseases will not be recognized or prescribed for in this department.

The Upbuilding of the Human Body

"THE CITY OF NINE GATES."

"Not mean nor base,
But of heaven's best upbuilding is this
house,
Fashioned for man;
The City of Nine Gates—
Wonderful, subtle, sacred—to be kept
Fair and well garnished;
Graced with ornament.
Outside and in, and warded worthily,
That, in its ordered precincts, angel's
wings,
May float and fold, and body help the
soul
As soul helps body."

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

Although in school days our studies in physiology gives us a fair idea of the wonderful construction of the human body, yet as we grow older, how comparatively few of us remember anything very definite with regard to the upbuilding of its most vital functions? And how very few of us, even though near the noon-tide of life, realize how to best keep these temples of the passing soul, a fit habitation for its temporary sojourn in this mundane sphere.

In Hindu literature man is often spoken of as a microcosm of the universe, a repetition in miniature of "that which exists."

In India people are taught the three fold importance of existence; soul, mind, and body. The higher or real self soul; the body, its instrument, or servant; the mind, the connecting link. And surely it is well, for people of all nations to realize that their souls and bodies are separate entities, and so use the body, that it will in nowise hinder or obscure the growth of the soul.

Tennyson once spoke of the human body "as a little city of sewers—with all its wants and needs no greater than the beast"—and in the case of a diseased body the simile is not unjust. We are undoubtedly—(except in cases of heredity)—largely responsible for the state of our bodies—appetites and desires gain the ascendancy, and body rules the soul and hinders its development; for how can a soul be a luminous center if dwarfed by a body racked with pain? Let us learn to treat our bodies as separate entities, and see to it, that the great river of life, the circulation, is kept properly oxygenized and energized by the action of the lungs—which some of us only half use—and then we only half live. Let us see to it that the channels and byways of the living stream is kept free from the accumulations of decayed debris. Let us remember often—that the great designer supplied our bodies with a more perfect and intricate system of irrigation, drainage and sewerage, than man has ever dreamt of—by which nature intended the waste products of the system should be carried off—but which, through ignorance, or neglect, are allowed to accumulate in the system, and prove a fertile source of disease.

Let us teach our children to realize that through a healthy pair of lungs three should pass every day about 400 cubic feet of air, that the stream of life carrying its myriads of red and white corpuscles should move at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and that it depends on the action of the lungs for oxygen for its purification.

The body is constantly throwing off its waste products, and at least thirty-four per cent passes off by the lungs. It was not until the discovery and perfected use of the microscope, (since 1830), that our scientists have been able to understand the exact method of the upbuilding of the human body.

The microscope proves that the body is composed of millions of smaller bodies, consisting of myriads of cells in constant activity, always creating or destroying each cell, seeming to have an individuality and a function all its own. Not all of which are even yet understood, but science has proved beyond all question of doubt, that the life

of each cell is very short, and that human life is carried on through the constant reconstruction of healthy cells. Time is not far distant, when right living and thinking will enable this cellular construction to constantly improve instead of deteriorate; and who knows? Edison's prophecy may soon be realized and men will discover the germ of old age, and destroy it. Self control exercises a vast influence over the cell-building of the daily and hourly reconstruction of the human body, well directed energy generates wonderful vitality, and every single thought and emotion carries with it a chemical affinity or change in the system, either beneficial or detrimental.

Disease and old age is typical of decay, and both conditions can only be made bearable or attractive by self-control and cheerfulness. It rests with us to replace in our selves or our friends cheerful suggestions instead of depressing ones.

It means very much to a sick man, whether his friends say "you look better today," or "poor fellow, you don't look as well as you did."

It may not be possible to cure melancholy, but we can always divert it in ourselves or others. Envy, anger, grief, blues, worry, all poison the blood, delays and impairs digestion—and destroys more nerve force and cell building in a day than can be rebuilt in a week.

There's a big difference between mere feelings and emotions; the feeling of pride, anger, remorse, etc.—imprisons our soul, but emotion of the right kind sets it free to soar into boundless space and for a while feel itself a part of the infinite, and gives renewed hope, joy, courage, content, adoration and sympathy, and shuts out the lower self.

One of the earliest of the Hindu teachers has said: "Serene contentment is God's golden gift, have thou that and all is had." And also that "the greatest manifestation of power is to be calm. Thoughts may be rippling waves, but when disturbed and uncontrolled, may become tempests and whirlpools." Thought waves move in circles, and there is an old saying in England that "curses come home to roost." It is equally true that good thoughts come back to us, and that our thoughts are constantly building our own environment, and attracting or repelling the good or the bad.

I want my readers to learn the law of the attraction of harmonic vibration, and make it a part of their daily lives and first of all to get "a sound mind in a sound body." Study along the lines of new thought is very helpful towards the better upbuilding of the human body, but mere reiteration of "I can" and "I will" is not all. Greater attention is claimed for right breathing, exercising, dieting, sleeping, and above all, self-control. One must realize, and not merely reiterate, any assertion. When we realize we possess a power, we shall better understand how to use it.

"God sleeps in the mineral.
Breathes in the vegetable.
Moves in the animal.
And wakes in the man."

And the sooner we realize the God in us, the sooner we can harmonize our environment and get the best out of it for our neighbors as well as ourselves.

Soon I will offer my readers some instruction for nerve energizing, such as I have learned in India. All real knowledge is based upon experience, and I shall only speak of what I have proved to be truth. Nerve waste is largely under self-control, and so also are the ordinary ailments of the body. Humboldt said: "There will come a time when diseased man will be looked upon with the same abhorrence as a thief or a liar, and when it will be understood, disease is as much subjected to the mind as any other habit.

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ORIGINAL COOKING By MADAME DE LA VERITÉ

In spite of all that is said of the modern girl and her frivolity, she is not such an idle person after all, witness the number of cooking schools, and the private classes for instruction in cooking. Call it a fad if you will, but it is a very practical fad, for once learn the principles of cooking, you will not forget them, and at least you will be able to see that your meals are properly prepared and served.

A few words of advice to young cooks or new housekeepers may not be amiss.—One of my rules is—"Never stand when you can do your work as well sitting." I learned that long ago from "Marion Harland," and it has been an invaluable help to me, for oftentimes the fear of fatigue will deter one from trying some favorite dish, whereas if you feel you can sit down to it the labor is but half.

Another rule is—If I have a dish to make from a recipe I carefully read the recipe, or if I am making it "out of my head"—I think it out.—Then I get all the materials together, be sure all even to the spoons to measure with. You will be astonished if you follow this rule how many steps you will later save yourself, but more important still you will keep yourself from getting well "frustrated" as we say at home. And "frustrated" means flushed and excited, and tired before half the work is done. Next—if you are boiling water—have it boiling mad—if you are using cold water have it cold as possible, have your fire a good, hot fire; if you are beating eggs see they are well beaten, if you are sifting flour, sift it two or three times, if the recipe says a teaspoonful see that it is a teaspoonful, neither more nor less. All these little things seem trifles—but remember that it is "trifles that make up the sum of existence," and in the end attention to the trifles is what pays.

Another thing I would recommend to the naturally perplexed young housekeeper, is, buy all the labor saving machines you can, and at present they are all so cheap they come within the reach of all.—Have a potato peeler, an apple corer, an egg beater, a good sifter, biscuit cutters, molds, rice kettles, slicers, dish mops, strainers, in fact any and everything that will help you to do your work neatly, and with as little hurt to your hands as possible. Go to some good shop and examine all the things, say—"What is this for, and what that?" they will explain to you and you will be astonished to know how much you can be saved.

Next month we will have a further chat about the care taking of these things.

A green pea omelet is a most delicious luncheon dish. Drain a cupful of cold peas almost dry; mash with the back of a spoon and season. When your omelet is ready to dish spread the peas over one half, fold the other over and take up on a hot platter.

Real mushroom lovers will like plain scalloped mushrooms without foreign seasoning, which hide the mushrooms' flavor.

Recipes by Mrs. Armstrong

Meat Glaze for cold meats is much better with a little Kitchen Bouquet.

Bouillon—To one quart of Bouillon add half a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet. It will greatly improve both taste and appearance.

Bean Soup—(As well as Meat or Vegetable Soups), is rendered more savory by adding a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet to each quart of soup.

Jellied Veal becomes Marbled Veal, if Kitchen Bouquet be mixed with alternate layers of the preparation as it is moulded.

Brown Sauce—Melt two tablespoons of flour to same quantity of butter (or fat in pan from roast or broiled meats) and thinning with a cup and a half of stock or water. This makes a light colored sauce; but half a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet gives a rich and most appetizing color and flavor.

Mushroom Sauce—Melt two tablespoons of butter in a saucepan and add a slice of onion. Cook this slowly five minutes, remove the onion and add a cup of sliced or chopped mushroom (removing stems and skin from fresh ones). Cover closely and simmer ten or fifteen minutes. Then add two tablespoons of flour, a scant pint of stock or hot water, and season with salt, pepper and Kitchen Bouquet. This is excellent for either broiled steak or a filet of beef.

Belgian Hare—Cut up the hare and soak in filtered water for one hour and a half, wipe dry, and roll in flour, and brown in butter. For one hare boil an onion in two cups of water, and pour this water on the hare and simmer an hour and a half. Add half a pint of cream before serving; pepper and salt to taste.

Sausage Omelet—One half pound sausages; prick each with a fork; fry slowly; pour off fat as it comes off; take two when done and chop quickly, drawing pan to one side of fire; break four eggs into a bowl; add two table-spoons of warm water; mix with a fork and season with salt; heat another pan very hot, melt it in one-half teaspoonful of butter and pour in eggs. When eggs begin to thicken allow them to set; when set, but still soft in center, lay in chopped sausage; roll and turn out on platter; garnish with whole sausage.

Cucumber Pickles—Get small cucumbers as nearly one size as possible; soak them for one week in a brine that will float a small potato; then put them for one day, in clear cold water, after put some cabbage leaves, or better grape leaves, in the bottom of your jar or earthen pot, then a layer of the pickles; sprinkle a little powdered alum over them, then another layer of leaves, then pickles, alum, etc., until the jar is full; boil in enough vinegar to cover them, and they will be still nicer if you add all-spice and whole pepper to the vinegar while boiling; pour the vinegar while boiling over the pickles and cover at once. Next morning pour off the vinegar from the pickles and boil again, adding a little more vinegar if necessary. Repeat this process next day; leave for a week before eating.

Orange Marmalade—Boil nine oranges and seven lemons in water two or three hours; draw off water and open oranges and lemons, taking out the seeds, and retaining all the pulp and juice possible. Cut the rind in small strips; weigh it all when it is done, then put three pounds of sugar to two of the pulp, and boil slowly until clear.

Fig Pudding—One pound suet chopped fine, one-quarter pound bread crumbs, one-quarter pound sugar; two pounds smyrna figs chopped fine; four eggs, one cup milk; one cup brandy; two tablespoons flour, a little nutmeg; one teaspoonful yeast powder. Steam four hours in a mold. Serve with hard sauce, flavored with brandy or vanilla.

Green Tomato Pickles—Slice tomatoes into a jar and sprinkle salt over each layer; let them stand for twenty-four hours and drain off liquor. For a peck of tomatoes add a teaspoonful each of ground ginger, allspice, cinnamon, cloves, mace, scraped horse-radish, three large red peppers; three large onions, and a cup of brown sugar; cover all with vinegar and boil slowly three hours.

Recipes by Mrs. Armstrong

Aspic Jelly may be made more attractive and palatable by adding Kitchen Bouquet before it becomes jellied.

Tomato Sauce—This may be made similar to mushroom sauce, using strained tomato instead of stock, and a high seasoning of mace, bay-leaf peppercorns and a couple of cloves instead of the mushroom. Strain before serving and add half a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet.

Meat Timbales are most savory if a little Kitchen Bouquet be added to the other ingredients.

Dressing, for birds and game, has a richer color and flavor when Kitchen Bouquet is one of the seasonings.

Creamed Chicken takes a golden hue if a little Kitchen Bouquet is mixed with the yolk of egg and added just at serving time.

Ragout of Meat, also braized beef and calf's liver, should be seasoned with Kitchen Bouquet.

Casserole of Meat, also braized beef and calf's liver, should be seasoned with Kitchen Bouquet.

Hashed Brown Potatoes become exceedingly appetizing when seasoned with Kitchen Bouquet.

Salad Dressing, either the French or cooked form, receives an indescribable and most agreeable flavor by addition of Kitchen Bouquet. It is particularly good for tomato salad.

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To my youthful imagination two houses in Deddington had seemed conspicuous above all others for their magnificence. One was known as "Myrtle House," though there were no myrtles near it, and was the residence of Miss Bellamy, a maiden lady of fifty. It was the largest house in the town—a square stone building with a porch and pillars of polished marble. The other house was the home of my uncle, and was referred to simply as "Lawyer Enoch's, in Broad Street."

Externally the most remarkable thing about it was that the front door was approached by a series of steps—quite a long flight it seemed to me—with a hand-rail beside them for safety. And as my uncle himself happened to be—or seemed to be—the tallest man whom I had ever, up to that time, seen going about loose, I imagined the steps had been put up there to assist the advantages which nature had given him in getting a good view of the surrounding country.

My recollection of the place received a severe shock when I returned to it after a long absence. The church did not look so palpably a cathedral as I used to think. Broad street belied its name, and looked, in fact, quite narrow. Passing Myrtle house, I happened to strike my stick against one of the polished marble pillars. The ring was unmistakably wooden, and, indeed, the paint sadly wanted renewing. When I reached my uncle's house it was no longer a surprise to me to find only four steps to the door instead of forty or fifty, and to find in him, instead of the very tallest man, a man who had never been very much above the average height, and who now, at seventy-two, stooped a little with years, and more with the weight of troubles that had been laid upon him.

The occasion of this visit to Deddington was a sad one. My uncle, in the long practice of his profession, made a good deal of money. He gave very generously to the poor, not only through public institutions but by many a secret charity where his right hand knew not of his left hand's bounty. Many a Christmas board smoked appetizingly, which but for his open hand, would have been bare. Many a grate on a winter's night burned with a ruddy glow, which, but for him would have been black and cold. Beyond this, he spent liberally upon his house and daughter. His house was noted far away for the taste and elegance of its equipments. From attic to cellar it was his pride to have everything as complete and as good as money could make it.

"You will have quite enough, my girl, when I have spent all I can in this way," he would say to Ada, his only daughter, "to make the men run after you."

As for Ada herself, his trouble was that money was not able to buy anything quite good enough for her. Her little phaeton and her pair of grays was the prettiest turn-out in the town; but it was not nearly good enough, he thought. So of her jewelry, her dresses, her piano; her wonderful Pomeranian, Nelly, which took the first prize at the dog show year by year, as a matter of course; all these were good, were indeed of the very best, but were not half good enough, he said.

Of all his children only Ada was left; and so Ada was the light of his life—in whom and for whom alone he any longer cared to live.

She herself declared she had given up all hope of the men ever running after her, and already regarded herself as the legitimate successor of Miss Bellamy in the honors of old maidenhood in Deddington. "Twenty-five already, papa, and not yet engaged," she used to say. "I'm afraid I'm a bad lot. I shall go and ask Miss Bellamy what is the best thing for rheumatism at my time of life, and see if she can exchange my Nelly for a well-conducted, respectable cat." Or if Miss Bellamy happened to drive past at such a time, she would make a great pretense of beckoning to her from the windows, with a view to stopping her and asking her these questions.

In these demonstrations against Miss Bellamy, her papa, she noticed, never joined. But, indeed, always deprecated them, and seemed to have a singular respect and deference for that lady which was unaccountable, seeing that they never, under any circumstances, visited each other and, to Ada's knowledge, had not even spoken to each other for many years.

"Old maid, indeed," he would reply, "I never feel sure until you come in to breakfast, that you have not eloped in the night."

And, of course, Ada, though not engaged had not reached twenty-five without having had a chance to be so. The simple fact was that she would not leave her father, and was cold to all advances, and that as he seemed to find all his happiness in her, she was content to devote herself wholly to him.

This was the state of affairs when my uncle was utterly ruined by the failure of a bank. My uncle surrendered everything he possessed to the creditors, and saw himself utterly bankrupt in all but his integrity. My visit to Deddington was to be present at the sale of all his household effects, and to buy in again at the auction for his use and Ada's such things as I could not see taken from them so long as it was in my poor power to prevent it. But, unhappily, it was but little I could do, my means being much more limited than my good-will.

It was Ada who opened the door for

parcels which contained his favorite authors. I noted the numbers of some choice pieces of furniture, and then we returned to the little room where my uncle sat looking into the fire. He and Ada had sat there all day, keeping the door locked, while the tramp of footsteps went on outside.

We did not sit long, however, before my uncle went off, in low spirits enough, to his bed. But Ada and I sat later, side by side (on a favorite little couch ticketed Lot 430), and there we had a conversation we are not likely soon to forget. Indeed, we sat and talked so long that it was morning before I went off to my resting place, which she told me I should find in Lot 127.

At breakfast next morning, we none of us looked refreshed. And when the townsfolk began to come in for a final view, it cost us some little effort to rouse ourselves into decent spirits. Ada went to a neighbor's to be out of the sound of the auctioneer's hammer. My uncle, however, put on a cheerful, brave face, stayed at home, and went, stick in hand from room to room, and told the real value of this piece of furniture and that to his friends, who wished to purchase, and won good will and sympathy in his misfortune, as he had won respect and esteem in his prosperity.

Among others came in old Miss Bellamy. My uncle saw her coming up the stairs, and drew me back into a bedroom until she passed, and so kept out of her sight till she had gone from room to room, slowly all through the house, and left it again.

After she came, in a little while, two respectable-looking men, strangers in the town, and then, having also gone the round of the house, note-book in hand, chose for themselves seats in front, near the auctioneer's desk, and, the hour of sale being close at hand, made it very clear that they had come



"And every article was numbered."

me. She was cheerful and resigned to her altered lot, thinking only of her father, as he seemed to think only of her.

She had plans of her own, chief of which was that plan of all well-educated needy ladies—to take the situation of a governess. As for her father, she knew not, and he knew not, what was to be done; but they did not doubt that some friendly door would open to him, and she had accepted the invitation of a friend to stay a few weeks with her; and thus the two were to be parted for almost the first time in her life. I think the prospect of their separation pained them more that night than the loss of all their possessions. They sat all the evening clasped in each other's arms. And she pillowed his head upon her breast, as he had so often pillowed hers.

She took me through the rooms, and a very dreary round it was. The stair carpets were all up, and so were the bedroom carpets. The boards were marked by dirty feet, for the household furniture and effects had been on view all day. Townsfolk who had never crossed the threshold before had been through every room in the house, save one.

Brokers had sounded all the chairs and tables and bedsteads. Everything was ticketed and numbered for the sale on the morrow. Lot 370 was Nelly and lot 421 was Ada's piano. These things I marked for my own. Lots 500 to 574, inclusive, were my uncle's books done up in bundles of about half a dozen. Irrespective of subject, I looked through these, and noted a few

with the intention of doing business.

Strange, how elastic is the spirit under trouble. As the sale went on, and my uncle saw first one favorite piece of furniture and then another fall under the hammer, his spirits rose, and he became cheerful and lively. He chuckled and rubbed his hands when things went for more than he had given for them, although it put no penny in his pocket. He took it as a high personal compliment that the two strangers should have come down to Deddington.

"There is not another house in town that they would have come to," he said. And when he found that nearly everything was being knocked down to them or to other strangers, he began to think the fame of his good taste must have spread very widely.

In fact, the townsfolk got hardly anything. It soon became apparent that the strangers meant to have it all their own way, and when, once or twice, a townsman, having set his mind on some particular article, was allowed to get it, only after it had been run up to about double its value, townsfolk became very shy of bidding. Had it not been that there were two or three sets of these foreign brokers, the front-seat couple would have had all at their own price. Indeed, as it was, the prices of the early part of the sale were not maintained. For the strangers played into each other's hands after awhile, and sparing each other's purses.

It was some little surprise to me that none of them bid against me for the few lots I had marked, and that they

all fell to me at less than half their value.

Hopkins, the butler, who had lived with my uncle for forty years, made two or three bids for one lot and got it, that lot being the brass door plate with my uncle's name on it. He did not bid for anything else but wrapped this up carefully with its screws, and went away with it.

"You'll never make any money of that bargain, Hopkins," said my uncle; but no one else joked the old man upon his purchase.

It was a two-days' sale; and when all was over, it was actually found that nine-tenths of the goods had become the property of some half-dozen strangers, and that these half-dozen strangers had all been acting in concert. They said they would send orders in a day or two for the disposal of their purchases, which, in the meantime, they would be glad if they could leave. "Perhaps my uncle would be willing to consider them at his service until they sent for them," they said.

My uncle thanked them but could not accept such a loan from strangers. He was going, he said, that night to the hotel, and the next day should leave Deddington.

"Take the key, Hopkins," he said, "and leave it at the bank." And Hopkins took it and locked the door.

"Why, what extravagance is this, Hopkins?" he exclaimed again, as he saw a cab waiting for him at the door. "Do you think all this has taken the use of my limbs from me, and that I could not walk a couple of hundred yards?"

"I am not going to have a lot of people staring at you as you walk," said Hopkins.

So we got in—Hopkins outside with the driver.

"Why, he's taking us around by Jackson's lane," said my uncle, as he pulled down the window, and called to the driver to know where he was going.

"It's all right," said Hopkins; "I've a call to make, if you'll excuse me taking the liberty."

"Confound his impudence," said my uncle, "driving me about to make his calls!"

Now, Jackson's lane is just outside the town, and has a few semi-detached houses in it, each with a neat little bit of garden in front.

We stopped in a minute at one of the prettiest of these, and Hopkins jumped down and opened the door of the cab and the gate of the garden.

"Please step in, sir, for only one minute," said Hopkins, with an air of great embarrassment, such as I might have imagined him to assume in case of his being detected stealing spoons. "Please to step in, sir, and excuse the liberty."

And at that moment the house door opened, and out stepped Mrs. Burnett, my uncle's cook, and stood at the end of the little gravel walk, courtesying and blushing violently.

"Why, Mrs. Burnett, what in the name of goodness do you and Hopkins mean?" asked my uncle.

"Not Burnett any longer," Hopkins broke in. "I was tired seeing her crying in the kitchen this morning; so, as I happened to have a marriage license in my pocket, we walked as far as the church while the sale was on and she came out Mrs. Hopkins."

"It's the most sensible thing you ever did in your life," said my uncle; "but I had some thought of asking her myself. And so you've brought me here to wish you joy? Well, God bless you both!"

"It was not exactly that," said Hopkins; "indeed, I could not have taken such a liberty. But I thought, sir, perhaps—I thought that, perhaps, you and Miss Ada—and Kate thought, too—"

"Why, my good Hopkins," said my uncle, "what does this mean?" for he had quite broken down, and could say no more.

"We thought, sir," broke in Mrs. Hopkins, "as he says, that as we have lived under the same roof with you and Miss Ada so many years, you would, perhaps, let us live under the same roof with you a little longer, we being too old to make new friends. So Hopkins, he had a chance to get this house, and he has made it as comfortable as he can, and we thought you would perhaps let us live with you here till you find a more fitting place." And the bride as she concluded her speech (which she had not got through without many interruptions), polished the door plate with her apron and my uncle read his own name upon it.

Then he went into the parlor and he buried his face for a minute in his hands. When he lifted it again Hopkins was standing with his bank book in his hands.

"Oh, master," he said, "yours has been such an easy service that to have no one to serve will be harder work. Let us stay with you still. Don't call it staying with us. See here—All we have is yours. We have no other use for it; take it for yourself and Miss Ada—only don't let us part." And he put the bank book on the table, at my uncle's hand.

The old lawyer looked at him steadily for a while before he found words to answer him.

"Hopkins," he said, "I have read of such servants as you and Burnett in books, but I never believed in them."

"And I," said Hopkins, "have read of such masters as ours, and found it easy to believe in them."

"But I can't accept your offer. We will stay with you tonight, however, instead of going to the hotel. There now."

"Yes, yes," chuckled the old butler, "and longer than tonight, or my name's not Hopkins."

After this we sat a long time without speaking, until a knock came to the door, and in an instant Ada was in her father's arms. Hopkins had sent word to her where she would find him, and Mrs. Hopkins had met her at the door and told her that her bed was prepared for her.

"What does it mean, papa? Hopkins and Burnett here and you?"

"Hopkins and Burnett count as one, my dear, now. They got married this morning. This is their house, and they persist in calling it mine, and they don't want to part with me, but wish just to keep their old situation, they say. That's all."

Then Ada ran out to wish the old couple joy. And they laughed with her a little, and cried with her a good deal, before she came back to us.

And, indeed, I hardly know what emotions were strongest with any of us all the rest of the evening. But I am sure that none of us were 'all unhappy.'

It might have been perhaps half an hour after we had finished breakfast next morning, while we sat talking over little half-formed plans, when we heard the garden gate creak on its hinges, and Ada, looking out, exclaimed:

"Why, papa, it's Miss Bellamy coming in." And in another instant Hopkins reported that the lady asked leave to see my uncle.

"Show Miss Bellamy in," he said, and we noticed a strange flush on his old worn face.

She had walked down unattended, and it was now so rare a thing to see her walking that I dare say she was hardly known as she passed along the street. She carried a light, silver-headed cane, and leaned on it a little as she came to the chair I placed for her.

"I have been a long time coming to see you, Thomas," she said; "and no doubt you will think I have chosen my time badly at last."

"Never, Fanny," he answered; "late or soon could make no difference in your welcome."

How strange it sounded to us to hear them call each other by their Christian names. Ada and I tried which of us could open our eyes the widest.

"I am so sorry," she said.

"Yes, for this little one," laying his hand on Ada's head; "we must all be sorry for her."

"And for you, too."

"Oh, as for me, what matter whether my money be taken from me now, or I from it, in a year or two?"

"Thomas," she said, "you must stay with us the year or two."

"Stay where?" he asked.

"In your own old house—where else? See here—it was for me that stranger

bought your house and grounds a fortnight ago. These are the papers making them mine. Take them."

He rose from his chair and held out his hand as if begging her to forbear; he shook his head but did not speak.

She went on: "It was for me that those brokers bought all in your house at the sale. See, here is the receipt from the auctioneer. Take them."

Then he took both her hands and bowed his stiff old back and kissed them tenderly, as a young lover kisses those of his love. But he shook his head and said, tremulously: "It cannot be, Fanny; it cannot be."

"But hear me out," she said; "I have not done yet. You say it cannot be, because you think I want to make a useless gift. And I know as well as you do that a big house would be worse than useless to you, left as they say you are. But, Thomas, I came to say something more." Then we noticed that the old lady hesitated and looked at us, and seemed for an instant embarrassed. Ada beckoned to me and said: "We will walk in the garden a minute, papa."

But Miss Bellamy with an effort recovered herself, and said: "No, no; why should I care to speak before you children? for you are but children. Stay with us, and hear all I have to say to your papa. Thomas, I have reconsidered my answer to you. I have taken a long time to consider it; but you will have the less doubt of my knowing my own mind now. Do you remember what it was you came and said to me fifty years ago?"

"As if it were yesterday."

"Let me see, then, if I have remembered it, too, for it has seemed to me for years as only a dream. I will tell you what it is that I dreamt did really happen, and you shall stop me when my dream seems false. I dreamed of myself as a young girl of twenty, whom every one knew to be an heiress, whom some few thought to be beautiful" (my uncle nodded gently), "and whom Thomas Enoch mistakenly thought to have a heart, and he good and worthy to be loved."

"Not mistakenly," my uncle whispered.

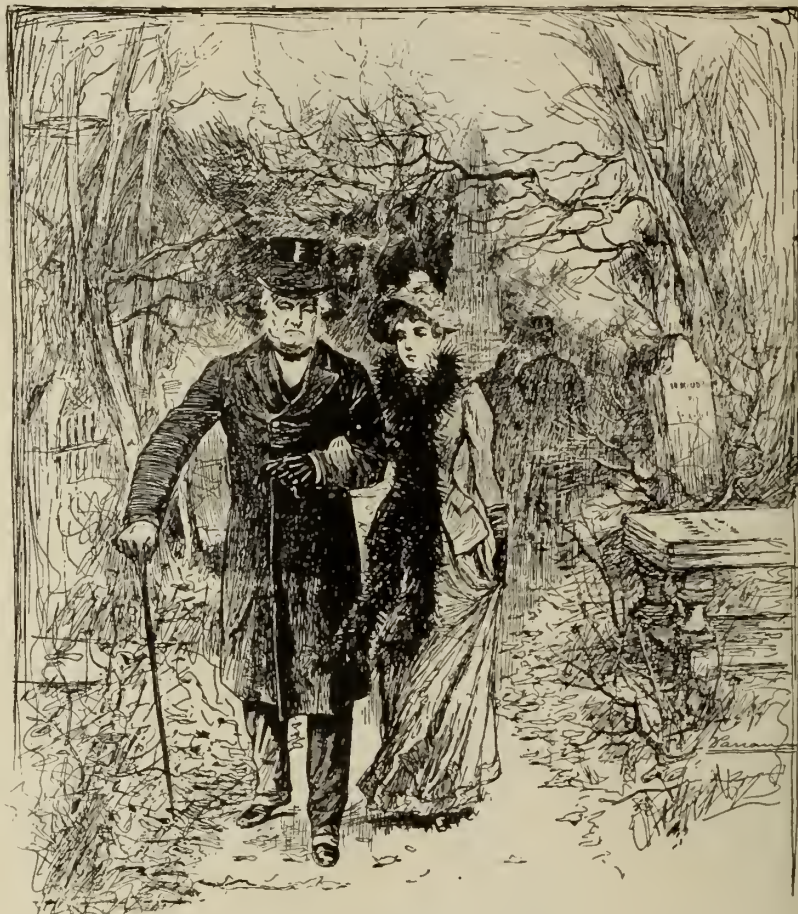
"I dream of Thomas Enoch as a young man who had his way to make in the world, and who, although only two and twenty, already gave signs of making it."

"I dream that he—that is, you—came to me once and told me a story of first love; that I put him off with an uncertain answer, not knowing my own mind, and being foolish and heartless"—(my uncle shook his head); "that at last I sent him to my father, knowing well what answer he would get; that my father, a rich man, rejected peremptorily the suit of the young lawyer, and made it impossible for him to revisit our house."

"I dream that in a little while he forgot me."

"Never!" exclaimed my uncle.

"At any rate, that when my father soon died, when I was left my own mistress, and mistress of all my father's wealth, Thomas Enoch never gave me a second chance of becoming his; that, though I came to know my own mind only too well, and loved him oh! so truly"—(my uncle lifted his



"And were obliged to leave."

head with a strange expression of surprise upon his face)—"he never came again."

"I dream that while I waited and watched him day by day, hoping always that he would stop at my door and not go past it, a horrid suspicion rose in my mind that it was my money that kept us apart."

"I dream that just as I thought the way was opening for us to come together again, he formed the acquaintance of one whom no man could help loving; that in a little while he married her, and found in her a better wife than ever he could have found in me."

"A good wife, indeed, thank God!" my uncle said mournfully.

"And then the dream grows less like a dream and more like a reality, for it has living evidence in the present and stern memorials in the past to fall back on. Yet I will call it a dream still."

"I dream that his wife blessed him with a happy family who grew up to be his pride and the envy of less happy men and women; that one by one they were all taken from him—wife, child-

ren, too—all save one" (and she laid her hand on Ada's head), "and I saw him go often with that one to the church-yard carrying flowers and come home empty handed. And I asked myself—I dream that I ask myself—'Why was I left to see myself change from young to middle-aged, from middle-aged to old, useless, and with my heart all dried to dust, while the young and happy were taken away? Would it not have been better and wiser, more economical and less wasteful in the Great Dispenser of happiness, that I should have been sent to my sleep there instead of one of those?' For the flowers, too, would have been saved."

"And so I seem to see the years roll on, weary year after year, and live my useless life unloved and uncared for, and I see you day by day; but there is a gulf fixed between us as deep as the grave to which we both are going. Yet even across the gulf it is pleasant for me to see you—it is, indeed, the one pleasure I have in life; and therefore (what other reason should I seek?) one morning I wake to find it is to be taken from me."

"I wake to find that you are a ruined man, and that all you have is to be sold and I see you houseless and homeless."

"No, no," said my uncle. "Then, being broad awake to what I should suffer, and having grown so old and selfish, I try to save myself that pang—I buy your house and everything of yours I can get, and I come to beg you to take them all back again, and to take me with them."

"Thomas, you made me an offer of marriage fifty years ago, and were rejected. Now I come and make you one. Will you have revenge? Or will you let a woman plead to you successfully? Pity me, I am old, rich and lonely, and will you not be lonely if you are parted from this girl?"

She ended, and the dear old face, lit up with a beauty that the eloquence of her intense emotion had kindled, was covered with blushes; and never have I seen any young face whose loveliness has been half so much enhanced by blushes as those wrinkled features were.

And he gave her his answer almost instantly, pausing only until he had so far mastered his emotion that he could command his voice. He took her hand between both of his, and looked her full in the face.

"Fanny, I take you at your word. I will not go away, but will take you home to my house at last."

And laughing and sobbing, Ada brought the dear old faces together, and they kissed each other for the first time in their lives—she at seventy, and he at seventy-two.

On the Sunday following the banns of marriage were published, "between Thomas Enoch, widower, and Frances Bellamy, spinster, both of this parish." And within ten minutes of the close of the morning service they had been pronounced a couple of silly old fools by half the congregation.

There is no more to be told. The wedding took place about a month afterward.



"Pity me. I am old and sick and lonely."

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cording to industry and ability. Write
for particulars at once.CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE.
1236 Market Street, San Francisco**What the Woman is About**

BY ELIZA ARCARD CONNOR.

A scrubbing machine has been in-
vented which will do the work of two
women. Well, women won't quarrel
with that sort of an invention.Talk of woman and her many clubs:
August Belmont belongs to twenty-
five, William C. Whitney to twenty-
two, President Roosevelt himself to
ten, while one New York man, William
G. Davis, is a member of forty-two.Miss Mary E. Springer, recording
secretary of New York city chapter,
D. A. R., is devoting herself to histor-
ical romance writing. She has dedi-
cated to the Sons and Daughters of the
American Revolution her second novel,
"Elizabeth Schuyler: A Story of Old
New York."Following the trend of today, a num-
ber of ladies in Alabama have estab-
lished a company of their own for the
purpose of drilling for oil in the Ten-
nessee valley. The president of the
company is an English woman, Mrs. P.
Collings, the sister of Sir Marcus
Samuels. All the officers of the cor-
poration are women. The secretary
and general manager is Mrs. Ray Nel-
son of New Decatur, Ala. All the lad-
ies actively engaged in the enterprise
are women of means. The company is
capitalized at \$2,000,000.A newspaper recently devoted a long
article to the story of a rich young
woman who fell in love with a mag-
netic, but ignorant young man and
thereupon employed some of her dol-
lars in educating him so that he might
make a commendable appearance in
her social circle, preparatory to being
married to her. Well, I don't see why
not. For generations rich men have
been sending poor, but pretty, girls to
school and marrying them when the
education was supposed to be finished,
and nothing has been thought of it.
Why should not the rule work both
ways?A Boston branch of the Outdoor
Art Association has been established
by women of prominence in that city.
The National organization is now rep-
resented in seven big cities. The work
accomplished includes planting of
school yards, tenement districts and
small city squares, distribution of
prizes for amateur gardens and gen-
eral co-operation with city authorities in
beautifying streets, etc., improving of
factory grounds, placing of seats along
boulevards, preservation of birds and
wild flowers, and lectures on land-
scape gardening and similar subjects.
It is proposed to affiliate with the
Federation of Women's Clubs.United States Senate document 190,
page 109, contains the following testi-
mony, before the Philippine commis-
sion by Archbishop Nozolela of Man-
ila, concerning the Filipino native
women and men: "The woman is bet-
ter than the man in every way—in in-
telligence, in virtue and in labor—and
a great deal more economical. She is
very much given to trade and traffick-
ing. If any rights or privileges are to
be given to the natives, do not give
them to the men, but to the women."
Question: "Then you think it would
be better to give the right to vote to
the women than to the men?"
Answer: "Oh, much better."The old-fashioned scold is disap-
pearing from the earth, eternal rest to
her. You seldom hear the incessant
"scold, scold, jaw, jaw," that used to
be the special prerogative of the old
woman. In the days when woman was
oppressed grievously by man the only
way in which she could get even with
him was by lashing him with her
tongue, and we have the evidence of
history in the ducking stool that she
availed herself of the privilege. Old
women used to rate all creation by the
hour. But it has been many a year
since I have heard a real, old-fashioned
scold. As woman gets her rights she
ceases to scold.A reverend gentleman recommended
the founding of a school to teach girls
to become good wives. Yes, yes. Put
it would be much more to the point if
the reverend gentleman should look
at his own side of the house and found
a school to teach men to become good
husbands. They need it more than
women do, heaven knows. Moreover,there is much talk of mother's clubs.
It is about time we had a few father's
clubs for a change. Mothers have been
preached at by the church and State
for forty centuries, while it has been
supposed that any old thing would do
for a father. It is a grievous mistake
that our civilization is suffering most
grievously for. Give us some soci-
eties for the improvement of fathers.A scene so extraordinary that it is
surprising no more notice has been
taken of it was witnessed not long ago
in Philadelphia—quiet, Quaker Phila-
delphia, of all places in the Union for
anything violent to occur among well
bred people. The gentle, yet wide awake
women of a certain temperance society
were holding a meeting. It was a meet-
ing for members of the organization,
yet stranger spectators were present.
The case was discussed of Reed Smoot,
the United States Senator from Utah,
who was charged with being a practi-
cal polygamist and concealing the fact.The ladies denounced in unmeasured
terms the brazen insult to American
and all womanhood, which the pres-
ence of a polygamist in the nation's
highest legislative body would mean.
They threw into their speeches all the
eloquence of the feminine new found
power in public oratory as they spoke
their minds on Mormon polygamists.
Indignation and excitement were at
their height, when a young man in a
back seat rose and announced that he
was a Mormon missionary and would
like to explain his particular brand of
theology to the ladies. There was a
gasping for breath among the women,
then a storm of furious hisses and
cries, these becoming savage and
menacing, like the shouts of the
French petroleuses. At length the
words, "Throw him out," could be dis-
tinguished. There was an ominous
moment of delay, then half a dozen of
the older, stronger women made a sim-
ultaneous rush at the offender. Their
wrath was too great for mere words.
They seized hold of him, others joined
them, and the interloper was irresisti-
bly shoved towards the door. He had
no chance to defend himself, for an am-
azon army was on him. It pushed him
through the door, through the hall, and
then white, slender feminine hands ac-
tually hurled him down stairs, and he
went tumbling to the bottom. Talk of
weak women.What is probably the most hopeful
sign of that strange, complicated, con-
glomerated life of New York city's
famous east side is the activity of the
girl's clubs. For woman, young or old,
to go outside of her home except to
church or the grocery is something
comparatively new in eastside annals.
The strong, ambitious factory girls
there are changing these conditions.
More than a dozen years ago, Miss
Grace Dodge began establishing social
and educational clubs among them.
It gave them what they needed—a hin,
of better things and how to do. From
that initiative they swept onward and
started for themselves social clubs,
likewise associations for instruction,
not only in school branches, but in the
industries. In that erst-while benig-
ned New York eastside, these independ-
ent, enthusiastic working girls have
now some 600 clubs. There are sten-
ographers' associations, and some of
the girls belonging to them can take
dictation and typewrite in five lan-
guages. There is a society of artificial
flower workers that subscribed money
and sent one of their number to Paris
to learn how the French make those
exquisite silk, cotton and velvet blos-
soms and leaves which cannot be dis-
tinguished from the natural except at
very close sight. These young women
are New York's best hope in the midst
of political dishonesty and political
ignorance. The girls have classes in
hookbinder, classes for learning tele-
graphy and stenography, and those for
nature study, besides many others. The
nature study class goes into the parks
during the scant leisure hours these
brave workers call their own, and
make observations under the eye of
a teacher. The girls have organized
likewise a department connected with
the Society for the Prevention of Cru-
elty to Animals, which, it is safe to
say, is more than any young man's or-
ganization has done there. Others of
the young women learn civics and the
science of government.**KENZEL'S
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Columns for Young Ladies

THE THOROUGHbred GIRL.

"It's mostly by the things she doesn't do that one knows her."

"Ah!"
"For instance, she never whines. That, I believe, is one of the first attributes of the thoroughbred woman or girl. She bears her own troubles and doesn't force her friends to bear them for her. When the girl who isn't the real thing has even a finger ache, the whole world knows it, and the whole world has to feel the twinges of that finger ache. When the thoroughbred girl has a headache—a breaking heart—no one knows its existence under the smiling exterior she wears. In fact, it is principally in sorrow and in adverse situations that the thoroughbred strain comes out. It is easy enough to present an imposing appearance when all goes well; it is not so easy to stand upright when one is crushed by circumstances. It is a noticeable point about the thoroughbred girl that while she may not always shine in favorable surroundings the minute she has anything to endure—the more she has to endure, in fact—the more she rises to the occasion."

"You remark the same thing in thoroughbred horses, I believe?"

"Yes, in a team of horses, if there are three beasts of ordinary degree and one thoroughbred, the thoroughbred does three times his share of the work and fairly dies in the harness."

"Well, there are other points—"
"Dear me, yes. You can never make the real thoroughbred girl uncomfortable or ill at ease unless she has done something she knows is wrong, something against her own principles. She has a calm, sure poise which nothing can disturb, certainly not the actions of her inferiors, when they show themselves to be such."

"And the thoroughbred girl never gossips?"

"Certainly not. When she has something to say she says it, whether it is good or bad, but she doesn't make conversation out of it. She is above that."

"And she has a soul of honor?"
"Yes, like a man—I beg your pardon—like a man thoroughbred. There are other kinds of men, too—the male mongrel, who resembles the woman of this kind."

"And she keeps secrets?"
"She forgets them after they have been told to her, and she doesn't even know what you are talking about when you refer to them."

"And she is not politic?"
"She gives favors, big or little, according as she is situated. She particularly dislikes to take them. She never asks for them."

"And she is not curious?"
"She may be so inwardly, but she never reveals the fact. What one is willing to tell her she accepts, but she never digs for knowledge, and the fact that a friend of hers wishes to conceal a thing makes it distasteful to her to know that thing."

"And her treatment of servants?"
"Ah, that is a sure sign. She treats them as if they were human beings. The mongrel woman orders them as if they were slaves."

"But she sometimes has a temper, your thoroughbred woman?"

"Right you are, but it is a royal temper. It never causes her to appear undignified, to raise her voice, to grimace, to show herself at her worst. A few words spoken in an even lower tone of voice than usual show her anger."

"But is she a saint? Does she never take revenge?"

"Revenge? No; she is too proud for that. Small slights, even those that hurt a great deal, she passes over in silence, merely foregoing the acquaintance of the person who showed them. When, however, some one near or dear or weaker than herself is attacked and there is a necessity for defense, then she does strike once, and once only, a clear, merciless, deadly stroke. You never find her bungling it or nagging. But in her scale of justice she has such a large view of the world that mercy more than outweighs punishment."

"And that's what half the women one meets are trying to be—thoroughbreds?"

"Yes, it's a sad now, and appearance is not so hard to put on. It's when the real test comes, however, that the veneer cracks off. But as for the real thoroughbred woman—she is about the best, the truest, the most worthy of being loved in this world."

BEAUTIFYING BATHS.

The beautifying qualities of a milk bath are said by those who have tried them to be astonishing. Warm milk is best, and the face, neck, and arms should be thoroughly bathed with it every night. If used regularly, it will bring the cheeks, neck, and arms to the right degree of plumpness.

A bath preparation which Mme Bernhardt has found exceedingly valuable for relieving fatigue contains two ounces of spirits of ammonia, 2 ounces of spirits of camphor, one and one-half cups of sea salt; two cups of alcohol. The mixture is put into a quart bottle and the latter filled to the top with hot water. Before using it must be well shaken. A sponging from head to foot with this preparation is followed by vigorous rubbing with a Turkish towel.

WHEN TO PART YOUR HAIR IN THE MIDDLE.

The girl with the high forehead should wear her hair drawn low over her brow.

If she has a low, smooth white brow, she should brush her hair off the forehead.

A Madonna face requires the hair parted in the middle.

The girl with an intellectual brow or a fair share of youthful beauty can afford to draw her hair back in loose waves, sans pompadour or parts, and coil it on the neck.

For elderly matrons the pompadour is dignified and stately, and it seems to increase the height of stout women.

The round shapely head looks well with a soft puff of hair at the nape of the neck. Every woman should study her own style. If she looks best with her hair low, then low she should wear it, though every woman in the land is wearing her hair on top of her head.

A wise woman never curls or frizzes or overdresses her hair if it is beautiful of itself.

CULTIVATE GOOD MANNERS.

One can do a lot of pleasant things under the guise of good manners. It is good manners to rise when some one enters a room. That little courtesy is merely expressing pleasure and attention to the newcomer.

Why not? It doesn't hurt you. It shows graciousness, tact, thoughtfulness.

Some people have an idea that good manners are merely a matter of being painfully uppish and uncomfortably polite. It's nothing of the sort. It is just living decently and accumulating a little self respect.

Every little while some questioning individual pops up and asks about happiness and what it brings.

Good manners bring happiness, keen happiness. They lift one up from the midst of the commonplace, the selfishness of life, the sordid, morbid things.

They are really a matter of giving pleasure to others. And there is no happiness on earth that strikes deeper than that which comes from being kind. By the same manner of argument it is easy to figure out that the sharpest conscience hurt is the one that comes from injuring some person other than oneself.

THE "FOG CURE."

There is every prospect that in a short time American women will be rushing over to England in the winter for that "fog cure." The impression got abroad last summer that the sea fog is good for the complexion. Somebody who was supposed to know gave the fog of the island as the reason why English girls have such good complexions. A number of American girls who spent the summer where sea fogs do most abound on the other side decided to remain through the winter to try their good effect. Indeed, Americans have gone quite mad on the subject.

The sea fog was also recommended as a cure for tin and freckles. Girls who were suffering from a painfully tanned skin were recommended to give up glycerine and creams and go to a place where there was a continual fog. They did, and believed the fog renovated their complexion as nothing else possibly could have done.

As an outcome of the new fad there will, in all probability, be sanitariums where fog baths, made to order, will be supplied along with all the other modern conveniences. These, of course, will be for the girls who do not want to spend all their time on the other side. They can devote a part of each day to the fog bath and give the remainder of their time over to the duties of society.

FOR BRIDES TO BE

BY CLARA B. NIELD.

My dear girls, I wish you joy. How long you have kept your little love secret to yourself, but now that you have announced your engagement, all the world knows.

But perhaps there are some among you who have not yet given the final word and "Jack" is still waiting for his answer. If so let us think a little and see whether "no" or "yes" is best.

Of course the first question is do you love him? and one sweet maiden answers: "I'm not quite sure." Then my dear let us make ourselves sure, for there is nothing in all the world that so concerns your happiness, you are planning now for life, and for other lives as well.

Never for one single moment let the thought have place in your mind "if I don't like him, I can leave him." Such expressions are often made by the young who have no knowledge of what they imply. You are never a girl but once, and mark well your path that there may be no cause for future sorrow.

Is this man who has asked you to give up your home and your girlhood, with its freedom and pleasure, the one man on earth to you? If there are others to whom you are giving even a thought, if you are finding it difficult to decide between two, then take time and plenty of it.

How does your father feel regarding this man who would carry you away from him? I expect, my dear, that you have sometimes been hurt by some things your brother has said about your sweetheart, but try to remember that men know so much more of men than you do, or can, that their judgment is to be respected.

If not are you both able and willing the lover, that is always to be believed, we must calmly consider the whole man. Is he honest? Is he honorable? Is he industrious? It matters not whether he be handsome or wealthy if he possess those sterling qualities that mark the real man.

Has this would-be husband a comfortable home for you?

If not are you both able and willing to take up the struggle and deny yourselves much, that you may secure one? "Love in a cottage" is sweet indeed if there be not too great a desire for the luxuries of a mansion. The work of home building requires patience and sacrifice, which unless true love be present will grow to seem a hardship.

The question of temperament it will be well for you to consider. Contracts are good if they are not great. I would not like to see you with your bright, sunny disposition, wedded to a man who would become morose, and thus shadow your sweet life. But two quick tempers together are apt to prove like matches and tinder, and the flame of anger once kindled will overpower the flame of love.

If you have weighed well these questions and are still unable to decide on your answer, I would advise you to take a vacation. A few weeks or months away from the man who seeks your hand will do wonders toward clearing your vision. Freed from the magnetic presence of his person, you are in better condition to settle your mind aright. By his letters you can determine many points of character that are of vital interest to you. How do other men appear in your eyes? Answer this, for you can no more help comparing them with the one man than the sun can help shining. Does a sudden desire to see the home folks come over you? and you hastily pack your trunk and assure your friends you cannot remain longer. Is the journey homeward a delight and before your vision is one face more welcome than all others? If so, I think you are ready to answer "yes" when Jack comes.

Now that you are really and truly engaged, the next step is to inform your friends of the fact. Don't be foolish and try to keep it a secret. There are many reasons for this. You need to grow better acquainted with your betrothed to study his tastes and desires, he may be your constant companion with propriety if your relations are understood, otherwise you might be considered indiscreet.

Here is one pretty way to make the announcement. Invite your girl friends to luncheon, decorate the table with flowers, wreath the chandelier with smilax, and from it suspend a number of hearts with ribbons attached. When the guests draw these they find each one contains the message:

My heart is given
to
Mr. John Noble.

The days will pass only too quickly for you and there are many things to plan for. Let me tell you now don't blind yourself around with ideas of how you are going to "manage" your husband. Let the perplexities of next

year await your added wisdom. It is useless for you to think now just how you will act the first night that Jack forgets to come home before ten. Don't "build bridges" for the most of them you will never have to cross, and if you must walk beside the troubled waters, your guardian angel will be there to show the way to peace.

In preparing for the wedding the circumstances of your family must be your first consideration. If they are wealthy and can indulge your every fancy, then do all you can to make the occasion a memorable one.

If on the other hand, only moderate means are at your command, then think and think again before you ask for that which will make a burden on the dear home folks. Simplicity is always beautiful and if you put your wits to work you can think out a plan for your wedding which will make it a pleasure to remember.

At home or in the church? will be for you to decide, and in this you must consider the pleasure and convenience of all interested. Some out door weddings are very pretty, and I have seen a cottage enlarged sufficiently to accommodate the guests by enclosing the broad piazzas with canvass. Let flowers abound and even the plainest place will be transformed.

Your wedding dress will be of white, I know it will, for there is nothing else so dainty for a bride. It need not be expensive—there are many soft materials that make up beautifully. Some may urge you to be more practical and wear a dress that is suitable for other occasions, but it will always be a pleasure to you to feel that you had a "real" wedding.

Now, my dear girl, I forgot to ask you, when you were thinking what to answer Jack, if you knew how to keep house? If you don't, set yourself about to learn, make the best use possible of the short time left you. For house-keeping you must know. The more servants your husband is able to provide you, the more a slave you will be to them, unless you understand their duties. Put your mind to it and your heart in it, and the most difficult task will soon become easy. You will be proud of your achievements when your husband praises your work.

Now about your trousseau, do not attempt to provide too many dresses. The form of the matron is seldom that of the maid, and it is useless to have a supply of clothing which in a year, perhaps, cannot be worn. And there's another point which applies to the household linen, too. If it's a case where dollars count, don't have your father make a debt for you which he must pay some other time. Or, if you are earning your own money, you would be wise to put a little sum in the bank, than to spend it all on house furnishings, unless absolutely necessary. There are two reasons, first, you never know just what the wedding gifts will bring, and second, it is just as well for Jack to know that you need a new gown now and then. If everything is provided for the house (except groceries) for two years' time, it takes more than the average man to understand why bills increase so much when wardrobe and linen closet need replenishing. It is a pleasure to see your home grow, and the picture or the rug for which you have planned together will be more prized than some other things.

The linen you will mark with your own initials, you will need, one dozen sheets and pillow cases, one and a half dozen towels, a half dozen table cloths, two dozen table napkins, a few tray cloths and doilies, but friends are always remembering these things. Have your linen laundered and laid away, as you must lay your wedding dress away, between folds of dark blue paper. The action of the chemicals in white or manilla paper will in time turn the linen yellow.

If you have a number of bridesmaids they must be dressed in harmony with the general plan. Flower girls are as dainty as spring blossoms, and always make a pretty picture, while by the way, they are never contrasted in beauty with the bride. Some little favor should be given to each. The form of ceremony will differ but little, whether in church or home, or out door bower. The father or nearest male relative always gives away the bride. The wedding breakfast or luncheon need not be elaborate, but should be dainty and well served.

If you are going on a journey, let your traveling dress be quiet, and you will attract less attention if it does not show too plainly that it is new.

Cultivate patience and forbearance, be always ready to forgive, and never speak of things unpleasant, learn that troubles are best healed by silence; look for the good first, last and always, and you will live to bless your bridal day.



Health and a Good Figure

The desired treasures of every woman and more essential than a pretty face. Do not be deceived by believing you must take a long course of physical culture to obtain the desired results. Simply learn to live. Let yourself be natural as nature intended, not forcing yourself to go through unnatural exercises to attain health. Simply learn to develop the dormant powers you have in yourself. By my method, originated and taught exclusively by myself through personal instruction adapted to the needs of each student, I am enabled in a short time to teach you to be a new and animated being, with health, grace, figure all a part of yourself and not an acted forced addition.

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In Greek art, too, it was found that the masterpieces, such as the Venus de Milo and the Vatican Victory, represent mature goddesses. In Shakespeare's sonnets it is clear that the woman idealized was of



what the French call "certain age," meaning far beyond the bloom and fragrance of the teens or twenties.

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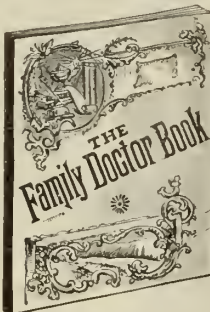
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The Ladies' Guide to Beauty The Family Doctor Book.



This book was written by one of the most celebrated of our beauties, and fully explains the secrets employed by the famous beauties of all ages of securing and preserving the charms of the face and person. It contains minute and practical instructions, accompanied by many valuable recipes, for securing a handsome form, a clear and smooth skin, a beautiful face, a charming complexion, a well-developed bust, beautiful eyes, mouth, lips, hands, feet and ankles, a charming voice; it tells how to enhance the natural charms by dress, ornaments, and hair, to prevent the hair from coming out, to prevent from turning gray, to soften and beautify and to remove superfluous hair, to remove pimples, freckles, sunburn, tan, wrinkles, etc., etc. For one-tenth of the cost of a single title of one of the popular cosmetics of the day a lady may buy this book, and not only learn how to put up herself at the most trifling cost the best of harmless beautifiers for the complexion, but at the same time acquire almost every known secret of beauty. It is a book of 64 large, double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.



This valuable book should find a place in every American home. It will save its small cost a hundred times over every year in doctors' bills. It contains plain and simple directions for the treatment of every known disease or ailment of the human frame, and suggests simple home remedies which will usually effect a cure without the necessity of employing a physician. The various topics are alphabetically arranged, so that any particular complaint may be referred to in a moment. Appended to the work proper is a valuable treatise entitled "Advice to Mothers," which will be found of the utmost value and usefulness to every mother, young or old. It would be a wise thing if the head of every household would buy a copy of this book, for it contains the value of the information it contains can hardly be measured by dollars and cents. It will tell you how to cure every ailment you have now or are ever likely to have, and you will be surprised to see how readily our common ills yield to the simple remedies given. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

HOW Women May Earn Money.



There are thousands of women in our country who feel the need of earning money, but who do not know how to go about it. It is to lend a helping hand to all such that this book has been written. The author is Mrs. Elsie W. Merriman, a wide awake little Western woman, herself a bread winner, and the book is the result of her experience, observation and extensive correspondence with self-supporting women. Salaried positions are not considered, the purpose of the volume being to point out ways and means whereby women may earn money in their own homes, without conflicting with their regular employments. Women who need a little "pin money" for their own use, or whose circumstances are such that they feel the need of helping to provide for the expenses of a family, will find the book invaluable, and we have no doubt that it will serve to lighten the burden of many an anxious heart. The following are only a few of the many methods of earning money suggested and described herein: "Artificial Flowers," "Baked Beans and Brown Bread," "Baking Soda," "Bookbinding," "Butter-Turning Chairs," "Candy Making," "Canning and Pickling," "Carpet Weaving," "Cheese Making," "Cleaning Lamps, Silver, etc.," "Cooking for Grocery Stores," "Confections and Pastry Baking," "Curtains, Bands and Dress Forms," "Crazy Corners," "Cushions and Pillows," "Designing," "Embroidery," "Fancy Book Covers," "Flavoring Extracts," "Flowers," "Food Specialties," "Hair Work," "Holiday Gifts," "Home Dressing," "Home Made Remedies," "Hot Cookies," "Horse Radish," "Hulled Corn," "Infants' Outfits," "Lace Making," "Paper Flowers," "Polishing Furniture," "Remodeling Dresses," "Remodeling Hats," "Rings," "Small Fruits," "T. M. Mending," "Flour," "Woman's Exchange," etc., etc. "How Women May Earn Money" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

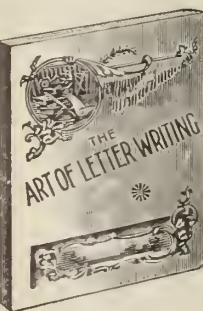
The Mystic Oracle; or, THE COMPLETE FORTUNE-TELLER AND DREAM-BOOK.

This is a new book, just published, and without doubt the most valuable work upon the subject of fortune-telling, or the art of foretelling future events, ever written. It fully explains the secrets employed by fortune-tellers and clairvoyants of every age since the world began, and tells you how to forecast your own destiny as well as that of others. It tells not how to foretell the events of the future by a single method, but by all known methods. It is a strange, wonderful and mysterious book, containing secrets of the greatest value and most remarkable usefulness to every human being. It explains the mysteries of Astrology, the art of fortune-telling by Cards, Dice and Dominoes, also the art of telling fortunes by Charms, Spells and Incantations, showing the charms of Magic Laurel, the Three Keys, the Card Charm, the Magic Ring, the Witch's Chain, the Nine Keys, the Mystic Watch, the Magic Rose, Cupid's Nosegay, Bride's Cave Charm, Yarrow Charm, etc., etc.; it explains the art of foretelling future events by the Interpretation of Dreams; and it also contains Napoleon's Oraculum, or the Book of Fate, found in the cabinet of Napoleon Bonaparte, who obtained it as his greatest treasure. It is the habit of consulting it on all momentous occasions, and having always found its revelations the truest insight into futurity. The Mystic Oracle is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.



sun, moon, and planetary system; it contains a list of Lucky and Unlucky Days, a list of Fortunate Hours, etc.; it explains the art of fortune-telling by the Tarot Cards, also by the Lines of the Hand, commonly called Palmistry, also by Moles, Marks, Scars or other signs upon the skin, also by the color and nature of the Hair, the Features, etc.; it tells how fortunes are told by Cards, Dice and Dominoes, also the art of telling fortunes by Charms, Spells and Incantations, showing the charms of Magic Laurel, the Three Keys, the Card Charm, the Magic Ring, the Witch's Chain, the Nine Keys, the Mystic Watch, the Magic Rose, Cupid's Nosegay, Bride's Cave Charm, Yarrow Charm, etc., etc.; it explains the art of foretelling future events by the Interpretation of Dreams; and it also contains Napoleon's Oraculum, or the Book of Fate, found in the cabinet of Napoleon Bonaparte, who obtained it as his greatest treasure. It is the habit of consulting it on all momentous occasions, and having always found its revelations the truest insight into futurity. The Mystic Oracle is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

The Art of Letter Writing A CART-LOAD OF FUN.



To be able to write an easy and graceful letter is a great art. All do not possess it. Yet it may be cultivated by almost any one with a little study, and such an art is well worthy of cultivation, for the impression produced by a well worded and properly constructed letter is the direct reverse of that made by one clumsily and improperly expressed. Many a young man, at a critical period in his life, has had his prospects completely ruined by his inability to properly express himself by letter. And the same is true of young women. Fine penmanship, though desirable, is not as important as proper construction and expression. "The Art of Letter Writing" is a new book, just published, and will be found an efficient aid to the proper construction of letters upon all subjects, and for all occasions. It is adapted to the requirements of both ladies and gentlemen, and contains numerous forms of letters upon Love and Matrimony, Business, letters to Friends and Relatives, letters of Introduction, letters of Advice, notes with Gifts, letters of condolence, invitations, answers to advertisements, etc., etc. In addition it contains a comprehensive treatise upon Etiquette and the Usages of Society, and will be found a most useful and practical book, worth many times its small cost. "The Art of Letter Writing" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.



This is a new book, just published, and contains one hundred and sixty-six funny stories, anecdotes and jokes by such famous humorists as Mark Twain, Max Adeler, Joe Killum, Bill Nye, R. J. Burdette, and many others. It is full of fun and nonsense from cover to cover, and a sure cure for "the blues." All the best jokes, anecdotes and stories of recent years have been carefully selected, and are now offered in this large and splendid collection, which will be richly enjoyed by all who love genuine humor and fun. Among the titles of the anecdotes and stories contained in "A Cart-Load of Fun" are the following: "A Man with a Liver," "Punkin Pie," "Pots and the Lightning-Rod Man," "How to Go to Court," "Barnyarder's Dog," "Stove's Elephant Story," "A Lady's Scheme to Manufacture Happiness," "Mrs. Jones' Bazaar," "The Facts About Sam Snyder," "Deacon Amos Tonderlon Discusses Dudes," "The Sad Case of Fillydub Biff," "The Dead Guleh Christmas Tree," "A Criminal Scrap," "Martha Became Reconciled," "Uncle Ephraim's Wisdom," "A One-Horse Hotel," "He Concluded not to Commit Suicide," "Overly Married," "Hannah was Aroused," "How the Tired Patient Man had his Feelings Picked," "Why the Tree-Man Departed," "The Baby Breaking up a Cat Concert," and 143 others. "A CART-LOAD OF FUN" is a book of 64 large, double-column pages, sent by mail, postpaid, upon receipt of only 25c, together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.



Why Women Grow Old Sooner Than Men

BY MAUD ROBINSON.

"Why is it that women grow old so much sooner than men?" "I don't admit it!" retorted the bachelor girl promptly.

The man with whom she was talking leaned back in his chair and smiled indulgently at her. "Why, my dear girl," he answered, "just look around you among our acquaintances. Take the Van Peppers, for instance. Major Van Pepper at seventy is as brisk as a young man, and Mrs. Van Pepper—why, she can barely waddle around, although she is nearly ten years his junior. She affects caps and sits behind screens cossetting herself all the time. She never goes anywhere, and her only pleasure is making exactions and complaints. And look at Miss Spinks. She can't be more than forty if she's a day, and she sits behind her stuffy window curtains, carefully adjusted so that no sunshine will pierce through and no rude wind blow upon her, and she knits and gossips all day long, with her cat curled up at her feet. Forty, mind you! Why, at forty a man is a youngster, hustling around to beat the band and thinking of what the future has in store for him!"

"But"— "Wait a minute. We'll come down to even younger women. There's Miss Scribbler. She's barely thirty-two, and yet she bends over her desk in a newspaper office every dreary day long, and at night she tumbles into bed too tired to move. That is her existence."

"It has always been a wonder to me she could write. To write, it seems to me, one should go around, mix with all kinds of people and gain some new experience every day," broke in the bachelor girl.

"H-m-m! She is drawing upon her past experiences before she was shut up. Besides, there are plenty of newspaper clippings and encyclopedias in the literary factory where she works."

"But her brain"— "Oh, naturally that doesn't grow strong any more than her body. She is only another woman 'shut in.'"

"Why what do you mean? I thought the 'shut ins' were invalids who couldn't stir from their chairs and that they founded a society!"

RIBBON FLOWERS

Dame fashion is constantly inventing new ideas and capriciously changing her moods and tempers to please even the most fickle devotee. One of her latest fads is the ribbon flower garniture of marvelous blossoms evolved from a chaotic mass of many hued ribbons. And such flowers! No artificial flowers, imported or otherwise, have ever looked so real as these ribbon creations, and as they are rather expensive to purchase, I would suggest that the handy girl turn her deft fingers to account and make her own ribbon garniture. When I have watched the shop girls making flowers, I have taken pains to ask them where they learned their accomplishment. The invariable reply has been, "We never learned; we just commenced doing it," which proves that nothing is impossible, for "where there is a will there is a way."

The chrysanthemum is pretty for the hair or the bodice. It is made of yellow crinkly baby ribbon, knotted together in a loose, fluffy chrysanthemum-like mass. It requires four bolts.

"Yes, I know. But there are others who have shut their own selves in and yet who are as strong as you or I. They are the women who grow old and, alas, useless before their time—society women, like old Mrs. Van Pepper, who never takes any real interest in life and what life means, who live on admiration as girls and exact even more as married women. When, owing to their artificial lives, their charms fade early, there is nothing for them to do but to take refuge in the cap of the dowager, and their sole consolation is being waited on hand and foot and making miserable the lives of those under them."

"But Miss Spinks!"

"Ah, isn't she a 'shut in'?" If she would only stop mourning over her ruined life and her one past love affair—if she would only go out into the fresh air, walk, exert herself, take an interest in life—who knows but she might even have another love affair."

"And Miss Scribbler?"

"That is the saddest of all, because she is handicapped by the fact that she has to earn her living. But do you suppose I would stay bending over a desk all day if I found it was ruining my health and brains and preventing me from making friends, from seeing life, cramping my whole future? No, indeed! If I could not persuade my superiors that fresh ideas and a brain constantly receiving new impressions are worth more than a certain number of musty office hours a day, I would work nights, Sundays, every spare minute, to put myself in a position where I could both live and do my best work and where by improving all the time I could put myself beyond the possibility of being thrown away some day like a sucked orange when I had finally reached my limit. It isn't work that makes a woman old, hopeless and worn; it's selfish idleness or a narrow life or work under adverse circumstances. Even sorrow doesn't ruin a woman's existence if she still keeps her hand on the pulse of life, if she still moves and has a part in the world about her, if she does not allow herself to become a 'shut in.'"

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A CALIFORNIAN COMING THRO' THE RYE.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the beautiful art study of a California child "Coming thro' the rye" on the frontispiece of this number. It is the production of two rising young California artists, Shaw and Shaw of Oakland, and it shows a wonderful study of child life.

Remember, these books sell in any stationery store at one dollar each. Send 25 cents in stamps for a three-months' subscription to the California Ladies' Magazine and receive your choice of the above books free. Address CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE, Circulation Department, 1236 Market St., San Francisco.

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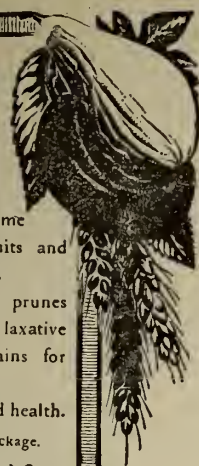
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Extracts from Reviews

"The Woman's Journal," Boston:

....The California Ladies' Maga-
zine, a handsomely illustrated monthly
published at San Francisco, gives
prominence to a woman suffrage de-
partment. It is edited by Florence
Stoddard Jackson, who has been es-
pecially engaged by the magazine to
report the progress of the movement
in California.....

"Argus," Santa Ynez, Cal.:

....In appearance, make-up and
contents it is fully equal to the best
Eastern magazines. It is profusely
illustrated and its fashion department
up to date.....

"Montana Catholic," Butte, Mont.:

....The illustrations are first class,
and as a whole the magazine bears
upon it the impress of culture. Four
years ago it was established. It is en-
tirely under the management of la-
dies, and they should be congratulated
on the success that they have so far
achieved.....

"Evening Journal," Jamestown, N. Y.:

....in the four years it has been
published, and has a large subscription
list.

"Republican," Placerville, Cal.:

....and is the most attractive in ap-
pearance and in the superiority of its
articles.....This handsomely illus-
trated monthly is devoted to the in-
terest of the women, their social wel-
fare and home life.....it ranks with
the best Eastern \$1 a year publication,
and should be given a hearty support
by the ladies of this coast.....

"Evening Standard," Cortland, N. Y.:

....but it has come to be recognized
as a leader in the west. It is pro-
fusely illustrated with fine half-tone
cuts and handsomely printed on an ex-
cellent quality of paper. Its table of
contents includes articles historical,
biographical, of travel, current topics
of timely interest, to say nothing of a
choice selection of fiction.....

"Daily Ledger," Quincy, Mass.:

....The growth of this monthly has
been wonderful.....the journal con-
tains a high class of literature.....

"Tribune," Oakland, Cal.:

....and is a credit to the loyal ladies
in charge of this typical California
publication.....profusely illustrated
with some of the finest photographs
and drawings ever shown on the Pacific
Coast.....The magazine is classed with
the high-grade journals in the United
States, and is recognized as the organ
of the leading club and society women
of the west.....

"The Recorder," Cleveland, Ohio:

....The paper is the finest book and
handsomely and profusely illustrated
with half-tones.



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FRATERNAL RE-UNION.

A very pleasant Thursday was spent
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Spitz, 988 Sutter street. The editor-
ial staff of the "California Ladies'
Magazine" were the guests of honor.
The time was spent in music and con-
versation. The hostess, a noted singer,
sang several solos, among them, "The
Kiss Waltz," by request; also Italian
operatic duets with Professor T. Zilli-
ani, her teacher and accompanist. Prof.
Ziliani was the teacher of the cele-
brated tenor, Signor Tamagno; also
the director of grand Italian opera for
many years.

After the music the guests sat down
to a delicate supper, where toasts were
drank to Dr. Spitz, who goes south in
the near future on account of his
health. Among the guests were: Mr.
and Mrs. W. T. Vahlberg, Mr. and
Mrs. R. B. DonnElly, Mr. and Miss
Paskulich, Mrs. Martha P. Owen, and
Prof. Ziliani.

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For the Summer, Paris says, as we
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weave are extremely stylish. Bradford
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ideas; expense not to be considered as
long as the fabrics are beautiful and
suitable for Parisian use. Mohair Sic-
ilienes, grenadines, embroidered dots,
pointilles, hairline stripes, carres and
many plain Sicilienes are among the
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voiles, etamines, wool grenadines and
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plain, fancy, dotted and mixed effects,
which take an important position in the
woolen goods of fashionable wear.

A great many of these etamines and
voiles are hemstitched, striped, bor-
dered, and have fancy dots, figures and
embroideries. Some, even are printed,
and many small Scotch plaids have
been evolved and with considerable
success for the summer wear.

BEAUTIFYING THE FACE.

Every night before retiring a few
minutes should be devoted to the facial
bath. If the skin is impregnated with
pimples, rub in well a little olive oil,
allowing it to remain on about ten
minutes. Wash off in warm water
that has been boiled, using pure vege-
table soap and plenty of friction. Af-
ter all traces of the soap have been
removed dash on plenty of cold water
in which a pinch of soda has been dis-
solved. Dry the face thoroughly with
a soft towel, rubbing upward and
backward towards the ear. The Paris
Figaro says that the secret of Sarah
Bernhardt's golden voice and her act-
ing is that she eats unsalted olives be-
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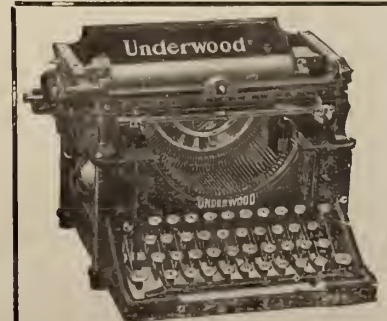
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CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE

AUGUST

1903





MRS. SOPHIE E. GARDINER.

Mrs. Sophie E. Skidmore-Gardiner, who has just completed a very successful trip east, for the purpose of studying the club life of women throughout the United States, announces to us the following subjects, under which she will contribute to our editorial columns during the remainder of the year 1903:

September number—"Sic Transit Gloria Munda;" "The Evil of 'Tipping' System in Traveling;" "Noted Women of the Day."

October number—"Great Deeds Accomplished by Women;" "Should School Teachers Establish Unions;" "Noted Women of the Day."

November number—"Do Organizations of Women Benefit the World?" "Only One Monument to Women in America;" "Noted Women of the Day."

December number—"Should We Encourage Higher Education for Women?" "Noted Women of the Day;" "Peace on Earth, to Men Good Will."

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EDITORIAL REVIEWS

"The Journal," Haywards, Cal.:

...The California Ladies' Magazine should be better known to our fair sex, for it is without doubt, the finest magazine for the ladies...and it is without doubt the most elegant literary work yet published here.

"The Daily Dispatch," Shamokin, Pa.:

...It is replete with good things from cover to cover. It is gotten up in the style of the Philadelphia Ladies' Home Journal, and it will be a very sharp competitor for honors with that magazine, and may outrival it in circulation when it once becomes generally known. It is handsomely printed, filled with half-tone cuts, and reading matter written by some of the most noted writers of our country.

"Tennessee Farmer," Nashville, Tenn.:

...we are pleased to say it was one of the most interesting magazines we have ever seen. The style, illustrations, selections and editorials are first class.

"The Tribune," Bay City, Mich.:

...its correspondents include some of the leading lights in the literary world, among these being his Excellency, Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger and others.....

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Sophie E. Skidmore-Gardiner,
Nellie Blessing Eyster,
Eliza D. Keith.

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"Morning Sun," Norwich, N. Y.

...The California Ladies' Magazine was established four years ago and has met with phenomenal success.... the best magazine in the world.

"The Record," Del Norte, Cal.:

...It is equal if not superior of any other ladies' journals...second to none in the land...this most highly edited Western publication.

We have received so much praise for an article entitled "The Durbar," which we published in our June issue, that we feel it our duty to give the correct name of its author, which was unfortunately mis-spelled. The article was written by Mrs. M. J. Scooffy, our oldest contributor. She has promised to write for our magazine in the future some very delightful and unusual anecdotes, out of her vast fund of reminiscence.



MRS. NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

We have the privilege of presenting in our August issue the first of a series of articles and reminiscences from the facile pen of one of America's most distinguished writers. Combining a beautiful and rare personality with a vigorous intellect and world-wide experience, Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster is peculiarly fitted to add both charm and interest to the pages of the California Ladies' Magazine. Patrons of our journal, who are in the least familiar with the literary world, will certainly welcome anything from her pen.

Fresh from her triumphs which she has won through her dainty creation, "A Chinese Quaker," we can certainly expect some rare narrative from an author who has broken through the staunch reserve of London's literary world. Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster is now engaged in collaborating an encyclopedia whose contents will be formed entirely from newspaper clippings, collected during the last seventy years by the patient labor of Mr. Warren Baxter Ewer, one of the oldest living newspaper editors, who is now rounding out a century of useful years in the balmy air of California's almost continual summer.

OUR SEPTEMBER NUMBER

Our September issue will be devoted largely to the Pioneers—our honored sires and mothers of the Golden West. The first installment of a series on the "Laurel-Crowned Women of California" will appear, from the pen of that promising young writer, Mrs. Bertha Marguerite Rice, whose literary attainments are of a high order. She is thoroughly imbued with the subject and cannot fail to awaken a deep interest in her worthy effort, that of preserving to coming generations the noble achievements of the women of California, especially the gentle, courageous pioneer-mother.

Mrs. Sophie E. Skidmore Gardiner, whose facile pen is well known to our readers, will contribute an eloquent article on our Pioneers—the beloved founders of this great common-wealth—which is sure to be greatly appreciated by the "old boys."

Mrs. M. J. Scooffy, an honored pioneer, alive with patriotic fervor, will add a memorable chapter of tragic interest to the life of William Leidsdorp and many other attractions intended to emphasize the splendid life of pioneer days.

EDITORIAL REVIEWS

"The reading matter is interesting, as well as instructive. It is profusely and artistically illustrated, and should, its merits being considered, find a place in every household in our State."—Plumas (Cal.) Independent, May 22.

"Spirit of the West," Des Moines, Ia.:

...The number before us is replete with good things which are of interest to every member of the family, from the youngest to the oldest, and it is also profusely illustrated throughout. The magazine is nicely gotten up mechanically, the cuts used are fine half-tones, the arrangement of the best, and taken all together it is a monthly that should grace the reading table of every home in the land. It has passed the period of experiment and is now in the fifth successful year of publication.

CALIFORNIA LADIES MAGAZINE

Vol. IV

AUGUST, 1903

No 8



WELCOME TO THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

BY MADGE MORRIS.

The mountains a silent welcome give,
The rivers sing it by,
The gold of the sun and the gold of grain
In the valleys gladsome lie;
The earth looks up, the sky looks down,
The winds of the West come near,
And the ocean her paean of glory chants
To welcome the heroes here.

Run up the flag to its highest height,
And proudly let it wave,
Upon the sunset's wall of light
To greet the true and brave.
There is never a stripe in its crinkling folds,
Nor a star its field to gem
With the vaunted glory Victory holds,
But owes its place to them.

Bring out again the unlimbered guns
And sound the bugle call,
With roll of drums and martial pride
Salute them, comrades all.
The deep scarred bond of brotherhood
That bindeth the North and South,
Tho' hid with flowers which pardon wreathed
Was wrought at the cannon's mouth.



And day by day of the flying years
In the ranks grow wider gaps,
As down the lines in the camp of life
Old Death is sounding 'taps."
Oh! welcome them with a warrior's meed,
With conquering army's cheers,
With the tender sentient songs of home,—
Aye! welcome them with tears.

There is many a soldier's cheek will pale
Whose heart ne'er throbbed with fear,
And many a comrade is "marking time"
Who cannot answer "Here!"
Run up the flag to its highest height
And proudly let it wave
Upon the sunset's wall of light
To greet the true and brave.

Ah! they have another welcome heard,
Another scene have they:
Their flags are battle-dimmed, and torn,
Their guns had fiercer play.
There are empty sleeves and stumping limbs
There are wounds that never sleep,
And memories of lonesome graves
Where night-shade blossoms weep.





THE PRESIDENT'S GREETING

From Our Chief Executive to Our Nation's Heroes,
Through the California Ladies' Magazine.

Executive Mansion, White House,

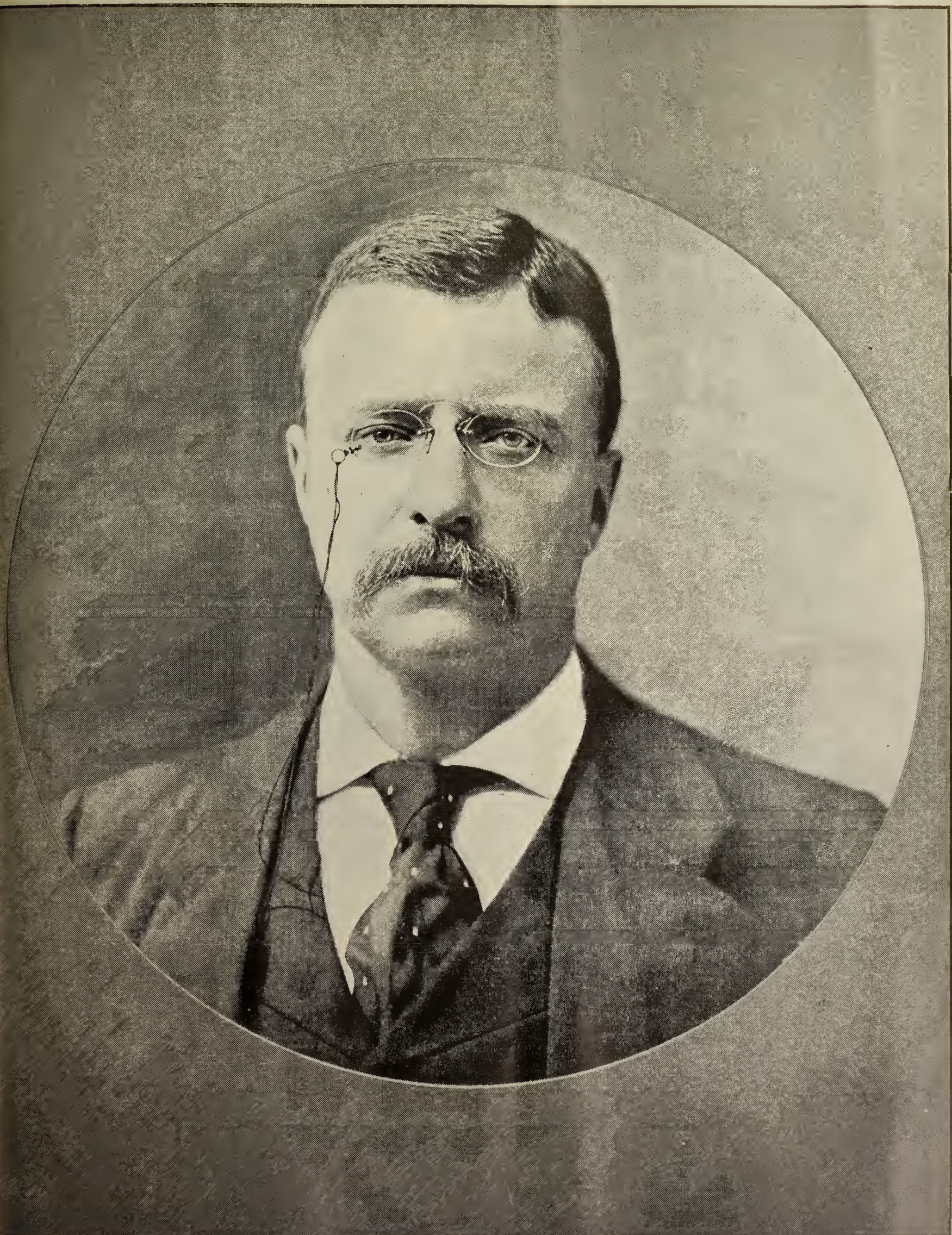
Washington, D. C., July 13, 1903

To the Members of the Grand Army of the Republic:

You who wore the blue in the perilous years during which strong, sad, patient Lincoln bore the crushing load of National leadership, performed the one feat, the failure to perform which would have meant destruction of everything which makes the name of America a symbol of hope among the nations of mankind. You did the greatest and most necessary task which has fallen to the lot of any men on this Western Hemisphere.

Theodore Roosevelt





PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

★ Greeting of the Army and Navy to the G. A. R. ★

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, D. C., June 6, 1903.

Editor California Ladies' Magazine:—It gives me pleasure to comply with your request for a letter for the special edition of the California Ladies' Magazine, to be issued by the Woman's Relief Corps as a tribute to the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, who are to assemble in San Francisco for their annual encampment. But what can I say that will be helpful to the veterans? The sight of those noble and honored men as they marched along Pennsylvania avenue last year gave me more patriotic inspiration than I could possibly give back to them by any words of mine. And these men, who accomplished so much for our country, need nothing to keep alive in them the spirit of patriotism; rather may we, who now live in peaceful enjoyment of the blessings so abundant in the country they saved, draw from their sacrifices, their sufferings and their privations, renewed inspiration to patriotic endeavor and fulfillment.

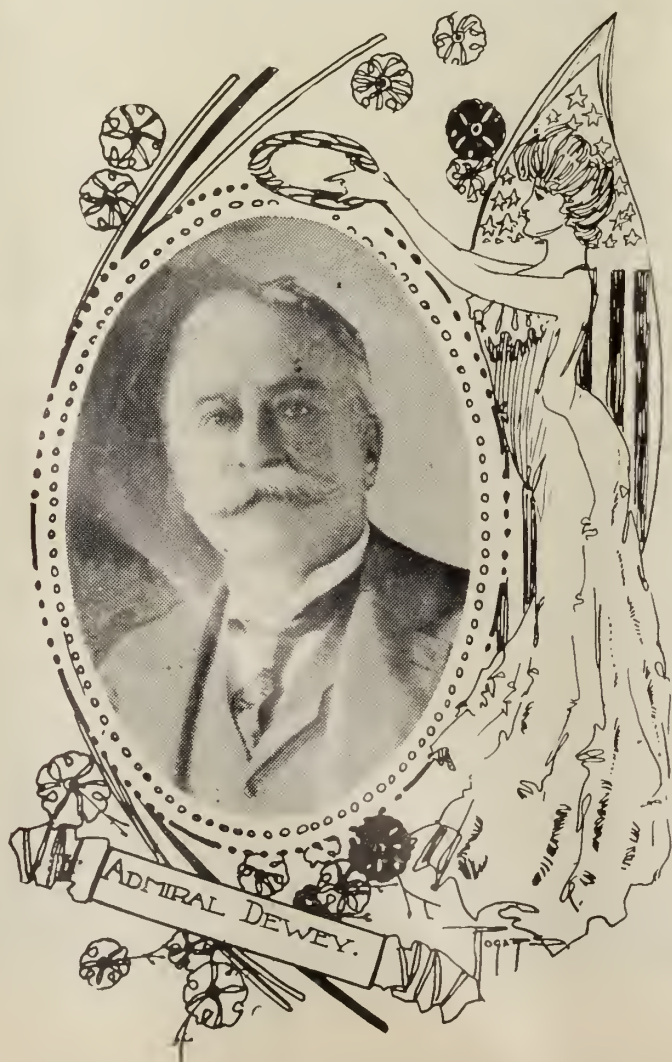
With best wishes for the comrades, and for the success of their encampment, I am, very truly yours,

Lucy Dewey

Admiral of the Navy.



GEN NELSON A. MILES.
U.S.A.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
Washington, D. C., June 30, 1903.

Editor California Ladies' Magazine—I rejoice to know that the intelligent, enterprising, patriotic people of California are to welcome and entertain the survivors of the great Union Army. As they gather in the reunion at San Francisco many of them will pass over the continent and witness the result of their patriotism, fortitude and sacrifice. They will have a good opportunity to see a reunited country, all of whose people live under one government, all enjoying the greatest advantages and blessings, and all striving for the best interests of the entire country and to uphold the integrity and honor of the Great Republic. I am sure that a cordial welcome awaits them from the people of the Pacific Coast.

Very Respectfully Yours,

Nelson A. Miles.

From the Hero of the Spanish-American War.

GREAT NECK, New York, July 9th, 1903.

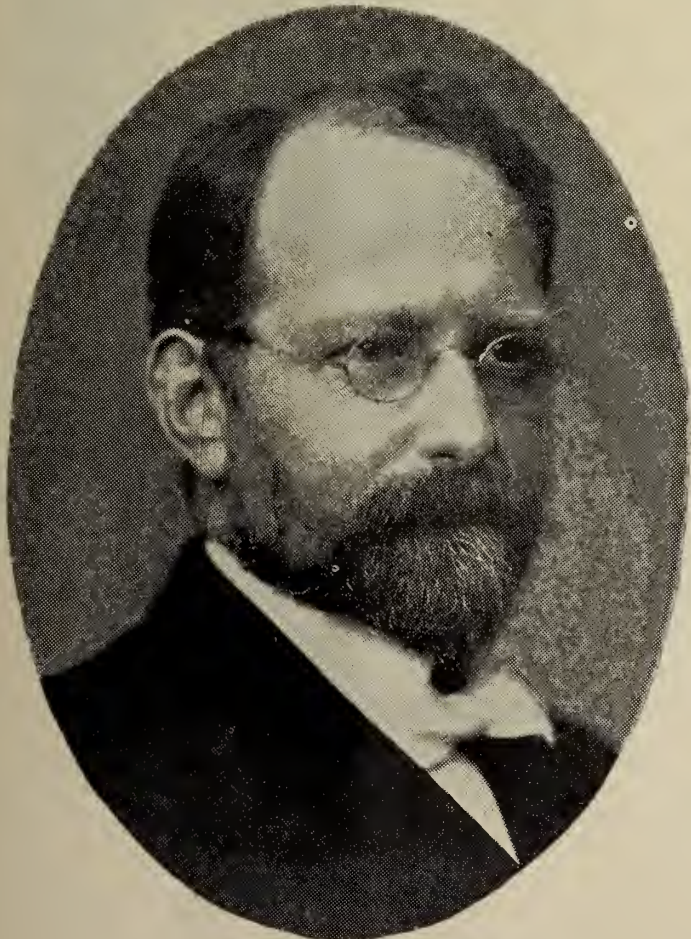
Editor California Ladies' Magazine:—I have been drifting so much in the past few months that your letter only reached me a day or two since, scarcely in time for me to pen a line of welcome to my old comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic. As I read over your letter an incident many years ago in Paris, was recalled. Like most visitors of that beautiful city, my steps led me to the Hotel des Invalides, where many of Napoleon's old veterans were still living. I remember the deep interest I felt in standing beside one of those splendid old fellows of Wagram and Austerlitz. Think then of the privilege of the young men and women of this day in being able to stand alongside and talk to the old worn and battle-scarred veterans who served with Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Farragut, Thomas, Porter and others, in some of the mightiest battles ever fought in the history of the world. Their example of courageous devotion to home and country ought to be an inspiration to all who saw them while the old flag, carried by those who knew so well how to defend it, ought to be an object of patriotic idolatry to every American. I know what their welcome will be from the splendid men and lovely women of California, and I only wish it was possible for me to join my huzzas to theirs in making the "welkin ring" when those splendid old veterans come amongst you.

Very truly yours,

W. S. Schley



REAR ADMIRAL W. S. SCHLEY.



GOVERNOR GEO. C. PARDEE.

Welcome from Comrade to Comrade.

Editor California Ladies' Magazine:

Your very kind invitation to contribute a brief article to your popular magazine is at hand. And in reply will say that I appreciate your thoughtful consideration, and assure you that I am greatly interested in the success of the coming National Encampment and will spare no efforts to make it equal if not superior to any of its predecessors.

The general committee in charge and the individual posts are vying with each other in their determination to make our Eastern comrades feel and realize that this State of sunshine, fruits and flowers will fulfill every promise and make their stay seem short in deed.

With many thanks for your generous assistance,

I am yours truly,

Wm. R. Shafter

Department Commander,
California and Nevada G. A. R.

Welcome to Our Golden State.

Editor of California Ladies' Magazine:

The State of California and the city of San Francisco have enjoyed the pleasure of extending hospitality to many honored guests during the last few years. The metropolis of the Pacific Coast has been the meeting place of notable conventions, patriotic, fraternal, religious and commercial. The doors of its hospitality are ever open; there is always a welcome at its fireside for anyone who has a claim on its attention.

But it is doubtful whether San Francisco ever received any other visitors with the same enthusiastic fervor which greeted the Grand Army of the Republic when it held its National encampment here a number of years since, and the return of no other guests could create so much pleasure as that of the gray-headed veterans whose heroic valor in the days of the great civil war saved the country from dismemberment and the flag from dishonor. They are coming back this year—their ranks somewhat less full than fifteen years ago, and the forms of the survivors a little more bent by the weight of years than we saw them last—but they are the same brave defenders of the nation whom we greeted on the former occasion, and the heartiness of the welcome we shall show them will prove that time has no power to dim our love and affection for them.

In the nature of things not many more assemblages of the Grand Army can ever be held here; it may even be this is the last, though we will hope not; the veterans are advancing in years and before very long we must bid them farewell. But so long as we have them with us we shall always be ready to take them to our homes and our hearts. A national encampment of the G. A. R. is the grandest spectacle of patriotism; it is good for us to see; it is good to show our children, and by our welcome to these surviving heroes of the civil war we should prove that the love of country is neither dead nor dying in our hearts.

Geo. C. Pardee

Governor of California.



BRIGADIER GENERAL WM. R. SHAFTER.

Message from the Hero of Santiago

Editor California Ladies' Magazine: Your letter of June 25th has reached me after delays in forwarding, requesting words of greeting for the members of the Grand Army of the Republic on the occasion of their annual encampment in San Francisco.

I am glad to comply with this request, for I feel a deep personal sense of gratitude to those devoted men, who, at the cost of so much self-sacrifice, preserved the unity of this great Nation. Indeed, it seems as though the generation of the civil war period, North and South, was called upon by destiny to settle the nature of America's institutions in the only way in which they could be settled forever.

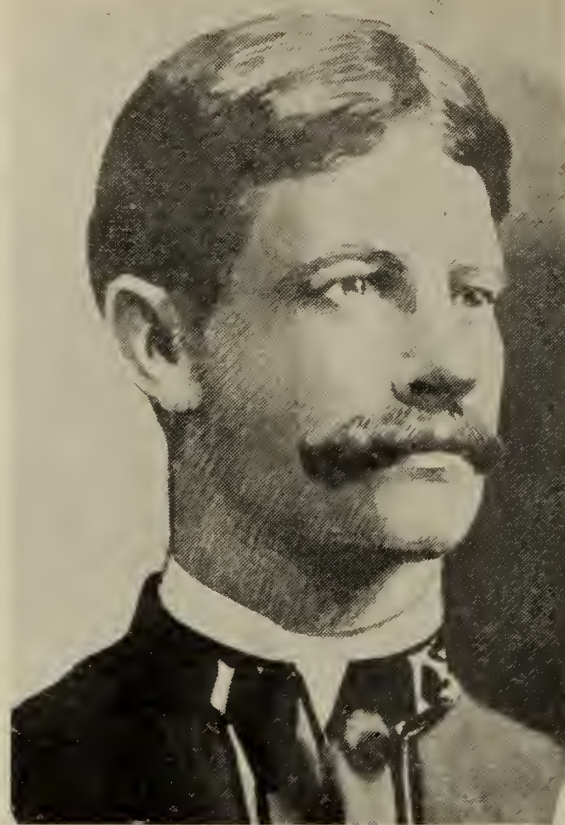
In making the Nation's unity absolute and throwing the doors of liberty wide open they paved the way for America's mighty world of destiny, which, I believe, is to be not simply that of the Nation the greatest, most prosperous, and happiest of homes, but also that of the Nation which in the world's history will accomplish the most in useful service to mankind.

Believing as I do that America is destined to be the agent to carry the blessings of a new era of industrialism, peace, and universal justice, to helpless peoples who still sit in darkness, and even to the great military nations of Europe, I cannot but feel that these noble men, who showed such devotion, have not only placed me but all Americans and all peoples of the whole earth, for all time, under an inestimable debt of gratitude.

Moreover, they set the standard of valor and devotion in war for all generations of Americans. In organized numbers they exceeded the hords of Xerxes. In campaigns and marches, they eclipsed the record of Xenophon and his ten thousand, and of Hannibal and his armies of invasion. In devotion on battle fields they stood twice as long as the soldiers of Napoleon or Frederick the Great ever stood, sustaining losses, for armies, and for regiments, never approached in the world's history.

Well might the whole Nation join in the greeting whenever the Grand Army of the Republic has a re-union. Yours very truly,

R. P. Hobson



LIEUTENANT R. P. HOBSON.

A Serio Comic Incident

Consequence of a Hard Fought Battle.

BY GENERAL E. S. SALOMON.

The approaching National Encampment of the G. A. R. fills the heart of every veteran of the war for the union with an ardent desire to meet some of his gallant comrades with whom he fought side by side on this or that bloody field. In almost every instance will this desire be gratified. From letters received and newspapers published in every part of the Union, it is almost certain that every regiment and every battery of the vast Army from '61 to '65 will have representatives in the great gathering in our city.

I received a letter from an old comrade in arms, who announces his coming, which reminds me of a strange and somewhat comical occurrence in my regiment:

On the 25th day of May, 1864, we fought the battle of New Hope Church, Georgia, or, as the Confederates called it, the battle of Dallas. I commanded the 82nd Illinois Infantry, and the writer of the letter above referred to was Captain of Company A, of that regiment. The position my command occupied during this fight was very much exposed to a galling fire from the enemy's batteries. The position was the key to a strategic point which had to be maintained at all hazards. General Hooker (our Fighting Joe) rode up to me, and placing his hand upon my shoulder, said, "Colonel, you must hold this point until relief comes forward, if it costs every man in your command." I saluted the General and said, "All right, General, when we are all dead we can't run." The General smiled and rode off. Within five minutes after this, a piece of shell struck my horse, completely disabling it, and I was compelled to fight through the remainder of the battle on foot. Soon thereafter my officers reported that the men were running out of ammunition. The reason for the scarcity of ammunition was this:

To our rear ran a stream named Pumpkin Vine creek, with very high and almost perpendicular banks. The only bridge spanning this creek had

broken down under a heavy army wagon, leaving all our ammunition wagons on the other side. The men, therefore, had to carry the ammunition across the creek on their shoulders, and as this was a slow and tedious way of transportation and as my men had been steadily engaged with the enemy for over three hours, our ammunition gave out. In this emergency I directed the officers to take the cartridges out of the cartridge boxes of the dead and wounded, who were strewn all over that bloody field, and distribute them to the men on the firing line, an order which was promptly complied with. In this manner we kept up the fighting for about thirty minutes longer, my command being relieved by two regiments of Butterfield's Division we leaving 98 officers and men killed and wounded on the field when I retired.

My regiment was highly commended by Generals Sherman, Thomas and Hooker for its brave and gallant conduct on that day, and as a sort of compensation and relief for our hard work, I was ordered to march to Kingston, Georgia, the following day, from there to escort an ammunition train to the front.

And now comes the point why the letter of my old friend, Captain Anton Bruhn of Company A, reminds me of this battle and its consequences to him.

It was a beautiful Southern Spring morning. There was nothing in the scenery, the balmy fragrant air, the warbling of the birds, the cloudless Southern sky, the joyous feeling of the boys and the melodious songs of the Glee Club of Company A, that reminded one of the bloody scenes of the previous day. We were marching to the rear and everybody felt happy and perhaps nobody regretted to be out of range of the enemy's fire for a few days.

We had proceeded on our march about seven or eight miles when I pulled a cigar from my case, and turning asked someone to oblige me with a light. Captain Bruhn (the writer of the letter that calls forth these reminiscences) took out his steel, flint and sponge, and in the old fashioned way that every soldier remembers, struck fire and handed it to me. After lighting my cigar I returned the burning sponge to Captain Bruhn, who then lit his own pipe, extinguished the fire and put the sponge in his pocket. I rode serenely on in front of my regiment. The Glee

Club of Company A was singing a favorite German march, in the chorus of which the whole regiment joined, when suddenly I heard terrible cries of pain from somebody; quickly turning my horse, I saw a streak of fire shooting up from the ground as it seemed; I heard a hissing sound. I saw the whole regiment scatter for protection, the men thinking that some torpedoes had exploded somewhere. Above the confusion and noise arose the cry of pain again, and poor Captain Bruhn was shouting "—, pull off my — (unmentionables); Pull off my boots." "I am burning," "I am on fire," and so he was. His clothes were on fire, the boys tore them from his body, and found him so severely burned, that the surgeon had to handle him very carefully. They wrapped him up in cotton batting and placed him in an ambulance. We had to leave him in Kingston, from whence he was sent to the hospital where he remained six months. Now all this happened in this way:

During the battle and when I had directed the officers to gather in the cartridges from the boxes of the dead and wounded on the field, Captain Bruhn had, like his fellow officers, complied with this order. He filled the pockets of his pantaloons with cartridges and distributed them one by one to such of his men as required them. In those days we had paper cartridges, of which the men when loading their pieces, bit off the end before they inserted them in their muzzle-loading muskets. When Captain Bruhn handed me the burning sponge to light my cigar, he, after I returned it, lighted his own pipe, and thinking that he had put out the fire, replaced the sponge in his pocket, forgetting that he had seventeen cartridges in that pocket. The fire was still smouldering on the sponge, the paper of the cartridges caught fire slowly and when that reached the powder the catastrophe occurred, and poor Captain Bruhn, who had fought through a dozen battles like the brave and gallant soldier he is, without a scratch, almost lost his life in this serio-comic incident, in consequence of which he had to spend six months in the hospital.

In two weeks he will be with us and is still hale and hearty. He enjoys the story of his explosion, as he calls it, as much and laughs about it as heartily as any of his comrades.



HON. JAMES D. PHELAN.

A Distinguished Native Son's Greeting

San Francisco, June 10, 1903.

Editor California Ladies' Magazine:—The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, accompanied by the Woman's Relief Corps, marks an event in San Francisco's history. The survivors of the great war for National unity will be honored guests of a city and State whose loyalty to the Union has never been in doubt. The debate on the admission of California foreshadowed the irresistible conflict and associates us intimately with the historic past.

California made her contributions and sent her troops to the front, although cut off by thousands of miles from the scene of conflict, evidencing the spirit of her sons. Then, she was a remote and neglected corner of the Union. Now she is an important integral part.

The First California Regiment was the first to the front in the Spanish-American war in the Philippines, and the great army that went over the sea in ships and returned when their work was done, passed for the most part through the Golden Gate.

We have veterans of the Mexican, Civil and Spanish-American wars mingled with our cosmopolitan population, and the fraternal as well as the general welcome which the Grand Army will receive will be commensurate with the great services which they have rendered, and equal, I trust, to the high standard of hospitality for which California is justly renowned: Honor the brave; reward the faithful; greet the stranger; speed the departing guest.

James D. Phelan

FIGHTING JOE WHEELER IN LINE

Kirkwood, Ga., July 14th., 1903.

Editor California Ladies' Magazine:—From the 9th of April, 1865, when the Confederate flag went down at Appomattox, I have labored in public and private, North and South, for the restoration of brotherhood between the brave men of the opposing armies, and for the unity of the opposing sections.

The basis of such brotherhood and unity is the great truth which history will record in the years to come, that both North and South were fighting for inherited and devoutly cherished convictions. The universal recognition of this truth would necessarily destroy bitterness and bring the sections into close concord, which is essential to the perpetuity of our Republic.

Joseph Wheeler

A Significant Message from One of the Bravest of the Brave Who Donned the Gray.

July 13th, 1903,

Editor California Ladies' Magazine:

As I have been journeying your favor has just reached me, I fear too late for me to make a response.

Few things in our Nation's history are more interesting than to see the gathering of soldiers who forty years ago were cheerfully and bravely undergoing dangers and hardships more terrible than any encountered by the armies of other lands. The ties formed under such trying circumstances intensify as these brave men approach the evening of their lives:

Respectfully,

J. B. Gordon



EDITORIAL WELCOME TO THE GRAND ARMY



Our sacred banner is unsullied as a star. It floats as free as an eagle in its flight, a lasting honor to the immeasurable manhood which forms the Grand Army of the Republic. A nation's gratitude, with infinite grace, rests in benediction upon you.

The luminous air of California, sweet as the first fragrance of the dawning rose, is vibrant with a great heart-throb of welcome. A welcome as boundless as our sunset sea and limitless as the golden wealth of her mountains and valleys: You, who wrote across a sea of blood a new and holier anthem to Liberty, and bore aloft "the flaming sword, red with unsufferable light," in the yesterdays of history; to-day, resplendent in complete victory, we hail you, and crown you, with the white glories of Peace.

What magic will ever thrill when we recall the imperishable names, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Logan, McPherson, Lyon, and a host that have met in Eternity's hush. How tenderly we remember the unconquerable souls, who sanctified every crimson fold of "our beloved Old Glory" with their lives, at the shrine of Freedom. We lay our tribute at their feet, gently as dewdrop on the willow and lightly as down of Angel-wing, through mists of hallowed memories, that stretch the weary length of years, painting a never-fading halo around them. To all the patriotic pilgrims within our border, we give heartfelt welcome.

Message from a Distinguished Member of the W. R. C.

Toledo, Ohio, June 16, 1903.

Editor California Ladies' Magazine—
In acknowledging your letter of recent date, permit me to congratulate the enterprising Relief Corps women of the Golden State upon the proposed souvenir edition of the California Ladies' Magazine, to commemorate the patriotic assemblage of 1903, and the honorable part which the great soldiers' auxiliary will have in it. When in California the past winter, with the party of Commander in Chief Stewart, of the G. A. R., I was deeply impressed with the fine personnel of the Relief Corps wherever they joined the Grand Army in the royal welcome extended us. The entire record of the patriotic women of the Pacific Slope, is that of signal fidelity and glorious deeds, and in every National Journal issued by the Order since our work of patriotism and relief was founded, California's contribution is most notable. No women have had broader conception of the possibilities of our beloved order, or have stood more faithfully for every interest near to the



SARAH D. WINANS,
Proposed National President of the W. R. C.

hearts of the men who wore the blue. We all may joyfully look forward to the reunion of kindred spirits from every part of the Union, who shall meet in glad fraternity at the Golden Gate. Then California women will be crowned with honors.

The Grand Army is steadily increasing its death roll, as the years go by—since 1893 there have been 144,036 deaths—the past year 8,299 passed over.

Every year there are more caskets to be garlanded, more graves to be kept green. How it must thrill the hearts of the veterans to feel that though their numbers decrease the loyal women of the Relief Corps, steadily recruiting from the ranks of the young women and girls, will preserve their glorious name and fame and encircle the land with the golden chain of Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty.

Success to your venture, and believe me,

Faithfully,

SARAH D. WINANS.

LETTER FROM THE MOST BELOVED WOMAN IN THE G. A. R. CIRCLES

Holly Hills Farm, near Hallsville, Md., June 13th, 1903.

Editor California Ladies' Magazine:—It will give me great pleasure to write you an article for your Grand Army issue, which I will do at the earliest possible moment. I deeply regret my inability to attend the meeting of the National Encampment this year, as I had planned, but events have transpired that will make it impossible for me to go. Trusting you may have a great success with your bright magazine, I am, very sincerely yours,

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.



THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS

DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA.
BY ELIZA SHEPARD.



The first annual convention of the Corps of the Provisional Department of California, Woman's Relief Corps, was held in San Francisco February 21 and 22, 1885, the result of which was the organization of a permanent department. This meeting was well attended and a general good feeling prevailed, much interest being taken in the work which received the hearty support of the G. A. R. from its inception. The Provisional President was elected the first regular Department President.

Written reports from the officers of the Provisional Department show that at the close of the year 1884, there was a membership in this State of three hundred and one. Since that time there has been a steady growth in membership, which at the present time numbers some four thousand earnest, active women, who are steadily going forward in the great work for which we stand pledged. This is:

"1st. To specially aid and assist the Grand Army of the Republic and to perpetuate the memory of their hero dead."

"2d. To assist such Union Veterans as need our help and protection, and to extend needful aid to the widows and orphans. To find homes and employment, and assure them of sympathy and friends. To cherish and emulate the deeds of our army nurses, and of all loyal women who rendered loving service to our country in the hour of her peril."

"3d. To maintain true allegiance to the United States of America; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country among our children and in the communities in which we live."

All loyal women of good moral character, who have not given aid or comfort to the enemies of our country are eligible to membership in the Woman's Relief Corps, which is the crystallizing of the work begun by American women in the Aid Societies which were

organized from New England to the far West, and the relief work on battlefield, and in the hospitals during the great civil strife from 1861 to 1865. These aid societies were the great sources of supply of the Christian and Sanitary commissions, formed under the patronage of the government for the collection and distribution of hospital and sanitary supplies.

Through the efforts of Paul Van der Voort, Commander-in-Chief, and with the approval of the Grand Army of the Republic, a National organization was finally effected at Denver July 25 and 26, 1883, to bear the name of "Woman's Relief Corps," auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic. During the W. R. C. convention of this Department held at Los Angeles in February, 1887, the subject was first introduced as to the advisability of establishing a Home for Army Nurses, soldiers' wives and widows, and after discussion by the many interested members present, amid much enthusiasm, contributions of \$100 each from interested friends, among whom was ex-Mayor Spencer of Los Angeles and a number of Corps members, were received. By a unanimous vote of the convention, it was decided to establish a Home for Army Nurses, Soldier's Wives, Widows and Orphans, the matter being placed in the hand of the Council of Administration for the purpose of carrying this work forward.

Letters were issued to Corps situated in places which were deemed desirable as a location for our proposed Home. On May 11th, 1887, the Woman's Relief Corps Home Association was incorporated and the work was transferred from the Department Council to this regularly incorporated body.

After considering many generous offers from various localities, that of Mr. N. Cadwallader, which consisted of almost six acres of land near San Jose was gratefully accepted with twenty-two hundred dollars

additional, subscribed by the citizens of San Jose. The appeal to the Corps in the Department for funds to erect a building was heartily responded to, and by the early part of 1888 six thousand dollars had already been received for this purpose. The sustained interest manifested by the Corps in this special line of work has been most commendable; many liberal donations were received from other sources, and in a few short months sufficient funds were available to begin the work of erecting a building, the corner stone of which was laid April 6th, 1889. At the beginning of the next new year the efforts, hopes and aims of years were realized and "Our Home," that haven of rest for the weary, destitute and worn, was an accomplished fact. The California ladies were the first to take up this line of beneficent work. All the long, weary, laborious hours were forgotten in the pleasure evoked by the consummation of our desires.

Thus does our work continue each year, adding its mite until it represents a "mighty whole." Our lessons in patriotism extend over all this broad land and our words of love and comfort reach the humblest firesides.

Our Department since its organization has rendered assistance to 16,722 soldiers and members of their families, the amount expended in this relief work reaching the munificent sum of \$78,954.40 in money, and \$31,986.77 in other ways.

Our motto is "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty," and in the practice of these attributes we desire to make ourselves worthy to be called the true auxiliary of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"Would I might utter all my heart can feel,
But there are thoughts weak words will not reveal;
The rarest fruitage is the last to fall,
The strongest language has no words at all."

DEPARTMENT OFFICERS OF THE W. R. C.



MRS. CORA E. MERRITT, Counselor.

MRS. ELIZA SHEPARD, President.



MRS. CARRIE EY, Chaplain.

MRS. ROSE DORETY, Secretary.



THE LEADING CORPS OF CALIFORNIA

STANTON NO. 16, OF LOS ANGELES.

BY MARY E. HARTWELL.



MRS. SARAH E. KELLER,
Past Department Chaplain.

Stanton Woman's Relief Corps No. 16, Department of California and Nevada, auxiliary to Stanton Post No. 55, Grand Army of the Republic, was organized October 5th, 1885, in Los Angeles, California, by seventeen loyal women obligating themselves to aid and assist the Grand Army of the Republic in the principles of Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty. The membership has gradually increased and to-day numbers about three hundred in good standing, while in the meantime many have crossed the silent river, a large number has been transferred to Corps in different localities, and others have been discharged and dropped from the roll. The same zeal and enthusiasm characterizes the present membership that prompted the spirit of its founders. Enrolled as its most honored members are the eleven regularly commissioned army nurses and two other nurses, who stood with our "Boys in Blue," in the struggle of the "sixties." Mrs. Jane B. Rice and Mrs. Maria Breed have gone to their reward, but "Mother Ransom," Mrs. Margaret Hayes, Mrs. Grace Lawrence, Mrs. Lucy J. Fuller, Mrs. Mary E. Threlkeld, Mrs. Mary Mannon, Mrs. Ellen McCleve, Miss Addie Miller and Miss Julia Hibbard, besides Mrs. Elmira Reynolds, and Mrs. Mary Moore are with us yet. These privileged women are the guests of honor—with all other available army nurses—annually, October 5th, at a reception, and to celebrate the date of the organization of Number 16.

Lucy Drew Moore was chosen president at the institution of the Corps and re-elected the succeeding year, but having removed from the city several years ago, received, by request, a transfer. Alice A. Fitch was the second president, and through her energy and enthusiasm, the Corps grew rapidly out of its small beginnings, and she was elected for a second term. Abbie E. Johnson followed Mrs. Fitch, and to her consistent Christian example of loyalty and integrity, the Corps is much indebted. Mrs. Johnson was Department Senior Vice President, Department President, also Department Counselor and National Aide at the time of her death, March 24th, 1893. She served the Corps as president for two years, and was succeeded by Hattie Alexander, Mary E. Hartwell, Francena Austin, Bird Thomas, Melvin McKinnie, Cynthia B. Clapp, Lizzie Belle Cross, Alice A. Fitch, Sadie E. Waterman, Addie E. Johnson, Lizzie H. Copelin, and Grace B. Willard, the present president, thus showing the Corps retains as active members each of its own past Corps presidents, except Mrs. Lucy Moore and

Mrs. Abbie E. Johnson, besides twenty presidents transferred from other Corps. This Corps has enrolled Abbie E. Johnson, Past Department President, Mary E. Hartwell, Past National Patriotic Instructor, Past Department President, Department Secretary and Counselor; Abbie D. Sylvester, National Aide, and Past Department President; Jeanette L. Todd, Past Department President, transferred from Department of Colorado and Wyoming; also Margaret Gary Wright, Assistant National Press Correspondent; Eleanor B. Ransom and Sarah E. Keller, both Past Department Chaplains; Amy C. Brown and Cynthia B. Clapp, Past Department Inspectors, and Alice A. Fitch, Past I. and I. Officer.

Mrs. Harriet R. P. Forbes, the originator of the beautiful naval memorial service for our sailors and marines, is at the present year Patriotic Instructor of the Corps.

The anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill is remembered and celebrated at the annual picnic, while the glorious victory of our forefathers is extolled with the triumphs of our fathers, husbands and brothers in the later days of the civil war. These social gatherings contribute largely to the success of the Corps, and collect about the members mutual friends who become interested in the work of the Order and thus extend the influence of Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty beyond the confines of the Corps room.

The regular meetings are the second and fourth Friday afternoons of each month, with a social evening in conjunction with the Post on the second Friday evening. Twenty members, selected in rotation, are appointed as a committee by the President for each of these social meetings, who prepare and serve at their expense light refreshments, and confer with the Post in the choice of programme. A sewing society is an off-shoot of the Corps, meeting by invitation at the home of the members on the first and third Fridays of the month. To this every corps member is privileged to invite her friends, and the day is spent



MRS. ABBIE D. SYLVESTER,
National Aide, Past Department President W. R. C.

in sewing and social intercourse. The proceeds of the sewing society average about one hundred dollars a year, which has always been donated to the Corps treasury.

The Corps is also affiliated through active members with the Needle Work Guild of America, from which it receives each year, about one hundred and



MRS. MARY E. HARTWELL,
Past Department President.

fifty new garments for distribution to those dependent upon the Corps for assistance. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union co-operates with the patriotic women of the Relief Corps, these two bands of noble women uniting their efforts for Christian citizenship, by exchange of ideas and plans for their respective organizations.

The birthday of each individual member is marked by "the birthday offering," this money being sacred to the relief fund.

The executive committee from year to year has planned and accomplished a great amount of work, in serving dinners, managing excursions, giving entertainments, parties, holding bazaars, etc., all of which has increased their opportunities for demonstrating the true fraternal spirit of doing something for others, without a thought of recompense. The Patriotic committee is now spreading patriotism abroad, by unceasing labor in creating such a reverence for "The Red, White and Blue," that no household is considered complete without "Old Glory" to consecrate the family altar.

Upon the relief committees, as appointed from year to year, has devolved the highest duty of the Corps. They have been untiring in their desire to extend the substantial aid and sympathy of the corps to the families of our comrades, and the corps is justly proud of its ability to record the sum of \$7,776.28 in cash, contributed for relief, while more than that amount in rents, groceries, medicine, etc., has been disbursed. The Post has received in addition over \$1500 for distribution as deemed best. Both Post and Corps own their burial plots where, in death, the sacred dust may be placed and cared for by loving comrades and sister members.

We do not like to be reminded that a few short years will dissolve the close relationship of the Post and Corps, because of the exclusive membership of the Grand Army of the Republic, but Stanton Woman's Relief Corps will continue to emulate the deeds of our army nurses and other loyal women by scattering the seeds of patriotism and rendering loving service to the less fortunate ones who were dependent upon the heroes that gave health, and opportunity that we might enjoy the best that life affords in this greatest of republics. May the Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty of our Order reach out and embrace the whole community in which we live.



MRS. A. S. C. FORBES,
Patriotic Instructor.

The Grave of Byron

BY INA D. COOLBRITH.

O winds, that ripple the long grass,
Grow still and lingering as you pass
O winds, that kiss the jeweled sea;
About this laurel tree.

For him I pluck the laurel crown;
It ripened in the western breeze,
Where Sausalito's hills look down
Upon the golden seas.

And sunlight lingered in its leaves
From dawn until the scarce-dimmed sky
Changed to the light of stars, and waves
Sang to it constantly.

I weave, and strive to weave a tone,
A touch, that somehow when it lies
Under his sacred dust alone
Beneath the English skies.

The sunshine of the arch it knew,
The calm that wrapt its native hill,
The love that wreathed its glossy hue,
May breathe around it still.



MRS. ABBIE E. JOHNSON,
Past Department President.



MRS. CATHERINA GILBERTS,
President James A. Garfield Corps, No. 21.



MRS. IDA M. JARVIS,
Past Department President.



MRS. GRACE B. WILLARD.



MRS. MAUDE F. BURDICK,
President and Senior Vice-President Stanton Corps No. 6.

OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE

BY HIS EMINENCE, JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

(Copyright by James Cardinal Gibbons.)

The family is the source of society; the wife is the source of the family. If the fountain is not pure, the stream is sure to be foul and muddy. Social life is the reflex of family life.

The history of a woman in Pagan countries has been, with rare exceptions, an unbroken record of bondage, oppression, and moral degradation. She had no rights that the husband felt bound to respect. In many of the ancient empires of Asia, notably in Babylon, India and Lydia, the wife was bought like meat in the shambles, or like slaves in the market-place. Every woman, no matter of what rank, had to submit to be dishonored once in her life by some stranger in the temple of Venus.

Her life was one of abject misery and unrequited toil. Ministering to-day to the capricious passion of her husband, to-morrow she is exposed to all the revulsions of feeling that follow the gratification of animal appetites. "Among the Indians," says Strabo, "wives are purchased from their parents for a price equal to that of two head of cattle. They are treated as mere servants by their husbands, who have the right to scourge them as their caprices may dictate." To speak to any of the wives of the King of Persia, or even to approach too near her chariot while on a journey, was punished by death. And it is worthy of remark that the same law obtains in that country even to this day.

In Scythia, Tartary, and other countries, the wife who had the misfortune to survive her husband was immolated on his tomb. The same inhuman custom of self-immolation by widows, or Suttie, as it was popularly called, prevailed in India, till it was abolished by the English government in 1847. Previously to that period, several ineffectual attempts had been made to put an end to that practice. The Brahmins denounced the humane efforts of the English government as an unwarrantable interference with their religion. We may form some idea of the frequency of these human sacrifices from the fact that, between 1815 and 1826, 7154 cases of Suttie were officially reported to have occurred in Bengal alone.

Another scourge of woman was polygamy. By its baneful influence, her empire over the domestic kingdom was divided, and her conjugal rights were violated. No one can read Herodotus, the Father of History, without being painfully impressed with the loose ideas of marriage prevailing in Asia. Throughout that vast continent polygamy might be said to have been universal. The Zend-Avesta (or law-book of the Persians) prescribed no rule limiting the number of wives for each household. A maiden, remaining unmarried till her eighteenth year, was threatened with the most severe punishment in the life to come. They re-

garded the strength of the nation as depending more upon the number of children than upon the integrity of morals.

The Medes, according to the testimony of Strabo, were compelled by law to have at least seven wives. The Mongols, the Tartars, and the people of the ancient empire of China legally sanctioned community of wives. The same custom prevailed among the Massagetae, as Herodotus affirms. Polygamy was regarded as honorable among the ancient Huns and Goths. A man's dignity was estimated by the number of his wives. In no country was the domestic life more grossly dishonored than in Great Britain.

Tacitus represents the domestic life of the Germans in a very favorable light. His honest indignation at the moral corruption of his country-women may have prompted him to embellish the sanctity of marriage among the Germans. He says that, of nearly all barbarous nations, they alone were content with one wife, excepting the nobles, who had a retinue of wives, more from a sense of dignity than from luxury. Swift and severe was the punishment meted out to an adulterous wife. Her hair was cut off and she was lashed naked through the street by her injured husband. "Among the Gauls," says Strabo, "the occupations of the two sexes are distributed in a manner opposite to that which obtains among us. The cultivation of the land and a life of drudgery were imposed on wives, whilst their husbands devoted their time to warlike pursuits."

Aristotle justly boasts that in Greece, woman was not degraded to the level of a slave, as in Asia. But it must be added that, if she was not treated as a slave, she was regarded as a minor. She was under a perpetual tutelage, first of her father, who disposed of her for a price; next to her husband; and, lastly in her widowhood, to her sons. Even if she had no sons she was not free; for her husband could appoint a guardian to succeed him after death. The Greek wife lived in almost entire seclusion, she and her husband occupying separate parts of the house. She never went abroad unless accompanied by a female slave; she received no male visitors in the absence of her husband, and she was not permitted even to eat at her own table when male guests were present; she was denied the luxury of a polite education, her instruction being usually confined to the most necessary household duties, and to a limited knowledge of music and dancing, which was afforded her, not for the entertainment of herself and family, but to enable her to take part in certain religious festivals.

The domestic life of Greece, it is true, was founded on Monogamy. But whilst the law restricted the husband to one wife as his helpmate and domestic guardian, it tolerated and even sanctioned the hetairai,

who bore to him the relation of inferior wives, and enjoyed his society more frequently and received more homage from him than his lawful spouse. And whilst the education of the wife was of a most elementary character, the greatest care was lavished in cultivating the minds of the hetairai, that they might entertain their paramour by their wit while they fascinated him by their charms. The wife was the beast of burden; the mistress was the petted and pampered animal. These hetairai derived additional importance from being legally chosen to offer sacrifice on certain public occasions. This demoralizing system, so far from being deplored, was actually defended and patronized by statesmen, philosophers and leaders of public opinion, such as Remosthenes, Pericles, Lysias, Aristotle and Epicurus.

Solon erected in Athens a temple to Venus, the goddess of impure love. Greece is full of such temples, whilst there is not one erected to chaste, conjugal love. No virtuous woman has ever left a durable record in the history of Greece.

The husband could put away his wife according to his capricious humor, and take a fairer, younger and richer bride. He could dissolve the marriage bond without further formality than an alteration in writing before the archon; and the wife had practically no power to refuse, as she was completely under the dominion of her husband. She was a mere chattel, marketable at will; nor had she any power to dissolve the marriage without her husband's consent.

Such is the dark but truthful picture of woman exhibited before us in the most polished nation of pagan antiquity. Now, the sport of man's passions; soon after, she is the victim of his irresponsible hatred. Denied access to her own table in the presence of strangers, she leads a dreary, monotonous life in the society of her slaves. Her very position of life debars her from a refined education, which is sedulously bestowed on the mistress. She is doomed to a life of domestic bondage; the other enjoys the widest liberty. How can she give her heart to her husband, since she sees his affections divided among usurping rivals? Conjugal love must be reciprocal. She does not reign as queen and mistress of her household, but serves as a tenant at will. Her wishes are not consulted about her marriage or her divorce. Should her husband precede her to the grave, her condition is not improved.

In a word the most distinguished Greek writers treat woman with undisguised contempt; they describe her as the source of every evil to man. One of their poets said that marriage brings but two happy days to the husband—the day of his espousals and the day on which he lays his wife in the tomb.

FATHER ABRAHAM RYAN, THE "POET PRIEST"

BY J. M. SCANLAND.

In the late war between the States there were thousands of heroes in the ranks whose noble services were not only unrewarded, but unsung. The deeds of the commanders were published to the world, and to them was given much of the credit belonging to the silent heroes whose names are even forgotten. But there is one whose name is known wherever the English language is spoken, and will be remembered and revered by the people of the South as long as the history of her heroic struggle exists. That name is Abram Joseph Ryan, known as the "Poet-Priest of the South." He was the true child of song, and his patriotic verses, framed in the noblest words that could enter into the thoughts of man, charmed multitudes and thrilled the soldier on the eve of battle; they quickened the patriotic impulses of a chivalric people, soothed their sufferings and soul-wounds, and raised the hearts of men and women in adoration and benediction to the Father of all. His language was chaste and his thoughts elevating and sublime, seeming to spring forth like rare flowers in the adornment of his picturesque descriptions and beautiful imagery. His style was easy, delicate and graceful, with flights toward the sublime. Some of his poems are shaded with a tone of melancholy pathos, especially the one dedicated to his brother David J. Ryan, who fell in battle, "Young as the youngest who donned the Gray." In every line there is a melancholy tenderness and depth that cannot be expressed in words. The lines dedicated to his sister breathe a sweetness and sadness that come from the soul. These are chapters from the book of life. His patriotic poems are enriched by a beauty of style, and made impressive by originality and the grandeur of the subject. His religious poems express a sad view of human life, yet they breathe exalted adoration of the Divine will. His patriotic poems are better known in the South, and it is generally admitted that they are the best ever written in the South. They will live not only in the memory, but in the hearts of the patriotic Southern people, and will serve as a monument to their eloquent author more enduring than monuments of marble. His "Song of Robert Lee" is a magnificent creation, but his "Conquered Banner" is the grandest poem ever penned by the hand of man. In these emotional verses he sings of the hopes and of the anguish of the heart, and of the reverses of the South. In this gem his poetic imagination seems to have reached almost the limit of human thought. It comes as near inspiration as it is possible for the human mind to attain, if such a gift be possible for humanity to attain. The "Conquered Banner" was written soon after the surrender of the Confederate armies, and served to animate the sorrow-stricken hearts of the people of the "Lost Cause."

The "Song of the Mystic" is a beautiful idyl, adorned with floral gems, as bright as the truths they



FATHER RYAN, THE "POET PRIEST."

express and luxuriant in imagery. One is enchanted with the sweetness they breathe, and at the same time admires the beauties and truths so powerfully and clearly mirrored. In this idyl, the gifted author's luxuriant imagination takes the loftiest flights of fancy, reach. He speaks to both the mind and the soul, and express thoughts "too lofty for language to

Abram Joseph Ryan was born in Norfolk, Virginia, on August 15th, 1839. His parents emigrated from Ireland to this country. He was educated in Baltimore for the Roman Catholic priesthood, and was ordained in the early part of 1861. Soon after the beginning of the war between the States, he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving in the ranks as a private, and later officiating as chaplain. He spent much of his time in visiting the hospitals, and administering to the bodily and spiritual welfare of the wounded and sick soldiers. His services in aid of suffering humanity were invaluable, and he was ever ready to risk all, even his life, in the discharge of his self-imposed duties in behalf of the South, and her soldiers.

At one time in the discharge of his humanitarian duties he found himself within the Federal lines. His

patriotic poems made him well known, and the Federal commander specially desired to capture the "poet-priest." But, Father Ryan found a friend, who procured for him a civilian's dress, which substituted for his clerical habit, he escaped across the Ohio river into Kentucky. The name of this patriotic lady was Mrs. Stillman, who left Ohio for California after the war ended. Before her death a few years ago, she gave to a lady friend in San Francisco, a picture of Father Ryan in his civilian's dress of black broadcloth, which she treasures very highly.

At the end of the war Father Ryan went to New Orleans, where he resumed his clerical duties, and also edited the "Morning Star," a Roman Catholic weekly paper. In a few years he went to Knoxville, Tenn., where he remained a few months, and then went to Augusta, Georgia, where he established the "Banner of the South," a religious and political weekly paper which was widely circulated throughout the country. It was in this paper that he published his patriotic poem, "The Conquered Banner."

In 1868 he was transferred from Augusta to Mobile, Alabama, where he was connected with that diocese for twelve years, and for six years was pastor of St. Mary's Church. During his pastorate he lectured and collected a considerable sum of money for the Cathedral, which was built mainly through his efforts.

1880 he revisited Baltimore for the purpose of publishing his poems in book form. The little book is entitled "Poems; Patriotic, Religious and Miscellaneous," and contains a picture of the "poet-priest" in his priestly robes. The most noted of these poems are, "The Conquered Banner," "The Sword of Robert Lee," "Song of the Mystic," "The Lost Cause," and "The Story Runneth Thus." Here, he delivered a lecture on the "Aspects of Modern Civilization." He donated the proceeds of his lectures to the Loyal Jesuit College, as a fund for medal awards for poems by the students.

In the following years he returned to Mobile and asked the Bishop to relieve him from all parochial duties, as his health was failing, and he wished to complete the crowning work of his life, a "Life of Christ." He went to Biloxi, Mississippi, where he continued his literary labors. Here he remained a few years, and in addition to his work on the "Life of Christ" he contributed articles to various Catholic magazines and papers. His health still failing, he retired to the San Franciscan Monastery of St. Boniface, at Louisville, Kentucky, where he continued his work, when his declining health would permit. He was engaged on his noble work when he died of heart disease, leaving his book unfinished. On April 22, 1886, the "poet-priest" and patriot passed from earth into the Valley of Silence—"afar between mountains. And God and the Angels are there."



"THE CONQUERED BANNER"

BY ABRAM J. RYAN

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story.
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!

"FATHER RYAN."



SOLDIERS I HAVE KNOWN

BY CLARA BELL BROWN.

Written Expressly for the California Ladies' Magazine.

Army people well remember a gigantic painting exhibited years ago, called "The March of Time." Its canvas bore figures of the great soldiers of the Civil War marching in endless columns through a glade in a majestic forest, between whose leaves the sunlight played, bringing out in strong relief the faces in immortal phalanx. The sunlight of memory brings before me a picture more real, more sublime, than that of the artist's brush. Looking backward through the years of a most eventful life, I clearly see the forms of an army of heroes such as the world has but once produced; an army whose deeds will live in song and story as long as there is voice to sing and ear to listen.

One day of all others in my early childhood, is so strongly marked as to stand out in bold relief from all the rest. We knew that the patriotic army of American citizens called by Abraham Lincoln, was waiting silently for the summons to cross the Potomac and begin that fight for the Union which was to conclude so gloriously at Appomattox. Washington city was hushed and still with that tense silence which precedes a tempest, alike of nature or of nations. We were wakeful and unable to sleep. Something intangible kept our childish eyes open and we clustered around our mother, who was of heroic type, physically and mentally. At the stroke of midnight, a sound new and strange, boomed heavily on the stillness. Mother stood erect.

"My children, do you know what that is? It is the 'long roll!' It is the call to arms! The loyal men of this country are marching to give battle to the traitors who have fired on the flag of their own land!"

We fell upon our knees and prayed, while a tremendous reverberation caught and continued the sound of the heavy drums.

In the early sunlight of that day I saw the army as it marched confidently through the streets. Horses' heads were wreathed with flowers; commanders of brigades and divisions sat erect in their saddles; every man, woman and child in the city looked on, while the men who gave birth to the Grand Army of the Republic, marched bravely and gallantly to the fateful Bull Run.

I saw that same army, wounded, dismayed and defeated as it returned by the same path. But history has told all this, and I write today of men of victory, not of defeat. I have mentioned these scenes of which I was a witness, that the young people of today who read, may know how sternly the lesson of loyalty and patriotism was taught then to children. We, who looked on, needed no words to render us forever loyal to that flag for whose sake the life-blood dripped from the ambulances which passed our home.

I became acquainted, then and later, with many of those who, some dead, and some living, are registered in the Temple of Fame, as heroes forever.

General Grant in his social life was one of the most lovable men I have ever met; a man of infinite charm to those who knew him well, because of his inherent sincerity. His friendship showed in acts; not words; and there was a refinement and punctiliousness in those small courtesies which are so often overlooked by the great. He was the unaffected American gentleman to his friendly circle, and apart from the blazonry of his splendid deeds, there dwells in my mind a memory of ineffable tenderness; a knowledge of acts which makes us love our kind, whether in palace or hut.

A young cadet captain at West Point was active in stopping unmerciful hazing of which Fred Grant was the chief victim. General Grant spoke no word of praise, but upon a visit to the first post of the newly graduated cadet, the Commander-in-chief sent his orderly to the quarters of the surprised subaltern, with this message: "General Grant would like the pleasure of your company at breakfast, Lieutenant." The friendship that began then has continued between the two families, until this day.

As President, General Grant was given to little acts of courtesy which greatly endeared him to the people of Washington. If he saw a lady known to his family crossing the pavement from a store to her carriage, he would hand her in as any private gentleman might; pick up a fallen child, or drop an offering in the hand of a street beggar in a manner which proved that he never carried with him the consciousness of his greatness.

At the marriage of the son of a fa-

vorite Senator (a house wedding,) the President stepped up to the bride and with a diffident blush showing on his cheeks, said: "It would make me very happy if you would kiss me." It was his modest way of saying that the President would honor her. This being the only occasion upon record when this illustrious warrior kissed a young woman in public, I hope it will not create a posthumous reputation for him in that respect.

The most attractive thing to me, in the character of Frederick Grant, was the love he bore his father. There seemed to be a peculiar bond between them. No one ever heard "Fred" say "the General," or "the President"; it was always "father," freighted with an intonation which told the story of the affection of the boy, grown with his growth, until it became the surpassing love of one man for another. "I'm very lonely without father," he said, simply, while Grant was on his tour of the world.

When the gallant Fred was a target for the matrimonial aspirations of many a society maiden who loved a president's son (and a fine-looking young staff officer to boot) it was reported that he was to wed Kitty Cooke, niece of Jay Cooke, and daughter of banker, Hendy D. Cooke, then Governor of the District of Columbia. But by an unexpected flank movement he sudden-

ly presented to critical Washington society the beautiful Miss Honore, of Chicago, whose grace and charm made her the most admired young woman of those days. The diplomatic corps (always ready to cavil at dances of our Republican Court), as a body paid tribute to the brilliancy of the daughter-in-law of the President.

When General Fred passed through San Francisco last autumn on his way to San Antonio, he spent an afternoon with me talking over old times, which he had not forgotten. His greeting was: "Why, there is nobody I would rather see!" We had not met for many years. The likeness he bears to his father rendered me very tearful at first. From him I heard, told in the quaintest, unvarnished American language, the romantic story of the courtship of the Prince Cantacazene, who married his daughter. I observed that he never once said "the Prince" but always referred to him as "that young fellow." He also verified the story of the reply from Colonel Mills, Commandant at West Point, to his letter of inquiry as to the standing of his son, Ulysses. Colonel Mills wrote: "you needn't worry about your boy; he stands higher in everything than you ever did in anything."

How shall I tell of my acquaintance with the gaunt, grim, but gallant and

pleasure-loving Sherman? The man who led the army down to the sea; the man who loved a joke; who loved a ball; who loved a theatre, and who was to be seen at every principal social function in Washington in those never-to-be-forgotten days, when one could not step around a corner without running up against a hero, for the streets were full of them. It seemed the irony of fate that the fighter who escaped the dangers of war, should lose his life from an illness contracted through a "first night" at the theatre, in evening dress.

General Sherman attended a grand

mask ball given at the Willard in the

winter of 1876. Of course he was not

in costume, but wore the full dress uni-

form of which he was so fond. He

stood at the side of the hostess, Mrs.

Cake, watching the maskers march by.

"Who is that little fairy?" he asked,

delightedly, as a slim little creature

in blue and silver, bobbed her head co-

quettishly at him and flitted her short

skirts. "You ought to know, General,"

laughed the lady, pleasantly. The

General did not know but he

followed her: "Little girl, I must

dance with you; will you favor me?"

She gave him the next "Lancers." He

moved away saying: "Very well; you

just hunt me up when the band strikes

up." "Not a bit of it," answered the

little one; "you just hunt me up."

neyed there when his shroud was the American flag, whose majesty he had upheld.

General Sherman could be epigrammatic and sarcastic upon occasions. During the term of Mr. Hayes, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. O. P. Morton, of Indiana, Governor Burbank and I were spending a social evening together in the red parlor, which was then the family sitting-room. General Sherman was the only other guest and was there when I arrived. He bent over my chair and whispered: "You've just come too late to see the delegation of Indian chiefs. They were worth seeing." "Where are they?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, with a comical wink, "they have said their say to the President, and now have gone out on the balcony to see Mrs. Hayes." This was the only intimation I ever had that General Sherman considered the wife of President Hayes the first power in the land.

While the coming great meeting of the Grand Army is waking so many warlike memories in the breasts of those who also fought with Grant and Sherman, I sit and think, with all the gratitude that a friendly heart can hold, of two of the noblest, simplest, kindest gentlemen that the world ever saw. It was as such that I knew the two great commanders. To me their private qualities outshone their public glory. The finger of calumny could not write one word which the absolute knowledge of personal friends would not utterly efface.

In a newly-made grave that will be decorated next Memorial Day, rests the body of that redoubtable soldier, General Alexander McDowell McCook. I am sorry to tell that as I met him first in time of peace, I remember him as a most magnificent waltzer. He commanded the post at Brownsville, Texas, just on the border, in 1867, where swords and bayonets—though not turned into plowshares, made most fascinating adornments for military ballrooms, where, in company with beautiful Mexican women, and the few army ladies, I danced to the witching strains of "La Paloma" with "Fighting Alec McCook." He was very fond of "the Danza," and most graceful. He danced as well as he fought, and his charming brown-haired wife was with him.

There, too, was Colonel Randol of the 1st Artillery. The only other young lady at the post—not an army girl either—won and wedded the Colonel. I say "won" advisedly, for of a verity a bachelor colonel of regulars does not yield without a siege.

I first met General Sheridan at the White House, behind the receiving circle, at one of Mrs. Grant's "at homes." He was telling stories of Indian warfare, and I was duly shocked to hear his constant use of strongly punctuated language, such as might well befit the camp but not the court. He had not then become amenable to that greatest of all refiners—love; for he graduated into all that a man should be in the presence of ladies, when gentle, lovely Miss Rucker became his guiding star. Whenever I read of Kitchener's bluntness I think of Sheridan.

In the line, as the panorama of life past unrolls, I see the swarthy face of "Black Jack Logan," who never lost a battle when he was in command, and whose widow is so striking a figure in current history.

General Rawles, who was so well known and liked as long as the commander was at the Presidio, was a young captain stationed in Washington when I was a bride.

Three officers known to fame, Colonel James Martin, Colonel (now General) Heywood, and Lieutenant Arthur Cranston, were all stationed in Washington at once. All three fell in love with and married three sisters, known as "the beautiful Bacon girls," daughters of a wealthy merchant. They represented three distinct types of beauty. Mrs. Martin was blonde, with dark eyes; Mrs. Heywood, brown-haired and brown-eyed. So great was the loveliness of Mrs. Martin, that neither the Empress of Austria nor Engenie of France, both of whom I have seen, surpassed her. General and Mrs. Heywood are so well known to California society that no description is needed of the soldierly qualities of the husband, nor the beauty of the wife. The youngest daughter, lovingly called "Mary," wedded the ill-fated Arthur Cranston, who

(Continued on Page 38.)



CLARA BELL BROWN.



MEMORIAL DAY POEM

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



The quiet graves of our country's braves,
Through thirty Junes and Decembers,
Have solemnly lain under sun and rain—
And yet our nation remembers.

The marching of feet, and the flags on the street
Told once again this morning,
In the voice of the drum, how the day had come
For those lowly beds adorning.

Then swiftly back on Time's worn track
His three decades seemed driven,
And with startled eyes I saw arise
From graves by fancy riven,

The gray and the blue in a grand review,
Oh, vast were the hosts they numbered,
As they wheeled and swayed in a dress parade,
O'er the graves where they long had slumbered.

The colors were not as when they fought
Ranked one against the other,
But a mingled hue of gray and blue,
And a brother marching with brother.

And a blue flower lay on each coat of gray,
Like forget-me-nots on a boulder,
And the gray moss lace, in its Southern grace,
Was knotted on each blue shoulder.

The vision fled, but I think the dead,
If they could come back with the living,
Would clasp warm hands o'er hostile lands,
Forgetting old wrongs and forgiving.

'Mong blossoms of spring that you gather and bring,
For graves that, though lowly, are royal,
Let the blue flower prevail, though modest and pale,
Since it speaks for the hue that is loyal.

But tie each bouquet with a ribbon of gray,
And lay it on Memory's altar,
For the dead who fought for the cause they thought
Was right, and did not falter.



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX,

The Gifted Author and Poet, Who Has Become Famous by Her
New Thought Literature.



DECORATING THE GRAVES OF OUR HEROES AT THE NATIONAL CEMETERY.

OLD FLAG FOREVER.

Words by FRANK L. STANTON.

Music by LEILA FRANCE.

MAESTOSO. not fast.

1. She's up there— Old Glo - ry— where light - nings are sped: She . daz - zles the
 2. She's up there— Old Glo - ry— how bright the stars stream! And the stripes like red

na - tions with rip - ples of red; And she'll wave for us liv - ing, or
 sig - nals of lib - er - ty gleam! And we dare for her liv - ing, or

rit. a tempo.

droop o'er us dead— The flag of our coun - try for - ev - - er!
 dream the last dream 'Neath the flag of our coun - try for - ev - - er!

rit. a tempo

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TO BE SUNG BY A CHORUS OF FIVE HUNDRED VOICES AT THE RECEPTION
 IN HONOR OF THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT AT THE
 MECHANICS' PAVILION, SAN FRANCISCO,
 AUGUST, 1903.

CHORUS

a little faster.
Soprano.
mf

Alto.
mf She's up there— Old Glo - ry— No ty - rant - dealt scars— No blur on her

Tenor.
mf

Bass.
mf

Piano.
mf

rit. bright - ness— no stain on her stars! *a tempo. mf* The brave blood of he - roes hath

rit. *a tempo. mf* *f*

p rit. *a tempo.* *f*

crim - soned her bars— She's the flag of our coun - try for - ev - er!

p rit. *a tempo.* *f*

slow and with expression.
p rit. *a tempo.* *f*

THE HERO OF THE HIGHLANDS



Nellie Blessing Eyster. AUTHOR.



BY
NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
CAPT. JOHN R. KING
U.S. PENSION AGENCY



George Blessing HERO

There's sixteen of them here. There was a battle at Martinsburg last Sunday and our men got whipped. The Southern army has crossed the river (Potomac) and are in strong force in Washington county. Everybody is running away, and the greatest excitement prevails."

"Running away? Ha! Everybody is a tremendous coward. How many men are you?"

"Eight here now, but many others are moving the horses by droves from the county."

"Well, if you will fight in case we're attacked here, you can stay and welcome; if not, you'd better pass on over the mountains into Harhough's Valley, or you'll be in my way."

"Was he young and handsome and dashing and gay?"

"Who?"

"This 'Hero of the Highlands' whose title seems to linger so lovingly upon your lips?"

"No, he was my Uncle, George Blessing, a plain, hard-working, straight-forward, intelligent Maryland farmer whose sole library consisted of his Bible, one or two weekly newspapers, 'The Lives and Speeches of Our Best American Statesmen' and the yearly Almanac. At the period of my story he was seventy-two years old, but the winters of time had left no marks of their frosts upon his finely shaped head save a few gray hairs sprinkled among the heavy locks, which curled over it. His sun-burned skin and horny hands bore record of the toil and exposure which had marked his life, but his face was one which for firmness, shrewdness, thoughtfulness, courage, and the dignity of conscious rectitude would have graced any of the grand old Roman patricians whom history delights to honor.

Although the firm lips, when closed, looked as if having said "No!" they would never retract, a pair of laughing blue eyes, sheltered under the shaggy eyebrows and the countless tiny crow's feet at their corners seemed more furrowed by smiles than age.

"The Highlands" was the name of his farm upon the summit of South Mountain, whose western boundary adjoined the creek of Antietam, and the time of this strictly true incident was July, 1864, one year after the famous battle of Antietam.

"In which, had he borne a part?"

"Yes; nobly; one of his great farm wagons laden with everything necessary which his house could afford, was driven by himself to the dreadful scene of death and suffering which succeeded the battle, and there, for hours and hours the wounded and dying of both armies alike received from the hands of himself and daughters, every tenderness of touch and word of comfort which it was in their power to give. Intensely patriotic and a Union man to his heart's core, the troubled condition of the country weighed upon his heart; but he had a sublime faith in the magnificent destiny of America, and in the eternal truth that unflinching trust in God is man's unfailing safeguard.

"Among my Uncle's neighbors and friends—as in all parts of the State—there was a strong division of political opinion; large numbers sympathized with the principles of the South, (in which they had been reared), while others, throwing aside all prejudice, were honestly seeking to know where was the truth. My uncle had no doubts. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of '76, and loving the government for which his fathers died next to the God whom he so devoutly worshipped, he believed that those who sought to overthrow it were enemies to the common good and their invasion an unrighteous one. Fearless in the expression of his sentiments, he was as much the target for the revenge of his opponents, as the center of strength to the few mountaineers who agreed with him. Hence, though living but a few miles from the dividing line of the North and South, there was 'no quarter' in his heart for the enemies, as he deemed them, of the dear old flag.

"It was the harvest time and all hands in the old red farm were asleep, when Tom (from whom I heard the story) was aroused by a heavy tramping and stamping of feet, followed by a loud 'Whoa, whoa!' and the neighing of several horses. Springing out of bed and rushing to the window, he saw below it, the yard full of dark figures, while, seemingly, a long cavalcade of men and horses were rounding the corner of the barn."

"Ho, men! what's broke?"

It was the voice of my Uncle George calling out from the porch which was near his bed-room.

"Everything. We want shelter for our horses.



He came out in the middle of the road and awaited their approach.

"What, Mr. Blessing! You won't stay if they come this way, surely? That would be to lose every creature you've got, and yourself too, if you oppose them. Hadn't you better gather up your horses and come along?"

"Run away? No, if it's the Lord's will, I will, I will let them see that there is one man who will stick to his house and defend it at all hazards."

Soon the whole household was aroused and a family council held. The inmates were my Uncle and his old wife, two daughters, three little grandchildren, Tom, sixteen years old, and two colored servants, Pinky and Joe. The midnight travelers finding my uncle inflexible left him to his fate and by sunrise were far down the other side of the mountain.

The harvesters who had been hired for the day following did not come; instead came news that on the borders of an adjoining county an invasion by Lee's army had already commenced. By the afternoon more panic stricken farmers began to reach the out-of-the-way "Highlands" and in a few hours the yard and stables were full of horses, and the barn, also, filled with frightened, uneasy men. Soon the rumbling sound of booming cannon could be heard, then a long, rolling, connected peal as though their dreadful mouths never for an instant ceased their fearful work. The alarmed farmers needed no other warning but were soon in readiness for flight.

"Oh, stay, stay men. Unite with me and stand your ground. One bold fight will put an end to the enemy's lawless foraging!" pleaded my Uncle.

"What, and show ourselves reckless fools like you? Never! The end of your obstinacy will be the loss of your own life and your family's misery."

A look of most sublime courage shone in my Uncle's blue eyes, as drawing up his slightly bent form to its full height, he replied:

"I am as you say, alone, but I will stick to my own sod, and under God's mercy, will defend my property, if needs be, until death. The very enemy would despise me as much as I should myself if I failed in the trust God has given me, so with His gracious help, here will I take my stand and shall hold it while I have life."

In a little while more news came. A cavalry skirmish not many miles away had resulted in the Union troops falling back. The stores around the country were closed and in the lately busy fields the stillness of midwinter reigned. A number of armed men were seen riding up and down the lane which lead from the county road to the "Highlands." They looked up at the barn, but again rode off; some of my uncle's horses were in the stable and some in the fields. He thought it time to examine his arsenal, as he called a corner of his bed room, his stock in it consisting of six guns which had been found upon the battle-field of South Mountain. These, with Tom's assistance, were cleaned, loaded and put into shooting order.

"Surely you will not use these, father?" said my aunt, as with anxious heart she watched his preparations.

"As sure as I have strength to pull a trigger I will, mother, if it becomes my duty. I will not willingly take away human life, but if I or mine are attacked, there will be resistance; this plundering must be stopped and my single arm, weak though it is, must help to do it."

Kissing her, he went out to see if Joe had fed the stock, as though going to a day's work in the fields. In a little while his daughter Kate overheard him ordering Luther (a grandson) to go back to the pasture after Tom, to tell him to bring in all the horses, water them well, and lock them up in the stables.

"Have you heard anything, father?" said Kate, while the bucket which she was carrying to the spring dropped from her nerveless fingers.

"No, but I saw Brinton and Herde turn the corner a minute ago, and I'll soon hear news." While he

spoke the two men rode rapidly into the yard, and after detailing their own losses in money and horses, told Uncle what the invaders said:

"So the old man, Blessing, up there on the hill, defies us! Well, we'll call on him soon, and see if there is any fighting stuff in him."

"Already," continued Brinton, "three guerrillas have ridden to your upper pastures and around the brick-yard field, reconnoitering to see what force you have to aid you, for they believe you cannot be so reckless as to oppose them alone."

"Nor would I," said my Uncle, "if you would rally round me, for run from this spot I will not. If you will go, may God forgive your cowardice, and give me the needed strength. Now, take your choice." They did, instantly, and were soon lost to sight.

"Blow the horn, Pinkie," he commanded his faithful colored woman. "I want all the family together once more."

The signal was obeyed, and when they were all seated in the long dining-room he reverently read first, the Ninety-first Psalm, then all kneeling, he implored the "God of Battles" to shield his innocent household and help him to forever uphold and sustain the old flag which in days of old He had so signally blest. Embracing his dear ones, bidding them stay in doors, and calling to Tom to take two guns and follow him, he repaired to the barnyard, just in time to see a squad of mounted and armed men riding up the hill. Stationing Tom inside near the window of the corn house, my uncle stood, sheltered behind a stack of fodder, at the corner of a stable. The invaders advanced in an orderly manner and seeing no opposition, the leader threw himself from his horse and commenced breaking open the locked stable door.

"Halt! The first man who touches that door again is a dead man," rang out loud and clear. All looked about, but seeing no one, the man again struck the door, when the old man and Tom fired simultaneously upon the offender, both balls taking effect in his right arm and it dropped, shattered. The balance of the small squad seeing a cross fire, and believing a large force was concealed somewhere, fled, leaving their wounded comrade behind and declaring speedy vengeance. As they rode away my uncle fired a second shot; it entered the back of the captain; he reeled in his saddle and fell dead.

"Ho, in there! Open the doors! Mother, get some lint and bandages. Girls bring water!" shouted my uncle, as he and Tom bore his fainting prisoner into the hall. "All is right, mother," said the old hero, as she rushed to meet him. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. God be praised."

She could not share his enthusiasm, however, but entreated him by every argument which love and common sense could suggest to seek safety in flight, for now, the enemy, infuriated, might return in larger numbers and kill both him and Tom. The latter yielded to her importunities, went into the valley for assistance, my uncle, meanwhile, reloaded his guns, placed the dead man in the barn, repeated his order that no one should leave the house, and alone with his guns upon his shoulder started forward to meet the advancing foe. A few rods from the barn—down the lane, to the left, stood a clump of tall, broad branching cherry trees which formed almost a solid semi-circle. Just underneath them was a large wooden trough filled with running water, where the cattle drank, and across the road ran a little brook. Placing himself in the hollow of the half-circle which faced the barn, yet effectually concealed his person from view, my uncle awaited his late assailants and their reinforcements. In about half an hour twenty-five horsemen were seen entering the lane. Four of my uncle's neighbors, but not his friends—whom he instantly recognized, had been pressed into their service. They were ordered to go forward, find out what force the old man had with him with which to oppose them, and return at once with the news. The men were unarmed and ignorant of all that had been going on at the "Highlands" except the old mountaineer's determination to fight, and not daring to disobey, they slowly advanced. Just as they were passing the cherry trees the order "Halt!" suddenly arrested them. "What is your errand, men?"

"We are ordered up to your house to see what force you hold," was their trembling answer, for they saw that quality in the old man's cool eyes and firmly compressed lips which they read before in his office as Mountain Magistrate.

"Then stand! I press you into my service. Form in line across the road! The first man of you that stirs I will shoot; you know me! Stand, I say!"

All obeyed but one, who darting backward, ran toward the enemy, a shot from my uncle's gun following him.

"Why don't you advance?" shouted the waiting soldiers to the men standing across the road.

"We can't. It is death to us to move," was the reply.

Immediately the soldiers opened fire at those whom they thought concealed behind the trees. The

bullets flew at random.

"Lie down," shouted my uncle to the terrified men, which they did. Every shot discharged at the supposed "Yankee soldiers" was vigorously returned. Their balls ploughed little furrows in the ground at the brave old man's feet, stripped the bark from off the trees above his head, buried themselves in the fence rails at his side, fell hissing into the water-trough and one grazed his ear. This fired his blood. Taking off his old broad-rimmed felt hat and sticking it upon the point of a bayonet, with grim humor, he thrust it through the trees at them, first at one point, then at another. A dozen bullets pierced it but failed to drive the invisible foes from their ground or to make the route to the stables any easier.

"What shall we do?" reasoned the enemy. "Evidently we are fighting superior numbers and there is no knowing how large a force is in the forest. We will go back, get heavy artillery, shell both house and barn and the old farmer in the bargain."

As they wheeled their horses to retrace their steps, a single shot, well aimed at the leader of the band, severely wounded him, and he fell forward upon his horse's neck.

"Glory be to God! I am still alive!" said the dauntless patriot, as he saw the last of the party disappear around the road-corner.

"He will defend His people, to Him be everlasting

old hat! Now forward, all of you! March!" His manner did not deceive them, but they obeyed.

"Bring me the coffee here, Kate, and someone hand me the Bible," he said as, sinking into his old rush-bottomed chair which stood upon the porch, he wiped away the sweat which was now oozing from every pore.

"Eh! here after all is the comfort which brings strength. The righteous man shall never be forsaken nor his seed beg their bread." The end hasn't come yet, my dears. Those fellows will return in a very little while. They ride like the wind."

"Oh! father! you are not going again!" exclaimed my aunt. "We thought all was over; nothing more can be done. Wait until Tom comes back, Joe is with him. Father! father, stay." The poor tired voice was lost in bitter tears, but no one added any further entreaty. They saw it was useless. Reloading his guns and without trusting himself with another word or look at the dear ones, for whom, far more than all things else, his heart was breaking, he again started for his hattle-field. Brave home-defender! When he turned from all he loved in life, what were his feelings? He knew that it was not acting rashly; his trust in God was unwavering, yet he did not know what might be His designs toward him, and perhaps his life was going to be demanded as a last proof of his faith. With unswerving determination to fight to the bitter end, (as he believed it his unmistakable duty to do) and expecting the marauders to return with artillery, he this time, went farther down the lane and concealed himself in some large hawthorn bushes near the road-side. It was Saturday and near sunset, the last upon which he might ever look. He gazed around over the broad fields which had been tilled so many years by his own hands,—upon every spot near his house on the hill, which had been hallowed to him by the joys and sorrows of three score years. He thought how often that same sun had set and risen upon that same scene which, until now, had ever been the abode of peace and friendliness.

Had the time come for him to leave it all, or, indeed did the "angels of the Lord encamp about him" and was the invisible host which no man could number, guarding his humble farm?"

Looking ahead he saw a heavy cloud of dust rising in the air. A large body of troops was moving down the mountain road. Their short sabres and trappings gleamed in the sunlight like burnished silver. Believing that further concealment would now be useless and resolving to die with his face to the foe, he came out into the middle of the lane-road and awaited their approach. In the advance he noted one whom he believed to be a Confederate scout and raising his gun he was in the act of firing when he saw that the other raised a white flag. It meant a truce. Who and what are they? Was their symbol displayed only to decoy him to his own destruction? "Lord, direct me!" escaped from the dry lips. He stayed his finger, which still rested upon the half-raised trigger, and his heart almost ceased to beat. Nearer and nearer they came, sweeping through the entrance of the lane like a whirlwind. The white flag was waving before his eyes, and streaming in the soft south wind, was a cavalry pennant of red, white and blue. With a shout he sprang forward crying, "They are friends! they are friends!"

Hearing through some of the Valley folks of Mr. Blessing's heroic courage a hundred picked men of Colonel Cole's cavalry, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Vernon, were hastening to his aid. What cheers rent the still air as the soldiers sought to show their appreciation of my uncle's matchless endurance. When the Sabbath morning sun dawned its rays fell upon the yard in the front of his house where, amid the dew-laden grass and the white-scented clover lay the "Vernon boys" fast asleep. Under a mound upon the mountain side the dead rebel had been buried by them, the night previous; his wounded comrade was a prisoner, but all his wants were carefully relieved. News came with the sunrise that the entire Southern army had, owing to some unknown cause, again recrossed into Virginia and all danger was over. They could again breathe freely. After breakfast, for which my aunt's larder furnished its choicest products, the voice of prayer and praise arose again from the farm-house, but this time more than a hundred throats joined in the grand old Doxology; "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and the self-elected chaplain, my old uncle, felt, as he combined their united thanks into one voice, that the God who had dealt him such wonderful and signal deliverance would yet answer the prayers of thousands of loyal hearts throughout the vast Union, and in His own good time work for this mighty country "an exceeding great Salvation."

Some weeks afterward when a friend sent him a copy of the New York Tribune containing a marked article entitled "The Hero of the Highlands" he turned to my aunt, remarking innocently:

"What nonsense, if they mean me!"



"A dozen bullets pierced his old broad-rimmed hat."

praise! Men!" he said, turning to his neighbors who, dumbfounded at what they had witnessed seemed afraid to move, "Have you ever prayed? If not, down on your knees and join with me in prayer, for the Almighty God is very near."

Kneeling with them on the rough sod where he had been so long standing, with bared head and streaming eyes, his gratitude and thanksgiving found vent in such words of burning eloquence as from few lips have found utterance.

"And now," he said, as one by one he gave them his hand, "go to your homes; I freely forgive you the harm you would have done me. Be true to the God who saved you and true to the Union which you have disgraced, then hope to meet death when it comes to you as fearlessly as I pray I may when He so wills it."

They slunk away, wordless, while he returned to climb the hill to his house. The whole family were rushing to meet him, pleading with white and agonized faces, as they took the still warm guns that he would come home and stay there.

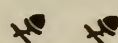
"Come home? Of course I will, for I am as hungry as a wolf," he smilingly answered. "Look here, mother! what a ventilator those fellows put in my



HEARTS OF OAK

BY F. JORDAN.

Presented to the Woman's Relief Corps Edition by General Harrison Gray Otis.



THIRTY-NINE years ago the last naval combat took place between two ships that were fair representatives of that time. It is instructive to note the evolution in naval warfare since that memorable occurrence. A modern second-class cruiser could sink them both, without beating to quarters, or disturbing the watch below, and would herself be uninjured by the combined fire of their ordnance, then the heaviest known.

The following narration is strictly from official sources, and contains a copy of the entry in the log-book of the Kearsarge, never before published unofficially, telling a story in a few words about which volumes have been written:

On Sunday morning, June 19, 1864, as the U. S. S. Kearsarge lay off Cherbourg, the day being fine, with hazy atmosphere, wind moderate from the westward, with little sea, the Confederate steamer Alabama was descried coming out of the western entrance of the harbor with the French iron-clad Couronne.

To place both ships beyond neutrality jurisdiction, they steamed off shore some seven miles, when the head of the Kearsarge was turned short round, and steered directly for the Alabama, which vessel sheered, presented her starboard battery, slowed her engines, opening a full broadside, cutting up the rigging of her adversary. Three broadsides were fired by the Alabama before the Kearsarge replied, both vessels moving in circles, about nine hundred yards distant from each other, under a full head of steam.

Notwithstanding the fact that many of the crew of the Alabama were from the British training ship Excellent, her firing from the first was rapid and wild; toward the close of the action it became better. The crew of the Kearsarge had been cautioned against rapid firing without direct aim, and were much more deliberate; and the instructions given to point the heavy guns below rather than above the water line were fully observed. The effect of the training of the crew of the Kearsarge was evident; nearly every shot told fearfully on the Alabama, and on the seventh rotation on the circular track she winded, setting her fore trysail and two jibs with head in shore. Her speed was now retarded, and a few more well-directed shots brought down her flag. Shortly after

Such are the main facts about which controversy has grown hot, and brave men have called each other "You're another," and much more. Let us eliminate all sectionalism by stating that both ships were evenly matched and commanded by Southern men. Captain Semmes was born in Maryland, was well versed in international law, and an entertaining writer. He published "Service Afloat and Ashore During the Mexican War" (1851); "Campaign of Gen. Scott in the Valley of Mexico" (1852); "Cruise of the Alabama" (1864); and "Service Afloat During the War Between the States" (1869).

Captain Winslow, commanding the Kearsarge, was born in North Carolina, served in the Mexican war, was a fine gentleman of the old school, and a former shipmate of his antagonist.

It was one of Napoleon's pithy sayings that "fortune favors the heaviest artillery," and such proved to be the case. The two 11-inch guns of the Kearsarge, now resting

"Like brother warriors true and tried,

Two stern and haughty foes;

Their stormy hearts are still. . . ."

in front of the commandant's quarters at the Mare Island Navy Yard, grim relics of the past, did the deadly work. No vessel built of wood and iron could long withstand the fearful impact and crushing effect of their shot. Capt. Semmes stated that they tore great holes in the side of his ship, and his men were everywhere knocked down, eighteen being killed by the explosion of one shell.

A verbatim extract from the log-book of the Kearsarge is here inserted, which may be of interest. The symbols "b. c." denote that there was blue sky with detached opening clouds:

From 8 to meridian, moderate breeze from the westward, weather b. c. At 10 inspected crew at quarters. At 10:20 discovered the Alabama steaming out from the port of Cherbourg, accompanied by a French iron-clad steamer, and a fore-and-aft-rigged steamer showing the white English ensign and a yacht flag. Beat to general quarters and cleared the



MRS. HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Such are the facts relating to the memorable action. The Alabama went down riddled through and through with shot, and as she sank beneath the green waves of the channel, not a single cheer arose from the victors. The order was given: "Silence, boys!" and in perfect silence this terror of American commerce plunged to her last resting place.

There is but one key to the victory. The two vessels were, as nearly as possible, equal in size, armament and crew, and the contest was decided by the superiority of the eleven-inch Dahlgren guns of the Kearsarge over the Blakely rifle and the vaunted 68-pounder of the Alabama, in conjunction with the greater coolness and surer aim of the former's crew.

The French at Cherbourg were by no means dilatory in recognizing the value of the Dahlgren guns. Officers of all grades, naval and military alike, crowded the vessel during her stay at their port, and they were all eyes for the massive pivots, and for nothing else. Guns, carriages, even rammers and sponges, were carefully measured, and it was stated that if the pieces could be made in France, many months would not elapse before their muzzles would be grinning through the portholes of French ships-of-war.

There were no such guns in Europe as the 11-inch Dahlgren; but they were considered behind the age in America. The 68-pounder was regarded by them as a heavy piece; in the United States it was a minimum for large vessels, where some ships carry the 11-inch broadside.

The Alabama was an English-built vessel, armed and manned by Englishmen, representing the best maritime efforts of the most skilled workshops. Her battery was composed of the well-tried 32-pounders of 5700 weight, of the famous 68-pounder of the British navy, and of the only successful 110-pounder rifle yet produced in England. The crew were generally recruited in Great Britain, and many of them received superior training on board Her Majesty's gunnery ship Excellent.

France, under Napoleon III, was certainly not friendly to this country during the war of the Rebellion, but the rules of international law were observed, and we were treated justly, though with cold and studied politeness. The hostility of England, however, knew no bounds, and had the Kearsarge sunk an English frigate instead of the Alabama, there could not have arisen a greater howl of rage and pain than went up from that country when the result of the conflict could no longer be denied. Small blame to our whole people if they found it difficult to suppress a sort of regret that Great Britain should fare at our hands much better than we fared at hers during her late war in South Africa. The Americans are not children, and they have memories. There can be but few familiar with the doings of England during our war, in whose souls the iron did not enter.

One may find in his reflections upon this subject some suggestions of two striking episodes in the life of Andrew Jackson by Mr. Parton. There is that magnificent account of the celebrated action which has made the eighth of January a memorable day in our history; of the splendid columns of Packenham, the veterans of Waterloo, and the "praying Highlanders," moving upon the barrier of cotton bales, which a deserter had reported as very weak, but behind which, he forgot to say, were standing three thousand Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen, the finest in the world; of the wonderful scene when General William Carroll gave the word, and "at first with a certain deliberation, afterward in hottest haste, always with the deadliest effect, the riflemen piled their terrible weapons." Then, in strange contrast to this, is an account of a scene in Jackson's childhood in the Carolinas, near the end of the Revolution, when a British officer struck the boy, a prisoner of war, with his sword, inflicting wounds of which he carried marks to his grave. In narrating this latter incident, an aged relative made the quiet remark: "I warrant Andy thought of it at New Orleans."



Beautiful home of General Harrison Gray Otis at Los Angeles, where our late beloved President, William McKinley, and his wife enjoyed such restful hospitality during their visit to the Pacific Coast.

this her boats were seen to be lowering, and an officer in one of them came alongside the Kearsarge with the information that the Alabama had surrendered, and was fast sinking. In twenty minutes from this time, she went down, her bow rising high out of the water as her stern rapidly settled.



GENERAL HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

ship for action. Steamed ahead, standing off shore. At 10:50, being distant from the land about two leagues, altered our course, and approached the Alabama. At 10:57 the Alabama commenced the action with her starboard broadside at 1000 yards range. At 11 we returned her fire, and came fairly into action, which we continued until meridian, when, observing signs of distress in the enemy together with a cessation of her fire, our fire was withheld. At 12:10 a boat with an officer from the Alabama came alongside and surrendered his vessel, with the information that she was rapidly sinking, and a request for assistance. Sent the launch and second cutter, the other boats being disabled by the fire of the enemy. The English yacht before mentioned, coming within hail, was requested by the captain (W.) to render assistance in saving the lives of the officers and crew of the surrendered vessel. At 2:24 the Alabama went down in forty fathoms of water, leaving most of the crew struggling in the water. Several persons were rescued by the boats; two pilot boats and the yacht also assisted. One pilot boat came alongside us, but the other returned to the port. The yacht steamed rapidly away to the northward without reporting the number of our prisoners she picked up. Hoisted up our boats and three of the enemy's cutters. Repaired the rigging temporarily. Took a French pilot, and steamed away to Cherbourg. At 3:10 let go the port anchor in seven fathoms water, and veered to thirty fathoms chain."

The record of the Deerhound, referred to in the above extract from the log-book, is suggestive. On the morning of that memorable Sunday she steamed out from behind the Cherbourg breakwater at an early hour, scouts hither and thither, apparently purposeless, runs back to her anchorage, precedes the Alabama to sea, is the solitary and close spectator of the fight, whilst the Couronne has the delicacy to return to port; finally, having picked up Capt. Semmes, thirteen of his officers, and a few of his men, steams off to Southampton, leaving two-thirds of the drowning crew struggling in the water.



THE LATE PRESIDENT M'KINLEY AS HE APPEARED ADDRESSING THE VETERANS OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME, LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY 9, 1903.



THE LATE PRESIDENT M'KINLEY AND OFFICIALS AT SOLDIERS' HOME AT LOS ANGELES.

The Sacrifice of Mary Southerland

By DUGANESFIELD

Illustrated By STANLEY L. HART



IT WAS a hot August afternoon. The boys of the Brothers' College at X— had been back about two weeks from the long summer vacation and the College grounds were alive with hundreds of enthusiastic students. Guy Francis Brereton, a lad lacking six months of sixteen, quick, strong and agile as a deer, stood talking excitedly to a class mate of his, Wilfred Barnes, a wayward, powerful young athlete, who had just passed his seventeenth birthday and knew infinitely more about records, rowing and pedestrianism than he did of Cicero, Homer or Trigonometry. The latter had taken it upon himself to criticize in an unguarded manner the customs and regulations of his College, and stood jeering the efforts of young Brereton to justify the school discipline.

"Humph," laughed Wilfred, "you are trying to be the College pet, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not; and you're a coward," cried Guy, his cheeks burning red from the taunts of the other.

"I am, am I?" retorted Barnes, who had been in a bad temper ever since the beginning of the argument, and who was now wild with fury. "Do you mean that for me, you cur?"

Before the prefect, who was at the other end of the field, could interfere, Barnes had rushed at Guy; there was a sound of five or six thuds following each other with lightning rapidity, and Brereton lay senseless on the grass with blood streaming from his nose and mouth. The attack was so sudden that he had hardly time to put his hands up before Barnes was raining blows all over his face.

An hour later found Mr. Barnes with all his effects on the road home, an expelled student, whilst Guy lay in the infirmary, feverish and in great pain.

He was frenzied with grief and unable to realize anything except that he had been beaten cruelly, and vowed that when he was a year or two older he would repay the thrashing with interest.

When he awoke on the following afternoon, half dazed and sore all over, his eyes opened to meet those of the well-beloved President of the College. The director was worshipped by the boys, and a rebuke from him was worse than a chapter of history to write from the prefect. He divined the mental suffering which Guy was undergoing, and alternately cheering, soothing and comforting the lad, it was no wonder that Guy gave way at last and asked for Barnes.

"I want to shake hands with him, Brother Director, and tell him I know he couldn't control himself. It'll make him feel better."

When told that Wilfred had been expelled, he was silent for some time, and at length said:

"Brother Director, unless you forgive him and take him back, I shall never have another happy day at College. For one fault you will disgrace him for life."

So he pleaded day after day heroically, and at the end of a week the Director gave in, and Wilfred, who had perhaps suffered more than Guy, came back to College and asked pardon before every one in the large Study Hall.

From that day Wilfred and Guy were inseparable. Their two lives were as one, each yearning for the other in the spirit of David and Jonathan. Guy, ever seeking out ways to show his perfect forgiveness, Wilfred never weary of acts of self-abnegation and quiet, unobtrusive forethought. And so, out of that miserable brawl, their lives were welded utterly, the one into the other, ever purging each other of all evil out of their strong, manly love.

If the two lives so strangely and deeply interwoven call for no common interest, there is yet a third life whose bearing in this story held the other two in the balance.

Mary Southerland was the only daughter of a farmer who leased an island on the Ohio river. Here he herded cattle for ranchers, who wanted to fatten them for market, raised chickens, and owned a fishing scow. There are many such Americans, eminently practical, always busy, turning a dollar wherever opportunity offers.

Mr. Southerland had five healthy sons, but the light of his household was the one girl—Mary.

There surely was never a girl so full of mischief and harmless fun as Mary. She had five brothers to annoy and during vacation the island home was as lively as a political caucus. To-day it was a young rat hidden in Tom's bed, to-morrow pepper sprinkled on Jack's pillow to make him sneeze, and she seemed to exhaust her whole ingenuity in pranks that always ended in a war of laughter.

And beneath this ever bubbling love of fun lay a nature so deep, that none ever suspected the love which welled out of Mary's heart for the faith in which she had been reared.

She had been seven years a pupil at the Convent of T., and her greatest friend there was the Mother Superior.

To her alone she gave wild, free bursts of confidence, and just before leaving as she was held in Mother Angela's embrace, she cried, "Mother, I shall come back to you within a year. I am not of this earth or for this earth. I am born to worship and adore, to give my whole heart to Gethsemane and the Garden of Olives. Oh, Mother, you know all my heart now."

The island on the Ohio river has no regular name. Every one called it "Southerland's" and in the winter

It was a rare place for ducks and wild geese. It was the autumn of 1863, and a very wet season at that. The Brereton's place was about three miles from "Southerland's," and Guy had been a welcome guest there from his childhood up, when Mr. Southerland had given him his first lessons in pulling a boat and shooting a duck on the wing. So it was no surprise to the Southerland family to see Guy accompanied by his shadow, Wilfred, paddle up the landing one morning, and inform Mr. Southerland that they were going after ducks and would "rough it" for a day or two, if he had no objection.

Roughing it meant sleeping in the scow which lay up at the other end of the island, half a mile through the vine-tangled, wooded pasture that teemed with mallard and canvas backs.

"The stove and cooking utensils are all right in the scow," said Mr. Southerland, while Wilfred and Guy were discussing matters; "You'll find some lines in the bunks and if you set 'em you may get some good fish by night."

"We've got enough canned goods to last us a week, besides a fresh ham, and if we get any ducks you must come down and have dinner with us," retorted Guy.

Just then Mary, bare-armed and fresh from the wash-tub, burst on the astonished gaze of the young sportsmen. She took as much notice of her father's visitors as if they had been carved out of soap, and beyond a slight nod to Guy gave no sign of her being aware of their presence. She tripped out again with a bundle of clothes and a minute later could be heard singing over her self-imposed task.

"Why, Mr. Southerland," exclaimed Guy, after Mary had gone out, "how Mary has grown. It seems only the other day since we used to hunt birds' nests together, and now she is a woman."

"Yes," answered her father, "and you're most a man. That's how time flies. Mary finished school a month ago, and I suppose the next thing she'll be teaching school with the best of them."

The rain falls, the birds nest, spring and summer comes and goes, but just as the dripping water wears away the rock and bids it bear impress of its gentle falling, so was the image of Mary in one short moment stamped on those two young hearts, never to be effaced.

They fished and hunted around the island for a week, spending the evening in a dull, far-off worship of unconscious Mary Southerland. And she in whose heart no earthly love was ever to enter, laughed, worked, played pranks, and mimicked her guests even under their very noses.

In the last night but one of their stay Guy and Wilfred walked back to the scow in silence. Each

knew the other's heart and both were afraid to speak. "Dear old brother," said Wilfred at last, "I've had enough of this idle life, and I've pretty well made up my mind what to do. They want to raise a company at Toledo and I intend going. Kansas and Nebraska are free from the pollution of slavery, but South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, North Carolina, Virginia, Arkansas and Tennessee are trying to destroy the Union, and my place is in the ranks."

"And you mean to leave me alone?" said Guy, hoarsely. "I thought that you once said 'No woman should ever come between us.'"

"She has come," groaned Wilfred, "and God help us both."

"It is all such a wretched fog," said Guy to Mr. Southerland. "You see, Wilfred and I are more than brothers, and we could not help it. We both love Mary with the same honest love. I suppose it is because we care so much for each other and what one likes the other appreciates; and Wilfred is going to enlist, and I wish I had never been born."

Mr. Southerland looked puzzled. He did not know whether to construe the speech as a declaration of love from two suitors at the same time, or a formal proposal for Mary's hand from Guy.

A sudden idea came to his rescue, and with a chuckle he said to Guy, "Go and talk it over with the old woman."

And Mr. Southerland walked over to the hog pens and gave the occupants an extra peck of cornmeal.

Of these Mary Southerland knew nothing. Her heart was absolutely freely and joyously in the cloister. Just as in ordinary life, Romeo and Juliet conceive a passion born of earthly dross and ending in misery, so transversely Mary's heart without a single flutter of expectation looked forward to the day when she should become a Sister of Mercy.

It is best to pass over as briefly as possible what followed Guy's interview with Mr. Southerland and his wife. The situation, were it not so real, was almost absurd. Here were two young collegians both in love with the same maiden, both devoted to each other, whilst the innocent cause of all the trouble had long ago given her heart elsewhere forever.

So, by ways easily intelligible to those interested, Guy and Wilfred learnt that Mary had no heart to offer.

Wilfred had agreed that Guy should be spokesman for them both to the mother, and after Guy had told bluntly the whole story, Mrs. Southerland in some confusion, called Mary in.

Poor Guy was too honorable to plead for himself, but he told Mary how he and Wilfred had fought at school, and how they cared for each other now, and how both of them had learned to love her.

"I can't say any more," said Guy. "If you care for Wilfred, it's all right. I can't do more than ask you to marry him. I don't suppose anyone ever heard of a man who loved a girl asking her to marry someone else."

The scene would have been almost comical were it not for the vein of strong passion which marked Guy's words. When he had finished, Mary, looking at her mother, but speaking to Guy, said:

"Surely, I do not know what you mean. We were



Poor Guy, too proud to plead for himself, said "If you care for Wilfred, it's all right."



"Kneeling at the foot of Guy's rough hospital bed, Sister Mary breathed her last."

playmates together and—and—your friend is a stranger—and, mother, what is the matter with everybody? Mother," and with a hysterical cry Mary threw herself into her mother's arms.

That night Mary sent her brothers down to the scow and asked Wilfred and Guy to come up. That night she told her father and mother and Wilfred and Guy quietly, and with a light on her features of her purpose. "Only," she added, "I thought I would tempt myself with a year at home and tease you all till you would be glad to get rid of me. Now I can see that it is best that I should go at once." She rose from her seat and placed her right hand in that of Guy's and her left hand in Wilfred's. Quietly and calmly she looked them both in the face and said: "Good-bye, my two dear brothers, and love each other always in remembrance of the love you have offered me."

Then she held Guy's head in her hands and kissed him on the forehead. Wilfred bent his head reverently, as she turned to him and gave him the same chaste salute.

Two weeks afterward Guy and Wilfred were shoulder to shoulder with General Rosecrans' army at Tuka and the bloody fight at Murfreesboro.

The morning of the 5th of May, 1864, had scarcely dawned when the Federal troops were all astir. At one end of the lines under a rough awning, two little tapers burnt on a rude altar and long lines of tanned soldiers assisted for the last time at Mass. All night long before the memorable fray two chaplains had been preparing souls for their last communion. The fearful carnage of the two days that followed ushered

thousands of the blue and the gray through the cold portals of death to everlasting rest. Long after the silent lines of soldiers had wended their way to their rough bivouac, two men might have been seen under a giant oak making their thanksgiving. Happy Guy and Wilfred.

Ah, children of the North and loving Southern hearts. How many of you are bleeding yet in a cruel cradle of unrest over the two days' battle of the Wilderness in Virginia?

The morning of the 7th day of May dawned on two shattered bodies lying side by side in the rude improvised hospital.

"Do you fear death?" asked Guy.

"Nunc et in hora mortis, Amen."

A sister pale, wan and weary stood at the foot of Guy's bed, holding a candle for the good chaplain who was administering the Sacrament to the two dying men. The holy oils had anointed the two friends, and the Sister kneeling at the foot of Guy's bed had extinguished the little wax taper. And side by side they passed away.

Neither Guy nor Wilfred knew who it was that tended them in their last hours, and perhaps it was best so, for neither by word, look or sign would Sister Mary Beata recall their thoughts from the gold of eternity to the brass of earth.

When the nurses came an hour afterward to remove the quiet bodies of the two friends, they found the good sister still kneeling at the foot of Guy's rough hospital bed.

They touched her gently and spoke to her, but no answer came. The spirit had fled. Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine.

Honor Our Nation's Heroes

BY SISTER ANNA RAPHAEL.
Notre Dame, San Jose.

Honor to our Nation's heroes!
Honor to the brave and true,
Bid them welcome, yield them homage,
Give them love and reverence due.
Let them feel they have not battled
For Columbia's cause in vain,
That they live, shall live forever,
In each loyal heart and brain.

Honor to our Nation's heroes!
Sons and daughters of the West,
Sharers of Columbia's fairest,
Bring your brightest and your best,
To the feast that you are spreading
For the dauntless and the true
Who poured their life's rich treasures
For their country and for you.

Honor to our Nation's heroes!
Think of two score years ago,
How they bore the brunt of battle,
Faced the ordeal's fiery glow,
For our sakes that we might calmly
Dwell from strife and care apart,
In the beauty and the sunshine
Of this Eden of our heart.

Honor to our Nation's heroes!
Children of our pioneers!
Loyal to your Father's memories
Kindling all our by-gone years,
With the royal-hearted splendors
Of their El Dorado days,—
Bring the warm and glowing welcome
That is more than pomp and praise.

Honor to our Nation's heroes!
North and South and East and West!
Who upon our country's altars,
Laid their early manhood's best,
Health, strength, home and kindred
That no glittering star be rent,
From the heavens in which God set it,
In our Union's firmament.

Honor to our Nation's heroes!
All too swiftly hastening down
Life's steep sunset slope. Yield reverence
To their age's silvery crown.
It may be that we shall never
Greet again their thinning ranks,
Let us gird them with the homage
Of our tender thought and thanks.

Honor to our Nation's heroes!
More to them than cannon boom,
More to them than fluttering banner,
More than music, light, and bloom,
Is the warm hand-clasp, the greeting,
Of the gratitude we twine,
For the holocaust they offered
On their country's sacred shrine.

For their aged lives are weary
Of the clamor and the din,
And the goal of rest and comfort
Is the goal they pine to win.
Wasting fevers, weary marches,
Watches, wars, have been their lot;—
Let the stars upon our banner
Voice their hearts' "Forget-me-not."

Let the memories of their trysting
Here beside the Sea of Peace,
Be to them a balm and blessing
Till their earthly struggles cease:
Till the golden gateways open
And their last of battles won,
They will gaze upon the splendors
Of Heaven's never-setting sun.



AMER.ENG.CO.LA

ONE OF THE BUILDINGS OF THE SOLDIERS HOME AT LOS ANGELES.

A ROMANCE BETWEEN THE LINES

BY J. M. SCANLAND.

"Please tell us the latest news 'from the front,' as you military gentlemen express it!" said Miss Virginia Brooks to Colonel Austin, her admirer, as he seated himself in the parlor of their old-style Southern mansion.

"You live on the front, Miss Virginia, and it seems that you should hear the news before it reaches us at Yorktown!" replied the Colonel, pleasantly.

"We are kept distracted with rumors of the advance of the Federals; but, then, we cannot trust the negroes—they are so untruthful!"

"Situated as you are between the lines, it is rather unpleasant—especially, if the armies should meet in this vicinity, and deliver battle."

"Oh, please do not talk that way, Colonel! It frightens me to think of it. It makes me sad every time I look in the direction of our battery on Gloucester Point! It is terrible!"

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Virginia; the enemy will not advance by Gloucester Point, but by way of Williamsburg. I have this information from an 'intelligent contraband,' and they are reliable."

Both laughed at this allusion to the reliability of reports from negroes, the "intelligent contraband" having become a jest in the army as the author of all unfounded and untruthful reports.

The lovers then changed the conversation to a more congenial and pleasant subject.

Colonel Austin was a handsome young lawyer in New Orleans, and when Louisiana seceded, he was among the first to go to "the front." He was of a romantic nature, poetic, a pleasing conversationalist, and possessed a voice that was at once charming and impressive in tone. He was of a fair complexion, soft blue eyes, dignified and courteous, yet gentle and unaffected, which gave an additional charm to his remarkable personality.

Miss Virginia Brooks, the only daughter of the family, and heir to the large estate, was not only beautiful in person, but beautiful in mind. She possessed one of those charming faces that naturally attracts a refined gentleman, but also commands the highest respect and deference. Her features were soft and expressive, and, yet, at times, the brightness of her face was obscured by a flitting shadow, indicating that there was a sadness in the heart. In a moment, the shadow passed, and there was brightness—like the clouds that flit over a clear stream, casting a dark shadow for a moment to be succeeded by a gleam of sunshine. Her pale complexion was lightened by her large, languid eyes, and, notwithstanding her natural vivacity and happy disposition, she could not repress that sad look that often tinged her bright and classic face with melancholy. She was slender, tall and graceful, and dressed with an artistic taste, in harmony with her features and complexion. She had just graduated from one of the best Colleges in Virginia, and, in addition to her other accomplishments, was an excellent musician—both vocal and instrumental.

Being of a very sympathetic and tender nature she not only dreaded the horrors of the war then devastating the Virginia peninsula, but she sympathized with both sides. Her heart revolted at the report of battles and bloodshed—brother fighting against brother, and father against son. Yet, being a Southerner by birth, and through a long line of ancestors, she naturally hoped that the South would prevail. Her heart was also divided against itself—like the nation. The war had now lasted a year, and living in neutral territory, or rather between the Confederate lines and the Federal lines, Miss Virginia had become acquainted with a gallant Federal officer, to whom she had almost surrendered her heart. He had laid "siege" to her affections as well as the Confederate officer.

On this neutral ground the wearers of the Blue and the Gray alternately visited the fair Virginia and pleaded their cause—rivals in love, and enemies in war. Colonel Nicholas, commander of the 20th Kentucky regiment, was a member of one of the most prominent families in the far-famed Blue Grass region, and his ancestors were Virginians. They had migrated to the "County of Kentucky," when that "dark and bloody ground" still formed a part of Virginia. Notwithstanding the sectional prejudice against

the Federals, Colonel Nicholas soon became a welcome visitor to the Brooks mansion and was considered as a suitor for the hand of Miss Virginia. In fact, she scarcely knew where her heart lay—whether in the North or in the South. She admired both of the officers, for they were gentlemen of unexceptionable worth and of good families. At times she believed that her affections gravitated toward the tall, handsome and dark-eyed Kentuckian; but her sectional pride and affection for the cause of her people, seemed to rise above the sentiment of Love. Or, rather, she would sacrifice that passion for the love of her native South! And, then, she would in imagination, see the soft blue eyes of Colonel Austin, mutely appealing to her to remain true to the cause of her country—and bestow her hand upon a wearer of the Gray.

The Brook's mansion was situated about three miles from the extremity of Gloucester Point, on the York river opposite Yorktown. On the "Point" the Confederates had constructed a heavy battery, which place was made untenable by the Federal gunboats at the mouth of the York. The Confederates then took a position further up the "Point," and beyond this mansion, which left it between the lines. It was

The wide, cool avenues afforded promenades in evenings, and throughout the picturesque grounds were arbors where lovers sat under the bright stars whispering the old story that our first parents lisped in Paradise. Graded walks threaded the green lawn, and on each side of these walks were grass plots ornamented with flowers and traced in figures representing some romantic or historic scene. In the center of the lawn was a marble basin, from the center of which arose a column of crystal water from a dragon's head. Such was the home of the beautiful Virginia Brooks, the heiress of this large estate. Below, and within range of this magnificent mansion, was a Federal battery, the guns trained northward. Above, was a Confederate battery, the guns trained southward, and in a line with the mansion. The house seemed to be the point of attraction for the cannons of each side, as well as for the rival lovers. It was now evident, from the preparations of the armies, that there would be at least one "engagement," and each of the lovers hoped that there would also be another—but not a hostile one.

Colonel Austin and Miss Brooks had discussed the military situation, and the "news from the front,"

when the Colonel again brought the conversation back to the subject that interested him most. Miss Brooks had artfully avoided his indirect proposal, as her heart was almost in the possession of the "enemy," and furthermore, she then hesitated about engaging in the serious affair of matrimony pending the uncertainties of war.

"Let us wait until the war is ended before we refer to the subject again!" she replied to his importunity in a sweet and encouraging tone, which may be construed as an acceptance. Accordingly, Colonel Austin left the mansion with a pleasant smile and a light heart. He hastily rode back to camp, and that night saw in his dreams the large, languid blue eyes of Virginia looking fondly into his own, and expressing what her heart could not find the courage to say.

A few evenings afterwards while reconnoitering on the front, Colonel Austin dismissed his scouts and rode up to the Brooks mansion.

As he entered he noticed that Miss Virginia was somewhat confused, which like the jealous lovers, he mistook for coldness.

"Perhaps I am not welcome," said the Colonel, in a chilling tone, "and I had better retire."

"It is not that, Colonel Austin; but—"

"Yes, I understand. You have—a caller!"

"Perhaps it would be unpleasant for you gentlemen to meet—enemies in war as you are, and—"

"Friends on neutral ground!" said Colonel Nicholas, advancing and extending his hand to the Confederate officer.

They shook hands, cordially, and a smile overspread the pretty face of Miss Virginia, who looked alternately at the one in blue and the other in gray, as they stood with clasped hands, bowing courteously to each other. Neither noticed a look of indecision upon the face of the lady, who admired both—which one the best her heart had not yet told her.

After a few minutes' exchange of civilities, in which the war was not referred to, Colonel Nicholas arose to take his leave.

"Do not be in a hurry, sir! I am on the point of leaving, as I have pressing duties on hand, and merely stopped a moment, being in this vicinity, and not desiring to pass this hospitable mansion without paying my respects."

"Exactly, and that is why I have called, as my duties brought me near her, and I could not leave without paying my respects."

Miss Brooks smiled pleasantly at these compliments.

"You said duty, Colonel? But, then, it is not proper for me to ask the nature of it, as we are on neutral ground."

"That is why I mentioned it, as I wish to place you at ease—"

"In what respect, sir?"

"I am making a reconnoissance in force, and my regiment is up the road. I will send orders by a courier to march the command in an opposite direction, so that you can pass safely through to camp."

(Continued on Page 34.)



"As they stood with clasped hands neither noticed a look of indecision on the face of the girl."

owing to this change of base, or batteries, that Colonel Nicholas became acquainted with this Virginia beauty, and though within the enemy's lines, Colonel Austin's visits did not cease. They even became more frequent, since he had a rival. The Brooks mansion was of the English colonial style, with long colonnades and wings, and stood stately amid a grove of magnificent live-oaks, surrounded by gardens of the rarest flowers. It was approached on all sides by shell-paved walks which were shaded by poplars, sycamores, and "umbrella" China trees, the pride of the South. It was the home of culture, of refinement, and unbounded hospitality. It had been since its construction more than a century ago the resort of "tide-water" Virginians of the early days, and the descendants of the builders still maintained the hospitality for which the mansion was famed. The plantation had the appearance of a village. There were stables, barns, "quarters" for the house servants, and double rows of cabins for the "field hands," of which there were more than one hundred. The plantation, the most beautiful in "tide water" Virginia, lay bathed in the soft indolent sunlight, surrounded by the most luxuriant vegetation—the beautiful Chesapeake beyond.

THE BAY OF SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The silver bay encircled lies
By crowned hills, with orange sweet,
'Neath softly-smiling southern skies,
Its waters dimpling at their feet.

Its clear, translucent waves of blue
That quiet stretch from shore to shore,
The morning breezes gently woo,
Whispering low its ripples o'er.

Round Ballast Point the ripples creep—
The breakers pause, and list'ning wait.
While onward with resistless sweep
Old Ocean pours through Silver Gate.

The stately ships come sailing in
With all their snowy sails spread wide--
Great banks of smoke grow pale and thin,
Slow outward drifting with the tide.

The thousand mingled tints and dyes
With hazy splendor fill the air
And paint themselves upon the skies
To make them more divinely fair.



O Nature's beauty, grand, sublime!
No art can counterfeit her glow;
Her pictures live throughout all time—
Here lies the bay through ebb and flow.

Meanwhile she sits, this Ocean Queen,
Beside her peerless Silver Gate;
Through calm or storm she rests serene—
For what is hers she well can wait.

She waits the time—nor waits in vain—
When lust and greed shall yield to good,
From shore to shore shall stretch the chain
Of Universal Brotherhood.

A promise of the future fills
The air and ocean, vast and deep;
A mystic sense the being thrills
Where San Diego's waters sleep,
Encircled by the sun-kissed hills
That watch and ward forever keep.

—Stanley Fitzpatrick.

TYPICAL HARVEST SCENE IN THE GOLDEN STATE



Machines that cut, thresh and sack. Four machines, thirty men and one hundred and eight mules. Average work of four machines in one day, 210 acres.

SONG OF THE FLAG

BY AMELIA WOODWARD TRUESDELL.



THE BUILDING OF OUR FLAG

A. D. 1777.



Aye, build a new flag, a young giant is born,
Aye, build a new flag for the birth of a nation,
The camp fires have lighted his infancy's morn,
While heroes have nursed him midst war's devastation,

He sprung with a bound, into manhood's estate,
And gave his young strength in a grand consecration
To "Liberty's" legend, new blazed for each state;
Aye, build a new flag for the birth of a nation.

Let the new flag recite, how for man's holy right,
Came the red, white and blue by our God-given might,
While army and navy shall prove to the world,
That this banner means "Freedom", wherever unfurled.

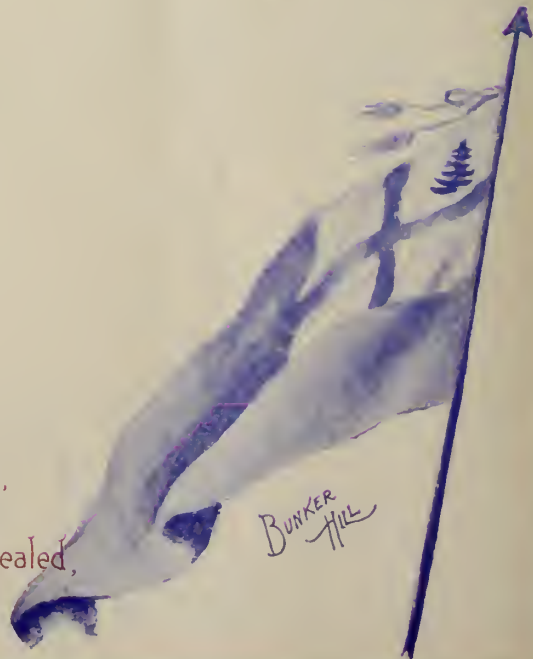


Valley Forge

Let the new flag proclaim, in Columbia's name,
How its hues emblematic, from life-offerings came
Our horoscope cast for this flag shall prove true,
When stars like the suns, crowd this field of the blue

Make the scutcheon in blue, it is heaven's own shield,
The patriot dead to ensignal to glory,
And blazon with stars on the deep azure field,
In records immortal, their valor's bright story.

There was heroes' warm blood when the deep cannon pealed,
Let the flag bear the red of their lives' sacred potion,
And the purpose sublime which those bright drops have sealed,
Shall mark it with white for their souls' pure devotion,



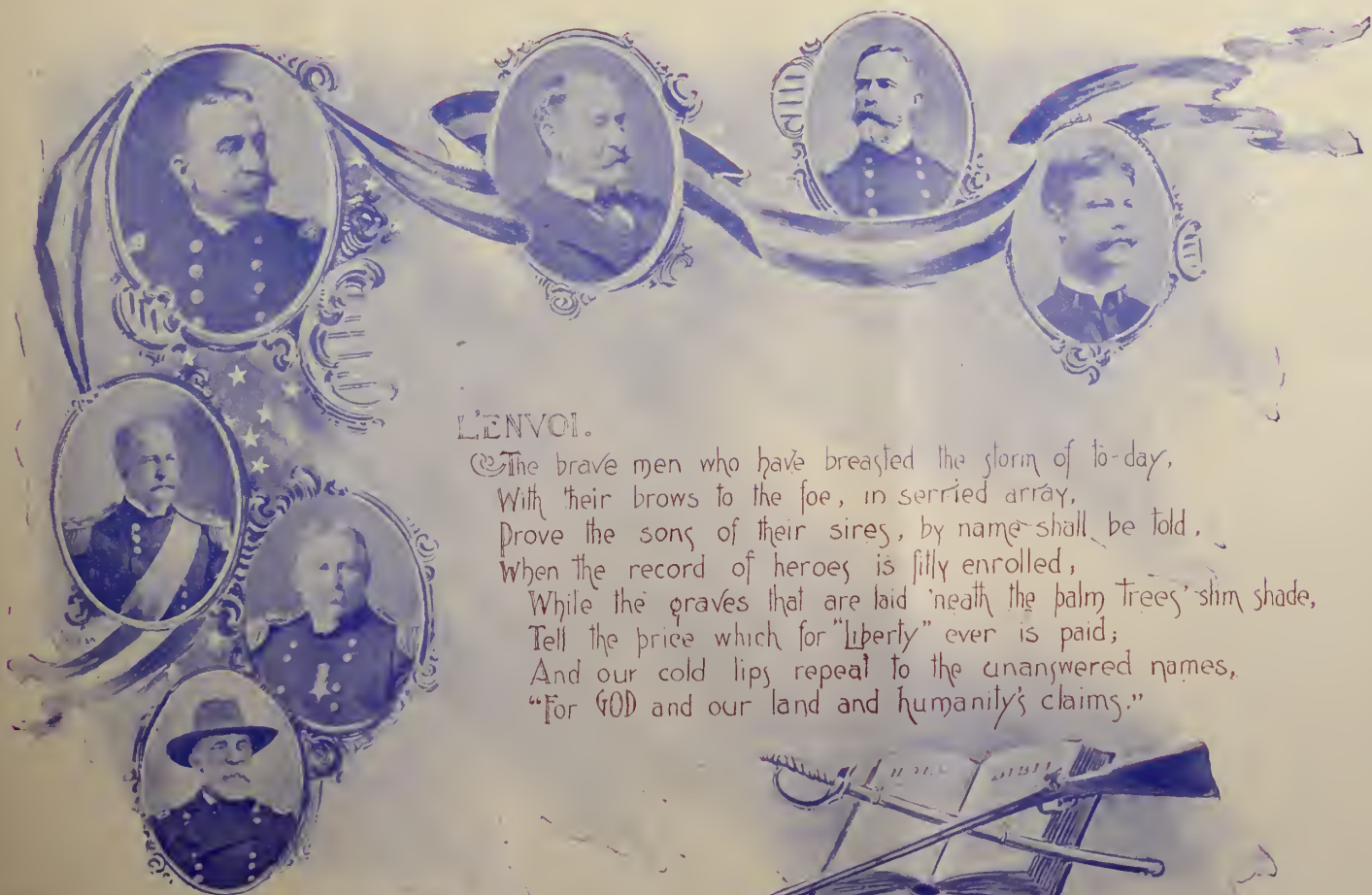
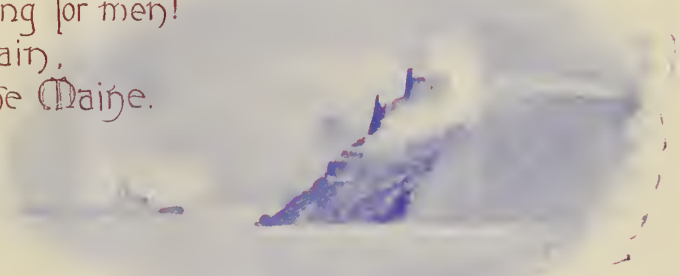
BUNKER HILL



THE TRIUMPH OF OUR FLAG A. D. 1898.

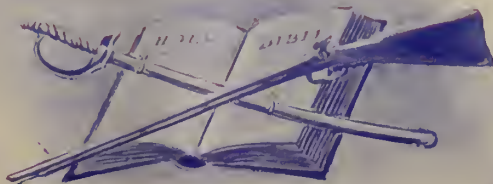
Our forefathers' flag! still it tells to the earth
How humanity's wrongs can arouse a great nation:
For the Standard they built at the young giant's birth,
Those veterans' songs have defined a proud station,
Not a miscreant dare its folds to profane,
From Manila to Cuba, the mighty fleet thunders,
For the BLUE and the GREY, now have buried their slain
Neath the flag of their sires, while all the world wonders.

Hallelujah Amen! Hosannah again!
We're working for God when we're working for men!
Humanity called for the humbling of Spain,
By Cuba's great woe and the wreck of the Maine.



LENVOI.

The brave men who have breasted the storm of to-day,
With their brows to the foe, in serried array,
Prove the song of their sires, by name shall be told,
When the record of heroes is fitly enrolled,
While the graves that are laid 'neath the palm trees' slim shade,
Tell the price which for "Liberty" ever is paid;
And our cold lips repeat to the unanswered names,
"For GOD and our land and humanity's claims."



RALLY

BY RICHARD REALF,

Inscribed to the ex-soldiers and sailors of the union armies and navies in 1872.

An Evening with the Soldier Poet

BY MRS. ROSE L. BUSHNELL DONN ELLY.

"Brave bugles blow the victories out;
Beat drums the imperishable story,
While olden foemen, with new accord,
Of knightliest reconciliation,
Clasp hands across innoxious swords
Wedded to our great hero-nation."

On a sunny upland of Lone Mountain, by the Golden Gate lies the mortal part of one of earth's greatest geni, the poet-comrade—Colonel Richard Realf, whose great soul went out with the night, and on beyond Time's tortuous entanglements:

"Into the august broadening of the light
Into new realities heaving heavenward
from the void."

How suddenly the dark, menacing hand of Fate had spread its pall like wings over this plumed knight of song and true soldiery, shutting out all brightness and joy. For, on the instant, an agony, keen and merciless, was on him, with all the terror of a mighty avalanche. From this awful "revelry of despair" was weaving the immortal song, which closed in an outpouring of poetic and tragic grandeur.

"He loved his fellows and their love was sweet,
Plant daisies at his head and feet."

Two evenings before his fateful taking off by his own hand, in October, 1878, Col. Realf was the guest of honor, with a few chosen friends, at our home in this city—a never-to-be forgotten evening by all present.

Col. Realf, who was always the embodiment of courtesy and graciousness, was radiant that night with life's hope, and anticipations of a re-union in the future with his loved one; he was in tender mood; his voice, at all times musical as ear ever listened to, on this occasion was vibrant with an indefinable charm of melody that wove its spell over all. He talked long of the delights of home, its prospects of domestic bliss in California's fair land, so rich in poetry, music, and art, in San Francisco, nestled on seven hills which looked down in loving smiles on the sapphire sea, kissing the golden sands at its feet. "Home, sweet home," in peace, love and joy would be his own once more. How lovingly and tenderly he spoke of the coming of his best beloved, and his other household treasures, little dreaming that on the morrow his golden cup of promise would be rudely broken and hurled into dismal darkness and night.

The little mound of blossoming daisies, marked by a silent shaft of cold marble on Lone Mountain, will be a shrine before which many of our pilgrims from afar will lay their offering as a tribute to him who nobly fought for liberty "when God himself seemed dumb," and if he missed mortal honors and the world's plaudits, and the wage of the world's debt, his language still lives and his memory is blessed daily by those who listen to the angels' whisperings, the immortal soldier and poet.

As a soldier and officer he was beloved by the brave, and won on two occasions distinguished honors, for deeds of valor on the battle field; by being named twice, in general or corps division orders, for personal gallantry—once at Mission Ridge when he carried the regimental colors forward under heavy fire, the color bearer having been shot down, thus rallying the line for a successful advance, and again at Franklin, where the 88th Illinois, his

command, bore the brunt of great resistance, and led one of the most remarkable charges in all the history of that bloody conflict. Eddy in his "Patriotism of Illinois," says of the battle of Mission Ridge that "Col. Smith, Major Holden, and Adjutant Realf on horseback, not having time to dismount, and entirely exposed to the enemy's fire." He continued: "It was a desperate hand to hand fight—both corps and division commanders publicly and in person, thanked the regiment and its field and staff officers by name, for the repulse of the enemy, the safety of the Union army and the victory of the day." The corps commander, General Stanley, speaks of the 88th as follows: "This fire not in any way diminishing, I ordered the colors forward on the walls which a moment afterward were carried, and the stars and stripes waved triumphantly on Mission Ridge. The regimental Adjutant was slain in the charge. Richard Realf will live in the hearts of all who love justice and worship freedom, as long as the English language is spoken, and prayer ascends to the throne of God." He is the immortal hero, patriot, poet, friend, soldier, who suffered and died, not fearing to meet the impenetrable mystery, having done his duty. "Life's fitful fever over, he sleeps well." I place this simple fragment of forget-me-nots, unspoken assurance of friendship, love and appreciation that years cannot efface. He breathed freely of that high attitude of spirit which flows in unison with God's great thought as expressed in his "Indirection."

Fair are the flowers and the children,
the inward creator,
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the
secret that clasps it is rarer.

Sweet the exultance of song, but the
strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the
meaning outmastered the meter.

Great are the symbols of being; but
that which is symbolized is greater.
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster
the inward creator

Back of the sound broods the silence,
Back of the gift stands the giving,
Back of the hand that received thrill
the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed
is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but
warmer the heart of the wooing.

And up from the pits where these shiver,
and up from the heights where
these shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim star-
ward, and the essence of life is
divine.

Col. Realf's military career was one of honor, courage, ability and personal influence. Although of English birth, Col. Realf held that he alone is an American who is true to the American Republic. In writing to a friend he said: "I can bear testimony to the fact that under the rough exterior of our Union braves there beat as loyal and knightly hearts as ever throbbed in Abelard or other knight, 'sans pere et sans reproche.' The poet-soldier was beautiful as a Greek Apollo that Phidias would have chiseled into mortal marble, whose eyes still look loving on the sleeping dust, and whose lips still warble their sweetest song of glad triumphant wanderings in higher spheres.

O, Comrades, who rose in your grandeur and might,
When the land of our love was in danger,
And Liberty girded your loins for the fight
As you sprang to protect and avenge her.
O, brothers whose tread, like the thunder of God,
Shook city and mountain and valley—
Once more the old bugle-notes echo abroad
And once more our country cries, Rally!

Not with the banners of battle unrolled,
The steel fronted ranks standing steady;
Not now with the terrible calmness of old
When the guns were unlimbered and ready.
Not now with the heats as when columns were sped,
For the bloodiest taking and giving—
But only with Honor for all of our Dead,
And Justice for all of our Living.

Bring ballots, not bullets—bring spirits that burn
With noble and knightly endeavor,
To keep our bright harvest of Progress unshorn
By a sheaf, of their fullness forever.
Bring love that can pardon the sorrowful past,
Bring hopes that are broad as our border;
And bring the old manhood which unto the last,
Stood Alp-like for Union and Order!

We fought, and we conquered—they fought and they fell,
And Freedom arose in her beauty;
But our swords were not edged with the rancors of hell—
They were sharpened for Country and Duty.
The sternest and swiftest when armies are launched,
And the onset of daring is shouted,
Are tender as women when wounds should be staunch
For the broken and ruined and routed.

We cherish no hatreds—our breath is as sweet
As the smell of the mid-summer clover;
When the arms of our foemen were stacked at our feet,
That moment our anger was over.
Wrath softened to pity the instant their cry
Took form of alarm and disaster,
And we buried our ire in the grave of the Lie
Above whose dark corpse we stood Master.

Our hurts are as nothing—our gashes and scars
Are worn without boastings and shamings:—
What have men who have climbed to the steep of the stars
To-day with Earth's vauntings and claimings?
And the altars of righteousness reared on the mounds
Where our cannonized heroes lie sleeping—
Not a stone must be touched while the sun swings his
And our sabers are still in our keeping! [rounds,

From your fields, then, and firesides, from workshops and
O, comrades, come forth in your splendor, [plow,
Recrowning the victor and Saver whom now
Our temples demand as defender!
Fling out the great cry which you flung when the breath
Of cannon blew hot in your faces—
One Banner; one Being; one Freedom; one Faith
For immutable bulwark and basis!

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY

BY MARTHA P. OWEN.

AS THE evening draws on, an indefinable impression clings to me that the time has come to commit to you, Helene, a sacred trust. A secret I have long and closely guarded. To-day memory has been busy with the past, and my one dream of love has been strangely vivid, and to-night the soft, low whispering winds through the trees, carry me back over the stretch of years and the rack of pain to that sunny time, forty years ago.

There was joy on that spring morning, in the peaceful village of Carthenia. The air was cool, and fragrant with the breath of many flowers. The eastern hills were flooded with golden waves of sunshine, while the onflowing waters of the Mississippi burst forth with anthems of praise, in their rippling melody. A day when all the world was in love with life, and all nature was full of music. The Trinity church bells chimed their sweetest notes proclaiming

old Stars and Stripes on the ramparts.

The first color-bearer to plant our banner on the heights was shot down on the instant, a second one picked up the flag, only to meet the same swift missile of death. A third rushed to the drooping standard and added another to the heap of slain. I rushed forward, caught the blood-stained banner and raised it once again to the breeze. I was instantly pierced by a minnie ball and fell, but like one possessed of maniacal strength, I still held our glorious colors aloft at arms length and they did not fall again. With one yell of desperate determination the brave legions followed and victory crowned our efforts. I was carried from the field weak from the loss of blood. That wound has never ceased to weep. To-night I feel that it will soon complete its work. I was nursed back to life by those Angels of Mercy, the Sisters of Charity, to whom many an old soldier owes his life. Again I went to the front, where I remained till the white

best physicians in the vicinity. We again agreed that you should be kept in ignorance of the ill at home, as long as possible. So her letters were forwarded here and mailed to you. Alone in that wicked city, young and inexperienced, endowed with ravishing beauty, is it to be wondered, with no one to counsel or guide, that she fell an easy victim to bewildering allurements?"

A few months ago she brought this message for you and said, "If Arthur comes safely home again after the war, give this letter to him, but solemnly promise that he shall know naught till that time. It contains the whole story of my waywardness and sin—cruel,---cruel as it is to him, it is the truth; I have not fallen low enough yet to deceive Arthur. Brave and noble as he is, it stings me to send this poisoned shaft to his manly heart; but I have forfeited all claim to his name, his protection or his love." Approaching, she said, "Mother, dear, let me speak that precious name once more before I am banished forever from all that was sacred, do not think too harshly of me, and some time when gone I know not where, and become I know not what, will you not syllable in prayer the name that once was pure, and plead for the poor little orphan, mercy. I dare not look upon the face of my innocent babe, but I intrust him to your gentle keeping. Never let him know I live, for I am dead to all that made life dear. Should Arthur die in battle he will never know my disgrace and his dishonor." Throwing her arms around me in a convulsive fit of weeping, she gave me this letter and left the room.

Placing the sleeping child in his little bed, I broke the seal, and read and read. Every word was a brand burning into my soul and still I sat staring at the cruel words till they began to fade, all of a sudden it was total darkness; then I thought I was waking from a horrible dream. A shriek brought mother to my side, then I realized that I was blind, totally blind. The optic nerve had been paralyzed by the awful shock. I have never seen a ray of light since that fateful night. So Helene, you know now, what caused my blindness and that it was not the effect of the wound, my badge of honor I received in battle.

As my old comrade, your father, lay dying in the hospital, I promised him to care for you as my own. Faithfully have I endeavored to keep that trust. You were only a mere mite when you came, but since my precious mother left us for her heavenly home, you have been my faithful staff. When I am no more, you will find all papers in my desk dividing my estate into three equal parts—one-third to you, one-third to Roi and the remaining third to be held in trust to send monthly the same amount I have sent to Ma Belle for years. She is now poor and forsaken by those who wrought her misery. You will find her address there with the papers. She must never suspect from whence this comes. When it continues after silence has fallen upon me, she will never think that I have never forgotten my pledge at the altar. Further, Helene, promise that you will never divulge this secret and that you will carry out to the letter the trust I have imposed. To-morrow I will write Roi to cut short his European travels, that I wish him to hasten home. So now, good night, dear child; I am weary and would rest, good night.

Helene sought her own room, not to sleep but to ponder over the strange revelation which had been made to her. She wandered out into the garden among the roses and the jasmine, where the air was cool and refreshing. Stealing noiselessly into the Colonel's room to see if he were resting, she found him sitting by the open window. She spoke his name, but on approaching found that there in the starlight the icy breath had "kissed the clay" of the brave yet gentle spirit of the hero of many battles. His march through time was ended. The blinded eyes had opened upon the sunrise of eternal morning.



"I rushed forward, caught the blood-stained banner and raised it to the breeze."

our marriage. Our vows of love and fidelity "till death do us part" were solemnized at the altar. I was the happiest of men, I had won the beauty, the pride and the wit of Carthenia. Ma Belle was radiant in her youth and beauty; and she possessed that indescribable charm of manner that won all hearts, just budding into womanhood, scarcely eighteen, while I was twenty-eight.

It was the year 1861, just after the first cloud of war has cast its menacing shadow the length and breadth of our land. Only a few weeks of blissful honeymoon followed, when the call for three hundred thousand men, further electrified the nation. From hillside and plain, from field and shop the bravest men responded to their country's call. Nor could I be dumb to this cry nor measure my own happiness against this call, so I joined the ranks early in July, in the Fifth Illinois Infantry.

The true soldier knows no such thing as fear, to face the actualities of war, but the stoutest heart quails to utter the awful word of parting with loved ones at home. This was the hardest struggle, leaving my young bride, my beautiful Ma Belle. A quivering good-bye kiss, a low, stifled moan, and I left her unconscious in my mother's arms. With a whirling brain I fell into line and in a few moments we were en route to Springfield, the State capital, to receive marching orders to the front. Our regiment from the first was in continual service—wherever there was need for steady unflinching soldiery, or where danger was thickest, our invincibles were sure to lead the way.

It is only the old comrades of those stormy days and vicissitudes that can truly appreciate what those white-winged messengers of love from home were to the soldier. Ma Belle's letters were always dainty, perfumed things, full of love and courage. No murmurings, no complaints ever reached me from home. And one morning when a letter came from mother, telling that Ma Belle had passed the overshadowing period of motherhood, and borne a son, that all danger was over and that both were now doing well, my joy knew no bound.

A new inspiration to fire my brain with the noble ambition to do such service as would be most worthy a true and free American. My efforts were recognized by my superior officers and my services rewarded by rapid promotion. The honored title of Colonel, which I now bear, was won at the bloody engagement at Altoona. This battle has been immortalized by the battle-cry hymn of "Hold the Fort," which was founded in the following incident: General Sherman signaled from Kenesaw Mountain to General John M. Corse, this message—"How long can you hold the fort?" General Corse's reply was, "until we die." Sherman then signaled: "Then hold the fort, for I am coming."

It was a terrific engagement and brave Colonel Hanna, our commander, was carried from the field early in the fight, supposed to be fatally wounded. I took command, and after almost superhuman effort, with the cannon hot in our faces and a sea of blood in our wake, we scaled the walls and placed the dear

dove of Peace spread her gentle pinions over our distracted country.

The review in Washington was over and the great army had been mustered out, and we were homeward bound. Imagine if you can, what that ride home was to those scarred and battle-worn veterans. That journey was full of dreams and pictured happiness that only an angel well might hope. The thought of seeing my darlings so soon filled me with the wildest delight.

The train being belated, it was 2 o'clock in the morning when I reached my mother's cottage at Carthenia. The light in the window was burning brightly, as in my boyhood years it had gleamed out in the darkness and the storm to guide my wandering feet to the haven. I knew my mother was a light sleeper. I went to her window and spoke. In an instant the front door was opened and my mother enfolded in my arms. She stammered and said something about Ma Belle and baby. I did not stop to listen, but rushed to Ma Belle's room, mother following. There was no light, and not wishing to startle her too suddenly, I spoke in undertone: "Ma Belle, Ma Belle," but there was no response. A cold, electric shock, like the icy touch of death, chilled me and thrilled with a nameless terror when I found the room was unoccupied.

Mother laid her hand lightly on my arm and said "Come." She led me into her own bed-chamber and there, tucked away in his little crib, lay my precious boy asleep. The air was so heavy with some awful apprehension, that I could scarcely breathe, much less speak. Mother awoke baby, telling him this was papa home from the war. The sound of his sweet childish voice, called back the struggling emotions, as it filled my being with the new-found joy of father-love. The touch of his baby arms around my neck was, indeed, a cup of strength in my agony. The choking at my throat was lightened. Hugging him close to my wildly beating heart, I turned to my mother and asked her to speak, to break the awful suspense and tell me all. Of course Ma Belle's soul had taken flight, I thought, and soared to her celestial fatherland. I shall never forget in all the years that are to come, the look on my mother's face. There was a visible struggle for speech for some seconds, then she rose up and with clasped hands and eyes raised heavenward, a breath of prayer ascended.

"My son, my beloved son, tell me you will forgive the torture I am about to inflict, before I dare to go on." I tried to comfort her and said, "There is no torture like suspense, sweet mother, you know anything you would do is forgiven before it is done." What I suffered that night of despair, the joys of eternity cannot efface. I saw my mother suffered martyrdom, as little by little the truth was wrung from her lips, and the story of Ma Belle's shame laid bare. "I never want a kinder daughter than Ma Belle had always been," she said. "We thought it best not to let you know of her long illness after Baby Roi came, but as months passed, growing weaker and weaker, she decided to go to Chicago and place herself in the hands of a specialist, as her case had baffled the skill of the



"His march through time was ended."

A DOG'S FIDELITY TO AN OLD SOLDIER

BY COL. FRANK ELLIOTT MEYERS.

Over in the boundaries of North beachward, of San Francisco, there is a veteran of the Civil War, who has well served his adopted country. He is now a blind and helpless old man whose greatest pride, probably, is a devotion to the weekly meetings of his Grand Army Post.

John Brill, who for twenty years has not been able to distinguish the light and sunshine of day from the blackest hour of the darkest night, through an exorable fate that permitted him to pass unscathed the dangers of the battle-field, found in the peril of a miner's life that merciless explosive which has created great wealth for many, the agent that rendered him a sightless and almost dejected almoner in the land he had helped to save.

Brill is a native of Germany, and soon after reaching this country, which was then in the throes of the rebellion, enlisted at Sackett's Harbor, New York, in Company "H," 186th New York Volunteer Infantry. In a short while his comrades conferred upon him the name of "Wild Dutchman," and he was ever after known among them by that sobriquet. He took an active part with this regiment in the later stirring incidents of the war and was among the gallant members who fought before Petersburg—in the bloody battle which gave to one of the forts on one side the name of "Fort Hell," and to the opposite one, "Fort Damnation." Soon after an honorable discharge at the conclusion of the war, Brill came to California, where he immediately engaged in mining. Being of a roving disposition quite common among miners, Brill for fifteen years worked wherever his fancy led him, but always making San Francisco his place of residence, where for thirty-five years he has found thoughtfully disposed friends who have kindly helped to make comfortable the twenty years of his blinded existence.

Two decades ago he was working in the Golden Chariot mine in Silver City, Idaho, when there was a premature explosion of dynamite, and Brill almost received the full force of it. With torn, bleeding face and body, he was taken out of the mine—the surgeons saying there was no possible chance for his life to be saved. But this old veteran of the Civil War who had undergone all the deprivations of a soldier, as well as having faced the dangers of many a battle, triumphed against the deadly dynamite. Brill was at last pronounced physically well, but the light of day was forever shut against him; he was helplessly and hopelessly blind. In this condition he returned to San Francisco, his old home, and having saved a few thousand dollars was far from being destitute, for as long as his money lasted he did not want for a certain class of friends.

Fifteen years of residence in this city when he was not working in the mines, had given the blind man a very valuable knowledge of almost every locality in it. He had every point located on his "map," as he quaintly calls his memory of such things, and when any change of importance took place Brill was as well posted as it was possible for him to become. He knows as well as any one that the Mills' building occupies the former site of Platt's hall; that the Crocker building stands where in his days of light there was a row of disgracefully shabby, two-story rookeries, and where Spreckles' "tower," as Brill calls the tall building that looms like a monument so high in the air, there was an ordinary structure of the early days. Thus in his "map" he has marked all the latest improvements that have taken place since his life was blighted by eternal blindness.

It was quite long after Brill's great misfortune and his return to this city, that means were mysteriously thrown in the way of reducing his helplessness. A thoroughbred St. Bernard of the famous breed owned by Dr. M. Regensberger, of this city, unexpectedly came in contact with Brill one day when the dog was but a year old. The young animal exhibited such marked evidences of affection for the blind man, and manifested such strange signs of contentment with him, that the dog became the property of Brill; and as it grew older became a most devoted companion and faithful protector to its sightless master. "Flora" was her name and she grew to be a big, strong, white and tan in color, weighing 110 pounds. Under her master's training and with almost human instinct she became his friend and guide, watching over him with a fidelity that was most remarkable. As she was to be daily seen carefully conducting her blind master through the streets the poet's saying—"the more I see of men the better I love dogs," animated the mind of every witness to the dog's devotion.

For many years Brill has been a loyal member of James A. Garfield Post, Grand Army of the Republic, which meets every Tuesday evening in the Alcazar building, on O'Farrell street.



FRANK ELLIOTT MEYERS,
Commander Garfield Post, No. 34, G. A. R.

"Flora" seemed to know the very night and even the hour when the comrades of her almost helpless master met, and if he was in any way tardy about his preparations that evening, the faithful dog showed such keen distress and so plainly indicated her desire that her master should accelerate his movements, that the latter understanding "Flora's" importunities, made his preparations with greater celerity. When these were completed, with the short leash in his hand that was attached to "Flora's" collar, the honest dog started out to lead her blind follower through the mazes of San Francisco's streets, conducting him in the darkness of night, probably through an almost impenetrable fog or blinding rain, to the familiar entrance of the Alcazar building, up the long flight of stairs and then, without any misgivings as to the right one among the many rooms, into Garfield Post where the comrades of her old master were assembling. Here the dog would stop, and with her honest eyes make a mute appeal to be relieved of her precious charge.

The writer of this sketch has often taken charge in the Post room of the canine guide that so faithfully conducted her master from home, in order that Brill might be again among the ones with whom he had stood in the shock of battle, and to again hear the voices of those whom his sightless eyes denied him the pleasure of looking upon. The dog seemed to know her place even among the comrades of her master.

er. As soon as the latter was seated to the satisfaction of "Flora" she would retire to the "Out Posts" and there remain until summoned to retrace with her master their steps homeward.

Several years ago an amusing as well as instructive incident happened in the Post referred to. Comrade Brill with "Flora" had entered rather later than was his wont, and as no one at that time took the big animal to the ante-room she rested contentedly at her master's feet. General Edward S. Salomon was Commander of the Post and the writer, Officer of the Day. The countersign had just been taken up and the officer last named vouched for all present as members of the Grand Army of the Republic. The Commander immediately asked if the dog had the countersign. "No," replied the Officer of the Day, "but I vouch for its master and he vouches for the dog's 'Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty.'" "Then consider her a comrade," said Salomon; and ever after "Flora" was recognized as a member of James A. Garfield Post in good standing—so long as she was quiet and raised no point of disorder.

Over on North Beach Brill and "Flora" were well known and were just friends and favorites with the little children there. They played harmless pranks on the old blind soldier and took every kind of freedom with his dog. The former encouraged and the latter in a dignified way permitted

the children do as they pleased, very much to their delight. When Brill was ready to leave he would facetiously say that if any of the children present did not know their way home he would safely guide them there. Those little tots made much of Brill and often brought a simple brightness into his life as they prattled in childish glee to him of their Christmas joys, little home parties, school promotions and the many other little delights that go so far to make up the pleasures of childhood's bright and innocent days. He in return told them stories of the great rebellion and the part he took in it, and of the many things he cannot see but knows of so well, while the innocent little folk wondered with amazement how a totally blind man could know so much.

"Flora" often showed her sagacity in recognizing friends of Brill,—those she had seen him stop and talk with. She would then tug at her leash and the action being well understood by Brill, he would be brought to the side of a friend who gladly stopped to chat with him.—In this there was some cunning on the part of "Flora," for she got tired of the long, monotonous tramps taken by Brill and herself, and while her master would stop to chat awhile, "Flora" was given an opportunity to squat and take forty winks of sleep.

Until a year ago Brill received only \$12 a month as a pension, and being possessed of a most independent character,—high-minded and far above asking for aid, he was necessarily compelled to live in an extremely frugal manner. Without his knowledge, however, a few of his friends who shall be nameless, quietly contributed to his comfort.

When Julius Kahn, that loyal friend of every soldier and sailor whoever fought for Old Glory, heard of Brill's case, he immediately took steps to secure the passage of a special pension bill by Congress in favor of the blind man, and now John Brill lives in comparative comfort on \$30 per month. For this act alone the old veterans of the rebellion adore Julius Kahn, to whom none ever appealed in vain.

In this connection the faithful and sagacious dog again comes in, for on every pension quarter "Flora" led Brill to the County Clerk's office in the City Hall, where that official executed the old soldier's pension voucher without charge. Then when Brill received his warrant from Colonel Jesse B. Fuller, the Pension Agent, master and guide went to the sub-Treasury, where the money was paid to Brill, a transaction the dog well seemed to understand.

In all the years that Brill owned "Flora" she was never other than an affectionate and devoted companion; she had waited upon him in many ways; watched over him at night and guarded him through innumerable dangers by day; guided him along the crowded sidewalks of this great city, jealously protected him from the danger of difficult street crossings, and with a noble meekness conducted her master of nearly three score years here and there, with a fidelity and intelligent conception of her responsibilities that exhibited the most marvelous constancy in a touching manner of a loyal canine companion. In the patience, courage and unselfishness with which this dog of Brill's had served her aged master, there is shame for many of the boasted superior race,—a sentiment that might well apply to some of the comrades of Brill, for the writer has at times noted an indifference, an apathy displayed by comrades to others in distress when a helping hand was needed, and which could have easily been extended without the cost of any great effort.

Some people have different ideas of the relation between God's creatures. Notwithstanding the fact that the keen struggle for mere existence in this world does not abate, many men have time and means to indulge their sentiments in relation to horses, dogs and others of the animal kind. This shows a better condition of our civilization,—a development of our humane instinct. No better or more noble object lesson could be taught than to have seen the living and loving fidelity of John Brill's dog "Flora." For a service it rendered to a master afflicted with the greatest possible physical loss, it received in return good care and affectionate attention; an obligation the helpless one was ready to pay with all in his power, for in John Brill's heart there throbs a sense of gratitude to "Flora" he has never been compelled to feel for his fellow man.

Dear old "Flora!" The ideal dog the friend and constant guide of a devoted soldier who had sacrificed some of his best years to the service of his country, is dead! "Flora" was faithful to the last to her afflicted master, and the "watch dog's honest bark that hayed deep mouthed welcome" to John Brill hushed in death, will he no longer heard by the blind companion who loved her so well in life and who now mourns her immeasurable loss.



WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS HOME AT EVERGREEN

BY MYRA HARDINBROOK.

"Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions, and everyone ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and the seasons whether he or any other gather the fruit." It was with good intentions that the Woman's Relief Corps of California took up the thought of a Home for the homeless widows, wives, mothers, maiden sisters and daughters of the Union veterans. Army nurses are also eligible. To appreciate the fact that the good intentions bore some fruit one need but visit the Evergreen Home.

The building was constructed in 1888, and opened with twelve inmates in 1889. Many of the comrades worked nobly in aiding the enterprise, among them being Colonel Bennett and comrades Nattinger and Carson.

The Home is beautifully located, nestling in the foothills to the east of the charming Santa Clara Valley, with the famous Lick Observatory towering in view. The front veranda presents a panorama of beautiful scenery. From the rear we have a view of the orchard of five acres, containing fruit trees of every variety. A horse and surrey are furnished for the accommodation of the matron and inmates. San Jose is only eight miles distant, and the road leading to the Home is kept in good condition. Cows and chickens furnish milk and eggs in abundance. The Home contains twenty-three individual rooms for the inmates, comfortably and prettily furnished and kept in good condition by the different Corps, the name on the door signifying the one which bears the honor. All auxiliary rooms and departments are modern and ideal in every way. The spacious hallways, reception room, parlor, and library are nicely carpeted and furnished. The large airy dining room, furnished by the San Jose ladies, would suit an epicure. The kitchen and pantry are conveniently arranged and suitably furnished. The ample basement contains a



MYRA HARDINBROOK,
P. C. of Phil Sheridan Corps No. 2, San Jose.

storage room, stationary tubs for laundry purposes, and a big supply of fuel. The large furnace heats the whole building, and a register in each room regulates

the temperature. There is a drug department and a hospital room furnished with every comfort for the sick.

The good natured and accommodating matron, Mrs. Antoinette Kingsley, is highly esteemed by the old ladies, who at present, number nineteen. A trip to see them and a chat with them does one's soul good. Mrs. Price who is there now, saw the corner stone laid in '89. Grandma Poland, ninety-four years of age, has been there for years. She says, "God be praised for providing such a comfortable home and kind matron. Pray for my boy who is in the Santa Monica Home." Mrs. Starkweather has passed her ninety-second year and is blind. She says she has been blessed with a good home and every comfort. So we pass from room to room, all looking so comfortable and homelike, it would puzzle us to make a choice were we to enter as an inmate. Everything is scrupulously neat and clean. Good cheer and happiness prevail. The different Corps send some comfort and cheer each Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The Home is maintained by a donation from the State and by monthly donations from each Corps. Voluntary donations come often from the different Corps. As an example, Farragut Corps of Vallejo, sent four beautiful couches.

So worthy a cause affords pleasure to those interested.

"A house is built of bricks and stones,
Of sills and posts, and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds
That stand a thousand years."

"A house, thou but an humble cot,
Within its walls may hold
A home of priceless beauty,
Rich in love's eternal gold."



A VIEW OF EVERGREEN HOME.



GROUP OF INMATES OF THE W. R. C. HOME.



OFFICERS OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME AT LOS ANGELES.



A CHANCE FOR LIBERTY

BY STANLEY CLISBY ARTHUR.



TWO Union officers sat sunning themselves in their jail yard one morning in March, 1865. Long confinement had weakened their usually strong constitutions, for Confederate rations to their prisoners, at the best, were not conducive to nourishment and as the war drew on to its prayed for close, the ragged appearance of those sons in gray, their haggard and drawn faces, plainly showed that they lacked the food needed and the few prisoners this garrison had captured, in consequence, suffered.

The two soldiers who wore the blue sat on the rough bench in the jail yard, each silent with his own thoughts and those of always one recurring subject—home!

"Fred," the older man said, suddenly turning to the other, "what wouldn't I give to be back in dear old Vermont again! God! this weary dragging out of one's existence will drive me mad, yet!"

The younger officer laid his hand affectionately on the other's knee.

"If I had not found you here when I was taken," and the other lowered the deep tone of his voice, "I would surely have let them shot me down, for I would have created the dead line and let them be d—d before I would have consented to drag out a miserable existence alone! It's been a h—l even with you."

"Cheer up, old fellow," Lewis answered: "for remember this unequal struggle cannot last much longer—and then we shall be home for a long time."

"I know—I know," answered Keefers, in his toneless voice, "each day you say the same old thing."

The younger laughed, harshly. "I say that, old chum, because you say the same old thing yourself. Come, you old glum, and let's pass the time away with our only recreation," and picking up the cards that lay on the bench, Fred Lewis shuffled the greasy and frayed pack, then dealt the hands.

An hour afterwards an officer in gray came up to them, interrupting their game with a cheery call.

"Good news, friends," he called. "At least for one of you. A flag of truce is here with terms of exchange, and one of you go," he added.

"One?" queried the older Federal.

"One," answered the Confederate, "for there is only one Major among our men, brought for exchange."

"You go, James," said the younger, quickly. "God bless you."

The older started forward with a glad cry, then drawing himself up he said in a spiritless tone. "No, Fred, is your place, you have been here the longest," and sank back on the bench, bowing his head in his hands, staring at the ground vacantly.

Lewis pleaded with him. Keefers was sick while he was well; Keefers should go for numerous reasons that crowded thick and fast from the young man's tongue.

"No!" James answered; "It would not be fair. You go, Fred."

"Decide, gentlemen," broke in the Confederate at length. But the two sat motionless.

The man in gray produced a coin. "Let this de-

cide, then," and he let it lay poised on his thumb.

Lewis protested, quickly, and picked up the deck of cards. "No, let the cards. Draw poker."

Keefers sullenly consented, and each seated themselves on the bench.

"Captain," said Lewis, "will you deal?"

In dead silence the Confederate shuffled the cards and dealt the hands.

"Two," called Keefers, in an almost inaudible tone, as he discarded.

"Four," the younger said, adding, "I draw for a straight flush." Then each examined his cards.



"Lewis sat with head bowed down."

"Jacks and trays," said Keefers, in his low tone.

The younger glanced at his cards again and laid them face downward.

"God bless you, old fellow! God bless you!" Lewis cried, wringing the other's hand and sank down on the bench.

Keefers left him in a dream and an hour afterwards when he was breathing the air of freedom,

Lewis sat head bowed down on the bench in the jail yard.

"The fortunes of war," said the man in gray, breaking in on Lewis' reverie. He picked up the cards the young Federal had laid down.

"Good God!" he cried, as his eyes fell upon them. "They were the ace, king, queen, jack and ten of hearts."

"Why did you do it, Major?"

Lewis answered, speaking brokenly, through the hand that covered his face:

"Because he has mother and sisters. I have none, and—and—he and I love the same woman! He—he would make her happier than I ever could—" and his voice died away in a whisper.

"Major! May I shake hands with you?" asked the man in gray.

Two months afterwards James Keefers was slowly nursed back to strength and health. Mother and sisters moved about his bedside, bestowing loving care upon their hero. Two hands cooler than those of his family soothed his head. One whose presence was more potent than doctor's or medicine was near him. The girl whom both he and Lewis loved, day after day tended his wants, read and sang to him.

One day as she sat near him, he told of the love he bore her and claimed her for his wife.

Sadly she replied to his earnest words of affection. Her heart was another's, she said.

"Another's?" questioned Keefers in astonishment. "Another's? May I ask who he is?"

She answered not a word, but taking from the bosom of her dress a folded letter, gave it to him to read.

"Tullahoma, Tenn., March 17, 1865.

Miss Bertha Gordon:—I have obtained from Major Lewis, he not knowing the reason thereof, your honorable name and address.

"My reason for doing so is prompted by some cause that causes one man to aid another in time of need."

"When Major Keefers and he played cards to see which should go free, an episode occurred which I will take for granted you know of by this time. He, Lewis, held the winning cards, but told Major Keefers that he had lost."

"Lewis did that great deed, a deed for which I live for like a son, because he thinks Major Keefers would make you a better husband than he would."

"And I write only to tell you this, Miss, that I think you love the wrong man, should you prefer the aforesaid Major Keefers."

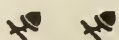
"All of which, however, is none of the business of Yours most obediently,

"JOHN LAWS.

"Captain Co. C., 15th North Carolina, C. S. A."

The letter fluttered from Keefers' fingers and he lay a long time with his eyes shut. Then lifting Bertha's hand to his lips he said in a choked voice:

"God bless him! He deserves you. God bless him, and bring him back safe to you!"



A ROMANCE BETWEEN THE LINES



(Continued From Page 26.)

"You are very chivalrous, sir; and I shall appreciate your kindness. But, I saw nothing of your command in coming here?"

"True. The regiment only arrived at that point within the past few minutes. It 'surrounded' you after you came here!" replied Colonel Nicholas, smiling.

Extending his hand to Colonel Nicholas, he bade him adieu, hoping that they would meet when the war ended—and not before. The rivals, now friends, understood the significance of this and separated.

"If you love him better—or, I mean, if you love him, I'll not stand in his way. He is a noble man—though an enemy, in war!" said Colonel Austin, as he pressed the hand of Miss Virginia, and walked sorrowfully away. She looked down the pretty graveled path until his form was lost in the darkness, and with a heavy heart she returned to the parlor.

They sat in silence for a moment, and finally Miss Virginia found courage to compliment Colonel Nicholas for his noble conduct in not taking Colonel Austin prisoner.

"That would have been an abuse of hospitality, and besides—well, while it may have been my duty to do so, I did not care to do it, and I think he would have acted in the same manner toward me!"

"He is also generous and brave, Colonel Nicholas."

"Miss Virginia," said Colonel Nicholas, changing the subject, and in a serious tone, "It is likely that an advance will be made, and, owing to the uncertain condition of affairs—"

"Do you mean 'On to Richmond,'" said Miss Virginia, seeking to change the subject and seeing the drift of the Colonel's words.

"Very likely! But, that should make no difference—in some cases. I have known you several months, and a lady of your good judgment can in that time discover—I mean, come to the conclusion whether a man is worthy of her, and—"

"I highly appreciate the compliment, Colonel Nicholas, especially as it comes from one so noble and chivalrous as you have just proven yourself to be, but, until the war is ended, let us talk only—of war!"

"An uncompromising little rebel!" said the Colonel, laughing.

"This war is unfortunate for both sides, and while I sympathize with both, my greatest sympathies are for my own section—the land of my birth!"

"I admire your patriotism, Miss Virginia, but, I hope that you do not think less of me because my uniform is blue instead of gray?"

"Not in the least! I admire your chivalrous qualities, and consider you a gentleman worthy of any lady's hand, and—"

"Then why do you hesitate?" said the Colonel, taking her by the hand.

Her hand lay in his for a second, when she slowly and timidly withdrew it, and looking him in the face, said:

"Colonel Nicholas, I appreciate the high honor you have shown me. But, I am Southern born, my people are Southerners, and while I admire—or deem you worthy the love of any lady, there is something that tells me that I would be disloyal to my people were I to give my hand to a Northern soldier. I hope you will not take offense at this, but it is a sentiment that I cannot overcome, though I have—"

"Then you do love me!" exclaimed the Colonel, joyously, and again taking her by the hand, which she made but the feeblest effort to withdraw. "Your sentiments are noble, and I love you more than ever, if such were possible. Then, we will wait until the war is ended, and then I will come to see you, but not in a blue uniform, and perhaps—you will have forgot that I ever wore it?"

"Perhaps!" whispered Virginia, releasing her hand, as the Colonel kissed her farewell.

Three days afterwards the Union army was advancing on Richmond. The Brooks mansion was now within the Federal lines, and Colonel Austin felt as if he should never again see the fair Virginia.

Yorktown had fallen, and Williamsburg was attacked. The Confederates were in line in the field about one mile south of the village, where there was a fort and three redoubts. Two brigades were protecting the batteries in Fort Magruder, in which was included Colonel Austin's Louisiana regiment. A division of Federals emerged from the woods at the edge of the field. General Magruder saw the enemy intended a charge. He ordered Colonel Austin to detach a part of his regiment and take position in the fort. A long blue line was seen moving across the open space, and when within one hundred yards of the

fort, the Confederates gave a well aimed volley. The column halted a moment, and then marched forward at a "double quick!" Another volley, and there were gaps in the long line, which had again halted. While the officers were re-forming the line one regiment started on a "double quick," marching for the center of the fort, from which the Confederate battle-flag was flying. When within twenty feet, the color sergeant fell. The flag was taken from the hand of the dead soldier by a color corporal, who immediately fell, and it was raised by another color corporal. A volley from the Confederates caused the regiment to halt. It wavered a second, when Colonel Nicholas seized the flag from the hands of the color corporal, and commanded: "Charge, men! charge!" The act was electrical, and the column rushed upon the fort. Mounting the parapet, Colonel Nicholas was waving the flag in triumph, when a voice commanded: "Do not fire at that brave man!"

But just at the moment, several shots were fired, and the gallant Colonel fell within the Confederate breastworks—dead.

"Such a brave man should have been spared!" said Colonel Austin, in a reproving tone to the men. He had recognized his rival as he mounted the parapet.

The Federals were repulsed, and that night withdrew from the vicinity of Williamsburg.

Next day the Confederates buried the dead, and at the special request of Colonel Fountain P. Austin a military funeral was accorded his rival to take place next morning.

As the funeral dirge sounded and the procession started toward the grave in a vale near the scene of battle, two ladies alighted from a carriage, and were escorted to the grave by Colonel Austin. The younger one gazed upon the coffin, placed a wreath of immortelles upon it, and slowly turned to leave, her eyes dimmed with tears.

Miss Virginia and her mother drove away as the salute of honor was fired over the grave of the gallant Colonel Nicholas.

The Brooks mansion was now within the Confederate lines, and Colonel Austin became a frequent visitor. When peace was restored to the distracted country, there was a brilliant wedding at this picturesque manor.

Louisiana Purchase Exposition

No other age has exhausted its every resource of intellect, of finance and of the brawn of mechanism, so near to its uttermost, as have the nations of the earth in that period that spans the last quarter of the past century and the infancy of the new. The recollection of the Expositions at Chicago, New Orleans, Buffalo, Paris and Triest form one series of dream-lit vistas created by man to outrival in a moment, and for a moment, the art and science of sixty centuries. In each of these World Expositions, human genius has successfully endeavored to surpass in magnitude and in beauty the preceding one, until now, from a score of ruins of gorgeous palaces and fairy landscapes and marvelous contrivances, there arises outside the city of St. Louis, a colossal monument of architecture and scenic beauty whose magnificent proportions certainly reach out to the limits of human skill and power.

It has been reserved for the year 1904 to witness the completion of this monument. Past the mighty hum and bustle of a great city, beyond the smoky haze of manufacture and commerce, the dream of the world's most powerful intellects will find its classic reality. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition will be of great educational and historic value. It marks the boundary of nineteen centuries of civilization and invention, and sums up the long continuous struggle of humanity to advance in the knowledge of created things.

Art, Science, Philosophy—all will combine, and from the bowels of the earth, from the infinity of space and on the wings of the elements, will demonstrate the greatness of the Creator and the superior-

ly happy. Over each of the big archways is a lofty curve which supplies a back-ground for the architectural features.

"The statuary is happily placed in front and at the base of the main piers at the sides of the grand openings. This affords sixteen groups which will illustrate transportation in all its phases as well as the progress made by the United States in this science. There will also be four groups of statuary surrounding the four pylons placed at the east and west fronts. The architect has subdued the use of sculpture in the building. He depends on mass effects and grouping of masses. That is, he depends on architecture rather than on tawdry decorations for his effect. The management of the plan is simple and direct. The entire width of the building is spanned by five well designed uniform trusses. Special endeavor has been made to afford plenty of illumination by day without the use of skylights. Light is introduced through the monitor windows over each span of the five trusses.

"The building will contain about four miles of standard gauge railroad track. Even with this immense trackage two entire bents of the building are left free of rails and afford an exhibit space of 270,000 square feet. There is a novel disposition of the toilet rooms of the building. They are placed in the bases of the projecting pylons and are so arranged as to receive light and ventilation and be accessible from the exterior, so that no exhibitor can make the objection that he has been placed in the neighborhood of the plumbing conveniences. At the east end a gallery twenty feet in width extends across the building. This affords a place for guard room and for the office of the department chief and will be an excellent place from which to view the picture below."



LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

tions are similar in character, varying only as required to accommodate the design of the irregular shape of the ground plan. A liberal use of architectural sculpture lends a festal character to the otherwise severely classical exterior. The screen wall back of the colonnade gives opportunity for a liberal display of color as a background for the classic outlines of the Corinthian columns, affording a liberal scope for the mural decorator. The interior court follows the general outline of the buildings in form and style, and is laid out in the form of a plaisance, or garden of a formal type. It is also suggested that this building, the roof of which is practically on a level with the terrace of the Art Building, could be successfully utilized as a promenade, with a roof garden and restaurant attachment.

The contract price of the Education Building was \$319,399. It is constructed of staff.

LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

The Liberal Arts Building, another of the monster structures which make up the great picture of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, was designed by Barnett, Haynes & Barnett, an architectural firm of established repute in St. Louis. It is the closest of the big exhibit buildings to the steel picket fence which separates the Exposition site from the Forest Park reservation.

The Liberal Arts Building is built of staff. Its contract price was \$475,000, and its builder the Kellermann Contracting Company. Although following the prevailing style of architecture of the Exposition—the Renaissance—it adheres very closely to classic lines. The long facade, especially, shows a magnificent entrance, almost pure Corinthian. Here is what the architects say of their structure:

"The style of architecture is a severe treatment of the French Renaissance for the exterior facades. In fact, the treatment embodies rather a feeling of the classic than of the Renaissance. It has been the endeavor of the architects to depend largely on sculpture in the decoration of the building, refraining from over-use of stereotyped architectural ornamentation.

"The main facade is 750 feet long and is made interesting by the use of a central pavilion and of two end pavilions. The center pavilion is brought somewhat above the connecting buildings which unite it with the pavilions on either side. Each of the three pavilions, on the fronts, forms an elegant entrance to the building.

"On the main facade are three entrances and on the 525 foot facades are two entrances, one in each of the end pavilions.

"The main entrance is in the form of a hemi-cycle with circular colonnades. The ceiling of this hemi-cycle will be frescoed on a background of old gold. The decorations and ornaments will be brought out in relief.

"In the loggias of the building will be mural frescoes on old gold backgrounds, which will add subdued color to the picture. There is provision for a broad, allegorical, processional frieze on the interior walls of the exterior loggias. These mural paintings will be executed on a background of old gold.

"The plan is conspicuous for the perfect simplicity of its arrangement and the practicability of its exhibit spaces. The ten main entrances of the building intersect the exact centers of the exhibit spaces, the axial lines of these entrances running through the centers of the exhibit spaces from east to west and from north to south.

"The exhibit space is adapted to any kind of an exhibit and the building is ventilated and lighted by an abundance of windows, both in the exterior walls and in the clear story."



TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

ity of His most admirable work—Man. From the data collected on the Exposition Grounds, in the course of construction, an idea can be had of the magnitude of the work contemplated.

The Transportation Building, the great structure which will stand in the northeast corner of Forest Park, will be 525 by 1300 feet, as wide as the Varied Industries Building and 100 feet longer. The building plans are the product of the designers of the Department of Works. Director of Works Taylor gave them the basic ideas and for over a month Chief Designer Masqueray and several of his architectural artists studied the great structure in all aspects, especially as to harmony with surrounding structures.

The general plan of the building is rectangular. There will be no court. The great distinguishing feature is the massing of the three entrance ways so that they will form an arcade, and this feature will be repeated along four sides of the structure. The three arched entrance ways will take up almost the entire 525 feet of the facade on the east and west sides. On the north and south sides these arcade entrance ways are placed in the center. Director of Works Taylor has dictated the following:

"The Transportation Building covers over fifteen acres. The facades show a most pleasing adaptation of the French Renaissance. The building combines a feeling of the magnificent Exposition building and of the high class railroad depots which prevail on the European continent. These two essential elements are apparent throughout the structure. On the east and west fronts are three magnificent arches which embrace more than half of the entire facade. Each of the arched openings will be 64 feet wide and 52 feet high. Through the archways 14 permanent railroad tracks will be laid from one end of the building to the other. At the sides of the three openings the projecting angles are accentuated by tower of pylon effects, which reach to a height of 150 feet to the base of the crowning statue.

"On the north and south fronts the architect has deemed it well to repeat the three massive archways which form the center feature of smaller fronts. This treatment pleasantly breaks the unwieldy facade of 1300 feet. On the north and south fronts the pylon feature is omitted, but massive piers are repeated at intervals and lend dignity to the design. Flanking the three openings on the long fronts are great rows of magnificent windows as wide as the archways. Not only will visitors be admitted through the twelve huge portals, but subsidiary entrances are supplied at frequent intervals in the remaining stretch of walls. The roof treatment of the building is peculiar-

The Education Building of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is of the Corinthian Order of Architecture. It is situated to the left of the main lagoon, and this and the Electricity Building are the only two buildings facing the Grand Basins, with the cascades and approaches to the terrace crowning the hill on which the Art Building stands. While not the largest in area, its position makes it one of the most conspicuous buildings in what has been called the main picture of the Exposition.

The building fronts 525 feet on the main thoroughfare of the Exposition. The principal entrances are on the axes of the building, and somewhat resemble the well known form of the triumphal arch. At each angle of the building is a pavilion, forming a supplementary entrance, and these are connected by a colonnade of monumental proportions. The four eleva-



EDUCATIONAL BUILDING.

NATIVE DAUGHTERS GOLDEN WEST

BY ELIZA D. KEITH, PAST GRAND PRESIDENT.

During the summer season, clubs, fraternal societies—take a vacation, if not by provision of the Constitution, by informal agreement, or by the mere fact of absence from the place of meeting. Non-attendance is the rule. Recognizing this feature of club life, many of our societies close their doors for the summer.

But the Native Daughters of the Golden West never vary in their meeting. The constitution provides for no vacations, nor can the regular meeting nights be shifted to suit any particular occasion. Five members constitute a quorum for the transaction of regular business. Of course, if no quorum be present, there can be no meeting. In this manner—by common agreement to stay away from the place of meeting—no meeting is held—although the President should be in her place upon the regular date; meeting or not.

A Grand President who starts out upon her tour of official visits earlier than September, is apt to meet with some disappointment. While the school vacation ends in San Francisco not later than July 25, thereby bringing families and teachers back to town by that date, it is not until much later that the country settles down for the fall season.

The result is that the Parlors of the interior are not prepared for a visit of inspection. Our law requires that officers-elect shall be installed during the month of July. But for reasons just stated only a few Parlors are ready for the ceremony—because their members are out of town—away from home on their vacations. Last year through response to a circular of inquiry, I found that of all our ninety and more subordinate Parlors, there were not ten that had all the officers installed at the proper time.

It is true that in nearly every case the officers know that their advance through the chairs is certain, and that they will finally be President. It is the usual course for a member to begin as Marshal and progress through the various Vice Presidents' chairs without opposition. Our law provides that a Recording Secretary who has held the office for four consecutive terms is eligible for the office of President. That is, she does not have to serve—as do other members—as a Vice President, before she can become a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the Parlor. How is a Recording Secretary to gain the coveted honor? Only in one of two ways—by an amicable, fraternal understanding in the Parlor—by which the President alone advances at the close of her term—becoming the Past President; while the other officers remain stationary for the ensuing term—the Recording Secretary being elevated to the vacant chair of the President. In this manner the rights of all the officers are respected, no ill feeling engendered—and harmony prevails. The other way is for the Recording Secretary to run against the First Vice President for the President's office. This method happily does not prevail—and in those Parlors where it has been used, the seeds of dissension have been sown, to bear bitter fruit. No more cruel, unfraternal act can be perpetrated than to defeat a worthy First Vice President for the Presidency, because of some personal feeling or a desire to hold the office at some particular time, such as an anniversary celebration or an official visit. The members who will do this; the members who will lend their votes to perpetrate this wrong—are unworthy to be called Native Daughters.

Because the officers of a subordinate Parlor know that their advancement is certain; as soon as they are partly through one term, they should begin to familiarize themselves with the duties of the office above their present position—for it is impossible to say how soon they may be called upon to fill a vacancy. If the officers would begin to memorize their charges a little in advance of the close of the term—they would find themselves ready for installation and "letter perfect," instead of being unprepared, when the District Deputy Grand President comes to examine them as to their ability to fill the next chair with dignity and honor.

Because of the irregularity of installation dates, a Parlor, as I have stated, is seldom in good working order before the end of the first quarter—and therefore looks forward with apprehension to a Grand President's visit, if announced to take place within that time.

It is not possible, however, for a Grand President to perform her duties as a visiting Grand Officer—if she does not begin her visitations almost as soon as The Grand Parlor adjourns. Our Order is now great and growing, the Parlors are so many in number—and so widely scattered as to location, that it is a task for the Seven League Boots to complete the list within the year—to say nothing of attending to the Grand President's correspondence, the issuance of circulars of instruction, and the direction and execution of advance work for the order—a Grand President simply must begin to visit early in the Grand Parlor year. If she wait too long—the winter will be upon her—the roads be impassable, and in the spring time the roads are still suffering from the effects of the snow and the rains, rendering travel difficult, if not impossible.

As Grand President I soon learned that after taking every care to consult Parlors and to suit their convenience as to dates and time of visit, that after all, it made but very little difference at what time the Grand President visited a Parlor. She could easily tell from what she saw—what the work was as a whole. As for the instructions, those could be given to a few—and perhaps they would pay extra heed to her words in order to repeat them to the absentees. Better a visit out of time, than none at all.

In every case nothing could be warmer or more sincere than the welcome accorded a visiting Grand Officer. While it is an arduous task for the President to keep on the go all the time—to visit night after night, and travel by day—and sleep when she can—yet the good accomplished by those visits is not lightly to be esteemed. Now, at the beginning of the year—Parlors that wish to accomplish anything along intellectual lines will lay out their plans. Of course, the ideas of our members vary. Some Parlors emphasize the beneficiary features of the organization, others care more for social pleasures—giving many charming entertainments during the season—yet another class follow intellectual pursuits, while still others take the lead in town improvement and municipal affairs. Of late—an attempt has been made in some quarters to introduce card playing in the subordinate Parlors, but while card playing possibly is not to be condemned in itself—as a social diversion—some remonstrance has been raised against its introduction in the Parlors as one of the attractions of the meeting. With all the legitimate reasons for Native Daughters' organization and association, I hope it will never be said of any Parlor that its members come together simply to play cards.

One of the pleasantest features of my work as Grand President was my correspondence with the school teachers connected with the N. D. G. W. Early in January I wrote a letter to them—from which I quote a few paragraphs in the belief that now is the time to take up the work with new zest. At the beginning of the term enthusiasm is easily aroused—and properly guided. I thoroughly believe in the principle of self-education through the agency of doing. Give our children something to do—teach them that they are the young citizens of the Republic, soon to control the destinies of our country and that even before they are of age they can show their love for their country—their practical patriotism by refraining from defacing fences, throwing rubbish in the streets or the highways—destroying public property, and by tree-planting—seed-sowing, and by taking an active interest in the observance of national holidays. Who should be better able to inculcate this practical type of civic virtue, and active patriotism than loyal Native Daughters? Do you wonder that I turned to them, that I turn again to them now with these words:

"I address this letter to you, because you, like myself, are both a Native Daughter and a school teacher. Our Order stands for mental improvement, the increase and diffusion of knowledge among its members, the advancement of the interests of our State and country. Is it too much to believe that our Order can make its influence potent for good in the educational world?"

"To you I commit the responsibility, and entrust the the privilege of carrying out the Grand Parlor's wish as expressed in the resolutions relative to tree planting, seed sowing, the preservation of our wild flowers from extinction, and the introduction of a monthly Flag Day in our public schools, and the study of California History

both in our public schools and under Good of the Order in Subordinate Parlors.

"Certainly some of you can inspire your pupils to plant acorns, buckeyes and other trees in the school yard and on their own premises. Surely you can inspire them with love for the wild flowers, so that they will not wantonly pluck them, or ruthlessly uproot the flowers and ferns of the wayside and the watercourses.

"Will you keep the flag unfurled in your class room, and have it saluted daily? I send you a suggested outline for the opening exercises."

Not a few took up this work last year. More will do so this term. Many of our teachers have adopted a daily salute to the flag in the class room. To them and to all other patriotic educators do I commend the following

PROGRAM FOR PATRIOTIC EXERCISES.

DAILY SALUTATION OF THE FLAG.

I. Salute and Pledge—"I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Republic for which it stands—one people, one language, one flag!"

II. Song—"America."

III. Class recitation—"Our flag carries American ideas," followed by, "What can any man do against the flag?"

IV. Song—"Star Spangled Banner," or "Columbia," or "Native Land" (air "Maryland, My Maryland.")

V. California statement—"California is our State; California is the fairest State in the Union; California is the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers."

VI. Song—"Lord, Bless Our Land." (See Outlines, California History.)

VII. Facts about California and about San Francisco. (Optional.)

VIII. Recitation—"Queen of the Coast." (See Outlines, California History.)

IX. Song—"Beautiful City by the Sea." (See Outlines, California History.)

X. Salute flag.

For Monthly Flag Day, add any other features that may suggest themselves. See Morgan's Patriotic Citizenship, American Book Co.

Grand Secretary Frake's office, N. D. G. W., 143 Stockton street, San Francisco.

Sincerely and fraternally,

ELIZA D. KEITH,
Grand President, N. D. G. W., 1902-1903.

There was one question which while it was not debated in the Grand Parlor was definitely settled in the minds of the delegates—and that was in relation to the "Native Daughters' Home." As my readers already know, I have set forth, more than once, the facts relative to the status of the Native Daughters' Home, and its connection with the order N. D. G. W. That portion of my report dealing with the subject went very fully into detail. Just before the close of my administration, Past Grand President Mary E. Tillman asked the Chair a question, "Does the so-called Native Daughters' Home belong to the order—and is it under the jurisdiction of the Grand Parlor?" The Grand President called any representative of the Board of Relief who might be present, to answer for the Board. Past Grand President Mae B. Wilkin volunteered to answer—in her capacity as Vice President of the Board of Relief. But the Grand President, anxious to accord the sister her full honors, inquired if it were not true that the Senior Grand President, Tina L. Kane, had resigned as chairman of the Board of Relief, also from the Board itself. Past Grand President Clara K. Wittenmeyer admitted that a letter had been received from Mrs. Kane resigning her office—and her membership in the Board. Whereupon the Grand President, addressing Miss Wilkin, as President of the Board of Relief, repeated the question: "Does the Native Daughters' Home belong to the order N. D. G. W.?" To which Miss Wilkin replied: "It does not." "Has the Grand Parlor any jurisdiction over the N. D. G. W. Home?" was next asked—and again Miss Wilkin, President of the Board of Relief, replied in the negative. "The Home is not under the jurisdiction of the Grand Parlor" and in the language of one out-spoken delegate, "That settles it; my Parlor will contribute nothing more to an institution that does not belong to the Order."

This is a question that must be settled. We have now come to the parting of the ways. All the Order N. D. G. W. needs is light upon the subject, as a preliminary to intelligent action. The illumination has begun.



MISS ALICE GATES,



MISS GERTRUDE GATES,

Prominent Native Daughters of San Francisco.



Our Hallowed, Eloquent, Beloved "Old Glory"

(CHANT ROYAL, BY EMMA FRANCES DAWSON.)

Enchanted web! A picture in the air,
 Drifted to us from out the distant blue,
 From the shadowy ancestors through whose brave care
 We live in magic of a dream come true—
 With covenant's blue, as if were glassed
 In dewy flower-heart, the stars that passed.
 O blood veined blossom that can never blight!
 The Declaration, like a sacred rite,
 Is in each star and stripe declamatory,
 The Constitution thou shalt long recite,
 Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

O symphony in red, white, blue!—fanfare
 Of trumpet, roll of drum, forever new
 Reverberations of the Bell, that beat
 Its tones of liberty the wide world through!
 In battle dreaded like a cyclone blast!
 Symbol of land and people unsurpassed
 Thy brilliant day shall never have a night.
 On foreign shore no pomp so grand a sight,
 No face so friendly, naught consolatory
 Like glimpse of lofty spar with thee bedight,
 Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

Thou art the one flag, an embodied prayer,
 One highest and most perfect to review;
 Without one, nothing; it is lineal, square,
 Has properties of all the numbers, too—
 Cube, solid, square root, root of root, best classed
 It for His essence the Creator cast.
 For purity are the six stripes of white,
 This number circular and endless quite—
 Six times, well knows the scholar wan and hoary,
 His compass, spanning circle, can alight—
 Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

Boldly thy seven lines of scarlet flare;
 As when o'er old centurian it blew.
 (Red is the trumpet's tone, it means to dare!)
 God favored seven when creation grew;
 The seven planets, seven hues contrast;
 The seven metals, seven days; not last
 The seven tones of marvelous delight
 That lend the listening soul their wings for flight;
 But why complete the happy category
 That gives thy thirteen stripes their charm and
 might?
 Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

In thy dear colors honored everywhere,
 The great and mystic ternion we view;
 Faith, Hope, and Charity are numbered there,
 And three nails the crucifixion knew.
 Three are offended when one has trespassed,
 God, and one's neighbor and one's self aghast.
 Christ's deity, and soul, and manhood's height;
 The Father, Son, and Ghost may here unite;
 With texts like these, divinely monitory,
 What wonder that thou conquerest in the flight,
 Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

----- ENVOI.

O blessed Flag! sign of our precious Past,
 Triumphant Present and our Future vast,
 Beyond starred blue and bars of sunset bright,
 Lead us to realms of Equal Right!
 Float on, in every lovely allegory,
 Kin to the eagle and the wind and light,
 Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

Prominent Women in Patriotic and Fraternal Circles

To Mrs. W. A. Murdock, of Chicago, may be given the honor of organizing the Grand International Auxiliary to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. This powerful auxiliary was founded in 1887 in Chicago, with only four States represented, and with the small beginning of ten members. It has at present about three hundred divisions and a membership of ten thousand throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico. This certainly speaks volumes for Mrs. Murdock as an organizer, and marks her a woman of rare executive and administrative ability, for she has been its President from its inception and the moving spirit in the development of the order.

Its aims are to bring into closer social relations, the families of engineers, and seeks also to furnish pecuniary aid to the distressed families of unfortunate or deceased engineers. Mrs. Murdock has been nobly assisted by the Grand Officers and the various subdivisions throughout the country in their philanthropic work. Her staff embraces the best women of our country, some of them having held their respective offices for many years, which is a high tribute to her tact, and superior skill as a harmonizer. The remarkable character demonstrated in all Mrs. Murdock's years at the head of this grand body of women is greatly appreciated by all who are familiar with her splendid efforts; while she is a perfect inspiration to those in close touch and sympathy with the cause she has so magnificently espoused. The next convention of the Grand International Auxiliary will be held, with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in Los Angeles, California, in 1904.



MRS. FREEMAN S. BOWLEY.

Mrs. Freeman S. Bowley is Grand Chaplain of the worthy order of Grand International Auxiliary, an office she has faithfully filled for twelve years. She is a member of the Mrs. Leland Stanford Division on the Pacific Coast, and has a wide experience in all kinds of humanitarian and philanthropic work. She is a Department Officer of the Woman's Relief Corps, and is held in the highest esteem both in Grand Army and Relief Corps circles for her years of loyal, loving service. The sweet-souled Mrs. Bowley, whose high sense of justice, tender sympathy and appreciation for every ennobling effort, has woven around her devoted head a wreath of the unfading flowers of life.

Mrs. Caroline Munson, President of Lyon Corps W. R. C., may justly feel proud over the achievements of her Corps in cash-relief work for the past year. It heads the list, by having the largest amount of dollars and cents to its credit. This body of magnificent women is to be congratulated, especially as there are a number of other Corps in the Department of California and Nevada that far out-number Lyon in membership. Mrs. Munson is a Past President of the Maccabees, in which order she is greatly esteemed, as well as in the W. R. C.

Mrs. Munson has a very pleasing personality and a kindness of heart that attracts to her friends in every relation of life. The unbounded success of her administration is due to the gracious, quiet dignity which adorns a lofty nature.

Mrs. Amelia Woodward Truesdell, the author of the patriotic effusion, "Song of the Flag," is one of the prominent California women, active in club-life, and all that tends to broaden the usefulness of woman. No one can read her eloquent poetic lines on our beloved Emblem of Freedom, so beautifully illustrated in the National colors in this issue, but will imbue the patriotic spirit which animates its author. Mrs. Truesdell is resolute and strong of purpose, and true to her convictions of right. She has met the stern realities of life with an indomitable courage. Strong and self-reliant, she is ever a ready friend to the needy and a kindly guide to the weak. She is a helpful force in all that tends to the betterment of her sister—woman.



MRS. AMELIA WOODWARD TRUESDELL.



MRS. CAROLINE MUNSON.

Soldiers I Have Known

(Continued From Page 16.)

was captured and tortured to death by the Modoc Indians, when Custer fell. She is still a lovely woman of the type of Mrs. Fred Grant—a perfect brunette.

One cannot write of brave soldiers without mentioning their wives, and it is my privilege to bear witness that the beauty of the women of the army is in direct proportion to the bravery of their men. Perhaps bravery and fair looks belong together. Certainly one wins the other.

General Thaddeus S. Clarkson, Past National Commander-in-Chief Grand Army of the Republic, was Adjutant of my father's regiment.

A subaltern officer who, had he lived, would have been heard from, was 1st Lieutenant Wallace, of the class of '67 West Point. He fell in the last terrible Indian massacre, fighting single-handed against five braves. He killed three and was holding off the others, when a treacherous red man stole behind him and dealt his death blow.

A man who was most beloved by us all, and ever dear to the private soldier, was Edward D. Townsend, Adjutant General of the Army under Grant, Hayes and others. His kind deeds and gentle bearing will long be remembered. He was the personal friend of more subaltern officers and musket bearers, than any other man who has held this important position.

The young soldier who was so favored by Grant was sent to the very lonely post of Dry Tortugas, off the southern coast of Florida, at a time when the conspirators who assisted in the murder of Lincoln were imprisoned there. The Tortugas is a small island of seven acres. There away from all whom he loved, the young soldier paced up and down, thinking of home and dreaming of future greatness. He was known to be one of the finest artillery men in the army, and his career was a matter of interest to those who knew him. The post was in command of Colonel Loomis L. Langdon, who was away on leave, when the yellow fever broke out. The dauntless youth then fought and won a victory of peace which has placed his name on the roll of fame, and held his memory dear to the men of the class of '67, West Point, whose comrade he was. Alone he fought the pestilence, nursed the sick, helped to bury the dead, and toiled night and day by the bedside of his command. A detail to a northern military college offered him safety. He declined to look at it. "If there were

no danger, or I could take my men, it would do; but there is danger and death in our ranks. Here I stay." He died, exhausted, but loving and serving to the end. His dying words were: "I have stood by them to the last—in the hour of trial." His men, who idolized him, with their own hands dressed him in the uniform he had so honored; buried him on a little key, and fired a volley over the lonely grave on the ocean shore. Each man died from the fever. General Charles King, soldier and author, drew up the special order in which the commanding general told of the deeds of this hero of peace, who met and faced death for his men in the awful form of pestilence. For the second time in the history of our country a whole military department was ordered in mourning for subaltern officer who died "on duty and at his post" in the hour of danger. In general and special orders was his bravery told. Today, when the alumni of the Military Academy meet, many a throat swells at the mention of the name of James Edward Bell, of the class of '67, the stalwart young soldier who cheerfully gave

his life in the service of the men in his command.

All victories are not at the cannon's mouth, nor in "the imminent deadly breach."

While telling in this sketchy manner of soldiers I have known; soldiers who wore stars, and soldiers who carried muskets, let me speak of the gratitude I feel that I have lived in an epoch when it was possible to have the friendship of men whose names are written on the heart of a grateful nation forever. It is compensation for white hairs and dim eyes.

Youth can never give to the women of our republic what the memory of these friendships are to us, who saw, and who knew from thus seeing, all the treasure of life and its rewards, so freely given in defense of our nation and its right to exist. Each woman's heart must swell with the crowding of tender memories as we look upon the ranks of those who comprise the Grand Army of the Republic; for to us, beside the host of living men, there marches a larger army of the lost and loved, still dear, and to us "allive forevermore."

As I close, there comes before me the calm, benignant face of a private soldier of the civil war, whom I knew only to love, as all others did. He rose to be rightful Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. One who, now from the ranks of the immortal dead, looks down upon the gathering of his old-time comrades and his people. One whose last words, so lately uttered, are still fresh in our memories. Greater men, greater soldiers may have lived, but surely no better man has lived than William McKinley, private soldier and chief of our army and navy.

Lights out!

WE WANT EVERY LADY

to write us who want a handsome 36 Piece Set of Genuine Table Silverware, of latest pattern, delivered free to their door for only \$1.00. Nothing to sell, canvass or to write. No capital needed. Don't miss this grand opportunity. Illustrated particulars FREE. THE U. S. SILVERWARE CO., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



WHITE PERSIAN LAWN SHIRT WAIST.



STRIKING SUMMER COSTUME.

LATEST FASHIONS

Warm gowns for summer weather seem a curious anomaly, but the woman whose ambition is to be always appropriately gowned takes just as much time and thought in choosing smart gowns to wear on cool days in midsummer as she does in selecting those of the thin, transparent fabrics, always associated with the idea of hot weather.

In this age of the world there are, fortunately, so many materials to choose from that there is not the same difficulty as in years gone by, when a warm gown meant of necessity one made of heavy skirt fabric, in reality only suited to winter weather. Now in cloth alone there are so many different weights that there is a wide choice possible, while all light colors are to be had in so many different shades and prices that, without spending a fortune, a woman can be smartly and appropriately gowned.

A touch of color, if the gown be light, is one of the latest fads, although not for one moment is it to be imagined that the one color fashion has gone out of favor, but a bit of green, red or blue in the hat and a parasol to match are rather a relief after so many all one color costumes, with every accessory to match.

Light weight, smooth cloth gowns are quite cool enough for summer wear, and these cloths are so easy to fit and so exquisitely soft in texture that they must needs remain in favor for a long time to come. All the different shades in white, from the blue-white to the ivory, are exceedingly smart, and can be made either with coat and skirt and waist to match, or with the coat and skirt and some fancy batiste and lace as embroidered blouse.

SICILIENNE OUTING GOWN.

Fine Sicilienne is very fashionable and delightful for country wear. It sheds the dust, does not wrinkle, is not injured by dampness and looks stylish if well made up. The model is in pearly gray, trimmed with ecru embroidered linen lawn. The skirt is fitted over hips by tucks, is cut with slight foot flare, and has three rows of trimming. Full blouse bands of embroidery and material, with embroidered bolero and cape. White crinoline hat.

CHARMING COSTUME.

Frock of pink mohair trimmed with white Honiton lace made a charming costume for a young lady. It cleans perfectly, is cool and wears well. The yoke is of finely tucked mousseline de soie. The sleeve is only partly gathered into the lace cuff, making it both cool and pretty in effect. The upper part is tucked; tucks also trim the hem. White chip hat trimmed with large white roses and pink Liberty ribbon.

WHITE PERSIAN WAIST.

Pretty shirt waist of tucked white Persian lawn, with bands of embroidery let in from the throat outward, buttoning at the back. Upper part of simple sleeves tucked, set in embroidered cuff.



SMART SICILIENNE OUTING SUIT.



PRETTY GOWN FOR A YOUNG LADY.

\$1200 a Year for Life

SECURED BY SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

AN INVESTMENT APPEALING ESPECIALLY TO WOMEN

because it offers an easy way to make ample provision for future years. No investment in the world today offers such large profits with the same security as does the scientific production of crude rubber. There is no speculative feature in this investment. Crude rubber can be gathered every day in the year, irrespective of weather or season; it can be sold every day in the year in every market in the world, and at a stable price, which has been steadily advancing for many years.

We have 6670 acres of land in the State of Chiapas, the most fertile soil in Mexico, which we are developing into a commercial rubber orchard, under the most successful conditions and plans known to scientific forestry. An acre of rubber trees brought into bearing will produce a net income of from \$200 to \$300 per year for more than a lifetime.

The remarkable opportunity of securing shares in this great enterprise is now open; each share representing an undivided interest, equivalent to an acre of land in our orchard.

OUR PLAN

COST OF FIVE SHARES.

First 12 months, \$20.00 per month.....	\$ 240.00
Next 36 months, \$10.00 per month.....	360.00
Next 26 months, \$12.50 per month.....	325.00
Next 10 months, \$20.00 per month.....	200.00

Total Payments\$1,125.00

DIVIDENDS FROM RUBBER FOR FIVE SHARES.

Fifth year	\$ 150.00
Sixth year	300.00
Seventh year	600.00

Total Dividends During Seven Years\$1,050.00

being a yearly average of 26 percent on the investment during the development period, and at the end of seven years your shares, or acres, are fully paid for and will produce every year 2000 pounds, or more, of rubber, which, at 60 cents per pound, means \$1,200, net profit. This is \$100 per month, or 107 per cent per annum on the total amount of your investment, AND THIS INCOME WILL BE GOOD EVERY YEAR AS LONG AS YOU LIVE. Our contract makes liberal provisions in case the subscriber is unable to make all payments or in case of death.

UNSOLD SHARES DO NOT PARTICIPATE IN DIVIDENDS. You pay no taxes, no fines, no salaries and no assessments. To purchasers of five shares or more we offer a limited number of shares for \$125.00 cash per share, and the assignment to us of the profits or dividends earned by your shares during the contract period of seven years.

NEARLY 100 WOMEN HAVE ALREADY BOUGHT OUR SHARES. DO IT NOW

Send for our literature, call at our office, or send us an order for as many shares as you wish, with remittance covering first monthly payment of \$4.00 per share, and we will forward contract to you.

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SYRACUSE, N. Y.



BY MARY GRANT.

A self-toned buff ingrain paper with a handsome frieze will bring light into a somber hall and tone well with a plain red stair carpet and rich Indian rugs.

A rose colored parlor, with a self-colored carpet and taffeta upholstering, is a dream of beauty.

A red dining room is a cheery and comfortable place, and this gay scheme of color in walls and hangings may be sufficiently subdued in a carpet in soft oriental effects.

Chin effects in wall paper and coverings are among the prettiest things for a boudoir or bedroom.

A recess in a dining room is turned into the most charming nook imaginable by lining it with cloth of the same color as the wall paper and fitting it with shelves on which pieces of good china and silver may be placed.

A small rose trellis design makes a pretty paper for a tiny cottage bedroom, or if stripes are preferable these are very pretty when a green stripe or a pink fancy stripe alternates with a flowered one. Either of these is very fetching in a sunny room.

An ideal little summer room is papered in white with a ribbon border and has net curtains with a Watteau center pattern and a border of ribbons with musical instruments intertwined.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Cranberries kept in water and set in a cool place will keep for months.

All green vegetables keep their color better if boiled rapidly and left uncovered.

Plenty of bread crumbs put to a treacle pudding prevents the treacle from coming out.

Sprinkle a little flour over suet when chopping it to prevent the pieces from sticking together.

Eating freely of watercresses for several consecutive days will remove tartar of long standing from the teeth.

To prevent the fringe of towels and doilies from breaking and wearing off snap the articles when the fringe is damp.

A cup of milk added to the water with which an oil cloth or oiled floor is to be washed gives them a luster like new.

To prevent an oil stove from smelling put three or four pieces of carbon into the oil, and there will not be the slightest smell.

Dishes prepared with new milk should not be salted until ready to be removed from the stove; salt will curdle new milk.

When canning fruit set your glass jars in a pan of warm water, or on a folded cloth which has been dipped in cold water.

The application of a bit of soap on the point of a lead pencil to a creaky hinge will cure its stiffness and silence its complaints.

If grease is spilt on the kitchen table, sprinkle the stain at once with coarse salt; this prevents the grease from soaking into the wood.

Brown flour should always be kept on hand to use for thickening. Prepare it by putting a little dry flour in the oven in a dripping pan; stir it occasionally and cook it until it is a light brown.

A small sponge saturated with oil of lavender and hung near the bed or a handkerchief moistened and laid near the invalid's couch will be found an efficient aid in driving away intrusive flies.

Scour kitchen tables and shelves with the following and you will always have pure white boards: half a pound of sand, half a pound of soft soap, quarter of a pound of lime, work these well together to a paste. Put this on the scrubbing brush, then wash off with plenty of clean water.

TO CLEAN SPOTS FROM SILK.

I watched a professional cleaner make a spot on a delicate silk disappear. Instead of attacking the ugly mark at once he began about ten inches from it. He stretched a scrap of thin white broadcloth on the end of his finger, dipped it lightly in gasoline and worked quickly around the spot in wheel like sweeps, getting nearer and

nearer the stain, which yielded in a few minutes to gentle but steady rubbing. The gradual approach to cleaning the stain, he explained, did away with all danger of leaving the halo often has to sponge out after a stain disappears.

TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

Learn to govern yourselves and be gentle and patient; guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayer and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors; remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable; beware of the first disagreement; learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice; study the characters of each and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small; do not neglect little things if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree; avoid moods and pouts and fits of sulkiness.

ANTIQUITY OF TABLECLOTH.

At a very early period it was customary to spread a cloth or cover upon tables appropriated for holding refreshments, and in the more ennobled ranks of society we find this practice prevalent almost among all nations, where civilization has polished the manners of the people.

The use of the tablecloth among the Romans began in the time of the early emperors. The fabric was fine linen, generally much ornamented, with stripes of gold and purple, and sometimes painted or wrought with gold, decorated at the corners with golden tags.

The use of table linen was very rare in England about the thirteenth century; but we find the Anglo-Saxon, before the Norman conquest, dined with a clean cloth, denominated reod sceat, which was by their successors termed drapet; this latter term we find in several instances in "Spencer's Faery Queen," evidently alluding to linen cloths.

In the life of St. Ives we find it mentioned that even a cloth was hid for a poor man.

Ducange relates a singular feudal privilege; "that the Lord was entitled to the table cloth and towel used at the house where he dined;" the honor of a frequent visit would surely have made him no welcome guest when we consider the value of these articles at that time.

The same author relates that a father giving some advice to his son most strongly urges him, as a means of future success in life, to have his table covered with a clean cloth.

Fosbroke in his "Antiquities" writes that damask table linen is of a very ancient date and quotes La Broquiere for a description of some table cloths used abroad. He says: "They are four feet in diameter and made round, having rings attached to them and are, when the dinner is finished, drawn together like a purse so that not a crumb of the remnants may be lost."

ORIGINAL COOKING NOTES.

Too rapid boiling ruins a sauce. Let it boil up, then simmer.

For spice cake cold coffee may be used instead of milk.

Custards are smoother when made with only the yolks of eggs.

Some of the most delicious soups are now made from vegetable stock.

To sweeten tea with white rock candy is one of the new wrinkles.

Syrup, jam or marmalade should be served with the plain rice pudding that has no fruit in it.

A few peas may be added to a cream sauce and served on the platter with lamb chops or egg cutlets.

As a general principle, all but the very plainest puddings should be steamed rather than boiled.

Peas with Eggs—Cut cold, hard boiled eggs through the center; remove the yolks neatly. Reheat left over tender peas; drain, season with pepper, salt and a little melted butter. Pour carefully into the egg whites. Serve on lettuce leaves, two halves to each plate.



SHIRT WAIST OF DOTTED SWISS.

LATEST FASHIONS



COLLARLESS COAT FOR SUMMER WEAR.

Summer weather in any climate at the present time is so changeable that there are many days when a coat or wrap is necessary, and consequently the smartest gowns are now made with a jacket to match the skirt. With these there may or may not be a waist to match, for although fashion has decreed very positively that a waist to match the skirt is necessary in every smart costume with light clothes or any material at all heavy, a waist of the material is very warm and too heavy to be comfortable, so that the thin waists are as fashionable as ever, but with them are worn a short jacket or wrap to match the skirt.

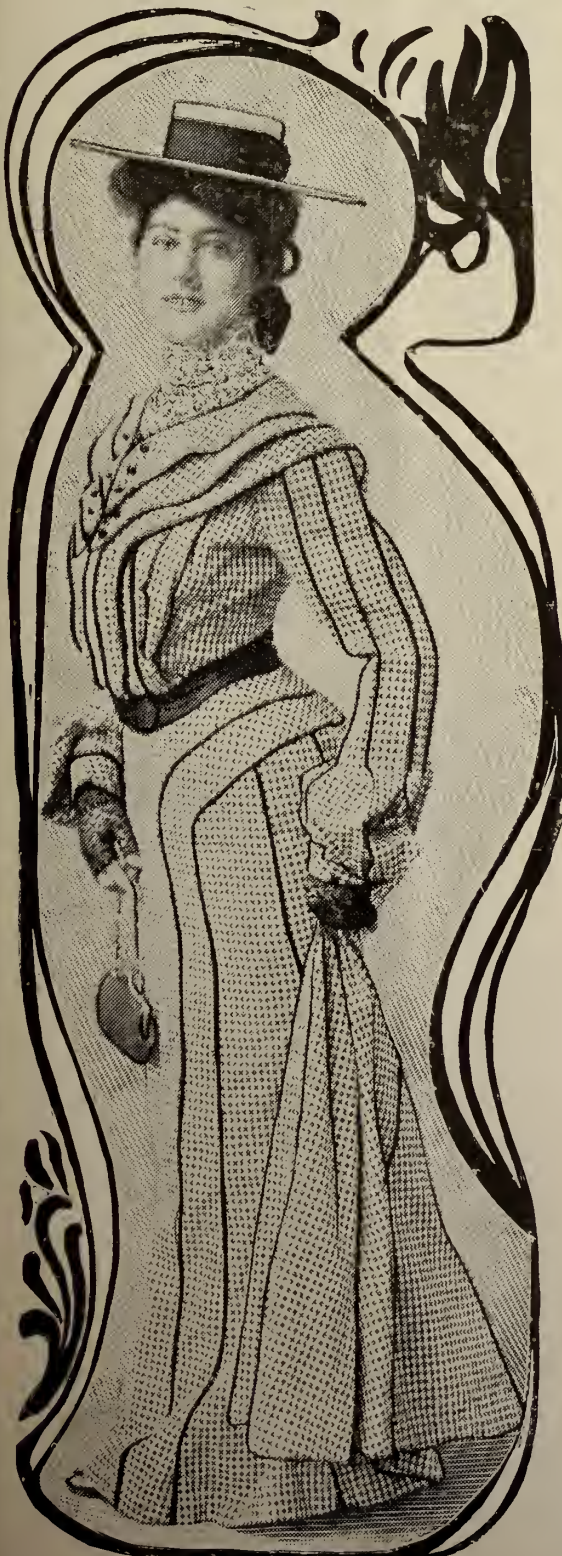
Fichus are again fashionable and the fichu effect is often given in quite heavy materials as well as in thin wash fabrics. When this fashion is becoming it is exceedingly so, and there is something very soft and graceful about a fichu that is properly adjusted with not too much fullness around the shoulders and with the long ends in front tied in a soft knot and then allowed to fall to the hem of the skirt, or, if more becoming, part way down. Lace or embroidered ruffles are necessary if thin materials are used, but on many of the heavier coats there is nothing at all excepting the flat bands, and only the folds are used to give the soft appearance that is becoming. Great care must be taken that a fichu is not tied too high on the front of the waist. That gives a very ugly line, except for an exceedingly thin gown, where it is desired to add as much breadth as possible to the shoulders and bust. Then the ends should be tied in a bow in front or in one loop.

A charming fad is the using of light cloths or silks for fichus and trimming them with broad bands of entre-deux either in the heavy or light lace. The effect is a little severe and always good, and is so markedly different from the ruffled fichu as to make the fashion an exceedingly smart one.

One of the very latest fancies is the lace scarf made on the same model as the flat marabout or ostrich feather scarf, but composed of myriads of narrow lace ruffles put so close together that they overlap each other and sewed on to a foundation of net. The lace need not be real, but if imitation be used it must be of the finest quality, of an open pattern and decidedly cream in color. Another style of lace wrap is the long lace scarf, not shaped, but made of one width and long. This is of necessity costly, as exquisitely fine old lace shows to the greatest advantage, and lace lovers have greeted the fashion with enthusiasm, finding at last an opportunity to wear real lace, so that its beauty will show to the best possible advantage.

STYLISH CHECK SUITS.

Pretty and useful are the Shepherd's checks, both in silk, light-weight woollens or gingham; suitable for almost every occasion, the styles of making them being infinite. A model is of black and white silk check, with pipings of emerald green silk; the double yoke effect of the nine-piece skirt being harmonized with the triple cape. Young ladies wear one of the new sailor hats with these suits.



FASHIONABLE SHEPHERD'S CHECK SUIT.



DAINTY COSTUME OF ORGANDIE

PROMINENT CALIFORNIA SUMMER RESORTS.

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A natural paradise, 8 miles from Petaluma, on the Sonoma Mountain; will accommodate 200 campers. The owner, Dr. A. Anderson, a practicing physician and City Trustee of the City of Petaluma, reserving the rights of admission in order to make this an ideal family camping ground.

One hundred miles of grand scenery in all its wild natural beauty.

Traversed by a splendid trout stream, living springs, a school house on the grounds, feed, fresh eggs, milk and butter at market prices on the premises.

Low fares and easy of access. Close to post-office, rural mail and the telephone and telegraph, with water in abundance, free to all. An analysis shows the famous LOMA VISTA spring to contain the following health-giving properties, according to Mr. A. Soderling:

Bicarbonate of Soda,
Bicarbonate of Magnesia,
Bicarbonate of Lime,
Sulphate of Soda,
Bicarbonate of Iron.

The scenery is beautiful beyond description, with a view of four valleys and counties, of the Pacific Ocean and San Francisco and San Pablo bays.

The climate is warm and balmy. The land is above the fog belt, and is free from winds. LOMA VISTA is a garden of beauty and must be seen to be appreciated.

For further information, etc., address

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Petaluma, Cal.

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Refreshing and recreative to the business man of San Francisco is the thirty-minute sail across the Bay, and upon arrival at Hotel Belvedere all the comforts of home are enjoyed, as the "cuisine" is unsurpassed. For rates, etc., address Mrs. A. T. Moore, Hotel Belvedere, Marin County, Cal., or call at Peck's Tourist Bureau, 11 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

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A Grand Family Resort in the Redwood Mountains of Sonoma County. You can buy a lot and build a 2-room Cottage for \$75. Mr. Meeker will contract to erect any style of Cottage at lowest possible rates. Sawmill, Depot Store, Telegraph and Postoffice on the ground. All kinds of house building material on hand. Address M. C. Meeker.

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Near Mt. Shasta, Cal., Mrs. L. M. Sisson, proprietor, rests among the tall pines in a big mountain meadow, facing the western side of Mt. Shasta. The elevation is 3,555 feet, while that of the mountain is 14,450 feet. Our rates are \$14.00 a week, which includes about everything most people want.

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OPEN ALL YEAR ROUND. THE NEAREST HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS TO SAN FRANCISCO. TEMPERATURE 115 DEGREES. NO STAGING. FARE \$1.10. SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, ASTHMA, AND ALL KINDRED AILMENTS. WE HAVE FIVE DIFFERENT HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS. TUB AND PLUNGE BATHS. AND THE LARGEST MINERAL WATER SWIMMING TANK IN THE STATE. TABLE AND ROOMS ARE FIRST CLASS. INQUIRE AT PECK'S, 11 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO, OR ADDRESS THEO RICHARDS, AGUA CALIENTE, SONOMA COUNTY, CAL.

Campbell Hot Springs

SIERRAVILLE, SIERRA COUNTY, CAL.—IN THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS, 5,000 FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

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A GLORIOUS SURPRISE

BY JOHN K. SPENCER.

"And what of Mrs. Davenport? My first thought was of her when I set foot upon my home soil. Do not tell me that she, too, has passed away, although I know that the dreadful disease was menacing her life months ago." The speaker's tones vibrated with sadness.

"Mrs. Davenport! Why she will be among the first to welcome you," was the instant reply. "She is health and happiness personified."

"Of course, then, she survived the operation. My! How the thought of her suffering haunted me!"

"There was no operation. She was painlessly and thoroughly cured. You will hear all about it in time, for she can scarcely talk of anything else except her glorious surprise."

"Cured! Cured painlessly! A horrid cancer removed and no operation! I cannot understand."

The speaker seemed indeed dazed, but her friend looked as placid as peace when she said: "Science is progressive, and patience and experiment are wonderful tools. Do you remember your old attorney, Mr. Dunstan, who had a cancer on his tongue. The surgeon said that his only hope for life was in having the half of his tongue cut off. He was about submitting, when Mrs. Davenport heard of it. He was taken to her specialist and, today, the man's tongue and mouth are as sound as ours."

"Oh, if she—"

The speakers had passed beyond my hearing as they turned a corner, and I was left to the reflections which their accidentally heard conversation had inspired. Alas, too well I knew the long hours of mental and physical agony which accompanied the disease of which Mrs. Davenport had been so mercifully healed. One, as dear to me as my life, had been its victim. The knife of the surgeon had brought only temporary relief, for it had—as it does in most all cases—failed to reach the source of the malady. The trouble returned in a more violent form, and soon my home was desolate.

The record of those long, weary days and nights when she and I were fighting against the hopelessness of what we believed to be an incurable disease was deeply engraved upon my mind, and after she was gone from my sight and loving care I could think of but little else.

Wherever I went; whatever I read; with who ever I conversed, the knowledge that such a scourge as cancer was following in the wake of our highest civilization, went along. My shadow was no closer to me than the hourly thought, "Surely, surely," I said, "there must be a remedy for such a widespread evil." I determined to devote the remaining years of my life, if necessary, to finding it.

No knight in search of the Holy Grail went out on a higher and more unselfish mission and no "hound on the hunter's track" was more vigilant and direct in its purpose than I. I learned that the disease is not due to bad sanitary surroundings, to poverty, to ignorance nor bad habits, but occurs most generally among the civil-

ized, cultured and well-to-do of a community and usually develops in the most thickly settled and healthy localities.

In regard to its origin pathologists differ. Many hold that it is largely hereditary, and when symptoms of it occur and the victim can call to mind any deceased relative who died from a similar cause, the conviction seizes them that for them also death will be the inevitable result. Such an idea should be dismissed, as it only serves to materialize the fear.

There are others who hold to the opinion which has existed for many generations back, viz: that the disease is local in its origin, and the only remedy is its removal by the knife. It is rarely that such an operation proves a permanent cure for, in the majority of cases, within a year at farthest, the disorder returns.

It generally develops into a small nodule or lump, and in the case of females, most commonly in the mamillary and genital organs, when it soon passes (at least in the former) to the axilla by way of the lymphatic glands. When it reaches that point there is but little chance of so complete a removal as to prevent an early return. Dr. Wilkinson King of London, who is high authority in reference to such matters, made researches to ascertain the proportion of persons who have latent cancerous growths in their bodies but who die from other diseases, unsuspecting that they have had these hidden germs. He found the ratio of sufferers to be one-half females and of males but one-eighth. This portentous fact in regard to the present condition of the mothers of the race is most melancholy, and if possible to be averted demands the first attention of those interested in the preservation and physical purity of the human race.

No alchemist of old in search of the philosopher's stone; nor prospector of today who expends his all of time, opportunity, strength and energy to locate a mine, worked more indefatigably than I to find out whether the decree that cancer could not be cured without intense suffering and mutilation, was truth.

My search was rewarded, and to quote the words of the lady whose remarks I had overheard, a revelation came to me finally as "a glorious surprise."

I ascertained beyond all doubt this truth:

Cancer can be and is cured.

Can be cured painlessly.

Can be cured never to return.

The skill, dexterity and applied science which had rescued Mrs. Davenport from a fate worse than death itself, that had restored the tongue of Mr. Dunstan to its normal condition and has proved the benefactor of many in similar conditions, emanated from a woman, whose loving service is equalled only by her tender and skillful hand, and who is accessible to any who personally seek her aid.

Who she is, how she fulfills her mission and where she can be found will be described in the September issue of this magazine.

THE GENUINE MENNEN'S.

There is more comfort for men, women and children in a box of Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder than in any other toilet preparation ever discovered. It is not only a luxury, but a necessity. To allay the painful effect of chafed skin, prickly heat, sunburn, or any other affliction of the skin, use Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder. To make the baby comfortable and keep it contented, use Mennen's. To prevent razor-rash and secure ease to tender skins, use Mennen's. To impart a natural tone to a woman's complexion, and give a delicate finish to the toilet, use Mennen's.

Avoid substitutes. The merit of Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder has encouraged a number of cheap and dangerous substitutes. There is nothing "just as good" as Mennen's. It is entirely different in principle and purpose from all other toilet, infant and complexion powders. The genuine has Mennen's face on the cover of every box. Refuse others. Sold everywhere for 25c.

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Nowhere do boys receive better supervision; more thorough training, or better home influences than at Hoitt's School, Menlo Park, California. This school begins its thirteenth year August 11th, and ranks with the best of its kind in this country. See advertisement in another column.



CHARACTER READ FROM HAND.

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FASHIONS

AN OLD FAD REVIVED.

As the fashion of going around in the country or at the seashore without hats is gaining among young ladies, they even driving and boating hatless, the old-time hair net has reappeared, made of netted chenille, or silk cord, some being of gold or silver thread. An invisible net of one's own hair is also worn over the pompadour.

DAINTY NEGLIGEE.

Negligee, or house gown, of pale lilac grenadine, shirred and puffed at the top, forming a yoke headed by guipure, leaving the neck slightly low. To this the gown is plaited all round, the front forming a sort of panel. It is finished at the bottom with guipure and a puff. The sleeves are plaited at the top and finished at the bottom with guipure, where they flare over full undersleeves of the material, which are shirred and puffed.

FOULARD SHIRT WAIST SUIT.

Simple tailor suit of light blue foulard, powdered with white. Outlines of hem, head of flounce in stitched bands of blue taffeta to match, piped with black, black pipings in seams each side front, "Gibson" waist with stitched plaits, and stitched bands down front, and as cuffs and trimming on bag sleeves.



FLOUNCES ARE FASHIONABLE.

Flounces are daily becoming more fashionable, some of the spring and summer skirts being flounced from hem to waist. A graceful effect is produced by the flounces taking an upward line at the back. A lovely little frock of white gauze over rose pink taffeta is flounced to the waist, each flounce being edged with very narrow black lace. The waist has a bertha of muslin edged with the lace, and the sleeves consist of numerous tiny lace-edged ruffles. A sash of rose taffeta, edged all the way round with black lace, completes this delightfully Frenchy little frock.

BLOUSE WITH BROAD COLLAR

Broad collars are becoming to the greater number of womankind and are exceedingly effective on the dainty blouses now in vogue. A very pretty waist is made of pale blue louisine silk with trimming of ecru lace.

The blouse is made with a fitted foundation and consists of a plain back and fronts that are tucked at their upper portions and pointed to a round yoke. The big collar lies flat and is cut in wedge-shaped pieces at its inner edge, the points of which are attached to the shield and under which the ribbon is passed. The shield and stock are separate and are attached to the waist beneath the collar. When desired they can be omitted and the waist worn with an open neck.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 3/4 yards 21 inches wide, 4 yards 27 inches wide, 4 yards 32 inches wide, or 2 yards 41 inches wide, with 3/4 yard of tucking for shield, collar and cuffs.

BOAS ARE ALL THE RAGE.

A pretty chiffon boa is the natural accompaniment of an uncollared gown. These have become more huge every week, until some short-necked women have been quite comically distorted, seen from the back view. Reasonably employed as a frame for the face, not fastened under the chin, but ready for being so should a cold breeze spring up towards evening, a ruffie is both useful and ornamental. Black and white chiffon boas are almost exclusively worn here in harmony with the general tone of our costumes. Some have been very lightly touched with flower petals, either those in the palest blush of the rose or the most delicate mauve of the iris or the orchid. Needless to say, these trifles of the toilet must be absolutely fresh. As they are so vaporous and delicate they need frequently renewing. Indeed, the services of a clever maid are quite indispensable. Each time that the extremely delicate smart dresses and accessories are worn they need careful looking over for the immediate repair of slight damages, and for the kind services of a slightly heated iron to smooth out unseemly crumples.

EMBROIDERED GOWNS.

The fad for embroidered gowns brings many pretty fancies to the fore, and a woman who has an artistic sense and is clever with her needle can beautify her cotton gowns in any number of effective ways.

Here, for instance, is a suggestion for a wash cambric that is simple, and yet has a wonderfully pretty effect:

Make a shirt waist costume of white linen cambric, plaiting both the waist and skirt, and then over the plaits around the neck, across the bust, and just below the hips place three garlands of colored flowers. Make them in this way:

Take wash ginghams of the colors required—say a pale green and pale pink—cut five petaled flowers of the latter and heart shaped leaves of the former; then, apart from the dress, buttonhole stitch the edges with coarse wash silk. This will make a substantial trimming which may then be sewed on the material in the way suggested, connecting stems and tendrils can be put in a running stitch afterward with the green embroidery silk.

EVENING OR THEATER WAIST.

Blouse of pale blue louisine. The plain round yoke and center plait are cut in one piece and trimmed with an odd trimming composed of little squares of blue liberty united by embroidery. The yoke is also trimmed with white guipure and bias bands of the liberty forming a sort of square neck.

Below this yoke the blouse is box-plaited at the top, the plaits opening out about half-way down. The sleeve carries out the same idea; it is plain at the top, and is fagoted. The deep plain cuffs are trimmed with the guipure and bias bands of liberty.



FOULARD SHIRT-WAIST SUIT.



ATTRACTIVE STREET COSTUME.

FALLING Hair AND Baldness Absolutely Cured

There is but one way to tell the reason of baldness and falling hair, and that is by a microscopic examination of the hair itself. The particular disease with which your scalp is afflicted must be known before it can be intelligently treated. The use of dandruff cures and hair tonics, without knowing the specific cause of your disease, is like taking medicine without knowing what you are trying to cure.

Send three fallen hairs from your combings to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated bacteriologist, who will send you ABSOLUTE-LY FREE a diagnosis of your case, a booklet on care of hair and scalp, and a sample box of the remedy which he will prepare especially for you.

Enclose 2c postage and write to-day.

PROF. J. H. AUSTIN,
731 McVicker Building, - CHICAGO, ILL.



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SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AT ONCE FOR OUR BOOKLET.

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RENO, NEV.

TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY

BY MADAME MARIE EMMETT, DOCTOR OF BEAUTY.

Letters to this department should be plainly directed to Mme. Emmett, California Ladies' Magazine, San Francisco, Calif.

Please sign some name or initials which can be printed in the magazine, as replies will not be answered by mail.

WHEN King Solomon, "the wisest man the world ever saw" chose wisdom as his portion, length of days was accorded him as one of the choicest added gifts which heaven could confer; and the "elixir of life" has been the dream of poets and philosophers from the day of the Chaldean sages down to those of the alchemists and Rosicrucians who flourished some three centuries ago. Yet it is obvious that longevity, if it means naught but a greater period of suffering physical pain, or even decided discomfort, is only, humanly speaking, an additional burden, and that therefore to constitute a real blessing, it must be accompanied by that greatest of all earthly means of happiness—health of body and mind.

No small amount of time and trouble has been expended by various writers upon sanitary science in endeavoring to frame an exact and yet comprehensive definition of health and beauty. Cheerfulness and amiability will redeem many a face of almost hopeless irregularity of feature. It is the woman with the jolly, happy expression who pleases, whom we look at longest and with the greatest satisfaction; just as it is the young woman with the fretful or sour visage whom we turn from to the more interesting study. Now suppose you spend some of your time cultivating a sweet expression. Try it, dear one; smile and look pleasant, believe me, it is more than half the battle, for gloom of countenance is the worst enemy to the charm of a pretty face, while sweetness and amiability are as "catching" as the measles.

And while you are remembering this little talk, bear it in mind also—there never yet was any one in this world so badly off but some one could be found who was worse off. Fretting and worrying and crossing bridges will hasten the coming of crow's feet, which cannot be chased away so easily.

Cheerfulness and a merry heart will do more than lotions and creams toward beautifying the face and retarding the approach of those horrors known as wrinkles.

Dear reader, you must always take in consideration first, your diet. I do not mean that you should at once begin to restrict yourself to all those disagreeable unappetizing things which we have been brought up to consider wholesome and which we loathe with a virulent hatred. I mean simply that you must stop eating rich pastries and unhealthful sweets, together with greasy, indigestible meats. Partake of plenty of vegetables and all the fruit you wish. Soups, salads and a little meat now and then will do. Boiled meat, fish and game are particularly wholesome and nourishing.

Good food makes good blood and fine blood makes beautiful complexions and bright eyes.

Strict hygienic living is the proper thing. But at the same time do not forget to "smile and look pleasant." The world is hard and old. All that we can do is to keep the system in good condition, and thus give nature a chance to effect a cure.

Manifestly one of the first steps towards avoiding or escaping the maladies which shorten our lives, and inflict upon us that greatest earthly evil, physical pain, must be to form some acquaintance with the cause of disease and their modes of operation.

Just as the captain of an ocean steamship, in order to bring his charge safely into port, must carefully study his charts and be prepared to avoid rocks, quicksands, and dangerous currents which menace the security of his costly vessel. So every one of us, if we would navigate our craft into the haven of long life and health, needs all the knowledge which can be acquired in regard to danger imminent, upon the right hand and the left, of our voyage in life from accident and disaster. Few among us, no doubt, have failed to feel and to yield to this seductive temptation of finding out for ourselves how great the danger is, and whether after all the fear of hearts more cowardly than our own has not exaggerated its perils. How often, too, are we lured on to venture a trial of strength or endurance by the egotistic opinion that we of all beings can see the evil consequences in time to turn aside, or, if necessary, draw back and avoid them sometimes this can in fact be done.

Bearing in mind the definition of health and beauty given above "perfect organization in perfect action," and of disease as a departure from health.

Proper questions and information will be given in these columns each month, and I kindly ask all subscribers and readers of the California Ladies' Magazine to write and ask me such questions pertaining to health and beauty as they may deem proper and wish to know.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss—Z—

You can obtain it at any drug store; would advise you to try a little sea salt in the water.

A. P.—

Have some hair dresser do it up a few times, then note the results, a good hair tonic is what you need, read reply to Mamie B—

Mamie B—

Your falling hair may be caused by indigestion, general ill health, over work or worry. Irritation of the scalp and excessive amount of dandruff are common causes. Would advise you to shampoo your head every two weeks with a good cocoanut oil shampoo. Apply some good tonic every other night. If your hair is dry use this one, Reseacin, forty-eight grains; glycerine, one-fourth ounce; alcohol enough to fill a two-ounce bottle.

B. A. M.—

To remove freckles. One dram of compound tincture of benzoin; one-half dram glycerine and three ounces of rosewater. Apply with a soft sponge twice a day.

Melen M.—

I do not answer questions by mail; see head of column. An effective cream for your case is made by mixing one-half ounce of lanolin with two ounces of cocoa-butter, apply at night, rubbing well for fifteen or twenty minutes, every morning dash on cold water.

Miss P.—

Electric treatment is excellent for the skin, but should not be taken oftener than once a week.

Miss G. B.—

The tonic formula for which is given in letter to Mamie B. is good for dry hair.

Reader—

I prefer not to suggest anything to darken the eyelashes, as dyes are always risky. Indeed, it is pleasant to know that one's work is appreciated, as you say. Thank you ever so much. Watch these columns each month. You will be pleased.

Mrs. L. W.—

The taking of drugs of any sort should always be regulated by the advice of your physician. The wash you speak of is made by placing in a half-pint bottle, one ounce of fresh uncooked cucumber juice, three ounces of elderflower water and one ounce of eau-de-cologne. Then shake the mixture well and add very slowly one-half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, shaking now and then, now fill the bottle with elder-flower water. Bleaches which remove the cuticle entirely are often very dangerous.

Mollie—

Bathe the tired, aching feet in tiplid water to which is added a little sea salt.

Bertha—

You must not think of using the acid. Would advise you to consult some Dermatologist who will give you the proper advice personally.

Using the complexion brush is simply an excellent way of keeping the pores cleansed.

Blanch—

The cream is good if properly used. See head of column.

Mary—

As the growth of hair on your face is so very fine I would advise you to bleach it with a little peroxide of hydrogen. Apply with a bit of absorbent cotton or a small sponge. After a few applications the hair will be so light in color as to be scarcely noticeable. I cannot recommend any such a wash as you wish; am sorry, but such experiments are a waste of time and are rarely ever successful.

Mollie E.—

Note advice given to Mrs. L. W. See head of column.

I again respectfully request all to ask me any questions pertaining to health and beauty and same will be answered in these columns.

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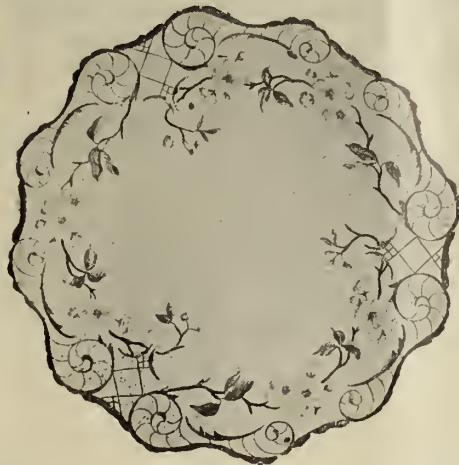
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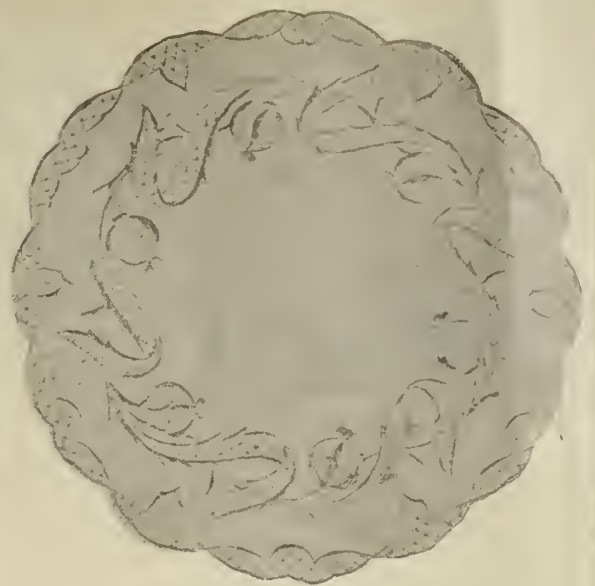
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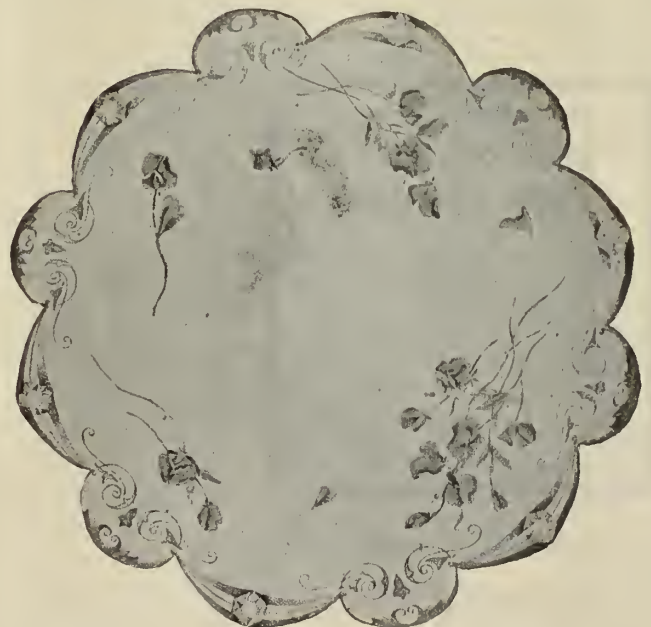
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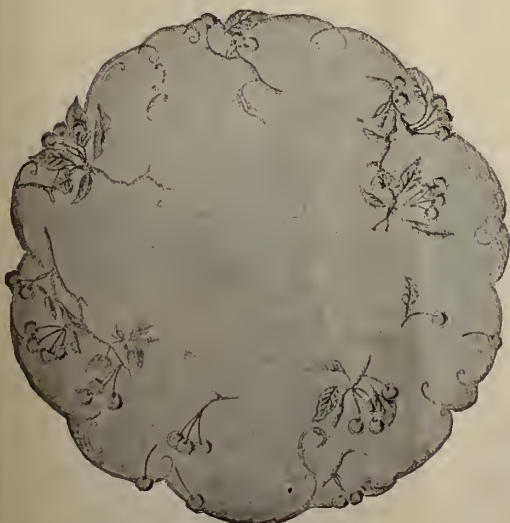
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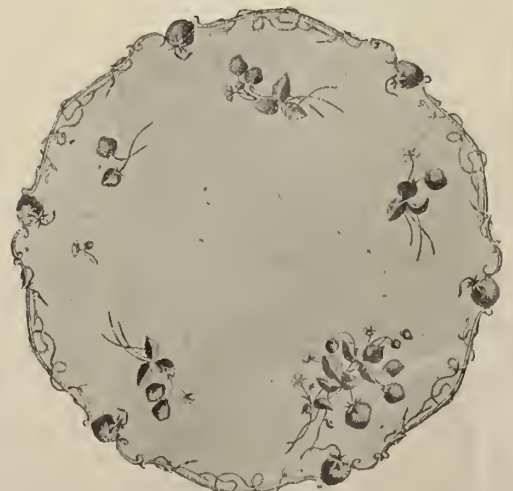
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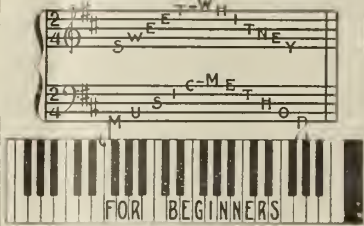


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DAINTY MEAT PIES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

There is nothing nicer than a well-made meat pie, either to have in the house as a "stand-by," or for Sunday supper, when the good man pines for something other than the stereotyped cold beef, which is the fate of so many husbands on Sunday nights. To-day, then, I propose to give you some recipes for the various kinds of meat pies which can be easily made by the average plain cook.

A short time ago a correspondent wrote to me and said that they (her household) never had a meat pie because the plain crusts were always so heavy and indigestible, and as her household allowance was small, she could not afford rich crusts. Now this, I beg leave to state, is, putting it plain, mere nonsense. A perfectly plain crust can be made as light as the richest one imaginable. It is the way the crust is made not the amount of butter or lard it contains, which makes it indigestible or not. Moreover, if only the self-raising flour, which is now sold by all good grocers, be used, a heavy crust is practically an impossibility. Moreover, it is not by any means costly. Here, then, are the recipes before referred to:

Chicken and Ham Pie.—Cut a young chicken into neat small joints, or get your poultier to do so for you. Cover the bottom of a fairly deep pie dish with some thinly cut slices of veal and bacon or ham. Dust these lightly with white pepper, and add salt to taste. Then add some of the joints of chicken, repeat the pepper and salt, strew over finely chopped mushrooms, and some minced parsley and shallot, and a very little minced tarragon. Fill up the crevices with quarter hard-boiled eggs, then repeat the layer of veal, chicken, bacon and seasoning. Add more egg, moisten with sufficient white stock to form a gravy, cover with some lightly made paste, and glaze the top with yolk of egg, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a quarter. This pie may be served either hot or cold.

For a perfectly plain crust the following answers admirably: Take one pound of self-raising flour and add to it a pinch of salt and 4 ounces of either butter, lard, or clarified beef dripping, whichever is most convenient. Rub this lightly in with the tips of the fingers, then add sufficient milk, milk and water, or water to mix to the desired consistency. Roll out two or three times, finally to a depth of three-quarters of an inch, and then use. The well-beaten yolk of an egg, or of two eggs, if it can be afforded, is a very great improvement to this crust.

Pigeon Pie.—For a large pie four pigeons and about one pound or one and a quarter pounds of rump steak will be required. Cut the rump steak into neat callpos about one and a half inches long and one inch thick. Split

the pigeons into halves or quarters, and dust all lightly with pepper or salt. Place one ounce of butter or clarified beef drippings in a clean enamelled stew-pan, and as soon as it melts, add the steak and pigeons, and fry to a nice bright brown hue. Then line a fairly deep pie dish with callpos of steak, place the pigeons on top, and season highly with chopped mushrooms (about four ounces of the latter will be required), minced parsley and shallot, and pepper and salt. Pour half a pint of either stock, gravy, bovril, or water into the pan in which the steak and pigeons were cooked. Add to it half a wineglassful of mushroom catsup, a teaspoonful of Harvey sauce, and half a wineglassful of port wine. Note: The latter item is optional—indeed, some cooks are averse to its use. Boil all up together. Pour over the pigeons, etc.; fill up the crevices with halved hard-boiled eggs. Cover with either puff paste, or a crust made as directed in the foregoing recipe. Ornament the top in the usual way, brush over the whole with yolk of egg, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a quarter. This pie also may be eaten either hot or cold, but it is perhaps best cold. It is worthy of note, that when pigeons are not obtainable, or are considered too dear, hazel hens or partridges, if used in their place, will give equally good results—indeed, few people could tell the difference.

Grouse Pie a l'Escossaise.—When these birds are in season there is nothing more delicious than a pie made in the following manner: Pick, singe, and draw two grouse and split them in halves. Place a bit of butter, about the size of a large walnut, in a clean enamelled iron pan. As soon as it melts add the birds, together with one pound of rump steak cut into neat strippets about one and a half inches long and one inch thick. Dust with pepper and salt, and fry for ten minutes. Then arrange the strippets of steak at the bottom of a pie-dish. Place the halved birds on this. Strew over them four ounces of finely chopped mushrooms, previously fried in a bit of butter, a teaspoonful of minced shallot, a teaspoonful of parsley, and a large tablespoonful of Oude sauce. Fill up all the crevices with quartered hard-boiled eggs. Moisten with sufficiently good gravy, stock, or very thin brown sauce to reach half way up the pie-dish, cover with puff paste or a good short crust. Brush over with yolk of egg, and bake for an hour and a quarter.

Potato Souffle.—Into a pint of soft mashed potato beat the whipped yolks of five eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; season with pepper and salt, and beat in a cup of sweet milk and the same quantity of cream. Last of all whip in the stiffened whites of the eggs; turn all into a large buttered pudding dish and bake.

Recipes by Mrs. Armstrong

Meat Glaze for cold meats is much better with a little Kitchen Bouquet.

Bouillon.—To one quart of Bouillon add half a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet. It will greatly improve both taste and appearance.

Bean Soup.—(As well as Meat or Vegetable Soups), is rendered more savory by adding a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet to each quart of soup.

Jellied Veal becomes Marbled Veal, if Kitchen Bouquet be mixed with alternate layers of the preparation as it is moulded.

Brown Sauce.—Melt two tablespoons of flour to same quantity of butter (or fat in pan from roast or broiled meats) and thinning with a cup and a half of stock or water. This makes a light colored sauce; but half a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet gives a rich and most appetizing color and flavor.

Mushroom Sauce.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and add a slice of onion. Cook this slowly five minutes, remove the onion and add a cup of sliced or chopped mushroom (removing stems and skin from fresh ones). Cover closely and simmer ten or fifteen minutes. Then add two tablespoonfuls of flour, a scant pint of stock or hot water, and season with salt, pepper and Kitchen Bouquet. This is excellent for either broiled steak or a filet of beef.

Recipes by Mrs. Armstrong

Aspic Jelly may be made more attractive and palatable by adding Kitchen Bouquet before it becomes jellied.

Tomato Sauce.—This may be made similar to mushroom sauce, using strained tomato instead of stock, and a high seasoning of mace, bay-leaf peppercorns and a couple of cloves instead of the mushroom. Strain before serving and add half a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet.

Meat Timbales are most savory if a little Kitchen Bouquet be added to the other ingredients.

Dressing, for birds and game, has a richer color and flavor when Kitchen Bouquet is one of the seasonings.

Creamed Chicken takes a golden hue if a little Kitchen Bouquet is mixed with the yolk of egg and added just at serving time.

Ragout of Meat, also braized beef and calf's liver, should be seasoned with Kitchen Bouquet.

Casserole of Meat, also braized beef and calf's liver, should be seasoned with Kitchen Bouquet.

Hashed Brown Potatoes become exceedingly appetizing when seasoned with Kitchen Bouquet.

Salad Dressing, either the French or cooked form, receives an indescribable and most agreeable flavor by addition of Kitchen Bouquet. It is particularly good for tomato salad.

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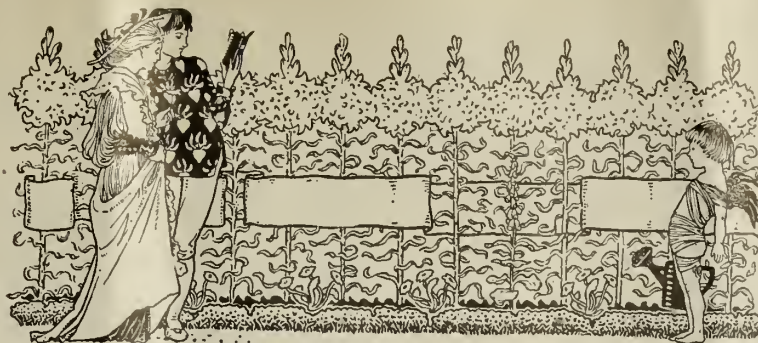
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Love Letters Answered

BY MADAME MINERVA.

Madam Minerva—My Dear Friend: Seeing your kind and good advice to all those who are in trouble, I thought I would ask a little advice from you, as I am sure if anybody can help me you can.

Dear Minerva, I have just reached my eighteenth birthday, and my parents want me to marry a man who has reached his 45th year. Oh, dear, I could never love him, as he is so much older than I, but he is wealthy, and therefore my parents think he is all right. Besides, I am in love with a young man two years older than I am, and I would rather live in one room with him than in a mansion with the old one. My folks say I must either marry 45 or leave home. Which would you advise me to do, go and be happy with the one I love, or leave parents, home and fire-side, or marry a man I detest and be miserable all my life and please my folks?

Oh, dear Minerva, please tell me what to do, and I shall be more than thankful to you.

Dear Child:—After I have carefully considered the circumstances, I would advise you to take the alternative of leaving home.

Parents who wish to destroy the life-long happiness of their children for the sake of gold are not worthy of the name of "Father" and "Mother." Rather are they to be classed with the Slave Traders in the days before the Civil War. I would urge you to try and earn your own living, and in the end marry the man of your choice than become the bride of gilded old age, and live a martyr to greed.

Dear Minerva—I am a poor working girl, but just the same, I am in love with a very nice young man, but do not know if he loves me at all, although he has taken me to theater a number of times and bought me quite a lot of nice candy. Oh, how can I find out if he cares for me? I would be so happy if I thought he loved me, as I have no home nor parents, and must work hard from day to day, but that would all seem easy to me if I only had some one to love me.

He never speaks about other girls when we are out, and he never speaks of love, and I am afraid he has not the least idea of loving, although he treats me so nice. Oh, how can I find out? I could not ask him, as that would be unlady-like, and I always want to be a lady. I would be so happy if you would advise.

ANXIOUS.

My Dear:—I can heartily sympathize with you in your doubt and anxiety. If the young man as you say treats you so nicely he certainly thinks a great deal of you, and evidently prefers you to any one else. That is the stepping stone to true love. If he does not talk to you of love, it is perhaps because he is extremely bashful on that subject, and is uncertain how you would take it. If you carefully note the young man's behavior towards you, his deference to your wishes, his solicitation for your welfare, etc., you will soon find out whether he loves you or not. But if you desire to know his intentions immediately, and in a lady-like manner, the next time he invites you anywhere, you tell him that you like him and enjoy his company very much, but that you would like to know why he takes you out so much, informing him at the same time that his attitude towards you is making your friends talk. In this way he will understand and will certainly declare his intentions to you.

Dear Goddess:—You have helped so many by your gracious assistance that I am sure you will be very willing to help me. I am keeping company with a young man who calls very frequently upon me at my home. Although I am nineteen years of age, my mother insists upon remaining by my side continually and will not allow me to go walking alone. Now, dear goddess, do you think it either right or proper that my mother should act that way towards me? I am sure you ought to know how I should act so as not to offend my mother and

still be able to enjoy the society of my lover without always having someone listening to our talk.

GABRIELLA.

Dear Friend:—I must acknowledge from the start that the stand your mother has taken toward your love affairs is entirely mistaken. Not only does she do wrong to you in not having sufficient trust, but she shows a surpassing lack of judgment in forcing her society upon the young man who certainly comes especially to see you. It would not be wise for you to show open hostility to the wishes of your mother, for that may lead her to put a stop to all company. Try a little ingenuity and keep your wits about you, and I feel sure you will succeed in enjoying the company of your lover entirely alone.

Dear Minerva:—I have read over your very interesting advice to other girls and I know that with your valuable experience you can tell me what to do. I have several young men who come to see me very often. One of these is a very great favorite with my mother, and another is a very great favorite of my father. Now, I have no very great liking for either one of them, but I do prefer one of the others and love him dearly. My parents are not aware of my choice, and are continually encouraging the attention of the first two. I know that it will pain them very much if I don't follow their judgment. Now tell me, shall I inform them of the truth and discourage the attentions of the others? Dear Goddess, I am patiently awaiting your advice, which I earnestly desire that you give me.

JULIET.

My Dear Friend.—Yours is certainly a very peculiar case. But if you follow my advice all will come out happily. Take plenty of time, say six or seven months, and show yourself more reserved toward the young men whom your parents favor, making your parents understand that you are not in any way attached to them. At the same time bring the young man of your choice more to the notice of your parents, and continually praise his good qualities, showing how much more desirable he would be to your happiness. In this way your parents cannot take offense at the decision of your heart, and if they are possessed of good, loving judgment will in time approve of your choice.

Kind Goddess:—I am nearly nineteen years of age, but I have never had any one whom I would call a lover. It is not because I am not as fair as other girls of my position, for I possess my share of good looks and my parents are well to do. Still I have no lover about whom I could ask advice from you like others can. I am acquainted with a great many young men, but their acquaintance is all they will give to me. My mother tells me it is because I make myself cold and reserved by not joining in the games that young folks are accustomed to play. Dear Goddess, advise me whether this can be the reason, and I will be very grateful if you will tell me how to be successful.

Dear Friend:—You certainly act in a very foolish manner if you refuse to take part in young folks' games, and deserve your fate if you don't try and correct such a fault. Be merry and jovial and put your whole heart in the social amusements of the parlor. You will soon see that your every smile can win a heart, and you can have no cause to worry. Be sure now, and don't forget my advice the next time you are in the company of young men. A merry soul possesses magic charms to win whomsoever it pleases.

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is yet in the flush of young manhood, naturally of a retiring and modest disposition and a refined, idealistic temperament; he is devoted to his honorable life-work with a singleness of purpose grandly commendable. Many, heart-sick and weary with the burdens laid upon them, find Professor Keegan's ministrations a light to their faltering feet, and a gentle, helpful guide.

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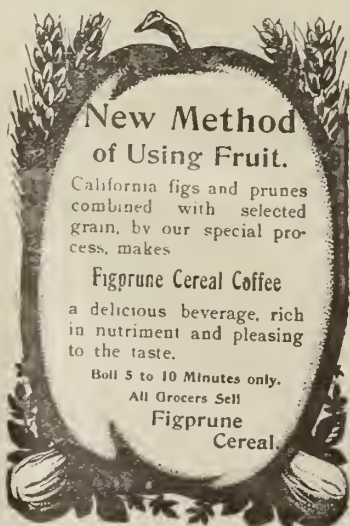
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Out of the many National homes throughout the Union, for disabled volunteer soldiers furnished by the bounty of a Nation's gratefulness, there is not one where the "lines have been cast in more pleasant places," than the home near Santa Monica, California. The natural environment of the place is unsurpassed. The grounds have been laid out with great skill by the landscape gardener into velvety lawn, flowering trees, rose bowers, trailing vines in bud and bloom, in the midst of which fountains burst forth into sparkling spray, and the silver-throated songsters join in a chorus of praise and gladness. It is the home of over 2000 of the boys who responded to their country's call, in the splendid might of early manhood. They now find peace and comfort in the subdued hush of declining years.

Mr. E. G. Gird has issued a very attractive souvenir of the Home of the Pacific Branch, which gives a complete and accurate description by pen and picture of this corner of our Land Beautiful. The fine illustrations show the beauties of the surroundings, the numerous buildings and the perfect plan of home life of this family of soldier boys.

Every old comrade will want one of these souvenirs as a cherished memento of this home of heroes to carry back to his Eastern friends. This historic sketch can be obtained from Mr. Gird at the Home; around its blossoming portals there lingers such loving memories of a Nation's gratitude that its brave inmates are still endeared to life.

AN ART EXHIBITION.

Clever Illustrators Plan an Interesting Display.

A number of artists who have made a reputation for themselves while illustrating the various magazines and newspapers of San Francisco will give an exhibition of their work in the Maple room of the Palace hotel at an early date.

The examples to be shown are for the most part wash and pen and ink drawings, together with pencil, crayon, pastel and water-color studies.

All the pictures will be matted and put up for exhibition in good shape. In addition to work that has attracted public attention when reproduced in public prints, there will be elaborate work especially prepared for exhibition.

The various stages of picture making will be shown from the time the drawing leaves the artist's hands to the reproduction that adorns the page. The artists who will exhibit are: Stanley Clisby, Arthur and Henry McCarthy, of the "California Ladies' Magazine;" R. H. Bassett, M. H. Harris, C. D. Pitchford and A. M. Nelson of "Sunset Magazine;" R. G. Russom, G. A. Bronstrup, W. A. Coulter, W. L. Cook, Oscar M. Bryan, Maurice Del Mue, George E. Parmenter, R. Thompson, J. W. Rennell, J. A. Cahill and S. Schuhl of the "Call;" Theodore Langguth, Fred W. Small, Jack Rogers, W. Francis, John E. Sheridan, H. M. Bunker of the "Chronicle;" W. H. Matthies, C. S. Donnelly, Merle Johnson, J. M. Kelly, M. W. Newberry, Bert A. Igoe, Dan E. Sweeney, William Stevens, George Kiddie, Ralph Springer and Henry Raleigh of the "Examiner;" J. Kahler, T. A. Dorgan, R. O. Yardley, H. G. Peter, Haig Patigan, A. Fulton and Laura E. Foster of the "Bulletin;" Marie Felling of the "Post."

RELIABLE PHARMACY.

Good Doctor will not cure you. His prescription will not help you. If these all will not work with harmony, they will with good and fresh medicine. Many times bright Doctors do very little to help patients, because the medicine was not made correct, or was made of too old herbs. After our experience we highly recommend Morehead's Pharmacy, corner Second and San Fernando streets, San Jose, Cal.

LEARN BOOKKEEPING FREE.

We have made arrangements with the British-American School of Correspondence, Rochester, New York, so that every reader of the California Ladies' Magazine may have a complete course in bookkeeping free. It is the best school of its kind and we would like to have all of our readers take advantage of this wonderful opportunity. Write to them.

EMMONS' BATH for Rheumatics, Tired and overworked society ladies will be benefitted by hydrotherapy hot fomentations. Massage and cabinet bath for ladies exclusively. 528 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Telephone Main 5569.

NOT TO BE AFRAID OF SINGING BULLET.

"Don't be afraid of a bullet that you've heard whistle," said another old soldier. "If it sings in your ear rest assured that it will never harm you. It is a fact, as any old soldier will tell you, that you never hear the bullet which hits you. It is a problem of 'windage,' as the boys in the army called it. In other words, the bullet which you hear sing has already sped past you, and the bullet which hits you has hissed in the ear of some other fellow in passing before it got to you. It is a simple proposition, after all. The singing of the bullet is the atmospheric vibration which is created and the resistance which the air offers to the progress of the bullet. This cannot be detected by the ear until the bullet has crossed a parallel line with the ear. It may sail over your head or whizz close to the ground, but if it passes you at all the ear will catch the sound of its flight. To the soldier of many battles the voice of the bullet is music. He knows that he need have no fear of the bullet that sings in his ears. It is the bullet that he does not hear that must be feared, and it is this bullet which always brings harm to him. No soldier ever heard the bullet which inflicted a wound on him. I was amused by a raw soldier who was attached to our command. It was his first time on the firing line. We were skirmishing and some sharpshooters were having some fun at our expense. A bullet whizzed close to him. Faintly we could hear the crack of the rifle, but it was not distinct enough to alarm even a novice. The singing of the bullet, however, brought a blanched expression to his face. He did not wince, however. We were lying in the edge of the woods. Another bullet buzzed by. 'I don't like the sound,' said the young soldier. Zip! Another bullet split the air very close to his head. He was paler still. 'Comrade,' he said to me, between bleached lips, 'I don't want to be shot from ambush; let's charge the devils.' I told him not to fear a bullet that had spoken to him in its flight, but he did not like the idea of lying there in the woods and listening to the voices of these invisible messengers of death.

THE PAINTER OF THE MADONNA.

By Mary Anne Moore.

I have just come back from Europe, where I was visiting with my parents. Of all the fine sights I saw while there, nothing attracted me as much as Raphael's "Transfiguration," of which I will say a few words here.

It was a sad day for the world when the great Raphael was stricken down with a fatal fever. When over-wearied and heated he was sent for to go to the Vatican, in order to consult with the Pope about some alterations he desired made in certain paintings. The loggia was full of draught and the painter's frail body was not able to resist the illness which followed such exposure.

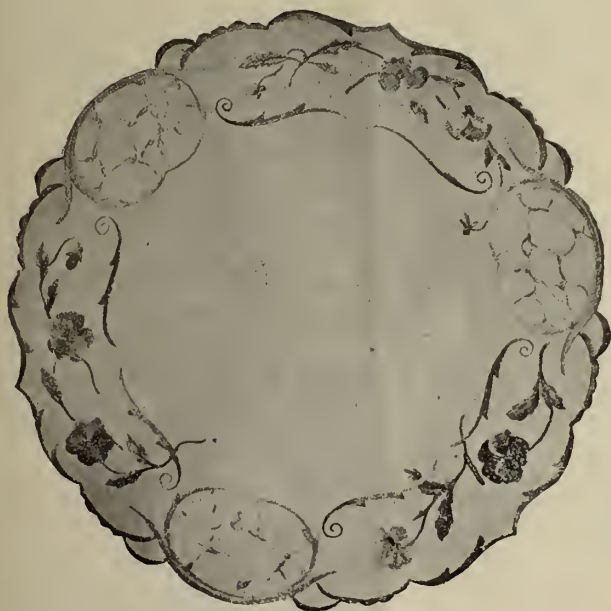
He seems to have known from his first approach that he could not survive, and made haste to put his affairs in order, bequeathing all his art treasures to his friends and pupils. His tomb has been long waiting for him in the Pantheon—that famous building which was in ancient heathen days dedicated to the worship of all the gods, but which in later years has been the last home of many Christians. He arranged everything and then received the last sacraments and patiently awaited death. He died on Good Friday—the day of all others, we think, that he would have chosen for the great change—and, after thirty-seven beautiful and useful years, saddened the world by leaving it.

Everywhere the sorrowful tidings spread that the Painter of the Madonna, as people loved to call him, was no more. The Pope, hearing of it, burst into tears, then said softly: "Ora pro nobis;" and ordered that everything possible should be done to honor his friend's memory.

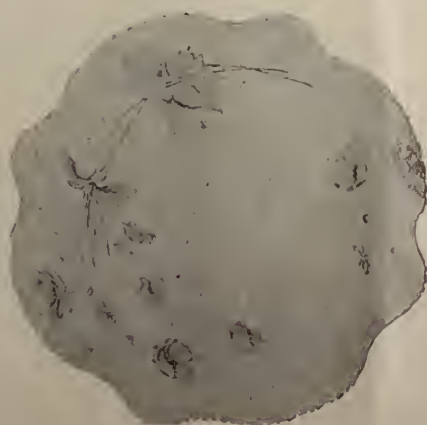
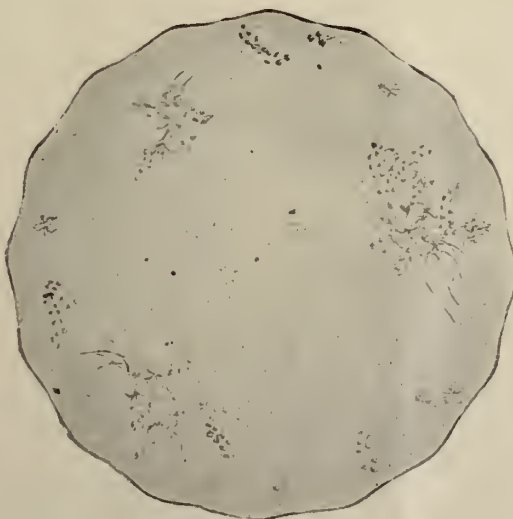
For a number of days the delicate young face of Raphael, now more refined than ever, was viewed by throngs of people, while above it hung his wonderful unfinished "Transfiguration," the greatest picture in the world, still damp with the fresh colors placed there by the beloved painter himself. Never were greater crowds seen in the Eternal City than when the funeral cortege, the "Transfiguration" being held aloft in it, sadly wound its way to the Pantheon.

The painting being afterward treated with lampblack, was materially injured in the process. It had much wandering and many strange adventures, but was finally carried to Rome—its home—again, where, in the Vatican, it remains to-day the subject of reverent admiration.

Fancy Work



On this page we present a complete set of the latest and most beautiful creations in fruit and flower designs, for covers and center pieces. They are the work of the best artists and are arranged for exquisite color effects and are direct from the great silk factory of the Carlson Currier Co., San Francisco.





EMILY NOBLE.

The New Thought IN ITS RELATION TO Health and Beauty

BY DR. EMILY NOBLE.
(Recently Returned from India)

Questions invited along the lines of health culture, but diseases will not be recognized or prescribed for in this department.

Cause and Cure of Impaired Nerve Force

One of our readers has written, "Will you please write something for the benefit of those suffering from nervous ailments, and tell us if it is possible to recover from nervous prostration? and how we can avoid the nervous strain from which so many people suffer?"

Except in case of nervous shock from accident, grief or sudden fright, nervous prostration does not come without many warnings and admonitions to its victims; too often these warnings are not heeded, because of ignorance of and often deliberate neglect to the precautions necessary to insure good health. Neurasthenia is one of the most common diseases of American people—especially among brain workers.

The central nervous system consists of the brain and the spinal cord, which connects with every particle of the body more or less, by means of nerve centers and nerve cells. The nutrition of every part of the human system is under the direct control of nerve centers located in the brain and spinal column. Certain functions of the nervous system regulate the respiration, circulation, also secretion and excretion, and act as an electrical current to convey force, or nervous energy, to every part of the body.

Every effort, either mental or physical, involves the expenditure of a certain amount of nerve force, but which can readily be restored from day to day by a proper use of food and oxygen—and attention to hygiene, sleep and recreation.

We must never lose sight of the fact that while the nerves supply the volition and motive power of our body, it is the blood that supplies the nerves with nutrition,—and as the quantity and quality of the blood is largely determined by the quality and amount of food we eat, and the perfect or imperfect oxygenization of the blood—which gives to the blood its life giving principles—we are, to a great extent, our own body builders.

Correct dieting, deep breathing, and self control, are important factors in the upbuilding of the human body. "The city of nine gates," and the balance of mental equilibrium.

The causes of nerve waste are many. Some blame heredity and environment, but as the whole system is constantly throwing off, and reconstructing, new cells, heredity counts for very little, and environment is largely what we submit to, often unnecessarily. Even a bad environment is comparatively unimportant to one who understands the science of health, and how to avoid disease; how to have perfect self-control and to be able to concentrate or relax at will. Never forget soul is the master—mind the messenger—and the body the servant.

The complete and constant use of the brain is good for every one. It is overwork that causes tension, nerve waste and nervous exhaustion.

Too much indulgence in appetites and social amusement, too often sap the vital energy, and use up the time that should be spent in sleep—of which seven to nine hours a night is absolutely necessary for perfect health and daily recuperation of nervous energy. As we grow older, and are more often conscious of mental fatigue, we must learn to relax, for short periods, or try to take a short nap of sleep at noon-time. Many quite unexpected conditions often cause brain fog. Eye strain is a very fertile source of trouble to the brain, and for persistent head-ache one should always have the eyes examined—before doctoring for nervousness. Among children epilepsy is sometimes caused by eye strain. How

important, then, to have the eyes of the little ones examined occasionally. Congested liver, digestive disturbances, impaired circulation, irritability and insomnia, are all caused by nerve waste—and overtaxing of the nervous system. So, too, is a craving for liquor and narcotics.

Beauty of face and form, and hair and teeth are all affected more or less by the condition of the nerve supply.

Change in the quality of the voice, bad temper, jealousy, loss of self control, fear and supersensitiveness are all important signs of impaired nerve force.

Mental conditions are of large importance in the cure of nervous disturbance. And self healing is possible in all but the worst stages of nervous break down. Pay special attention to personal hygiene, dieting, rest, recreation, fresh air, change of scene, cheerful associates, and above all, relax the nervous tension and cultivate self-control. Always establish the mental attitude that the nervous sensations, no matter how terrifying they may seem, are more sensational than real. Banish fear, thought. Cultivate cheerfulness, hope, and optimism. Remember "we only pass this way once," and that every night brings us a day's march nearer the end.

"So gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is ever flying."

Claim and grasp to your heart, your birthright—to become a vital!—not a stagnant part of the universe, be a warrior with chance, and do not let disease cripple your ambitions, or bandage your eyes.

Cultivate a taste for outdoor life; spend a little time whenever possible close to the magnetized bosom of mother earth.

In India when recuperating from exhausting diseases, a large part of the treatment is to lie naked on the sun-charged earth.

Win back a natural appetite and study food in its relation to your own digestive system.

Digestion and assimilation has to follow the swallowing of food. See to it that you only swallow what your system can assimilate and turn into good blood—and then you manufacture for yourself the basic principles of nervous energy. This combined with plenty of deep—deep breathing, hygiene and exercise, are the only essentials to perfect health and self control.

In India, better than in any other country, people have understood the importance of properly oxygenizing the blood.

Their wise and earliest law giver, Manu, considered the oxygen obtained through nerve energizing exercises in the sun-charged air of the early morning of such vital importance that he made oblations to the rising sun, a part of the daily religious duty of every Hindu.

My readers must not think I am making light of Neurasthenia. I admit, because I know, there is no disease in nature, so hard to bear as nervousness. Those in charge of nervous people should have infinite patience and sympathy with the patient. On the other hand those who suffer most from nervousness cannot learn, too soon that their getting better, or worse, is largely a matter of self control, because in this disease the mind plays the most important part, and the patient must do all in his or her power, to co-operate with the efforts made for their relief.

Dr. Wier Mitchell in one of his books advises nervous people "never to dig up their symptoms to see if they are better."

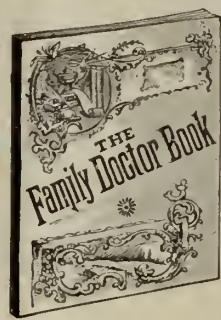
Books Worth One Dollar Free

To any lady who sends us 25 cents we will forward the CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE for three months and her choice of any one of the following books:

The Ladies' Guide to Beauty The Family Doctor Book.

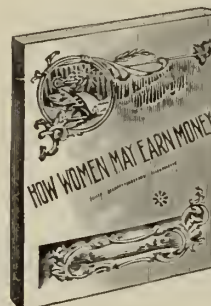


This book was written by one of the most celebrated of our beauties, and fully explains the secrets employed by the famous beauties of all ages of securing and preserving the charms of the face and person. It contains minute and practical instructions, accompanied by many valuable recipes, for securing a handsome form, a clear and smooth skin, beautiful face, a charming complexion, a well-developed bust, beautiful eyes, mouth, lips, hands, feet and ankles, a charming voice; it tells how to enhance the natural charms by dress, ornament and deportment; how to secure a beautiful head of hair, to prevent the hair from coming out, to prevent it from turning gray, to soften and beautify and to remove superfluous hair, to remove pimples, freckles, fleshiness, tan, wrinkles, etc., etc. For one-tenth of the cost of a single bottle of one of the popular cosmetics of the day a lady may buy this book, and not only learn how to put up herself at the most trifling cost the same time acquire almost every known secret of beauty. It is a book of 64 large, double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.



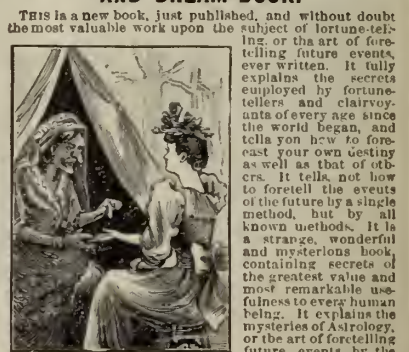
This valuable book should find a place in every American home. It will save its small cost a hundred times over every year in doctors' bills. It contains plain and simple directions for the treatment of every known disease or ailment of the human frame and suggests simple home remedies which will usually effect a cure without the necessity of employing a physician. The various topics are alphabetically arranged, so that any particular complaint may be referred to in a moment. Appended to the work proper is a valuable treatise entitled "Advice to Mothers," which will be found of the utmost value and usefulness to every mother, young or old. It would be a wise thing if the head of every household would buy a copy of this book. It costs little, and the value of the information it contains can hardly be measured by dollars and cents. It will tell you how to cure every ailment you have now or are ever likely to have, and you will be able to see how readily our common ills yield to the simple remedies given. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and it will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

HOW Women May Earn Money.



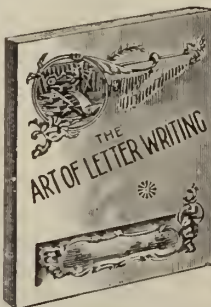
There are thousands of women in our country who feel the need of earning money, but who do not know how to go about it. It is to lend a helping hand to all such that this book has been written. The author is Mrs. Elsie W. Merriman, a wide-awake little Western woman, herself a bread winner, and the book is the result of her experience, observation and extensive correspondence with self-supporting women. Salaried positions are not considered, the purpose of the volume being to point out ways and means whereby women may earn money in their own homes, without conflicting with their regular employments. Women who need a little "pin money" for their own use, or whose circumstances are such that they feel the need of helping to provide for the expenses of a family, will find the book invaluable, and we have no doubt that it will serve to lighten the burdens of many an anxious heart. The following are only a few of the many methods of earning money suggested and described herein: "Artificial Flowers," "Baked Beans and Brown Bread," "Baking," "Botanical Illustrations," "Candy Making," "Canning and Pickling," "Carpet Weaving," "Cheese Making," "Cleaning Lamps, Silver, etc.," "Cooking for Grocery Stores," "Curtain Making and Sewing," "Dresses, Bandages, Dress Forms," "Cozy Corners," "Curtains," "Cushions and Pillows," "Designing," "Embroidery," "Fancy Book Covers," "Flavoring Extracts," "Flowers," "Food Specialties," "Hair Work," "Holiday Gifts," "Home Dressing," "Home Made Remedies," "Hot Cookies," "Horse Radish," "Hulled Corn," "Infants' Outfits," "Lace Making," "Paper Flowers," "Polishing Furniture," "Remodeling Dresses," "Remodeling Hats," "Rings," "Small Fruits," "Tin Baking," "Tinsmithing," "Woman's Exchanges," etc., etc. "How Women May Earn Money" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

The Mystic Oracle; Or, THE COMPLETE FORTUNE-TELLER AND DREAM-BOOK.



This is a new book, just published, and without doubt the most valuable work upon the subject of fortune-telling, or the art of foretelling future events, ever written. It fully explains the secrets employed by fortune-tellers and clairvoyants of every age since the world began, and tells you how to forecast your own destiny as well as that of others. It tells not how to foretell the events of the future by a single method, but by all known methods. It is a strange, wonderful and mysterious book, containing secrets of the greatest value and most remarkable usefulness to every human being. It explains the mysteries of Astrology, or the art of foretelling future events by the signs of the zodiac, sun, moon, and planetary system; it contains a list of Lucky and Unlucky Days, a list of Fortunate Hours, etc.; it explains the art of fortune-telling by the Transposition of Names, also by the Lines of the Hand, commonly called Palmistry, also by Moles, Marks, Scars or other signs upon the skin, also by the color and nature of the Hair, the Features, etc.; it tells how fortunes are told by Cards, Dice and Dominoes, also the art of telling fortunes by Charms, Spells and Incantations, showing the charms of Magic Laurel, the Three Keys, the Card Charm, the Magic Ring, the Witch's Chain, the Nine Keys, the Mysterious Watch, the Magic Rose, Cupid's Nosegay, Bride Cake Charm, Yarrow Charm, etc. It explains the art of foretelling future events by the Interpretation of Dreams; and it also contains Napoleon's Oracle, or the Book of Fate, found in the cabinet of Napoleon Bonaparte, who estimated it as his greatest treasure. It is a habit of consulting it on all momentous occasions, and having always found its revelations the truest insight into futurity. The MYSTIC ORACLE is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

The Art of Letter Writing



To be able to write an easy and graceful letter is a great art. All do not possess it. Yet it may be cultivated by almost any one with a little study, and such an art is well worthy of cultivation for the impression produced by a well-constructed letter is the direct reverse of that made by one clumsily and improperly expressed. Many a young man, at a critical period in his life, has had his prospects completely ruined by his inability to properly express himself by letter. And the same is to young women. Fine penmanship, though desirable, is not so important as proper construction and expression. "The Art of Letter Writing" is a new book, just published, and will be found an efficient aid to the proper construction of letters upon all subjects and for all occasions. It is adapted to the requirements of both ladies and gentlemen, and contains numerous forms of letters upon Love and Matrimony, Business, letters between Friends and Relatives, letters of Introduction, letters of Advice, notes with compliments, letters of Condolence, Invitations, Answers to Advertisements, etc., etc. In addition it contains a comprehensive treatise upon Etiquette and the Usages of Society, and will be found a most useful and practical book, worth many times its small cost. "The Art of Letter Writing" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

A CART-LOAD OF FUN.



This is a new book, just published, and contains One Hundred and Sixty-four funny Stories, Anecdotes and Jokes by such famous humorists as Mark Twain, Max Adler, Josh Billings, Bill Nye, R. J. Burdette, and many others. It is full of fun and nonsense from cover to cover, and a sure cure for "the blues." All the best jokes, anecdotes and stories of recent years have been carefully selected, and are now offered in this large and splendid collection, which will be richly enjoyed by all who love genuine humor and fun. Among the titles of the anecdotes and stories contained in "A Cart-Load of Fun" are the following: "A Man with a Liver," "Punkin Pie," "Potts and the Lightning-Rod Man," "How to Go a-Courting," "Baumgartner's Dog," "Stonewall's Elephant Story," "Marrington's Scheme to Manufacture Happiness," "Mrs. Jones's Burial," "The Facts About Sam Snyder," "Deacon Amos Tenderloin Discusses Dudes," "The Sad Case of Fillydub Biff," "The Dead Gulch Christmas Tree," "A Rhinoceros Scrap," "Marty Became Reconciled," "Uncle Ephraim's Wisdom," "A One-Horse Hotel," "He Concluded not to Commit Suicide," "Queerly Married," "Hannah was Aroused," "How the Tired Patient Man Had his Feelings Fussed," "Why the Tree Man Departs," "Jones's Baby," "Breaking up a Cat Concert," and 143 others. "A CART-LOAD OF FUN" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, sent by mail, postpaid, upon receipt of only 25c, together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

Remember, these books sell in any stationery store at one dollar each. Send 25 cents in stamps for a three-months' subscription to the California Ladies' Magazine and receive your choice of the above books free. Address CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE, Circulation Department, San Francisco.

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Almond Complexion Cake

A pure, harmless and agreeable preparation for clearing the complexion, contains no drugs nor poison, but effectually removes all impurities from the skin. It opens the pores, removes blackheads and pimples. Clears sallow, muddy or oily skin. Takes out crows' feet and wrinkles, leaving the skin soft and smooth and imparting a youthful glow and freshness to the complexion. Keeps the face from chapping. Sample cake, 10 cents. PRICE: Per cake, 25 cents.

Dandruff Cure

Removes Dandruff, making the scalp clean and healthy. It is also a delightful dressing for the hair and gives it a beautiful lustre—no grease. PRICE: Per bottle, \$1.00.

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The Ladies' Guide to Beauty

(Copyrighted by F. M. Lupton.)

Extracts from "The Ladies' Guide to Beauty," one of the books given by the California Ladies' Magazine with three months subscription (25c) sent direct to this office.

HOW TO ACQUIRE A BRIGHT, SMOOTH SKIN.

The most perfect form will avail woman little unless it possesses also that brightness which is the finishing touch and final polish of a beautiful lady. What avails a plump and well-rounded neck or shoulder if it is dim and dingy withal? What charm can be found in the finest modelled arm if its skin is coarse and rusty? A grater, even though moulded in the shape of the most charming female arm, would possess small attractions to a man of taste and refinement.

I have to tell you, ladies—and the same may be said to the gentlemen, too—that the great secret of acquiring a bright and beautiful skin lies in three simple things—temperance, exercise and cleanliness. A young lady, were she as fair as Hebe, as charming as Venus herself, would soon destroy it all by too high living and late hours. Take the ordinary fare of a fashionable woman and you have a style of living which is sufficient to destroy the greatest beauty. It is not the quantity so much as the quality of the dishes that produces the mischief.

Take, for instance, only strong coffee and hot bread and butter, and you have a diet that is most destructive to beauty. The heated grease, long indulged in, is sure to derange the stomach, and, by creating or increasing bilious disorders, gradually over-spreads the fair skin with a wan or yellow hue. After this meal comes the long fast from nine in the morning till five or six in the afternoon, when dinner is served, and the half famished beauty sits down to sate a keen appetite with prepared soups, fish, roast, boiled, broiled and fried meat, game, tarts, sweet-meats, ices, fruits, etc.

How must the constitution suffer in trying to digest this melange? How does the heated complexion bear witness to the combustion within? Let the fashionable lady keep up this habit and add the other one of late hours, and her own looking-glass will tell her that "we all do fade as the leaf." The firm texture of the rounded form gives way to a flabby softness, or yields to a scraggy leanness or shapeless fate. The once fair skin assumes a pallid rigidity or bloated redness, which the deluded victim would still regard as the rose of health and beauty.

And when she at last becomes aware of her condition, to repair the ravages she flies to paddings, to give shape where there is none; to stays to compass into form the swelling chaos of flesh; and to paints to rectify the dingy complexion. But vain are all these attempts. No; if dissipation, late hours and immoderation have once wrecked the fair vessel of female charms, it is not in the power of Esculapius himself to right the shattered bark and make it ride the sea in gallant trim again.

Cleanliness is a subject of indispensable consideration in the pursuit of a beautiful skin. The frequent use of the tepid bath is the best cosmetic I can recommend to my readers in this connection. By such ablutions, the accidental corporeal impurities are thrown off, cutaneous obstructions removed; and while the surface of the body is preserved in its original brightness, many threatening disorders are prevented. It is by this means that the women of the East render their skins as soft and fair as those of the tenderest babes. I wish to impress upon every beautiful woman, and especially upon the one who leads a city life, that she cannot long preserve the brightness of her charms without a daily resort to this purifying agent. She should make the bath as indispensable an article in her home as her looking-glass.

A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

If it is true "that the face is the index of the mind," the receipt for a beautiful face must be something which reaches the soul. What can be done for a human face that has a sluggish, sullen, arrogant, angry mind

looking out of every feature? An habitually ill-natured, discontented mind ploughs the face with inevitable marks of its own vice. However well shaped, or however bright its complexion, no such face can ever become really beautiful. If a woman's soul is without cultivation, without taste, without refinement, without the sweetness of a happy mind, not all the mysteries of art can ever make her face beautiful. And, on the other hand, it is impossible to dim the brightness of an elegant and polished intellect.

The radiance of a charming mind strikes through all deformity of features and still asserts its sway over the world of the affections. It has been my privilege to see the most celebrated beauties that shine in all the gilded courts of fashion throughout the world, from St. James' to St. Petersburg, from Paris to Hindostan, and yet I have found no art which can atone for an unpolished mind and an unlovely heart. That chastened and delightful activity of soul, that spiritual energy which gives animation, grace and living light to the animal frame, is, after all, the real source of beauty in a woman. It is that which gives eloquence to the language of her eyes, which sends the sweetest vermilion mantling to the cheek, and lights up the whole person as if her very body thought. That, ladies, is the ensign of beauty, and the herald of charms, which are sure to fill the beholder with answering emotion and irrepressible delight. I never see a creature of such lively and lovely animation but what I fall in love with her myself, and only wish that I were a man, that I might marry her.

I cannot resist the temptation to close this chapter with a beautiful quotation of an old Greek poet, which proves that common sense on this subject of beauty is not by any means of recent date in the world:

"Why tinge the cheek of youth? the snowy neck,
Why load with jewels? why anoint the hair?
O, lady, scorn these arts; but richly deck
Thy soul with virtues; thus for love prepare.
Lo, with what vermil tints the apple blooms;
Say, doth the rose the painter's hand require?
Away, then, with cosmetics and perfumes;
The charms of nature most excite desire."

TO PREVENT GRAY HAIR.

No woman must rely on compounds and powders to prevent her hair from turning gray. Temperance, moderation in all things and frequent washings with pure cold water are the best receipts I can give her to prevent her hair from becoming prematurely gray. It is certain that perpetual care, great anxiety or prolonged grief will hasten white hairs. History has made us familiar with instances where sudden passion or grief or fright have turned the hair instantly gray. Sickness we know often does it. But so far as I know, physiologists have failed to explain the reason of this change. We know that the hair is a hollow tube, containing a fluid which gives it its color—the red hair is occasioned by a red fluid, and so all the varieties of color are owing to the variety of the color of this fluid.

Nothing, therefore, can prevent the hair from turning white but the avoidance of all the causes which produce premature old age or occasional local obstruction and disease of the hair itself. I have reason to believe that the injudicious use of curling-irons, long kept up, will hasten this disease. The unnatural heat destroys the animal nature of the hair and is liable to produce a disease of its coloring fluid.

An old and retired actress whom I met at Gibraltar, and who had a fine head of hair, far better preserved than the rest of her charms, was confident that she had warded off the approach of gray hair by using the following preparation whenever she dressed her head:

Oxide of Bismuth4 drams
Spermaceti4 drams
Pure hog's lard4 drams

The lard and spermaceti should be melted together, and when they begin to cool stir in the bismuth. It may be perfumed to your liking.

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Kenzel's Face Bleach removes freckles, tan, collar-stain, etc. It gives a faded complexion the freshness and delicacy of youth, and makes the skin soft as velvet. Eight ounce bottle, sent in plain, sealed package, for \$1.

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A Jar of Skin Food GIVEN with every roller. If you have beauty to make or beauty to keep. Wrinkles that are shallow or wrinkles that are deep. Cheeks that are hollow or neck that is spare. Here is a treatment that has made thousands fair.

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will fill in the hollows and round out the bust and neck, making the flesh firm and healthy. Treat the neck in the same manner as the arms, using first the warm water and Bailey's Complexion Soap, then the Duplex Roller, and lastly rubbing the neck and bust thoroughly with Bailey's Skin Food, and you will find the hollows disappear, the loose, flabby flesh become firm.

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Bailey's Duplex Roller1.00

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Is obtained by using
SEVEN SUTHERLAND SISTERS' Scalp Cleaner

It produces a creamy lather, which not only cleanses, but purifies without a particle of injury to hair or scalp. When used in connection with the **Hair Grower**, the hair and scalp are kept healthy, and the hair, uniform in color, even, soft and lustrous.

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Its very use
is a delight. Every
drop contains its
cleansing power. It is
the favorite dentifrice
because of what it does
and the way it
does it.



The Family Doctor Book

(Copyright by F. M. Lupton.)

Extracts from "The Family Doctor Book," one of the premiums given by the California Ladies' Magazine with a three months' subscription (25c) sent direct to this office.

RELIEF FOR A CHILD.

A child rolls down the stairs, or falls from a height, and in either case strikes his head with force. What shall be done till the doctor comes?

We would give the following directions, as nearly as possible in the order in which they should be adopted:

Raise the child gently in the arms, and carry to the nearest sofa or bed, place him on it—unless crying loudly, when he can be soothed quickest in his mother's arms. All the clothing should be loosened, especially about the neck, to afford freest circulation of the blood to and from the head. To equalize the circulation and prevent inflammation the head should be kept cool and the extremities warm.

Cooling lotions of arnica or witch-hazel and water, or simply water, should be applied to the head on thin cloths, well wrung out so as not to wet the pillows and bedclothes. Not more than two or four thicknesses of linen should be used, because thick cloths prevent evaporation, and what was intended to cool the head acts as a poultice and makes the head hotter. Ice and cold water should not be used unless the head is very hot, as it is believed children have been killed by the application of pounded ice to the head.

Bottles of hot water or hot irons are all that is necessary, besides the bed-clothing, to heat the extremities. All applications of mustard and other irritants possess no advantage over these, and have the disadvantage of disturbing the sufferer. Should the patient's face be very pale, and signs of fainting appear, camphor or ammonia should be applied to the nostrils, and a little brandy or wine given.

Then the room should be made as quiet as possible and every means used to invite "Nature's sweet restorer," sleep. We know the popular idea is that patients suffering from any injury to the head should be kept awake by all means; and it is mainly to combat this erroneous notion that we are prompted to write out these directions.

No injury—or degree of injury—of the head contra-indicates the sufferer's sleeping. In fact, positive harm may be done in trying to prevent sleep. Rest is what the brain and blood vessels want more than any other thing; and if not allowed, what should have passed off in a few hours or days may be prolonged into inflammation, with all its dangerous consequences.

Of course, the air of the room should be kept pure—windows and doors open if the weather permit—and the presence of persons not absolutely necessary forbidden.

COSTIVENESS.

Bread and milk, though excellent for children in general, is not as good food for a costive child as bread made of cornmeal or graham flour. Wheat bread is not good for a very costive child. When medicine becomes necessary, a teaspoonful of magnesia dissolved in sweetened milk or water, and given morning and night, until the bowels become regular, is usually sufficient.

Purgatives should be carefully avoided, except for a disordered stomach, and then they become necessary. Well ventilated sleeping rooms and frequent bathing go further than most people suppose toward keeping the body in a healthy condition. To mothers who nurse their infants, we say, if the mother is regular the child will be, and the reverse. Therefore, instead of dosing a child with medicine, let her diet for the evil, and save her little one much suffering.

A lady correspondent once wrote us: "I have used with much benefit the herb known as thoroughwort, prepared by putting the dried herb in water and letting it stand until it became bitter. A portion drank before each meal has proved the best remedy of costiveness I have ever used."

Common charcoal is highly recommended for costiveness. It may be

taken either in tea or tablespoonful, or even larger doses, according to the exigencies of the case, mixed with molasses, repeating it as often as necessary. Bathe the bowels with pepper and vinegar. Or, take two ounces of rhubarb, add one ounce of rust of iron, infuse in one quart of wine; half a wineglassful every morning. Or, take pulverized bloodroot, one dram; pulverized rhubarb, one dram; Castile soap, two scruples. Mix and roll into thirty-two pills. Take one morning and night. By following these directions it may perhaps save you from a severe attack of piles, or some other kindred diseases.

BLACK SPOTS ON THE FACE.

The black spots on the face are not always what are called flesh-worms. What are mistaken for them are produced in this way: The skin may be coarse, and the ducts, being large, collect the perspiration, which hardens and blackens, and hence the common supposition of there being grubs or maggots in the skin.

The remedy is simple. Clean the part affected by squeezing out the substance that is lodged, and then use a lotion of diluted spirits of wine several times a day, until the blotches have disappeared. If they are really flesh-worms take something to purify your blood—sulphur or sarsaparilla.

FAINTING.

Fainting is caused by the blood leaving the brain. Place the patient flat and allow the head to be lower than the body. Sprinkle cold water on the face. Hartshorn may be held near the nose, not to it. A half teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia, in a wineglassful of water, will tend to revive the patient. If the symptoms recur, send for a physician.

FRECKLES.

Freckles are easily removed by the following treatment, but the directions must be followed regularly: Five grains corrosive sublimate, two ounces alcohol, four ounces water. Apply two or three times during the day. At night use the following ointment: One ounce of white wax, one teaspoonful of nice white lard, lump of camphor size of a chestnut, one teaspoonful glycerine. Put wax and camphor in a tin to melt, crumbling the camphor, when melted, add the other ingredients. Stir thoroughly, and pour into moulds which have been dipped in water. This recipe will be found to remove pimples as well as tan and freckles.

A good freckle lotion for the cure of freckles, tan or sunburned face or hands is made thus: Take half a pound of clear ox-gall, half a dram each of camphor and burned alum, one dram of borax, two ounces of rock-salt and the same of rock candy. This should be mixed and shaken well several times a day for three weeks, until the gall becomes transparent; then strain it very carefully through filtering paper, which may be had of the druggist. Apply to the face during the day and wash off at night.

Wash in fresh buttermilk every morning, and rinse the face in tepid water; then use a soft towel. Freckles may also be removed by applying to the face a solution of nitre and water. Another good wash for freckles is made by dissolving three grains of borax in five drams each of rose water and orange-flower water. There are many remedies for freckles, but there is none that will banish them entirely.

Take one ounce of lemon juice, a quarter of a dram of powdered borax and a half a dram of sugar. Mix and let them stand in a glass bottle for a few days, then rub it on the face and hands night and morning. Two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice would equal an ounce.

Rectified spirits of wine, one ounce; water, eight ounces; half an ounce of orange-flower water, or one ounce of rose water, diluted muriatic acid, a teaspoonful. Mix. To be used after washing.

Take grated horseradish and put in very sour milk. Let it stand four hours; then wash the face night and morning.



How Women May Earn Money

(Copyright by F. M. Lupton.)

Extracts from "How Women May Earn Money," one of the books given by the California Ladies' Magazine, with a three months' subscription (25c) sent direct to this office.

BOARDERS.

Everywhere one hears the complaint that there is no longer any money to be made keeping boarders, yet the fact remains that there are a great many women who are earning a living in that way. One cannot succeed unless she is a first-class housekeeper and has the knack of cooking very appetizing dishes out of materials not at all expensive. Before going into this work one must carefully consider her surroundings and not attempt to take ladies and gentlemen of leisure if the furniture is better adapted to the working girl. It is not safe to take a large house and furnish it unless one has sufficient experience to know exactly what she can do.

One very pleasant boarding house was almost entirely furnished with goods bought at a second-hand store at a cost of a little more than a hundred dollars, but the lady who did it not only knew exactly what she wanted, but she could not easily be deceived in values, and she understood how to make old furniture look almost as well as when it was new. She had good taste and good judgment, and she could tell at a glance whether the furniture in a room was arranged as effectively as possible or how it might be changed for the better. She knew how to give a home-like air to her surroundings. The food she placed before her boarders cost much less than that which they had eaten in other boarding houses, but they liked it better, for they said it tasted "almost as if mother had cooked it." Nothing was slighted. She knew how to make the most of everything. She had a child-like joy in her own successes, and all her boarders—her family, she called them—were interested in what she did, and felt more at home with her in consequence. Her house was always full, and she was obliged to turn applicants away almost every day.

Another woman pays the rent of her family by renting a large house which she has furnished and then subletting the rooms. She makes enough to pay her own rent and bring a fair rate of interest on the money she invested in furniture.

If one lives near a large college or other institution of learning, it is an easy matter to fill one's house with students, but, as a rule, they pay less than other boarders, and unless one has a very motherly heart, they are not as satisfactory. There are women, however, who could not be induced to take any other class of boarders.

In many respects there is less annoyance in keeping boarders who belong to the laboring class than any others. Their work gives them good appetites, and as long as they have enough they are not disposed to complain if all the delicacies the market affords are not set before them. They will not object to a room with two beds in it, so long as the beds are comfortable and everything is clean. The good housekeeper, who knows how to cook plain food so as to have it appetizing, need not fear to undertake keeping this class of boarders.

There are women who earn a living boarding and caring for motherless children, or those whose mothers are obliged to work. This is not unpleasant work to the woman who loves children, although, like anything else, it becomes tiresome at times.

Many women who have pleasant country homes earn their pin money by keeping summer boarders. One woman, living on a farm that ran down to the shores of a pretty lake, conceived the idea of having a number of picturesque log houses built between her own house and the lake shore; then she advertised that she was prepared to board working girls, who needed a vacation, for three dollars a week. Her log houses are filled from early spring until late in the fall, and one must always engage board a long time ahead. She makes money at it, even though her prices are low, for she is an expert gardener, has a fine hot-house that insures early vegetables, keeps cows, raises poultry and almost supplies her table from her little farm. Her girls enjoy

good, genuine country living as long as they are with her, and always return to their work rested and invigorated.

LINEN LAUNDRIES.

There are many housekeepers who would rather pay to have their doilies, lunch cloths and similar pieces laundered than do the work themselves. It is work which any woman who can wash and iron carefully and well can undertake, if she have time and strength. If she gives her whole attention to it, it is not such a source of worry and annoyance as it becomes when undertaken by the woman who has a thousand and one other things to consider. There are few housekeepers who like to trust such washing to the hands of the ordinary washwoman or domestic or the laundry.

Since many of these pieces of table linen are embroidered in colors, the first thing to learn is how to "set" these colors successfully by means which will not injure the fabric. Another important item is the best method for removing stains, which are often found on fine table linen, and which must be carefully and thoroughly removed before washing. Then one must know how to iron so as to raise all the embroidery, making it appear rich and heavy, and without tearing the finer embroideries or the hemstitched pieces.

Most housekeepers like the idea of sending their table linen where it is not in danger of being washed with other articles. This work is not as heavy as ordinary laundry work, but it requires a great deal more care, and commands a better price in consequence. One woman at least has been known to succeed with this source of employment. She now superintends her laundry, which is by no means an insignificant one, and employs a forewoman and a large force of girls. She has added fine laces, curtains and tidies to the list of articles she launders, but nothing else is undertaken.

VISITING CHAMBERMAIDS.

Two young girls who did not like to hire out by the week conceived the idea of taking contracts to do chamberwork at a certain price per week. They applied for work in the hotels and boarding houses near their homes and soon had as many rooms on their list as they could care for properly. They had regular hours at which they appeared at each house, and as they worked together they soon left everything in good order. They felt that they had to make a name for extra good work and then to keep it, and they never gave cause for complaint. Many of the mistresses of boarding-houses said that the visiting chambermaids enable them to get along with one less girl, and that the work was done more satisfactorily than it ever was done before.

The girls always had the afternoons to themselves, except on occasional days, when they were obliged to do a little sweeping in some of their larger houses. They earned five dollars a week apiece. It was no more than they would have earned had they hired out by the week, where their board would have been thrown in, but they liked this way of working, because it enabled them to remain at home a larger part of the time.

NEWS STANDS.

Why is it that most of the news stands are owned by men, when there are few employments better suited to women? Is it not because women fail to avail themselves of their opportunities? News stands are fairly profitable, else men would have nothing to do with them.

A woman whose father died leaving a mother and several brothers and sisters for her to support, decided to open a news stand, since there was nothing else she could do better. In addition to her periodicals she carries a fine line of stationery, and she is supporting her family comfortably. She had once helped a friend who had a news stand during the holiday rush, when stationery sells well, and the knowledge and experience gained during that month were all she had when she decided to begin business for herself, but she had independence of spirit, pluck, energy and a natural taste for business, and so she is succeeding.

Walter Baker's Cocoa

FROM Washington
TO Roosevelt




An American Cocoa

The Finest in the World

"It might safely be asserted as a fact that every President of the United States, from Washington to Roosevelt, has been a consumer of Baker's Chocolate."
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A record of uninterrupted prosperity for 123 years.
Note the trade-mark on every genuine package of the goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd.
Established 1780.
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Highest Awards in Europe and America.



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FOR YOUNG LADIES

Cor. B and Tenth Streets

Santa Rosa, Cal.



THE MODERN HOSE

Jan 7 '02

SUPPORTER

Beautifies by giving a symmetrical form to the abdomen, stomach and waist; open, continuous bands; rests on the stomach and encircles the waist, which secures the latest stylish effect, securing a graceful and erect posture. The supporter, when walking, pulls alike on both sides. At the same time it does not slip on the corset, as others do—producing a disagreeable sensation. If you want a beautiful form, ease and comfort when walking, buy the Modern Hose Supporter.
Sold in all the principal dry and fancy goods stores
Manufactured by
THE CALIFORNIA SUSPENDER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
526 Market St., San Francisco.

THE MYSTIC ORACLE

OR THE COMPLETE FORTUNE-TELLER AND DREAM BOOK.

(Copyright by F. M. Lupton.)

Extracts from "Mystic Oracle," one of the books given by the California Ladies' Magazine with a three months' subscription (25c) sent direct to this office.

The art of foretelling future events by charms, spells and incantations. To be resorted to at certain seasons of the year, and on particular fasts and festivals, by which dreams, tokens and other insights into futurity may be obtained, but more particularly with regard to marriage.

MAGIC LAUREL.

Rise between three and four in the morning of your birthday, with cautious secrecy, so as to be observed by no one, and pluck a sprig of laurel; convey it to your chamber, and hold it over some lighted brimstone for five minutes, which you must carefully note by a watch or dial; wrap it in a white linen cloth or napkin, together with your own name written on writing paper, and that of the young man who addresses you (or if there is more than one, write all the names down) write also the day of the week, the date of the year and the age of the moon; then haste and bury it in the ground, where you will be sure it will not be disturbed for three days and three nights; then take it up and place the parcel under your pillow for three nights, and your dreams will be truly prophetic as to your destiny.

THE THREE KEYS.

Purchase 3 small keys, each at a different place, and going to bed tie them together with your garter, and place them in your left hand glove, and place with a small flat dough cake, on which you have pricked the first letters of your sweetheart's name; put them in your bosom when you retire to rest, if you are to have that young man you will dream of him, but not else.

This charm is the most effectual on the first or third of a new moon.

THE CARD CHARM.

Select all the hearts and diamonds from the pack, put them in one of your stockings, and place them under your pillow any Friday night; as soon as you wake on Saturday morning, provided the fourth hour has struck, not else; according to the number of pips, so many years will elapse before you appear at the altar of Hymen. Hearts show a loving husband; diamonds the richest husband or wife; the kings show that you will never marry; the queen, a troublesome rival; the knave of diamonds, a fatal seduction; and the knave of hearts early widowhood.

THE MAGIC RING.

Borrow a wedding ring, concealing the purpose for which you borrow it; but no widow's or pretended marriage will do; it spoils the charm; wear it for three hours at least before you retire to rest, and then suspend it by a hair off your head over your pillow; write within a circle resembling a ring, the sentence from the matrimonial service, beginning with, "with this ring I thee wed," and over the circle write your own name in full length, and the figures that stand for your age; place it under your pillow, and your dream will fully explain who you are to marry, and what kind of fate you will have with him. If your dream is too confused to remember it, or you do not dream at all, it is a certain sign you will never be a bride.

A CHRISTMAS SPELL.

Steep mistletoe berries, to the number of nine, in a mixture of ale, wine, vinegar and honey; take them on going to bed and you will dream of your future lot; a storm in this dream is very bad; it is most likely you will then marry a sailor, who will suffer a shipwreck at sea; but to see either sun, moon or stars it is an excellent presage; so are flowers, but a coffin is an index of a disappointment in love.

A LENT CHARM.

To be tried on any Friday in Lent, Good Friday excepted, when it is improper to try anything of the kind, and the mind ought to be seriously disposed. Write twelve letters of the common alphabet on separate pieces of card, also twelve figures and the same number of blank cards; put them in a bag and shake them well, and let each present draw one; a blank shows a single life; a figure intrigue, or crim. con., and a letter a happy marriage.

THE WITCHES CHAIN.

Let three young women join in making a long chain, about a yard will do, of Christmas, juniper and mistletoe berries, and at the end of every link put an acorn. Exactly before midnight let them assemble in a room by themselves, where no one can disturb them; leave a window open, and take the key out of the key-hole and hang it over the chimney-piece; have a good fire, and place in the midst of it a long, thinnish log of wood, well sprinkled with oil, salt and fresh mould, then wrap the chain round it, each maiden having an equal share in the business; then sit down, and on your left knee let each fair one have a prayer book opened at the matrimonial service. Just as the last acorn is burnt, the future husband will cross the room; each one will see her own proper spouse, but he will be invisible to the rest of the wakeful virgins. Those that are not wed will see a coffin, or some misshapen form, cross the room; go to bed instantly, and you will have remarkable dreams. This must be done either on a Wednesday or Friday night, but no other.

THE NINE KEYS.

Get nine small keys, they must all be your own by begging or purchase (borrowing will not do, nor must you tell what you want them for); plait a three-plaited band of your own hair, and tie them together, fastening the ends with nine knots; fasten them with one of your garters to your left wrist on going to bed, and bind the other garter around your head, then say:

St. Peter, take it not amiss,
To try your favor I've done this;
You are the ruler of the keys,
Favor me, then, if you please;
Let me then your influence prove,
And see my dear and wedded love.

This must be done on the eve of St. Peter's and is an old charm used in ancient times by the maidens of Rome, who put great faith in it.

THE MYSTERIOUS WATCH.

Request any person to lend you his watch, and ask him if it will go when laid on the table. He will, no doubt, answer in the affirmative, in which case place it over the end of the concealed magnet, and it will presently stop. Then mark the precise spot where you placed the watch, give the watch to another person, and desire him to make the experiment, in which he not succeeding, give it to a third (at the same time replacing the magnet), and he will immediately perform it, to the great chagrin of the second party. This experiment cannot be effected, unless you take the precaution to use a very strongly impregnated magnet bar, and that the balance wheel of the watch be steel, which may be ascertained by previously opening it and looking at the works.

ST. AGNES' DAY.

Charm to Know Who Your Husband Will Be.

Falls on the 21st day of January; you must prepare yourself by a twenty-four hours' fast, touching nothing but pure spring water, beginning on midnight on the 20th to the same again on the 21st; then go to bed, and mind you sleep by yourself, and do not mention what you are trying to anyone, or it will break the spell; go to rest on your left side, and repeat these lines three times:

"St. Agnes, be a friend to me,
Is the gift I ask of thee;
Let me this night my husband see"
and you will dream of your future spouse; if you see more than one in your dream, you will wed two or three times, but if you sleep and dream not, you will never marry.

ST. MAGDALENE.

Let three young ladies assemble on the eve of this saint in an upper apartment, where they are sure not to be disturbed, and let no one try whose age is more than 21, or it breaks the charm; get rum, wine, gin, vinegar and water, and let each have a hand in preparing the potion. Put in a ground glass vessel, no other will do; then let each young woman dip a sprig of rosemary in, and fasten it in her bosom, and taking three sips of the mixture, get into bed; and the three must sleep together, but not a word must be spoken after the ceremony begins, and you will have true dreams and of such a nature that you cannot possibly mistake your future destiny. It is not particular as to the hour in which you retire to rest.



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A LITTLE HERO OF THE SOUTH

BY JOHN BAXTON.

He was only one of the "po' white trash." He had heard that ever since he could remember. The little negro boys, nine of them, who lived down by the railroad, would call out; "Bill Bowen's white, but he ain't nothing but po' white trash." Even his mother, when she was tired, and therefore cross, would say, "Keep out of the way, Billy; you are always under my feet. I believe you're lazier than any poor white trash." Mrs. Bowen had been "raised" in the Tennessee mountains. Now, to be what the black boys called him was bad enough but to be lower than that, as his mother suggested, and Billy would sigh. He sometimes wondered if he would still be "po' white trash" when he got up to heaven, behind the shining gates the circus rider told about.

Billy had so little that was beautiful in his daily life. Most boys have something, but Billy had nothing but the swamp and the alligators. And the swamps were full of dreadful serpents. It was a sad land. The water continually oozed through the soil or came down from the clouds. Sometimes it did both. If the cabin in which the Bowen family lived had not been hoisted on cypress blocks, it would many times, even during Billy's little short life, have been full of water. The railroad was often submerged; and then the long trains would move over it slowly, feeling their way along.

Watching trains was Billy's one happiness. Through the cars he caught glimpses of what the world might be like; of people who lived where the earth was dry; of faces which he knew were different

from the sad ones about him. Sometimes the heads of fair children would be thrust out of the windows as the train stopped to take water, and he fancied that the angels looked like that. Often little hands would throw coins to the tiny black boys who rolled on the grass. "I wish I was either black or quality folks," Billy would sigh, standing off by himself. "I ain't nothin' or nobody." No one threw him nickels.

The spring had been unusually wet, even for that land of fog and ooze. Day after day the rain had fallen, and the ground was covered with water, as far back as the Bowen cabin. The little negroes had ceased to greet the "Limited" with their smiles and tricks, for the coins if thrown out, would only sink into the mud and disappear.

One day Billy went up to the other bayou fishing. They were living on fish now, with a little rice once a day. As he came back over the bayou bridge, up toward which the water was creeping dangerously, he saw an alarming sight. The rails which approached it on the north end had been washed away. For rods they dipped and parted, and the "Limited" was due. At a bound the boy cleared the widening chasm, then—splash through the water went the bare feet, and he was soon breathless in his mother's cabin with the news.

"A torch," he cried.

"Shucks," she said. "The train'll hop right over that wash out. Better clean your fish."

But Billy had one thought. He saw in fancy the train crashing down into the bayou, carrying with it,

perhaps, the children with angel faces; and, lighting a pine torch at the fireplace, he was off.

"Just like his pa," said Mrs. Bowen, secretly proud of Billy, to her other offspring. "I'll bet he'll stop that train."

The twilights were short in that place. In fifteen minutes it would be dark. "O, God," prayed the ignorant little fellow, who had never heard of religion except from the circus rider, who was almost as ignorant as he, "please keep the train till I get there."

God answered. The train was an hour late. It was dark as midnight when the boy, up to his knees in water, waved the flaming torch as the headlight appeared around the curve. Fast the train came, then slower, more slowly still, and stopped. The engineer scrambled out of his seat and caught Billy in his arms.

"You've saved a hundred lives," he said, "my noble little man."

"No, sir; I'm only," answered Billy, "only poor white—" and fainted dead away.

It was the gentlemen in the palace car who brought him to himself. He thought he had awakened on the other side of the shining gates, until he heard his mother, who had in some way got through the water, crying for joy.

The grateful passengers have sent Billy far away from the dark lowlands, and he is fast becoming a valuable member of society; for he is going to be a doctor.

THAT GOOD LITTLE JIMMIE TAYLOR

BY ALOYSIUS DALTON.

JIMMIE TAYLOR was a bit of a Pharisee. "It's easy," he often said, "to be good. I can't see why other boys do such wrong things. I seldom do, so I never get into any scrapes." And the mothers of other boys were often heard to say, "If you would only be like that good little Jimmy Taylor."

Such talk would have pleased some parents, but it troubled Mrs. Taylor. She would rather have seen her child more humble; would rather have had him guilty of some trifling misdemeanor, for the sake of the repentance which would follow. But no; other boys might eat green apples, or get grease on their Sunday jackets, but not good Jimmy Taylor. Each morning he marched off sedately, his smooth hair and

clean face shining above his trim necktie; and his behavior reported "unexceptionable."

It was positively a trial to him that his life was so smooth; for he never had any chance to show what he would do when assailed by strong temptation. The boy "stood on the burning deck" was no hero to him, for he only did as he was told—a very easy thing; and he, Jimmy, longed for some great emergency, when the world could see of what stern stuff he was made. He would like to be an engineer, and drive the engine over a burning bridge; or captain of a ship in a wreck; or even a missionary tortured by savage Apaches. Whenever he fancied himself the commander of a burning ship, he would stride up and down the woodshed and shout, "Save yourselves! I'll stick to the ship, my men," until his mother would come out to see if he was losing his wits.

It was his tenth birthday, and at breakfast his father said: "This evening you and your mother are to go with me and have a dish of ice-cream."

Now Jimmy's appetite was not pampered with dainties, and ice-cream was a very great treat. He thought he would take either vanilla or strawberry. He would have all day in which to decide between them.

But there was work to be done first. Ever since vacation had begun Jimmy had gone with his father, an express messenger, to hold the horse while parcels were delivered. On this day Mr. Taylor offered his son a full holiday, saying he could manage in some way, but Jimmy, true to his reputation, would not hear of such a thing. So he mounted the seat of the wagon as usual, his mind filled with thoughts of ice-cream.

Mr. Taylor, in the course of the morning, drew up in front of Dr. Dayton's drug store. "I shall have to stop about ten minutes," said he, lifting out a box. "We have an account to look over." "Ten minutes," thought Jimmy, taking the lines—just then he heard the far-away notes of a band. Ah, he remembered. The "Disunited Brothers" were to have their annual parade. They would go up Main street. Ten minutes was a long time, and Main street very near. Besides, it was his birthday. A temptation stalked out of its hiding place. "I've a notion to drive around the corner," Jimmy said to himself. "Papa always has so many explanations with old Dr. Dayton. Get up, Jack."

Jack did get up, at first in a well-behaved way; but he had not always been in such humdrum employment, and that is why there is a story about Jimmy. In his young and frisky days the horse had belonged to a showman, and had helped to draw a big chariot. And at the sound of the band, he broke into

a run and dashed down the street, with Jimmy holding onto the lines as well as he could. Then, crash! went the wagon against a tree, and there lay Jimmy, in the midst of a heap of boxes great and small; while old Jack was already a square away, making sad havoc with the procession.

Well, Jimmy was not killed; but it was quite a disfigured and penitent little fellow who called for ice cream that evening. And to-day, having added the grace of humility to his other virtues, he is a better boy than ever; although he does not realize it, and would be surprised to learn that other boys' mothers still speak of him as "that good little Jimmy Taylor."

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CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER

1903



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HIGHEST COMPLIMENT THAT ANY MAGAZINE HAS EVER RECEIVED

Reviews from the press of the United States filled with criticisms of the **California Ladies' Magazine**

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 "Superior to any other ladies' journal"
 "Should be in every home in the land"

"Journal second to none in the land"
 "The great magazine of the day"
 "A leading publication"
 —expressions used by them

A few extracts from the favorable criticisms of over a thousand publications are herewith presented:

"The Daily Dispatch," Shamokin, Pa.:
It is replete with good things from cover to cover. It is gotten up in the style of the Philadelphia Ladies' Home Journal, and it will be a very sharp competitor for honors with that magazine, and may outrival it in circulation when it once becomes generally known. It is handsomely printed, filled with half-tone cuts, and reading matter written by some of the most noted writers of our country.

"Morning Sun," Norwich, N. Y.:
The California Ladies' Magazine was established four years ago and has met with phenomenal success..... it is the best magazine in the world.

"The Record," Del Norte, Cal.:
It is equal if not superior of any other ladies' journals....second to none in the land....this most highly edited Western publication.

"Rural Life," Sterling, Ill.:
This magazine was established four year ago and its growth and development have been phenomenal. It is large, handsomely printed and illustrated on the best quality of paper and is just such a publication as the ladies have been looking for and are deserving of.

"The Daily Sun," Lewiston, Me.:
It is a guide and an educator to their sisters. The growth of the magazine has been phenomenal, and the steady demand, for its is increasing throughout the entire world. It is a bright, readable magazine—in no way inferior to those managed and edited in part by men.

"The Journal," Hayward, Cal.:
The California Ladies' Magazine should be better known to our fair sex, for it is without doubt, the finest magazine for the ladies.....and it has without doubt the most elegant literary work yet published here.

"Evening Tribune," Oakland, Cal.:
The California Ladies' Magazine is by far the handsomest edition ever published on the Pacific Coast.

"The Journal," Yreka, Cal.:
It is a 56-page monthly, handsomely illustrated, and equal, if not SUPERIOR to the Ladies' Home Journal and similar publications in the East.

"Gazette-News," Kalamazoo, Mich.:
The California Ladies' Magazine, edited and published by women at Oakland, Cal., has improved with every number since it was established four years ago, and now compares very favorably with the Ladies' Home Journal.

"Tennessee Farmer," Nashville, Tenn.:
We are pleased to say it was one of the most interesting magazines we have ever seen. The style, illustrations, selections and editorials are first class.

"Oregon State Journal," Eugene, Ore.:
One of the best magazines we have seen in a long time is the California Ladies' Magazine. The literature is of a high order, bright and sparkling, and the numerous pictures, including many portraits of noted people, are beautiful. It is both interesting and ornamental.

"Daily Record," Onego, N. Y.:
The magazine was established four years ago and its growth has been phenomenal. It is a thoroughly up-to-date ladies' magazine.

"Solano County Courier," Suisun, Cal.:
It is similar to the Ladies Home Journal in size and make up, is full of the most interesting reading matter, is nicely printed and is beautifully illustrated.

"American Advertiser," Delhi, N. Y.:
This magazine is the only one owned and published by women, and its growth has been phenomenal in its four years of existence. This is an evidence of the progressive spirit of women over on the Pacific.

CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

We would call the attention of our readers to the splendid list of our contributors, whose names are foremost in the literary and intellectual world. No other magazine or journal East or West can surpass either in the tone or the quality of its articles, the long list of bright and highly interesting contributions which we give to our readers month after month, and which in themselves form a high system education for maid and matron. In following the pages of each issue of the California Ladies' Magazine, every woman is enabled to keep abreast of the times and to be in sympathetic touch with the best moral and intellectual ideas of the day. A glance at a portion of those who have given the assistance of their pens to father the high purpose of this journal will afford ample proof of any statement made by us. Our contributors are as follows:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, President of the United States.
 ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, Hero of Manila and Head of our Navy.
 GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, Ex-Commander of U. S. Army.
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 MISS OTILIA WILLE, the rising young author of the West.
 W. H. MALLUCK, great romance writer of Great Britain.

"The Argus," Albany, N. Y.:
The California Ladies' Magazine, "the only ladies' journal on the Pacific Coast," owned, edited and controlled by women, is four years old and a fine, prosperous journal. It is profusely illustrated and compares well with any of the Eastern monthlies devoted to woman's interests.

"The Times," Pomona, Cal.:
It is, indeed, a credit to the publishers. The quality of its matter, including illustrations, is of a high order. Its illustrations are not confined to human figures and dresses.

"Morning Mercury," San Jose, Cal.:
Altogether, the periodical in literary contents and mechanical make-up, is highly creditable.

"The Sentinel," Salem, Oregon:
the most creditable coast publication.

"Fargo Forum and Republican":
The Forum has received the California Ladies' Magazine, a well illustrated journal containing much of value to the ladies everywhere.

"Farmers' Home Journal, Louisville:
a handsomely printed and beautifully illustrated magazine.

"The News," Winona, Minn.:
The growth of the magazine has been wonderful, and the steady demand for it is increasing throughout the entire world.

"Woman's Standard," Waterloo, Iowa:
It is gotten up in the style, form, size of the Ladies' Home Journal.

"Bridgeport Chronicle," Union, Cal.:
a handsomely illustrated publication devoted to women and their work. "The paper is up-to-date typographically, and contains a large number of illustrations typical of California. The leading women of the State have contributed to its columns, articles on fashion, society, club life, etc., making the magazine interesting to their sex.

"Marion News-Tribune":
the reading matter and the artistic manner in which it is presented furnish an explanation of the popularity which the magazine has attained during its four years of life.

"Rural Spirit," Portland, Oregon:
and is a very bright publication.

"Nebraska Farmer," Omaha, Neb.:
is a very creditable magazine.

"The Times," Pleasanton, Cal.:
We are in receipt of the California Ladies' Magazine, and it is long since we have had the pleasure of perusing a more interesting publication.The ladies who are publishing the work should meet with flattering success, for the magazine is certainly worth the subscription price.

"The Call," Norwalk, Cal.:
It is a well gotten up magazine, with fine illustrations, and is an organ of the various women's clubs throughout the State in general and San Francisco and Oakland in particular.

"The Star," St. Helena, Cal.:
A publication which is meeting with the success it merits, is the California Ladies' Magazine. It is printed in the general style of the Ladies' Home Journal and the Woman's Companion. Is very attractively gotten up and is the only publication of its kind in the west.

"Morning Enterprise," Riverside, Cal.:
It is a splendid number to send to Eastern friends.

"The Woman's Journal," Boston:
beautiful magazine has become in less than four years a leading publication.

"The Tribune," Bay City, Mich.:
Its correspondents include some of the leading lights in the literary world, among these being his Excellency, Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger and others.

CALIFORNIA LADIES MAGAZINE

Vol. IV

SEPTEMBER, 1903

No 9



BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY.



ORIENTAL STUDENTS ATTENDING UNIVERSITY

BY J. M. SCANLAND.

There are twelve Japanese students at the State University at Berkeley, California. They live in a separate building recently erected for them. They are apt pupils, and some of them advance more rapidly than many of those of other nationalities in the same studies. These Japanese are of the Sumari class—descendants of a decayed nobility, and are poor. Tuition is very costly at the Universities in Japan, and furthermore, they would consider it a social degradation to "work their way" through the University, as they must, so they have come to this democratic country, where to labor is not disgraceful. They wait upon the tables, take care of the rooms, and do other work, though evidently they have no taste for it. When they have earned their education, they will return to Japan without the taint of degradation for having worked their way through the University. Three of these students are preparing for the profession of teacher, with a view of teaching English schools in Japan, and especially the commercial courses. There is a caste feeling between the Japanese and the Caucasian students—the Japanese pride themselves upon their descent, which is only one step below nobility. The Caucasian looks down upon the Japanese because of his color, his lack of civilization, and "heathenism." There is little social life between the races. The Japanese do not take any interest in the usual college games, and regard the "college yell" as heathenish. The Japanese have adapted our customs, dress, and manner of living, and purpose to introduce these in China, when they return, and thus, perhaps in time, Americanize that country.

The Sumari, in feudal times, was both a soldier and a peace officer. He wore two swords—one for use, the other for ornament and as a badge of office. One of his duties was to cut down a criminal when found committing a crime. He was a retainer, or vassal of the military Governor of the province, and fought under his banner whether for the general government or in rebellion. But, when this privileged class was abolished, its members soon became poverty stricken. To work was degrading, so they lived in genteel poverty, leaving their descendants nothing, except prejudice against labor. There are also seventeen Chinese

students at the University, and these also occupy a separate building of the Oriental style of architecture. The Legislature at its recent session appropriated \$25,000 for these and other new buildings.

Two of the Chinese are ladies and one of them is of princely blood. Miss Seih King-King is a daughter of a wealthy merchant of Heungshen; was born at Tient-sin, and is well educated in Chinese. She is a reformer, and made a speech in Shanghai before an immense audience, in which she condemned the action of Li-Hung Chang

Miss Kang T'ung Pick, a princess of the blood, is a recent arrival at the State University. She is the second daughter of Kang Yan Wei, who was the leader of the recent Reform movement, and a friend of the Emperor of China. Under his advice the Emperor issued Reform orders, but he was deposed by the Dowager-Empress, and the "palace-clique," before the reforms could be adopted. The Emperor warned him of his danger, and himself and his daughter fled, escaping on an English vessel in disguise. Her uncle, and others were beheaded.

will soon be joined by her father. When her studies are finished, she and her father will return to China and resume their work of reform, if there is not too much risk of losing their heads. Miss Pick is nineteen years of age, beautiful, intelligent, and her father is very wealthy.

The principal difficulty in teaching these Orientals, is to get them to forget their system of learning. This system is exercising the memory more than the intellect, or "cramming" with material that is of no practical value. The Oriental education is also more than intellectual—the heart is taught a great deal and the head very little, so that while the pupil is made a good citizen, he has no practical education. They do not study geography, astronomy, mathematics nor foreign tongues. The Chinese literati are highly educated but have not enough of practical instruction. And on these lines the Oriental colleges teach. Some of the students at these universities were graduated in their district colleges, and several of the wealthy Chinese students were graduated from the Provincial colleges, yet they have no "practical" education. In China, education is the pathway to office, and to nobility. The road is open to all classes, hence all with ambition strive to win the great prizes. Wealth does not ennoble one. Literary attainments, only qualify him. He must undergo a severe training, and most of this is of no practical value. For example, he must commit to memory a great deal of the "Five Classics," and write treatises on them, and, if he passes the examination, he is considered qualified to govern a province, command an army, or hold any other office in the government." Kang Yan Wei, father of Miss Pick, one of the students at Berkeley, started a newspaper in connection with his reform movement, and he announced to his contributors that he would not consider for publication any essay on a subject more than 1000 years old. The essays written by students are mostly on the doctrines of Mencius and Confucius, who lived 2500 years ago, and some of the more learned students go back to the "Four Books," written 5000 years ago. So, this departure of the reformer was considered "yellow journalism," and his paper failed.



PRESIDENT'S HOME, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

in aiding the scheme of Russia to build the trans-Siberian railroad through Manchuria, which virtually gave Russia the control of that province. She recently made a speech in this city to a large audience in favor of Reform—the introduction of European ideas and civilization in China. She is loyal to the Emperor, but does not hesitate to express her opinion of "that Tartar, the Dowager Empress." She is studying at the University, and when her work is completed, she will return to her native land, and begin a crusade in the interest of civilization and general reform.

Among the reforms he urged that the Chinese should stop shaving their heads and wearing queues; and adopt the Christian religion; also stop the cruel practice of bandaging the feet of female children. Her father is a Cantonese, and of the literati class, which, strangely, is opposed to reform; but he cut loose from the traditions of the past and Confucianism, which teaches that there is nothing new to learn. He is now in India, studying the "system of government, and his daughter spent some time with him there. She comes to this country to study our system of government, and



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ROMANCE OF WILLIAM LEIDESDORFF

BY MRS. MARTHA J. SCOOFFY.



MRS. M. J. SCOOFFY IN 1849.

Much has been written in the annals of the pioneers of William Leidesdorff, whose works in the early days were of sufficient consequence to leave his name as an enduring monument on the battleground of California's troublous history. Here is the story of a romantic incident in his career. We have it from the pen of Mrs. M. J. Scooffy, a member of the California Society of Pioneer Women. In a paper read by her recently before the society Mrs. Scooffy told the story in this wise:

William A. Leidesdorff came to California in 1840 or 1841, as master of the schooner Julia Ann, and died May 18, 1849, at San Francisco, aged 36. Much has been written about his life, and he has been the hero of many romantic tales, chiefly based upon imaginary incidents. The best account of his career, necessarily brief, was published by the late George E. Barnes in 1896, and then the fact that he was buried in the Mission Dolores was mentioned. There was, however, one actual romance in the life of William Leidesdorff of which I became informed while residing with my husband, now deceased, P. M. Scooffy, at the city of New Orleans, and which, after the lapse of many years, may be referred to without impropriety, and may prove interesting to Pioneer Women.

Captain Leidesdorff was undoubtedly a mulatto, as his father was a Dane and his mother a negress. This fact is well authenticated. He was born in the chief town of the Island of St. Thomas. The relations between his father and his mother were irregular. But when he became of age he presented scarcely a trace of the mixture of blood. He was a tall, well proportioned and unusually handsome man, with refined features and very expressive eyes. In his early life he had every advantage that wealth could bestow, and to an attractive personality he added fascinating manners and remarkable conversational powers.

When he reached New Orleans, a year or two before he sailed for California, he was an elegant and manly young gentleman, with nothing in his appearance to excite the least suspicion of his maternity, and with a character that in itself was certainly deserving of respect. He was generous and amiable, and, in reference to the unfortunate incident in which he became involved, it is simply just to say that he was proud, sensitive and conscious of his own essential rectitude, and had no idea that secret of his birth would ever be revealed. He commanded a vessel, and through the consignees was introduced to the best and most exclusive circles of a society which blended the rich blood of the South with many of the ancient families of France and Spain.

One evening at a reception he met a beautiful and accomplished young lady of the most exceptional standing who was a French creole and the only child of the widow of an American naval commander, who had been left a fortune when she was in her infancy. Their affection for each other was mutual, and their acquaintance soon ripened into love of the most intense type. Both mother and daughter were reserved, especially toward strangers, but Captain Leidesdorff rapidly became a social favorite, much sought by enterprising mothers, and he obtained permission to visit them. A betrothal followed, the day of the marriage was fixed, a choice trousseau prepared, and all arrangements for the wedding perfected, when, in some mysterious way, the particulars of which I have never learned, the African tinge in the veins of the ardent lover was divulged to the mother, and after one brief scene at her house he left New Orleans, and

the climax of a social tragedy was apparently reached.

But the end was not yet. Years elapsed, and one evening, when reading a newspaper, the following paragraph caught the eye of the elder of the two ladies whose pride had been so deeply wounded:

"Appointed by the President—Captain William Alexander Leidesdorff, Consul to Monterey, Cal."

"My God!" she said. "Does that mulatto still live?" and then she fell unconscious to the floor. Her daughter read the announcement that had revived the melancholy episode in her career, and the permanency of the impression that had been produced on her heart may be clearly illustrated by what followed.

Captain Leidesdorff died, and the fact was known to us all. On May 29, 1849, Mr. Scooffy and I were about to leave New Orleans for San Francisco when the stricken girl, still young and retaining a shadowed beauty, came to our door in a carriage, accompanied by a maid with an exquisite wreath of immortelles. "When you arrive in San Francisco," she said to me, "will you place this wreath on Captain Leidesdorff's grave and say three 'Our Fathers' and two 'Hail, Marys' for the repose of his soul?"

Our vessel anchored at San Francisco July 13, 1849, and within a day or two we went on our sad errand to the Mission Dolores Church. The visit was a journey in those days, and was made on two donkeys or burros of a most philosophical temperament, and accoutered in genuine Mexican style. On our arrival at the old adobe building we were received by a Mexican "padre," who was gentle and courteous and showed us the grave of Captain Leidesdorff on the earthen floor, about three feet from the wall, on the right side of the entrance, adding by way of explanation: "Captain Leidesdorff was a good, charitable man, and three weeks before his death made a gift of \$300 for the poor; and we have honored him by burying him in the church."

I performed the solemn duty that had been assigned to me, and then the devout father told us the sad, and through the consignees was introduced to the and which necessarily omits names and leaves both particulars of Captain Leidesdorff's last illness.

The priest had found the sick man with his mind



INA COOLBRITH.

From Living Waters

Into the balm of the clover,
Into the dawn and the dew,
Come, O my poet, my lover,
Single of spirit and true!

Sweeter the song of the throstle
Shall ring from its nest in the vine,
And the lark, my beloved apostle,
Shall chant thee a gospel divine.

Ah! not to the dullard, the schemer,
I of my fullness may give,
But thou, whom the world calleth dreamer,
Drink of my fountains and live!

Art thou a-worn and a-weary,
Sick with the doubts that perplex,
Come from thy woodland most dreary,
Less fair than the faith which it wrecks.

Not in the tomes of the sages
Lie the words to thy need
Truer the blossomy pages,
Sweeter their lesson to read.

In the least one of my daisies
Deeper a meaning is set,
Than the seer ye crown with your praises,
Have wrung from the centuries yet.

Leave them their doubt and derision:
Lo, to the knowledge I bring,
Clingeth no dimness of vision!
Come, O my chosen, my king!

Out from the clouds that cover,
The night that would blind and betray,
Come, O my poet, my lover,
Into the golden day!

—INA COOLBRITH.



MRS. SCOOFFY AS SHE APPEARS TODAY.

wandering and going through the motions of writing on his bed cover, and, in his description to me, added: "He looked at me imploringly and piteously, as if he were asking for help to express himself."

It was evidently the Father's opinion that if Captain Leidesdorff had been able to make a will he would have devoted his fortune to charity and religion; but, though he probably would not have overlooked these worthy objects, I believe that the bulk of his property would have been left to her whose name in his delirium was frequently on his lips and whose memory was rooted in his heart.

This is a plain narrative, without embellishment, and which necessarily omits names and leaves both facts and sentiments to be supplied by others. It is one of the many dramatic occurrences which are associated with the pioneer days of our beloved State. I could add much about the history of the large property of Captain Leidesdorff, but that might affect living men and had better be omitted. There is a little street running from California street to Clay, in San Francisco, which is named after him, but I am not aware that out of the millions realized from his industry and enterprise sufficient has ever been contributed to erect even a plain monument to his memory. He suffered, but he also labored, and "other men entered into his labors." It would have seemed appropriate for some of his own money to have been used to commemorate his life and to perpetuate his memory.

Pioneer Days of 1849

BY ELLA M. SEXTON.

When the water came up to Montgomery street,

In the days of the '49ers,
This canvas town was a swarming hive
Of the bravest (and quickest) men alive
Who thronged saloons, and filled each "dive"
With the cheerful clink of "shiners."

When the water came up to Montgomery street,

Its blue waves softly flowing
Where the Mills and Mutual brick walls rest,
Thick chapparral crowded our Nob Hill's crest
And trade-winds over the sand-dunes west
Of Powell street were howling.

When the water came up to Montgomery street—

Those were the days to live in!
When Gold was king, and woman queen;
The pistol Law (or a long knife keen)
While to Chance or Pleasure the hours between
The dusk and dawn were given.

When the water came up to Montgomery street,

And Pioneer veins throbbed madly
In that fierce "gold-fever's" wildest spells,
The chimes of the Mission Dolores bells
(Paint o'er the din of the gambling "hells")
Reached hearts that answered sadly.

When the water came up to Montgomery street—

O, Argonauts, strong, yet tender!
Free-lances of Fortune whose golden prize
Won by the few, from the many flies,
What struggling hosts perished with dying eyes
Upraised to its fatal splendor!



LASOOING CATTLE IN EARLY DAYS.



TYPICAL PIONEER STREET SCENE.

CUPID AND THE TRAMP

BY CLARA PARKER.

It was the most squalid accident with which I had ever met. Even now I am secretly embarrassed by the thought of it. Consequently I always tell about it first myself.

It had been very fatiguing work, climbing about all day on steep mountain paths and, when night overtook me suddenly, in the very heart of an extensive canyon, my prospects looked dismal enough. What was my joy then, when, after a long, hard climb, I emerged from the seemingly bottomless abyss, to see a light just ahead.

I did not stop to reason whether it would be safe to approach the light but hurried towards it with what speed my tired limbs could make.

I noticed dimly a second human figure fluttering along in the shadows with a lightness my jaded muscles could not imitate, but thought it needless to give chase or even waste my breath in shouting as I certainly should have done five minutes since. No, I should find people at the house and, after the gloom of the depths from which I had just crawled, I think I should have relished the company of a good jovial cut-throat, had the house nothing more select to offer.

Perhaps there might have been food beyond the light. Coffee, even, good hot coffee, and with that thought rollicking through my discouraged system like a glass of spirits, I hurried up the walk.

All at once I stopped confused. Every light in the house had winked out as suddenly as if controlled by an electric switch, while there was a banging of doors to follow, very emphatic and of an unsocial sound, which jarred on the pitiable melancholy of my heart.

I stood for a moment, huddled up before the house, with the feeling of a stray dog about me. Quite as if I had been caught stealing bones in the back yard and dismissed with a hearty kick in my ribs. I had no spirit left, remember. I hadn't been fed for hours and the weariness in my bones had mounted to my head.

The night was so dark I could scarcely see the house, and groping along the path, came to it rather more quickly than I had expected. The clatter of my feet against a camp chair was answered from inside by the shooting of a bolt badly in need of oil. I should have sat down in the camp chair to think it over only that it shut up when I kicked it and couldn't be straightened out without a lamp and a guide book. I knew, if it kept up the reputation of its kind.

My judgment, for all my trouble, still held pretty firm and I argued that the people inside were shutting up for the night. They couldn't know of my condition. I certainly did not want them to realize quite how deplorable it was. Perhaps if I presented myself at the back door I might obtain food from the maid servant without exhibiting my travel-stained clothing and haggard visage before the members of the family.

With that in view, I stole cautiously about and tapped at the back door so lightly, I can now realize as to introduce an element of mystery into an otherwise ordinary sound.

The effect was not such as I could believe would happen to a quiet, respectable man on the verge of humbly begging for a little bread. The door was jerked violently open by a very large, red faced woman who, with a large cudgel, I have always feared it was a rolling pin, laid me senseless at her feet before I had time to stir my tongue.

So unexpected and effective was the blow she struck that I felt no pain at the time. Indeed, had she been given a little better chance for aim, my troubles, I think, would have been over at once and for all time.

As it was, however, they came back upon me when I awoke to consciousness, tied hand and foot, on a beautifully clean kitchen floor. I was still dog tired; still shamefully hungry, and now, at least, my head was racked with pain from that disgraceful blow.

I think I never felt so mortified in all my life. My assailant stood over me, red handed from her assault. Surely never before had so pitiable an experience befallen man.

But I shouldn't so much have minded the cook. It was what there was behind her and the tall thin woman who, I felt was egging her on to act even more ferociously than she might otherwise have done. I was angry enough at these two, but what I really minded was the presence of a very pretty young woman dressed in thin white. She seemed very much distressed and disposed to arbitrate. I think there was a scheme hatching to fling me into the cellar just as I was without the preliminary of investigating the righteousness of their cause.

"But you don't know, Jane, that he is the same kind of man," I heard the white robed young creature saying as my mind groped its way back from the obscurity into which it had been plunged by Jane. "He don't look wild, does he, aunt? Anyhow we'd better ask."

The thin women gave, what sounded to me, like a cruelly scornful chuckle. "What, ask him if he's wild, Elizabeth?" she said. "By all means. At the same time get him to mention whether he belongs to any church. Of course he'll tell."

Elizabeth about this time, happened to meet my eyes, and, for the sake of the blush which instantly overspread her face. I forgave her at once and forever for having been knocked down in her presence by a red faced woman with a club.

With the aunt it was different. Jane, also, was out of the question. She did not want my forgiveness and I could not have given it to her if she had.

"Madame," I said to the aunt very civilly, though with sarcasm far beyond what I usually indulged in, "You have missed finding my watch I think. My purse is in the inner pocket of my vest."

Elizabeth shrank back with a visible shudder at this crushing speech. Jane flamed up very red and angry for a moment, and I feared meant again to strike, but the aunt merely said "Fudge."

I will admit, however, that she could not have been more expressive in a full hour's speech.

gently sliding my hands from their bonds which had your maid knock me down?" I asked, all the while gently sliding my hands from their bonds which had been put on in too much haste.

A quick glance showed me my chance. The rope about my ankles would permit of a fairly good stride and no sooner were my hands free than with an awkward bound I was upon my feet with a table between me and Jane, while I hacked at the generous stretch of clothes line between my feet with a knife which I had snatched up from the same friendly board.

A perfect panic of shrieks arose. Jane made at me with a courage more commendable than becoming. The aunt showed her breeding by taking to a corner in a lady-like panic; while poor, little Elizabeth wilted against a flower stand, covering her face with her hands.

Before these white hands were removed I had accomplished a great deal, though not all that I desired.

I had rid myself of the training rope, and, seizing Jane by the shoulders, had shot her inside the pantry, and was standing, gasping, with my back against the door, while she flung herself at intervals against it from the other side. Her language, in the meantime, being anything but what one had reason to expect from a female in distress.

"I am ready now, to parley, madam," I said to the aunt, looking resolutely past Elizabeth for fear I might be tempted to go and draw her hands from before her eyes, "I can't promise, however, to be very connected in my speech unless you can relieve me from the violence of your maid."



CARRIE STEVENS WALTER.

The Legend of Amapola

Deep in the bosom of that mountain range Which crosses California, north and south— With many a sideways spur to east and west— Close clasped by rocky ledges, lies concealed Vein upon vein of yellow, virgin gold.

Far in the depths of some forgotten past— Ere man had come to search the treasure out— The ardent sun had pierced the hiding-place With his warm wooing, and had won his suit.

And from this union—Sun with Gold—was born The Amapola—California's flower— Its swaddling clothes, the soft, delicious air Of California's Aprils and its fount Baptismal, gently falling rains and dews That bid to greenness her brown-bosomed hills. While every twittering call-bird that salutes The daybreak with his pipings, and the lark That sings his matin and his vesper hymns In far blue heavens—these were choristers.

The priest, the splrit of the free, broad west; While sighing pine and sounding ocean gave With married music solemn sponsor vows.

Thro' countless years the gorgeous blossom bore A name unknown save but to Sun and Gold, Sponsors and priest, and they have told it not To listening ear of man. But one day came— A hundred years or more ago—a band Of holy friars to this shore, who bore Christ's cross to savage races in these wilds.

This Sun-gold flower, the Amapola named, Adding, as whipsperer benedicts, "Copa de ora," holy grail, which holds Within its sacred chalice, heaven's gifts Of warmth and beauty, California's dower.

These mystic names the early fathers gave So long ago, and blessed with prayer and sign. With "Copa de ora"—tender sign of love— God's "cup of gold"—a prayerful after-thought.

—CARRIE STEVENS WALTER.

At my words the aunt immediately resumed that decision of manner she had hitherto displayed.

"Let her out," she said sharply, "I will answer for it that she keeps quiet."

"Are you sure you don't overestimate your abilities," I asked mildly, but still I moved aside. Indeed I think my orders came none too soon. Not much longer could my hunger enfeebled frame have withstood the repeated onslaughts of that human battering ram.

I did not warn Jane when I moved aside, though the omission was not malicious. It, however, was disastrous, occurring, as it did, at the very moment when the enraged woman flung her two hundred and odd pounds, full against the door.

She entered the kitchen on a full run and nothing stopped her rapid progress but the opposite wall, against which she brought up with a force that gave me food for thought.

On the whole I began to feel very grateful to the aunt.

It must have been that Jane was reserving her strength for a final effort and I had been spared a dangerous shock by the interference of her mistress.

In my relief I laughed. It was a spontaneous outburst, intending no affront. I saw that Elizabeth took in the proper spirit but the aunt looked very grim.

Perhaps, despite the pleading of Elizabeth's loveliness, I might have gone on playing the high hand but that hunger was sapping at my manhood.

This woman might have bread and meat in her larder for a friend. I began to conciliate.

"Come, madam," I said smiling into her grim face, "Let us understand each other. Tell me why your servant knocked me down and I will tell you who I am."

The aunt was prompt enough in her rejoinder. "Tell me who you are," she said grimly, "and that will probably explain why my servant knocked you down."

This was cutting, still it was absurd as well. I began reaching in my pockets where probably I should find a card or two of mine which I flattered myself would set things straight, when Jane made use of here returning breath to give utterance to a low cry of anger and alarm.

"There's two of 'em Missus," she cried, gazing straight behind me, so, that for the moment, I feared the poor thing was seeing double as a result of her late shock; but she had not been enough afraid of me singly to make her terror at such an apparition real.

Turning rapidly about for explanation, I saw it, in the form of a huge, ill dressed fellow with a revolver in his hand, the revolver leveled straight at the aunt, she being close to the door, and apparently the only person he had seen.

"You see I'm back, ma'am," he said insolently, "I went after this little shootin' iron of mine. Now I wonder if I kin have some grub?" It was very fortunate that the fellow had not observed me. I had my revolver, and, without waiting for further complications, I had sprung upon him, from behind, remember, so do not overrate my courage; had knocked up his arm, thereby dislodging his weapon, and, had my own leveled upon him when he turned with a look of amazement and terror in his eyes.

All of the women shrieked. I thought for a moment that Elizabeth was going to faint and regretted my role in the drama, which was to stand with leveled weapon, as it forbade any personal assistance in her graceful collapse.

For a moment the fellow faced me with a fair amount of courage, then he shuffled his feet uneasily, and hung down his head.

"I wasn't goin' to shoot," he muttered, "I was just goin' to scare these women; they wouldn't give me no grub."

I am ashamed to say a fellow feeling sprung up in my heart at these words, for the shamefully dirty rascal.

"If they give you something to eat, will you take yourself off and not trouble them again?" I asked, with the sternness of a judge pronouncing death sentence, but with a weakness at my heart for the state of the poor chap's stomach.

He read my weakness, I think, but did not presume upon it. His demeanor was dog-like in its meekness, and, when Jane, at the command of her mistress, brought him a loaf of bread and a piece of meat, which I had much ado to keep from snatching from him, he thanked her with a gratitude I thought truly pathetic, though it did not seem to so impress the women.

When he had shuffled from sight and the door was closed upon him, the women moved upon me in a body and, for the time, their gratitude was almost as embarrassing as their attitude of war had been. It seems that the fellow had been hanging around. They had, through an accident, been deprived of male support for the night. The fellow had been insolent. Had threatened them, and had just been left after his last threat when I appeared upon the scene.

The rest you can imagine.

My knock was taken for a fresh impertinence on his part and Jane, girded for war, had plunged forth to down the foe.

That I had not proved exactly the foe they were expecting but increased their fears. They concluded there must be a nest of us and prepared to act accordingly. Their forgetting in their excitement to lock the door, and thus letting the real tramp in upon us was the best thing which could have happened to clear my character from stain.

Elizabeth cherishes a romantic memory of the whole scene, but to me it is still most embarrassing.

Of course I appreciate that fact that it was then, Elizabeth declares, that I won her heart, but, personally, I would much rather have won it in some other way.

THE WOMAN A MAN LIKES

BY ADDIE FARRAR.

The man's Ideal Woman? This is one of the questions which seem created to stand the wear and tear of time and which, like the epidemics, is bound to appear at more or less stated intervals. But really did you ever stop to analyze her—the woman that man likes best? Do you ever realize what a complex creature she really is?

Like the poet and the painter she is born, not made. She is, first of all essentially feminine—a womanly woman—possessed of unlimited tact, of sympathetic and affectionate disposition, and just suggestively clinging and dependent enough to arouse all a man's protective instinct. Apparently submissive to his higher authority, lovable at all times, she is the happy possessor of that intangible but necessary trait yclept, charm. Were she as wise as Athena herself or as beautiful as Juno, if she lacked this peculiar, fascinating quality of charm which so enslaves all masculine hearts, she would not prove attractive even to the most callow of youths.

This ideal man's woman is not only very clever but she knows and likes man as he really is, accepting as a matter of course all his smaller faults and larger vices. Her very strength lies in her accurate knowledge of the weakness of men. She grants him a right to his individuality and never assumes for herself the privilege of making over his character. In truth she would scarcely respect him could she refashion his nature to her caprices. She glories in his manhood and likes to believe in his strength.

A man likes a woman who can talk well but much more he prefers the one who is a good listener—he likes to hear the sound of his own voice and objects to the woman who monopolizes the conversation almost as much as to the one who does not talk at all.

A spice of coquetry, a little unconventionality, he secretly thinks charming, but, alas, should his divinity overstep the boundry line of propriety, he, himself, is the first to censure. This woman never gossips about or belittles her sisters. She has a kind word for them at all times but rarely if ever do they

like her and, really, the fault is on neither side, as she understands them quite as little as they comprehend her, and never is she at her best in their company.

Modest at all times is this charming woman, never prudish. There is nothing a man dislikes much more than a prude. Always cheerful, she wisely hides her griefs and smilingly drains to the last drop her particular cup of sorrow, appearing before him always bright and gay. It is the exceptional man who can really understand that a woman can have any lasting grief or trouble, that the few tears she occasionally allows herself the luxury of shedding on his shoulder, will not wash away. Above all can he understand why she should be sad when he honors her with his presence. To him she represents the sunlight of life and when he emerges from the dark and gloomy cloudland of business cares, he expects her to shine radiantly. Certainly he does not mind a little shower now and then but wants it soon over. A flash of temper, a storm of tears, or a gust of jealousy often clears the sky, but sulks, coldness or disdainfulness irritate him beyond measure and the perfectly passive woman bores him.

Perhaps one reason men like this woman so well is because she never nags and scolds. He may smoke a trifle too much or play at chance, but she knows how little good it would do to flaunt his faults in his face. Like the coming bald spot on his head he is sensitive of it, but prefers to think others do not see it.

Absolute flattery in words this adorable woman never gives, but she administers to the man deft little pats, just such as she gives to the pillow under his aching head, and she makes him, like the pillow, comfortable. She teaches him to believe in himself and his possibilities, and his success is more often than not, due to her.

Wise and tactful, she leads him to talk of his innermost hopes and aspirations, is kind to his hobbies and is always genuinely and intelligently interested. Gaining his confidence she respects it and keeps his secrets.

The man likes her gay comradie, her honest friendship and perfect candor. To him she fulfils and perfects all that in himself is incomplete. Abounding in that which she lacks, but baffling him by her whimsicality and her variableness, allowing him to guess rather than suspect all her nature. Truly she is a woman of moods; perhaps therein lies her great charm; now gay, now piquant, now earnest, and at times, if you will, selfish, whimsical, and capricious, but always a good woman and a true one.

A man may profess to scorn religion, may consider children a nuisance, but he looks askance at the woman who openly confesses to a dislike of either. It was from his own mother he learned to pray and to value the maternal instinct.

She is not necessarily a handsome woman, this man's ideal, nor of a truth, young, for she is oftener past than under thirty, but she is always well dressed and well groomed, giving to her clothes that distinctive air, called style. Her wardrobe may be limited, her clothes inexpensive, but she knows how to wear them gracefully and appears as well in the quiet of her own home as abroad.

Lastly, she is not only an ideal home maker, but a very contented person, considering seekers after woman's rights and the higher woman's sphere as absurd, usually finding her own sphere within the wedding ring and reigning in her own world a veritable queen, whose appreciative and adorable subjects, men, delight to honor and serve.

THE DIVORCE RECORD

Chicago is the champion divorce city. It has had that reputation for a long time, although perhaps the 4,341 divorced people who reside there may not have been separated by the local courts, they have nevertheless chosen it as a place of residence and they number more than twice as many as are found in New York.

Certain other cities have a similar distinction, although they are not as conspicuous as Chicago. San Francisco, though much less in population is fourth in this respect on the list.

BRISK WALKING A CURE FOR ALL BODILY ILLS

BY OUR HOME DOCTOR.

"Truly this is a day of fads, but none so sensible or beneficial as the walking fad, which society in every degree has now adopted," remarked a prominent physician, says the Washington Post.

"There is nothing like the open air, and people are now beginning to realize this. There are always a number of people who seem happiest when they go about with long faces and sour looks, and are ever ready to tell you in doleful tones that life is not worth the living. If you will observe, these are the people who wear heavy overcoats, wrap up to their eyes in woolen clothing and buy a variety of patent medicines, much of which could be dispensed with by suitable warm clothing and a good brisk walk every day.

"Walking is an ideal exercise, and, apart from the great benefit derived from the action of the muscles brought into play by the movement of the legs and arms, the mind, too, is helped by this wholesome practice.

"It is only to be supposed that the brain tires of monotonous surroundings, the same scenery, the awful sameness of things, all soon palls upon one, and the result is frequently fatal, certainly accountable to a large degree for many nervous disorders, when



THE MODEST YOUNG LADY.



THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

the antidote for many of the so-called bodily ills could be found in a short walk through a pretty park. In walking the mind naturally becomes diverted and so interested in things other than one's own misfortunes, and at once the attitude changes to one of cheer. Again, walking is one of the greatest stimulants of thought. Take, for instance, our greatest thinkers, orators, actors, in fact, all literary people and you will discover that they were and those of to-day are all great walkers. In walking one gathers incident and illustration fresh and full of actual detail, and when the author or orator pictures a thing in its living fashion he immediately carries conviction with him, and so furnishes the secret of his success. While from a physical standpoint there is nothing that will as quickly induce a free circulation of the blood or so effectually reduce flesh as a good walk, it is much safer than starving, for not infrequently does Mrs. Burden become Mrs. Gray through the means of an unwise and unwholesome diet in her desire to obtain a sylph-like figure. Walk in the fresh, pure air, and breathe properly, inhaling the air through the nostrils that the lungs may become filled, and the panacea will be found for many bodily ills and vexations of the day."

THEIR FIRST QUARREL

BY F. KENDRICK BELLAMY.

"Ah, the lip with the curve impatient;
Ah, brow with that look of scorn;
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn."

"Oh, dear; I do wish we had a nice little flat in town."

There was an ominous rustle of the newspaper at the other end of the table, but Mrs. Jack Leslie disregarded it and proceeded querulously:

"The Barrows say they would not live rent free in the suburbs, and their flat is ideal."

The newspaper was laid hastily on the table.

"Lloyd Barrow has an income of \$5,000, and his wife has two or three hundred a year of her own. I have \$2,000," said Jack Leslie in a voice from which he vainly tried to banish all signs of his increasing indignation.

"And you wish to gently remind me of the fact that I have nothing of my own," said Mrs. Leslie, scathingly.

Her husband rose abruptly from the table.

"You have done nothing but complain since you came down stairs; now you apparently wish to insult me." And, taking up his paper, he commenced to fold it with mathematical precision.

Evelyn Leslie made no rejoinder, but heaved a sigh indicative of the most profound discontent.

Jack Leslie looked at her.

She was very pretty, this fair young wife of his, and as she sat at the head of the daintily arranged breakfast table in her blue, lace-trimmed morning gown, she made a pretty picture for a man to take in his memory to the hot, dusty city. The sunshine glinted on her corn-colored hair, the shade of her gown deepened the blue of her eyes, and her red lips, though drooping dismally now, were very sweet.

"Darling, what is it?" cried the young man impulsively. "Nothing can have happened to worry you since last night, and we were so happy then you said yourself you had never enjoyed an evening more."

But at the tone of tender entreaty the young wife's heart hardened. Why should he think she was so happy? He had no right to expect her to be so pleased because he had taken her to the theatre for the first time in three months. Maud Barrow had told her, in the train as they came home, that she should die if she did not go to see something two or three times every week. And Jack and Evelyn had been married a year, and had only been to the theatre four times altogether.

"Of course nothing could worry me," she said loftily. "With such a staff of well-trained servants I naturally could not expect to have a single household care."

Jack laughed, a hearty, boyish laugh. "That's it, is it? Poor old Turner again—what has she been doing or not doing now?" he said, taking his wife's face in his big brown hands.

She withdrew it pettishly, and in a hard, cold voice, she exclaimed:

"No, it is not Turner, it is you—you, Jack. Why should you, why should any man expect a woman always to be happy when he can only provide her with the bare necessities of life? What pleasures do I have? What entertainment? I suppose you consider that the honor of looking after your house, coupled with the supreme delight of coming to meet your train every evening, ought to more than suffice to crown a woman's life with gladness. I—"

"Stop, Evelyn, for pity's sake, stop!" cried Jack Leslie. "If that is how you really feel we must talk things over when I come back and see what can be done. I—I—thought you were so happy—I had no idea of this."

His face was very white, and the wounded expression in his brave gray eyes made Evelyn suddenly long to kiss them and to unsay her cruel words, but ere she could put her thoughts into action, the wounded look gave way to one of savage disgust, as Jack exclaimed:

"It's that abomination, Maud Barrow, who has been making you discontented."

Every spark of repentance withered in the heat of Evelyn's anger.

"How dare you call my dearest friend 'an abomination'?" she cried.

"I apologize," said her husband. "I did not mean to be so emphatic, but for heaven's sake do not try to quarrel with me, Evelyn; as it is, your words will ring in my ears all day."

He opened the door and went into the hall. As a rule Evelyn accompanied him to superintend the brushing of his hat and to help to decide whether a stick or an umbrella would be the order of the day; but now she remained in the room.

She was very much annoyed. Her dear, sweet Maud Barrow—always so elegant and charming—to be called an abomination? It was too much.

She took up a letter, and was so apparently engrossed in its contents when Jack came in that he spoke twice before she paid any attention.

"Good-bye, Evelyn."

There was a world of pain in the man's voice.

"Good-bye," and the cool indifference in her own tones soothed Mrs. Leslie in her present mood.

Jack stooped down—his wife again turned to her letter.

"Evelyn, you are going to kiss me?"

"I do not wish to be unpleasant, but I really have not the slightest intention of doing so," she replied airily.

"Darling, you are hurt at what I said about your friend? I humbly apologize."

"I had forgotten it," affirmed Mrs. Leslie.

"Then you won't kiss me?"

"Why should I?"

"Why should you? Kind Heaven, has it come to this! Do you absolutely mean that you do not intend to kiss me?"

"I neither intend to kiss you now nor at any other time," said Evelyn, with conviction in her voice.

With a stifled exclamation Jack raised himself to his full height. Even then he hesitated for a moment as if to give his wife time to retract her



statement, and then he slowly went out. He opened the door—surely Evelyn would come now. Very slowly he walked down the tiled path to the gate, and there he lingered and looked wistfully at the window. The curtains fluttered in the breeze, but no face looked out.

His steadfast, honest nature could not understand the fantastic capriciousness evinced by his wife, and, with a heart heavier than he had ever carried in his breast before, Jack Leslie went to the city.

But although he saw no face at the window, a face was there, and the eyes that watched him till he was out of sight were suspiciously dim, and as Evelyn turned away, after waiting half an hour hoping against hope that Jack would come back, she experienced a feeling of desolation which was foreign to her usually joy-filled little soul.

"I did think he would come back," she murmured, dolefully; "he might have known I did not mean a single word I said. I wish I had not said it now, but Maud Barrow assured me that it always pays to have occasional fricases with your husband, for he thinks so much more of you afterwards."

"But, then," she added with an air of pride, "I do not believe Lloyd ever thinks much of Maud at any time, and Jack always thinks the world of me. Poor old Jack. Oh, how I wish I had kissed him and told him I did not mean it."

But wishes were idle, and after interviewing the usually erring Turner, whose sins of omission and commission were numerous, Evelyn went upstairs.

She had half promised to meet Mrs. Barrow in town to "do" a picture gallery, but somehow the proposed jaunt had lost its attractiveness, and she decided not to go.

A large spray of roses, slightly faded, but still beautiful, lay in a flat dish on the table where Evelyn had placed them the night before. At the sight of them her heart began to ache badly. Jack had brought them home with such pleasure for her to wear at the theatre to which they had been.

They both disliked to go into the pit, so, as they could not afford better seats often, they went rarely, and then went in the front row of the dress circle, and, as Jack said, "did the thing as decently as they could." They had been radiantly happy last night—they had had a nice little dinner at a bright restaurant, the play had been exceptionally entertaining, and they had caught the last train comfortably. Then they had entered a compartment where Evelyn's dear friend, Maud Barrow, happened to be. She and her husband were spending the night in their neighborhood, and, while Jack had talked to Lloyd, Mrs. Barrow, who had had stalls at the same theatre, had expounded her views in general, and marriage in particular, to Evelyn.

The latter was in a particularly impressionable mood, and when they reached home things did not seem quite so nice as usual. Turner had gone to bed without leaving sandwiches, as she had been instructed to do, and there was an unpleasant aroma of fried cabbage in the air suggestive of her own supper.

The night was close. Jack slept like a child, but Evelyn lay awake, and she thought upon the words of Maud Barrow, her friend, with the foregoing result.

Evelyn was not what is called "a born housewife," but to-day she went through Jack's clothes with a lynx eye for hanging buttons or missing stitches. She was so repentant that she liked to feel she was doing something for him.

"I will make myself look nice and go to meet him," she thought, "and he shall find his favorite dinner ready, and we will have a lovely evening. Oh, what a little horror I was."

Somehow the hours of the day dragged themselves through. Jack would be home at 5:15. Sometimes he was earlier, but Evelyn thought it was one of his late days, and at four o'clock she began to array herself to go and meet him.

"I don't think I like Maud Barrow much," she murmured to herself, as she tried the effect of a blue ruffle around her neck.

The gate clicked. "Oh bother, a visitor." She cautiously peered round the looking-glass. A bicycle

was leaning against the hedge, and a round, hard cap was disappearing from view, and a second later a double rat-tat resounded through the house.

A telegram. With a sickening tightening round her heart Evelyn rushed to the head of the stairs. Would Turner never go to the door?

It seemed an age before the yellow missive was in her hand, and then she turned it over; she was almost afraid to open it.

"Shall he wait, ma'am?" reminded Turner.

With trembling fingers Evelyn tore it open and read, with eyes which shrank with horror—

"Mr. Leslie lies here, seriously injured. Grant, St. Andrews Hospital."

With an almost superhuman effort Evelyn controlled her agitation.

Giving the telegram into the maid's hand, she said in a voice which shook so much that the words were hardly articulate, "Fetch me a cab at once; I must catch the next train to town."

She tottered into her room and blindly finished dressing; her mind seemed paralyzed. All she could grasp was that Jack lay dying. She knew he was dying, and had let him go away without a kiss and her cruel words echoing in his ears.

"God, dear God, do not let him die until I have told him," she prayed, almost mechanically.

Turner came into the room. "The telegram boy said as 'ed fetch a cab, ma'am. Lor, I am sorry. There was a dog howling all last night, too." Evelyn hardly heard.

"There's the cab, ma'am; it's come soon," said Turner, as the gate creaked again.

Evelyn gave one last look around the room before she left it, and she shuddered convulsively as she thought what probably would have happened before she entered it again.

Hark! What was that? The key in the latch; the familiar jingle of other keys! Was she going mad? Then a firm step in the hall, and a voice calling "Evelyn."

With a shrill cry the girl rushed down the stairs. There, before her, with his eyes full of surprise, stood her husband.

"Jack! Jack! ah, my darling! my darling!" and the next moment Evelyn was lying in his arms in a dead faint.

It somehow happened that the "favorite dinner" never got cooked, but "the lovely evening" far surpassed Evelyn's brightest anticipations, and, as she nestled in Jack's arms and they repeated over and over again how dear each was to the other, she felt that perhaps after all it was a good thing that she had had such a severe lesson.

They discovered afterwards that the poor man who had met with an accident had happened to have Jack's card on him, and so it had really been a case of mistaken identity.

"It was our first quarrel," said Jack, as he tenderly stroked his wife's shining hair.

"And it will be our last if we live to be a hundred," declared Evelyn, emphatically.

Value of Education

At this season of the year when the Universities are turning out thousands of young women graduates, it behooves these educated beings to ask themselves what return they are to make the State, the Nation, for all the money spent on giving them such educations as have been given the young men who are straightway beginning to use their abilities in a reciprocal way. That is, the men will, by their work not alone in the home, but outside of it, give back to the country something that will be helpful, and this will be a recompense for what has been expended upon them. For years before the education is completed, or the curriculum at the University is finished, these men have been consciously training for a definite object. For the most part the young women have not so trained. They have studied to get their degrees, or for love of learning, not to use that learning in a specified way. This makes their effort somewhat abortive. There is much wasted energy which could be conserved if study were taken as a means to an end. Not that it is necessary or desirable for every girl or woman to become a doctor, or lawyer, or teacher, or writer, or actress, or even a stenographer. But if girls, who do not go into business or professions, used their education less as an ornament, they toss aside as soon as they graduate or put it on only occasionally, and if they used their learning more as a man who has not to earn his living will use his, there would be fewer discontented, disillusioned women, fewer unattractive "old maids," and when marriage is entered upon, there would be fewer unhappy homes and unfaithful husbands.

For education raises the morals as it gives the mind occupation and a grasp of the real meaning in life, both of act of emotion and of reason. Education and its proper use is like charity: "It never faileth" and it can so sweeten the nature, so charm the mind, as to make and keep perpetually springing the wells of feeling, and these can prevent that saddest of all this, disillusionment. The increasing number of women who remain unmarried, shows that there is an increasing economic demand for women's recognition, as citizens, and this demand makes it clear that a return must come to the State for the money spent on grade schools, high schools and universities in which they are educated. The return must come through the quality of thought used to influence for the best conditions of living. Thus it is that women's club work comes to be a necessary and great factor in the life of every place. But the obligation does not end there; it never ends in fact. It must carry the conscientious woman on to the end of her day, doing all she can to raise the standards of life. She may not do it now as her ancestresses used to do; she must do it in the new way, by paying taxes, directly and indirectly, but more than that, by seeing that they are justly imposed, and honestly used. Does this not bring the obligation of citizenship? And why not an admitted and honorably accepted citizenship?

TO THE WORLD—A WOMAN

BY JEAN K. BAIRD.

She had been reared among the mountains; great walls which towered above her; walls of green velvet in spring time; a mass of bending plumes in summer; a glorious painting in greens and golds and crimson in autumn. Under their shadows she dreamed her dreams.

She became an artist; an artist whose brush never touched canvass; a master-worker in the creation of fancy.

She was a dreamer of dreams; a lover of the beautiful, whose prose wafted into rhyme with every breeze, with every bending flower, with every long winding road among the hills.

Every song, under the influence of the mountains, whose lofty tops capped with everlasting snow were priest and vested choir both to her, became a recession.

Few understood the language which she read; few knew the tongue in which she spoke, so when womanhood came, and she was called upon to meet the people of the world, she met them as an alien. Few could speak to her in the language of the mountains; few opened and read, with voice and heart and mind in harmony, the classics without words.

She came among these people. She was with them. She was not of them. She was alone. Is it any wonder when, among these foreign men and women who spoke a jargon she could not understand, hearing a word of her own language; the language of the hills and mountains which on its breath bore honey; which left on the lips which it touched the perfume of violet and clover, the moisture of damp beds where the blue-eyed innocent had sprung—is it any wonder that she turned toward the speaker; that her soul held out its arms to him; that she took him to her heart?

One of her own people in the midst of the crowd was sufficient for her. His friendship made this foreign land a home. The outside world bore no share. Mind embraced mind, and spirit, spirit!

Their appreciation of the beautiful met and walked hand in hand through all the ways that the artist soul may know. Broad fields stretched out before them. Torrents rushed down from mountain heights of old. Rare sweet flowers of thought and fancy peeped from beneath the heavy foliage. In that place, where others who spoke not their own language saw only seared leaf or blackened earth, these two found the violet-lipped wind-tossed flower of spring.

Mind spoke to mind; soul seemed to speak to soul. They met as kindred spirits. Among these people, he, alone, spoke the language she knew, read the books which she loved, and interpreted the beauty of the earth as she saw it; is it any wonder that her soul held out its arms to him; that she took him into her heart?

The shallow streams filled to the banks. Flood time came for them. Each flow bore with it, hopes; each ebb, exquisite harmony.

Yet, in all the beauty of their friendship there was no growth; in the tenderness, no strength. She was one of the strong, but she did not know her possibilities. Studying people about her, she was conscious that her soul demanded more for satisfaction than their souls demanded. She knew not whether this sprang from greater strength or greater weakness.

Some great souls spring like a flower from lonely places; sometimes like



Dolly Varden—Just from the Country.

an oak that demands all heaven for its branches. She was born to be one of the strong; one chosen to leave the beaten path and reach the mountain heights by a broader way.

While she had this friend she was content with the path in which they walked. She desired no other way for she knew none. Hercules strengthening his muscles by tossing pebbles! Jupiter laying aside his thunderbolt to pick up a wooden sword!

Death precedes life. The germ grows fat on the dying seed! The self's death-cry is the rising bell to sleeping genius. The full-blown roses carried to the altar where power is priest, were buds on the casket where worldly desire lay a suicide.

She was alone again. Her friend had proved an alien. The language in which he talked with her was not his mother-tongue. She was lonelier than before. Once she had had a friend. The hills and rivers and woods yet remained for her. They were her people; they, her kith and kin. None other would she know. Human life should not come near her. Nature should be all in all. Untouching, she would live her life untouched.

Once more, she would meet these people whose thought was foreign and whose speech she could not understand. Her soul was thirsty; her heart, hungry; her spirit, weary.

She met them. What change had come to her or them? She knew their language. She was one of them! She was made welcome! The down-trodden and lonely, she knew and loved. She found the soul of humanity to be the most exquisite part of nature. She laid her hand upon its broad breast and heard the throbbing of its mighty heart.

The resurrection followed Gethsemane and Calvary. The acorn died in the loneliness of the forest and was buried from the sight of the sun. The birds built their homes in the branches of the oak, and children gazing with upturned eyes upon the glory of the myrmidons of leaves saw the speck of blue beyond and held out their dimpled hands to grasp it. The blank draped box is always evident. But close by are the swaddling bands and the baptismal robes, and resplendent and beautiful are the bridal robes that trail close to the crape.

Here is an Ideal Father

Once in awhile there is a perfect father. He is the man in 1,000,000. I know such a one. "Bringing up a boy" said he in reply to a friendly comment upon his 10-year-old, "is like keeping a set of books for a wholesale and retail mercantile house. There are certain accounts in all businesses that must enter into the question of success or failure. You have profit and loss, wear and tear, depreciation of plant, etc. Fathers, as a rule, never place such accounts against their sons. I figured out when mine came to be about 4 and was beginning to feel his oats, that I must allow him a certain amount of wear and tear, devilry and degeneracy, profit and loss, depreciation and futures. I agreed with myself—and his dear mother—that in his fifth year he must raise h—l about six times a day, soil three suits of clothes, tell a few white lies, be saucy with his mother and chum with me.

"If he exceeded the allowance for which he was credited, I entered into communion with him. In his sixth year I learned that there was more devilry and wear and tear in him than in his fifth, so I expanded his credit, as it were, and never interfered with his allowance until he exceeded it. Pretty soon, in his seventh, eighth and ninth years, there was a perfect understanding between us, and we could talk over the matter like two partners in a firm. If I seemed to make too small an allowance for wear and tear he would argue the subject; and it was the same with every kind of steam that a healthy, live boy with an active brain must let out or burst. If I have succeeded thus far in my experiment, I may try a second. My father cramped me to death when I was growing up, and perhaps it is due to that recollection that I am allowing my boy plenty of latitude and longitude. The main object is to improve the physical animal in early youth, and no boy will grow fat and solid, hearty, frank, fearless and active if he is hounded for every peccadillo. When my boy is 12 I shall pay closer attention to his mental development."

Suggestions on Home Nursing

Nursing the sick is such a practicable and interesting subject that even to those who cannot receive any real training there may come the longing, "Oh, that I may do something to help in her sickness."

Remember, as a nurse, you have the cleaning of the room, so we suggest a cheerful cotton wash dress, always a clean apron, and easy shoes, so that the tread may be light; and be very careful that there is no creaking sole, for this is most trying to the patient, who notices noises far more than those who are in health.

A very important part is the cleanliness of the nurse herself; she must bathe daily if possible, and always be careful to have clean hands and nails, for she has to handle the food and medicine, and perhaps bend over the patient by the half hour, rubbing, etc. Be cheerful all the time, trying never to look anxious, even when anxiety

may justly be felt; it greatly affects the patient. Keep a good temper, which is sometimes difficult, for every whim must be yielded to, however unnecessary it may seem.

Lastly, but by no means least, tidiness is a comfort; even a towel hanging crooked on a nail can worry a patient; the bed must always be tidy, and anything not in immediate use neatly folded.

Make the patient your one thought and study, so that you may inspire confidence, and when this is gained, then in the weary hours of convalescence you can more easily insist upon the denials which must be given.

Always tell your patient of any friend or neighbor who may have called to inquire, or you may have met out of doors; these little thoughts and words of kindness go so far in a sick room, and if any one has left a card of inquiry take it up to the patient.

We knew a young girl, who when ill, had all the callers' cards taken to her, her surprise at receiving so many was great, and she kept them all under her pillow until she was able to write little notes of thanks.

The nurse must be consulted as to the advisability of a friend being allowed into the sick room, as any visitor is exciting to the patient; the first one to be admitted should be the most intimate friend and her manner must be quiet and bright, not loud voiced.

Any interesting news is good for the patient provided it does not relate to death or an accident as this kind is apt to dwell in the mind and make the patient morbid; nor should the first visit be long, ten minutes is sufficient.

Any mother, daughter or sister can make herself as essential as the trained nurse so far as the above suggestions go.

THE BEVERLY HALL CONSPIRACY

BY DELLA ROBINSON KING.

THE Beverly Hall girls were holding a nocturnal conclave. Their evening robes consisted of kimonas and various other light flowing robes, hinting an unusual occurrence. There were ten of the girls who always went together and consulted one another about everything, and when the group walked down the street together the town folks got to calling them the Beverly Hall girls, and you wouldn't have known there were twenty other young ladies in the Hall.

The Beverly Hall girls sat upon the floor in good Japanese style, or lounged upon the bed, or balanced on some chair, as was their different moods, at a late hour, unbeknown to sleeping matron or prying eyes of other sorts.

"Well, girls," spoke up Zora Morgan, who acted as spokesman at most of the meetings, "What are we going to do with Benson?"

"The conceited coxcomb!" exclaimed Grace Badgley.

"But he's a jim-crack daisy, anyhow," spoke up honest blue-eyed Belle Carson, "and no stumbling over it, either."

"Yes, girls," slowly came from handsome Deil Drew, "and it is our own fault that he is spoiled."

"True," exclaimed several voices, and Grace fairly stamped her foot as she added, "To see him walking around the ball ground with his head up in the air, never noticing one of us, while the other boys are running about getting us sodas and lemonade. It is simply unbearable!"

"It is! It is!" the chorus of voices echoed.

Again the spokesman brought things to order, with the demand: "Well, how are we going to cure him? I am in for something. If we just make up our minds to take the conceit out of him and keep still about it so no one will suspect that we are planning a coup de grace, why then we can just get our pay—for indifference, and all that!"

"Well, we can do it," said Ethel Howe. "I'm not afraid of one of our crowd in any way committing herself."

"No, no," the chorus chimed in.

"Well, Margaret," exclaimed Grace, "You haven't even attempted to do anything with Benson yet. Why don't you try first: you are the finest looking of us all. Come, now do us a favor."

Margaret's beautiful face flushed and her large gray eyes turned almost black with excitement. "Thank you, Grace, I don't care to make a fool of myself!"

"Like the rest of us," almost shouted Penelope Payne, "like the rest of us. Say it Margaret."

"No," Margaret gently replied, "I can't say that, for you haven't any of you done anything forward, only been girls seeking for fun and amusement."

"I say, yes, we have made fools of ourselves," replied Della, "we have just walked over ourselves to be seen in his company, and we might as well own up to it, might we not, girls?"

"Yes," meekly confessed several girls.

Grace still persisted: "Margaret, how is it you haven't even attempted to catch Charley Benson, say? You have acted as indifferent from the first as Benson now acts to us all."

"Only Benson is surfeited with attention," cried Penelope.

Margaret spoke low and passionately, "He needs to be crushed to the earth with grief and disappointment; that's the only way he'll ever get any sense. How I hate a conceited, snobbish young man."

The girls were quiet for awhile. They had never heard Margaret display so much feeling, and on this subject especially, where she had been so noticeably indifferent; why they just wondered about it and were silent.

"Well, we can't do that," thoughtfully spoke Belle Carson, "we've tried everything about, what are we going to do?"

Zora Morgan then began giving her ideas in the matter; the girls acknowledged her the leader in any forward movement, and so they all listened attentively while Zora told them they must on every occasion, without apparently meaning it, evade and avoid the company of Benson, the coxcomb; must even refuse his company,—always in a ladylike way,—with "previous engagement," you know, and that it must be understood that each must come to the rescue of the next when "previous engagement" was pleaded; that must be understood. The girls all agreed to the plan. It was to be a systematic snubbing, and Benson must never know of the plan.

"Well, Margaret won't have any trouble," exclaimed

ed Penelope, "for she has never tried her charms on Benson."

Margaret smiled and said "Good-night," and there was a general scurry of snowy feet for slumberland. When Margaret Gray reached her room she stood with clasped hands looking out into the moonlight long after the other girls were slumbering! If the other girls really suspected how she admired Charles Benson, what would they think? was her train of thought and she told herself once more, and how many times she had repeated it to herself, that she really believed she loved Benson more than any one else on earth. The girls had acted ridiculously! How could he help being indifferent to such attention? She would never, never let him know how she felt if her heart were crushed in the attempt. He should never know that she admired—and suffered. Then with a firmer resolve than ever she stole softly to bed, but morning dawned ere she closed her eyes in sleep. There was one ray of hope for her, she almost felt, and that was in the girls' concerted action,—it might cure him of his conceit, and indifference!

The next Thursday was to be a big ball game between Comstock and the University, and everybody was excited and expectant. The Beverly Hall girls had banded together and decided to go without beaus colors flying. It was a good thing for Margaret, for Benson came over to the Hall the evening before to ask her for the first time to go with him to the ball game, and so she could gracefully refuse, and explain the Beverly Hall plan of keeping together for the day. Benson was visibly annoyed, and this Margaret faithfully reported to the girls.

The day of the ball game, the Beverly Hall girls just let themselves bubble over with fun. You would never think that one of them needed a boy to make her happy, and many times did the girls innocently repel Benson. They did it so adroitly and indifferently that the day wore long and unhappily for their coxcomb, and the girls did not fail to appreciate it. Silently Margaret watched, and while she was glad of the result, her tender loving heart was also aching for him.

One evening a week later, Charley overtook Margaret walking. She had started for a friend's a half mile further on, but suddenly determined to run in to the Maxwell home two doors farther along, so Benson was again disappointed in her abrupt and indifferent manner. It was more than he could understand to have the handsomest girl in school snub him, and he became more determined than ever for "a merry chase" as he mentally called it. "She shall come to it, too," he wrathfully exclaimed, but he was destined to "come to it" himself, completely humbled and adorably in love.

It was nearing the close of the school year and the girls and boys were talking about the President's annual reception and ball; it was the event of the year, and the Beverly Hall girls had one more conclave in ghost apparel to plan a further snubbing of Benson. They could easily see that it was "cure" with him. Benson was a gentleman and they had owned it was their own fault that he had grown conceited, and they told each other it was their duty to take it out of him.

Zora Morgan tapped for order and the busy tongues ceased their clatter.

"Girls," she exclaimed, "it is almost on the eve of the president's hop, and what are you going to do with Benson? We can't completely ignore him at a dance: what are we going to do?"

"Well, comrades, we have done well in the cure all," exclaimed Penelope. "Benson's conceit is growing minus."

"Oh, do not give up yet," tremulously exclaimed Margaret, "or you will spoil it all."

Grace's penetrating glance brought a warm glow to Margaret's cheek. Grace made up her mind to something then and there. "I love Charley Benson, too," whispered Grace to herself, but it's no use, and why not sweet Margaret? I'll help crush him for her," and as the girls sat watching one another there flitted over the face of Grace an earnestness that the girls had never noticed before. Though Penelope: "Why, Grace is getting lovely."

Then spoke Grace: "The Beverly Hall girls must not dance with Benson if they can possibly get along without it without rudeness, and a prize to the girl who can get through the evening without dancing with the coxcomb!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed several, and the change clinked in the hand of Ethel Howe as she gathered the prize money.

Then they all vanished in the night, their trailing

garments spoke of resolve as they skurried to their rooms like frightened mice.

Said Grace to herself: "Margaret shall not get the prize so easily as the girls say. Margaret loves Charley and they shall have a fine waltz if I can help it along. There's no use for the rest of us, and one of the Beverly Hall girls has got to win Charley Benson or my name will be changed in a fortnight. There! I have spoken!" and she laughed quietly as she slipped between the covers of the bed.

The evening of the ball was charming, and the ten Beverlys made a handsome group that evening, and there was no lack of admiring beaus. Several times Benson was seen trying to get near the handsome Margaret, and Margaret was never so gracious to the other boys as that evening to keep Benson from asking her to dance. Nearly every dance was filled on her card and Grace knew it; how was she to get her purpose accomplished. She must act quickly. If the Beverly girls were not surprised to see Grace walk up to Benson with a gracious smile and engage him in a jolly chat. That had not happened in two months.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Penelope to Ethel, "after all our planning and fuss. Is she dead in love with him that she intends breaking with us girls?"

"But see!" exclaimed Ethel, "they are over by Margaret and Margaret is writing his name on her card. Oh, I see, she isn't going to let Margaret win the prize. That's good!"

And Margaret had her first waltz with Benson! How gloriously fine they did look on the floor, and what a light shone in their faces. Grace watched them eagerly, and murmured, "That will last, and I shall be so proud of Beverly Hall girls!"

"How bright your eyes are to-night, Grace," said Theodore Sheldon as he bent over the bright form.

"Oh," said Grace, flushing with agitation, "it is my night of triumph."

Theodore looked at her wistfully and anxiously. "Whatever does she mean, I wonder! I hope she has not won somebody's heart to-night, for I want her myself. What does she mean I wonder?"

Ere the waltz stopped the dew of tears had gathered in Grace's eyes, she leaned forward to get a last glance at Benson and Margaret. Theodore watched her critically.

"She's watching someone intently—I hope it isn't Benson! I am afraid there is no show for me if Benson gets after her. He is a dasher anyway!"

But Benson's fight for his queen was long; Margaret could not get over the idea of his egotism and dandyism, and he was in despair many times during the conflict. Margaret had suffered silently for many months, and so she could easier hide her true feelings from him. Her standard held high was the making of character in Benson.

The Beverly Hall girls met the next day after the dance. It happened that Margaret could not meet with them, and for this she was glad, as she did not want to betray her feeling. As soon as they had gathered in Ethel's room, impetuous Grace exclaimed:

"Well, here's the prize," and held a little gold locket in her hand.

How the girls ah-ed and oh-ed, but not one spoke up to claim the prize. Grace looked at one and then at another, and asked again:

"Well, who owns the heart, anyway?"

And then they began apologies. "I couldn't help it," said Penelope, "you know we were not to be rude." "Nor could I," said another, and so on down the list—and so the Beverly Hall girls had all given in to handsome Charley Benson, and they looked at each other with blushing faces.

"Well," said Grace, "I made a discovery some time ago, and you may have the secret, you wicked girls. I am sure Margaret is the one who will win Benson, (and we will all help her, too), and so the Beverly Hall girls won't be defeated after all."

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Ethel, "how did you make such a discovery?"

"Haven't you girls enough sense to know that really and truly love isn't gushing?"

"Oh—oh—yes" sang the chorus, as they thought of their different lovers and how they had reluctantly yielded, some the very evening before.

"And now," said Grace, "I move that we keep this locket and send it to Margaret on her wedding day, provided, of course, she does catch Benson."

"You mean, provided Benson catches her," murmured Penelope, and the conclave broke up with many a bowing and nodding.

MATRIMONY AS SHE SEES IT

The attractive woman of forty was undergoing a rigid examination by the young woman who had been married three months.

"Why have you never married?" she asked. "Of course I know a woman with your attractions has had many chances; but, on the other hand, you do not act like a person who has been prevented from marrying because of some unfortunate love affair. That's why I venture to ask you why you've never married."

"Of course I have had chances to marry; most women do here," was the reply. "It's simply because I am so happy unmarried that I have decided never to give up single bliss. I've done a lot of observing of married people, and I'm quite ready to deliver a lecture on this subject. Now, here it is:

"The great trouble is that a man wishes his wife to be very much married, but he, himself, wants to be as free as in his bachelor days. He would consider himself ill-treated if his wife should act as if she were still a daughter in her father's house and took no responsibilities. He would vehemently protest if he should come home to supper and find her absent, and upon her return later, hear her say, 'Oh, I met some of the old crowd of girls, and we de-

cided we would go for a trolly ride, and then have a little supper afterward. All sorts of a good time.' He would declare at once he had grounds for a divorce. He would make things pretty lively if his wife took upon herself only those duties which she had before marriage and insisted on having servants to do the rest of the work. He would rise up in his wrath if his wife said, 'Here, take care of the baby this evening. I've been working hard all day and now mean to go out and enjoy myself.' He would say his wife was extremely selfish if she took no interest in him aside from his earning money to feed and clothe her. And still there are few husbands who manifest much interest in their wives except to demand that the house be kept in decent order and that the cooking be of the best.

"If it is hard for a man to adjust himself to the new order of things; if it is hard for him to remember that there is some one to think of besides himself; if it is difficult for him to consider that another's pleasure is to be considered before his—it is also difficult for a woman to remember that she has responsibilities before undreamed of. It is exasperating for her to know that she must sit down and mend when she would like to make a call upon

a jolly unmarried friend. It is a cross to her to withdraw from some gay party, because she must be home to get dinner or to greet her lord and master when he returns from business. It is irritating when she is absorbed in a book to have to drop it to attend to the ice-man or to give orders about taking out the ashes. If there are times when a man wishes sincerely that he were not married, there are times when a woman wishes the same thing just as heartily.

"A woman would gladly take upon herself the responsibilities of married life and perform her duties to the best of her ability, if she knew she were going to receive appreciation and comradeship from her husband. But the average husband acts as if his wife had done him an injury in marrying at all, constantly chafes for his freedom—as he choose to call it—and is wholly unsympathetic and uncongenial."

"You don't know a thing of what you're talking," said the young married woman hotly. "My husband is just the nicest, kindest, most sympathetic—"

"Wait until you've been married three years instead of three months," said the unmarried woman, cynically, as she left her friend sputtering with indignation.

OF INTEREST TO EVERY WOMAN

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE-GARDINER.

For a woman to be considered attractive there are three things that seem absolutely necessary — good health, good looks, and to be dressed becomingly and in good taste.

She may have rare mental gifts, but if these are wanting, they will be very likely overlooked by the majority of people, so much depends upon the outside appearance.

GOOD HEALTH.

We put first, as all rests on that, looks, disposition and even character. For how can a woman be beautiful, be bright and amiable, if she is suffering perhaps from acute dyspepsia, or nervous headaches. That she should be obliged to endure these tortures is, in most cases, quite unnecessary. Almost every one, with care and attention to the rules of hygiene should be able to keep healthy and ward off these distressing complaints. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." So plenty of exercise in the fresh air, with good, wholesome food eaten slowly are the most important rules to be observed in this great problem of health.

We are taught that the process of digestion begins in the mouth, that the saliva mixing with the well masticated food is the first thing necessary for a good digestion. Gladstone, who, through his long life, never knew or suffered from the horrors of dyspepsia, attributed this and his general excellent health to eating slowly. He said he always chewed each mouthful of food at least twenty-five times.

But how is a person to do this if the teeth are decayed and sensitive, or half or more of them wanting. And really no one need ever lose their teeth if from early childhood they are properly cared for, and with the first symptoms of decay not neglected, but immediately attended to. Dentistry has reached great perfection, and the teeth can be treated and saved even when the case seems almost hopeless. But how much suffering and expense one is spared if attention is given to them before they have reached that state.

A lady, who is a martyr to dyspepsia, recently went to a celebrated physician for treatment. The first thing he did was to examine her teeth, and finding them in a bad condition, said he could do nothing for her until she had paid a visit to a good dentist, that all the medicine he could prescribe would have no effect unless she could properly masticate her food.

GOOD LOOKS.

Fine white teeth make a plain face attractive, but if they are discolored and offensive, no young lady can be considered beautiful, no matter how perfect are her other features. And if we add a clear complexion of "milk and roses," eyes strong and bright, all of which come of good health, what greater charms could any face possess. And pure, fresh air, what a beautifier it is! Sitting, and even worse, sleeping in close, ill ventilated rooms, are most pernicious to health and looks. The dull headache, heavy eyes and sallow cheeks, so often attributed to other causes, are really the result of breathing the same foul air over and over again, while sitting or sleeping in rooms with tightly closed windows and doors.

Fresh air, we would repeat it again and again, do not be afraid of it, for it will give you health and beauty.

Every one knows the value of the sun-bath, so take long walks in the beautiful sunshine, and also walk in the fog. Scientists say the sea-fogs contain a great deal of arsenic. A recent lecturer remarked that no doubt that was one of the reasons that so many of the San Francisco girls had such fine complexions. These fogs are nature's own prescription, without the aid of the heavy doctor's skill.

Horseback riding, which is again gaining much popularity, besides being most healthful, shows off a fine figure to great advantage. A lady well mounted and with a graceful seat, riding as if she was a part of the horse, attracts the eye most pleasingly, and for her the exercise is most beneficial and exhilarating.

Much attention should be given to physical culture. Nothing is better than these scientific athletic exercises to develop and make the form beautiful and symmetrical, and the carriage stately and graceful.

ECONOMY IN DRESS.

This should be the aim and desire of every woman. The style of dressing should always depend on the face and figure of the wearer. The loose blouse effects that are so picturesque and becoming to slim girlish figures would be

totally out of place for those that are stout and mature. These should choose the closer fitting graceful modes to make themselves look genteel and imposing. But no matter what the style worn, or if the costume is simple and inexpensive, or rich and elaborate, there is one thing that is most essential and in all cases makes a favorable impression, and that is neatness. It is always inexcusable to have the bottom of the skirt and the binding torn and frayed.

Even one spot on the front of the most elegant gown spoils the whole effect.

If light gloves are worn have them clean, also well fitting, and in perfect repair.

Also the ribbons used so much now around the neck, should be absolutely spotless. It is really a simple affair, for with a small amount of l-

and an object of admiration, and that dress certainly sets off her other charms.

Every woman should habitually make the best of herself, and with care and attention to both health and dress, she can always be pleasing and attractive, if not absolutely beautiful.

Never was there a time when a lady could dress as well, and stylishly, on as little, as at the present time. At our great up-to-date stores one can get such a variety of pretty dress goods and dainty trimmings at most reasonable prices. Ladies of even very moderate means if they only possess some taste and judgement can always be well and prettily dressed. With the aid of Buttrick and other reliable patterns it is not a very difficult task to make one's own dresses. And what a boon and comfort are the shirtwaists, silk, woolen or cotton.

be always so well and fashionably attired, no matter what the occasion. She answered that she bought almost everything she wore at those closing-out sales. For instance, she said, at the end of the summer season, she went around to the different millinery and department stores and bought sometimes four or five handsome straw hats, also often fine flowers and other trimmings, and always at about one-half and oftener less than they had sold for during the height of the season. Then she said she put them away until spring when she would bring them out and with perhaps a little bending or some kind of shaping, if necessary trimming them in the latest style that had come in with the season, she had a variety of pretty hats that certainly always looked as if they had just been imported.

Dress goods and even her shoes she got the same way. In the winter she bought her ties, and in the summer her heavy winter shoes and both, always at reduced prices.

SAVING OF LABOR.

In these days we hear a great deal about women being obliged to take the "rest cure." With a little judicious saving of one's strength, this would, in many cases be quite unnecessary. Every woman who has a home to rule and look after, should of course make it bright and comfortable for all its inmates, but no wife or mother, in justice to herself and her family should try to accomplish more than she is physically able to do. Some of these good housekeepers imagine that it is an extravagance to hire persons to assist them, or else if they do, get very inefficient help, but if the health gives way, in the end it often costs them much more than they have saved besides all the suffering they have had to endure. According to the old adage it is being a penny wise and a pound fool.

A man in his business rarely commits this folly. He will consider it a necessity to employ as many clerks as the needs of the business require.

In every house also there should be the latest and best of tools (if I may call them so) to work with. Even the laborer in the street could not perform his task without the best of implements. We often see women putting up with every inconvenience and using "any old thing," (excuse the slang expression), in their work. The best, and everything that is labor saving should be got to save the strength, and perhaps life of the tired wife and mother.

DON'T BE TOO CRITICAL.

Many women who are not naturally unkind, get in a habit of sharply criticizing others for really no "rhyme or reason." There are many who seem to be always on the alert to find in others some defect, either in looks, dress or character. They do not spare even those with whom they are on the most friendly terms. Why not pick out the good points instead of perhaps the fewer bad ones, to discuss. And in these same uncharitable persons no doubt, one could find much that would not bear analyzing. We rarely "see ourselves as others see us."

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A person who has a happy disposition is to be envied. Cultivate it, if you do not possess it. Don't always look on the gloomy side of life, or anticipate trouble before it comes, don't worry unnecessarily, it will make you look old and ugly. Like Mark Tapley take life as a joke. There is much truth in an article recently published in one of the papers. It said: "A sense of humor is one of the most precious gifts that can be vouchsafed to a human being, man or woman. If they are not better for having it, they are certainly much happier. It renders them indifferent to good or bad fortune. It enables them to enjoy even their own discomfort, it becomes a joke. Blessed with this sense no one can ruffle their temper, nor disturb their equanimity. Sentimental gush does not influence them. The follies of the moment have no hold on them. They are never in conceit or out of conceit with themselves. The world is a stage on which actors strut and fret for their edification and amusement, and they pursue the even current of the way invariably doing what is right and proper according to their lights, but utterly indifferent whether what they do finds approval or disapproval from others. If Hamlet had had any sense of humor he would not have been a nuisance to himself and all surrounding him."



cene (a bottle of which should always be at hand), gloves and ribbons can be kept clean at very little expense.

Another unsightly thing is a torn or soiled veil. A tear in the veil over the face looks as badly as a gash on the face itself, and if this veil is used as a beautifier it certainly fails in its object. A black veil can be kept clean a long time if after each time it is worn it is spread out smoothly and put between the folds of a blanket. If very dusty, and also for white veils, dip them in alcohol.

When button shoes are worn, see that none of the buttons are off and never wear shoes that are run over at the heels. Send them immediately to the cobbler's for repair.

Nothing marks the true lady as careful attention to these small details of neatness in dress.

It is said that a love of dress is natural to the female sex. Well, all must acknowledge that as a work of art a well-dressed woman is a study,

When the cotton ones are worn it is well, for economy's sake, to choose some of those soft materials, of which there are such a great variety, those that do not need starching. In this way you save your laundry bill.

The best and most economical shirtwaists are really those made of wash silks, they always look handsome, and can be easily rubbed out in a basin when soiled, and if carefully done, they do not even need ironing. These waists can be made plain for ordinary wear, but by tucking and a little lace or other pretty trimmings they are really fit for the most dressy occasions.

For those who have a limited amount for dress, it is well to take advantage of those "sales," if at good reliable stores, that are had at the end of each season.

A young lady, with a very moderate income, but noted for her excellent taste and stylish manner of dressing, was asked lately how she managed to



Native Daughters Golden West

BY ELIZA D. KEITH.



During my term as Grand President, one continuous effort was made to place the Order N. D. G. W. in the forefront of the forces that mould public opinion, that inspire the cultivation and the practice of civic virtues. To this end Arbor Day was inaugurated in the Order, and the appeal sent to our school teachers to foster the study of California history in the public schools, as was set forth in the July number of the California Ladies' Magazine. Closely following the appeal to the school teachers of our Order, came the message of the Grand Parlor, N. D. G. W. to County Superintendents of Education of California:

Grand Secretary's Office, 143 Stockton street,
San Francisco, February 20, 1903.

Dear Sir:—Your attention is respectfully called to the following: At the Grand Parlor, 1902, in San Francisco, it was unanimously voted to urge County Superintendents of Education to lend their powerful aid toward introducing a Monthly Flag Day in our public schools. We take pleasure in sending you the Grand President's letter to the school teachers of our Order upon the teaching of patriotism, civic virtues and the study of California history in the public schools of our State. We invite your attention to the accompanying copy of the "Historical Outlines," and the report of the Historical Landmarks Committee, N. D. G. W., 1902. We should be very glad to hear from you upon this subject, promising you our hearty co-operation in this work for education and intelligent patriotism. Very respectfully,

ELIZA D. KEITH, Grand President, N. D. G. W.
LAURA J. FRAKES, Grand Secretary.

It is a satisfaction to know that after the Native Daughters had begun this work, the Native Sons at their Grand Parlor at Bakersfield in April adopted resolutions calling upon the County Superintendents to place the study of California history upon their curriculum.

Many were the encouraging letters that were received by Grand Secretary Frakes and myself upon this subject. The County Superintendents hastened to thank us for the literature sent by the Grand Parlor and promised their co-operation in the work. It is a pleasure to quote the following, because the writer is not only the Superintendent of Education, of the metropolis, but he is a prominent patriotic Native Son:

Department of Public Education,
San Francisco, May 8th, 1903
Miss Eliza D. Keith, Grand President N. D. G. W.,
793 Pine street, City.

My Dear Miss Keith:—I thank you very sincerely for the copy of the "Report of Historical Landmarks Committee, N. D. G. W., 1902," and the "Suggested Outline for the Study of California History." The reports above mentioned are of inestimable value, not only to the members of the N. D. G. W., but to every one interested in preserving the history and traditions of California.

Your Order is doing a noble work and should have on its roll of membership every eligible young woman of character in California who loves her native State and desires to promote its best interests.

As a Native Son, I congratulate you upon your successful administration as Grand President and hope that the good work you have commenced shall be continued by your successors.

Very sincerely yours,

W. H. LANGDON, Supt. of Schools.

The Caminetti Grand Parlor Death Benefit Fund is now in operation. It has been created by levying a per capita assessment of ten cents upon the members of the Subordinate Parlors. The same amount is to be re-assessed whenever the amount in the fund shall have become less than \$300. Upon receipt of certificate of death of a sister in good standing in any Subordinate Parlor, the sum of \$75 shall be drawn from the fund and paid to her beneficiary. In the earliest part of my term as Grand President I advised the Parlors to have each member write opposite her own name, in a column headed "Death Benefit Legatee," the name of the person that the members desired to have become her beneficiary in the event of her death. Many of the Parlors at once complied with the request. Others did not, and if to some of them has come trouble over the payment of the fund in the case of some sister who has died intestate, such Parlors have only themselves to thank for their wilful disregard of a Grand President's instructions.

Already two assessments have been made to meet the demands upon the fund. Life insurance, or beneficiary propositions are always more or less of a gamble upon uncertainties, but in this case the Caminetti Grand Parlor Death Benefit Fund is an opportunity for the Native Daughters to prove their devotion to the cause of true fraternity. This is not a case peculiar to the Native Daughters. Any society that assumes to help its members, must call upon its members for a certain amount of self sacrifice, a determined effort to help others even if the reward does not seem in sight for well doing. For a set of people to band themselves together in the name of fraternity, and then object to what means the greatest good to the greatest number, basing such objections on the plea that their particular branch or lodge or parlor has never felt the need of the help that they recognize is needed by others, but which they are not willing to give, that indeed is but a selfish and mistaken idea of fraternity. When the Caminetti proposition was being discussed, some one thought to win over its advocates to the opposition by saying that it would work a hardship to the little country Parlors.

But the remark failed of its object, for that noble representative Native Daughter, the President of Berrendos Parlor No. 23, Red Bluff, Ellen A. Lynch, the Superintendent of Schools in Tehama county spoke

ringing words in favor of the fund swinging all the country delegates into line with her "For," said she, "I want you all to understand that it's no harder to raise ten cents in the country than it is in the city." That's the kind of spirit to have.

Considerable misapprehension exists in the minds of some of the members of the Order as to the state of the Grand Parlor treasury. One set of delegates are responsible for the somewhat remarkable assertion that at the close of the session of the Grand Parlor only six dollars remained in the treasury! In point of fact over two thousand dollars remained in the treasury at the close of the term, and, out of that were paid the sums for mileage, a number of incidental accounts, and the Grand President's contingent fund of \$400. The last administration fell heir to the extra expenses imposed upon the Order by the Grand Parlor of 1902, to the amount of \$906, and the Order may thank its good fortune that the Grand President did not call the extra session of the Grand Parlor as certain Parlors tried to force her to do; falling in their ill advised attempt simply through the faulty form of their alleged "petition." That would have imposed a bill of nearly one thousand dollars upon the Grand Parlor for the mileage of the delegates.

September the 9th is the N. D. G. W. day for honoring the Pioneers. Grand Secretary Frakes has already sent out a circular to the Subordinate Parlors containing suggestions as to how the day may be observed. On the first regular meeting of October, the N. D. G. W. Parlors will celebrate Flag Day. I would like to have the names of the poems, of their authors, of on California, the Pioneers, the 9th of September, or upon any historical incident in the history of California. It may be sent to me care of the California Ladies Magazine.

This month should see our children, under the guidance of the teachers, actively engaged in collecting the seeds of wild flowers—for distribution through



LUENA MAY KING.

the Native Daughters Promotion, Publicity and Historical Interests Committee, of which I have the honor to be chairman. Already in our State, several agencies are at work, recarpeting the hillside with the brilliant tapestry of the flowers, and the Native Daughters should eagerly assist in this work,—once more to make California the land of nature's blossoms.

Her poppies fling a cloth of gold
O'er California's hills;
Fit emblem of the wealth untold
That hill and vale and plain enfold
Her fame the whole world fills.

One of the great lessons taught by every Grand Parlor,—indeed by every gathering of delegates, be it a fraternal or a political, or even a religious body, is the need of what the Native Daughter obligation lays upon every President of a Parlor as she takes her chair—and that is, "an accurate knowledge of parliamentary law."

Those who are too idle—too indifferent, or too stupid to take the trouble to familiarize themselves with its principles, fall back upon the plea that "common sense is better than parliamentary law."

Now parliamentary law is crystallized common sense. It is the essence of fair play—and while acknowledging and bowing to the will of the majority, nevertheless, it protects the minority in the exercise of their rights.

I have attended a great many conventions, presided over several—and the same observation holds good for Native Daughters' Grand Parlors—and for other associations' conventions. Invariably those who claim to exalt common sense above parliamentary law—are the ones who seek to trample upon the rights of others, who flout authority and refuse to obey the rulings of the Chair,—who, even when declared out of order—persist in finishing a speech, though compelled to shout above the sound of the

gavel, just as a naughty child, banished from the room for misbehavior, makes a face as he goes and cries out his little defiance to the powers that be.

These "common sense" people as they persist in considering themselves, as if indeed there were any conflict between common sense and parliamentary law, through their disregard of the proper methods of procedure, commit breaches of ordinary politeness, and for their pains are lost in the shuffle—their motions, for want of proper phrasing—or a second at the right moment, are declared out of order—or ignored entirely, and their projects go glimmering into the limbo of forgotten things, for want of knowledge of how to present them. As a presiding officer one of those who despise parliamentary law, fails to keep order—loses the thread of the regular business of the convention, entertains several motions one after the other, so that several motions are pending at the same time; finally selecting for action thereon the one that suits her the best.

Fortunately for any society, the number of these bigots of wilful ignorance is very small—and the intelligent members carry the points, while they are left at the post, to revive once in a while to ask "Was that motion carried?" "When did we vote on that?" Better gain the knowledge and use it, than to remain in ignorance and lose golden opportunities. It may safely be stated that without a working knowledge of parliamentary law, no one should accept the office of delegate to a convention. The last year has witnessed a great diffusion of parliamentary knowledge among the members of our order N. D. G. W. Of course, in the subordinate Parlors the members become accustomed to making and seconding motions—talking to the question—and reconsidering and rescinding action. The "previous question," "to table," "to appeal from the decision of the chair," "to table an appeal," are often a trifle beyond the depth of the ordinary member of a subordinate Parlor—who feels helpless in a Grand Parlor. I know they were once the deepest mysteries to me and "Roberts' Rules" was a book of labyrinthian difficulties. But it was a great opportunity for the club woman and fraternal women of San Francisco, when Mrs. Mary Urquhart Lee, the well known teacher of Parliamentary law, came to our city. She is rightly considered one of the best exponents of the subject that ever has undertaken to teach it, and under her instructions, crooked paths were made straight, and the plain fundamental principles clearly placed in view.

The great purpose of all rules and forms is to subserve the will of the assembly, rather than to restrain it; to facilitate, and not to obstruct, the expression of their deliberate sense.

Parliamentary law embraces a system of rules under which the fair and orderly conduct of the business of deliberative bodies may be maintained; the rights of all members be recognized and protected, and business transacted in the most satisfactory manner and in the least possible time.

It would be an excellent plan for all who belong to clubs, societies or organizations in which they are likely to speak in meeting to familiarize themselves with the following rules, which are taken from my circular letter addressed to the delegates to the Grand Parlor of 1903:

"To obtain the floor, arise, address the Chair by title of office, and announce your name and subordinate represented by yourself. When the Chair recognizes a member she may speak, not before. The fact of having risen to her feet first, of having 'been standing a long time,' does not entitle any one to the floor.

When a speaker is declared out of order she must take her seat, or else promptly appeal from the decision of the Chair.

The Chair will state the appeal to the house and is privileged to give her reasons for her ruling.

If a member interrupts a speaker by "rising to a point of order," the first will resume her seat while the other states her point. The Chair will then rule on the same. If the Chair rules that the point of order is not well taken, the interrupted member resumes the floor. If the Chair sustains the point of order, the first speaker must abide by the decision, or appeal to the House.

Try to confine remarks to the subject under discussion. Be as brief as possible.

In attempting to bring a motion before the assembly, make the motion, and be seated. Do not preface the motion by any introductory remarks. Such preliminaries will cost the speaker the floor, since they are clearly out of order. No motion can be debated until it has been seconded, and properly stated by the Chair. To the mover will belong the right to open and close the debate.

Do not attempt to speak the second time until all have spoken. No member may speak after the second time, except by consent of the House.

If any questions seems likely to consume undue amount of time in debate, it can be sidetracked for the time by a motion to postpone to a stated time, either on that day or on some other day of the session.

"The previous question" simply means a motion to cut off debate on the motion, and if applied to a motion to amend, unless the call is so stated, applies also to the whole question. The Chair upon the call says, "Shall the main question now be put?" If the vote be in the affirmative, the main question is put; if in the negative, the discussion on the main question continues as if there had been no interruption.

Appeal to the mind as well as to the heart. Be guided by sense, not sentiment. Please assist in expediting the transaction of the regular business."

A close adherence to these parliamentary points will pilot a member safely through many a sea of difficulty.

"HAIL CALIFORNIA"—GOLDEN STATE SONG

BY JOSEPHINE GRO.

The writer of the music and words of "Hail California" is among the foremost women writers of popular music, and to her comic opera, farce and vaudeville are indebted for many a bit of tuneful music.

Mrs. Gro's understanding of harmony, with an inherent talent for invention of melody, makes her music pleasing and acceptable to the studied musician, and to the admirer of popular music. "Hail California" is a patriotic inspiration, which has met with general approval throughout the State, and has been adopted by many of the schools and musical societies.

This stirring song was given at the Los Angeles Fiesta by a chorus of six thousand school children. No more touching sight can be witnessed than a chorus of prettily gowned children stretching away a thousand deep in the sunshine of a California day and welling forth the harmony and sentiment of this beautiful song to the ears of parent and grand-parent pioneers. To an audience of California's early settlers and their sons, this song breathes a people's appreciation of the beauty of their state, ever gloried from border to border by a wealth of flowers, and golden fruitage, and bright with a host of progressive towns and populous cities—certainly a fitting tribute to the trials and sufferings of the pioneers.

"Hail California" touches a loyal chord in the heart of every true Californian.



JOSEPHINE GRO.

Dedicated to the People of the Golden State.

HAIL CALIFORNIA.

STATE SONG.

Words and Music by JOSEPHINE GRO.

Allegro moderato.
Muéstoso.

1. O Cal - i - for - nia: Hail to thee! And to the day that gave thee birth! With
2. Where once thy des - erts lay in waste, Now scent of blossoms fills the air, And
3. O El Do - ra do - treasure land! Of goodly gifts thou hast a store; Thy
4. O Queen of the Pa - cif - ic, with Thy throne upon its gold - en sands; Thy
5. Thy mot - to, "Watch and Guard" adorned The banners of thine ear - ly days; Thy

count - less mines and fruit - ful vines, Thou art a land of wondrous worth; Thy
fer - tile plains of gold - en grains And groves of vast extent are there. Since
yel - low show - ers of fruits and flow - ers In free pro - fu - sion 'round us pour; Thy
ships de - fy its bil - lows high, And bear thy wealth to other lands. Thy
re - cords tell 'twas heed - ed well And each its mandate still o - beys. And

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Na - tive Sons give hom - age true, And glo - ry in thy gold - en fame, Thy
first thy rug - ged bor - der - land Gave en - trance to the pi - o - neer, With
flocks graze on a thou - sand hills, Thy cat - tle roam o'er pop - pied plains. In
South 'neath ev - er - smil - ing skies Is a pe - ren - nial gar - den fair— Ca -
should the Na - tion be in need, Thy sons, in all their loy - al might, To

fos - ter chil - dren bless thee too, And sound thy praise with loud ac - claim.
stead - y stride and tri - umph grand, Hast thou marched on thy proud ca - reer.
ev - 'ry breast a true heart thrills, And o - ver all con - tent - ment reigns.
ressed by breez - es soft, she lies In lux - u - ry be - yond com - pare.
its de - fense will bold - ly speed, Beneath Old Glo - ry's col - ors bright.

CHORUS.

Hail! All hail to Cal - i - for - nia! Shout from her Si - er - ras to her Golden Gate;

Rich - est gem in fair Columbia's crown—Hail to Cal - i - for - nia, the Gold - en State!

ADVANCE OF THE ARGONAUTS

BY E. H. RYDALL.

Forty years ago, on the corner of Bleeker street and Broadway, New York, a little barelegged boy might have been observed selling the Herald. He slept in doorways, after his kind, and enjoyed his peculiar meals in that fragmentary and happy-go-lucky manner so familiar to the street waifs of a great city. Time rolled on and so did the boy. He got work in a paper house as messenger and juvenile porter. Familiar with poverty in all its ghastly phases, inured to want, deprived of every advantage, ignored by the rich and scorned by those in even inferior circumstances, he plodded on his way. That is forty years ago: To-day that waif is one of the leading merchants of Los Angeles, California, "a citizen of no mean city," he owns a large store on the principal street, and is a heavy speculator in real estate situated in the choicest districts of this southern city.

Forty years ago a gentleman resided at No. 17 Hampton Court Terrace, London, England. Wealthy relatives had enriched him by legacies to a point beyond the dreams of avarice; he lived in a magnificent mansion, and owned a country seat not far distant from the present famed Kew Gardens of London. Servants of all classes attended his beck and call; a footman in livery opened the door of the house as he entered; obsequious attendants rose reverently at his approach; familiar in Pall Mall was his carriage and horses with the appropriate coachman and footman dressed au fait. To-day this man operates a small second-hand store in Los Angeles, California, and waits upon the fat, economical women endeavoring with all his might to persuade them to purchase his second-hand property. Few of his customers—perhaps not one—would believe that forty years ago they would stand gazing interestingly upon his well-dressed form as the obsequious footman opened the carriage door for his master. But such is life. It's a long way from the aristocratic circles of London to a second-hand store in Los Angeles, California, but he has traveled it; gazing upon the diurnal dust the passing carriage stirs, he

very quickly transfers in retrospect to the luxurious scenes of his early manhood. Sic transit gloria a mundi.

There is a hardworking printer in Los Angeles, who toils from dawn to dark at his desk, making contracts for printing and contending with all classes of printing ability. Few men in the City of Los Angeles are apparently so wrapped up in business interests and chase for the elusive coin as he. But he is not only a practical printer, but an unselfish student of the sciences; he gives up considerable time after the duties of the day are over to the study of science and now and then lectures to religious and secular organizations. He is a practical demonstration of the utility of what might be considered wasted energy; he is the only one among thousands of men who deem it a duty to impart the light they have acquired by study to the surrounding public. If many of our thoughtful citizens would by well directed effort exchange the time now wasted, or spent in frivolous occupations or social requirements, to the good of their fellowmen, what an ideal Twentieth century corner of the universe Southern California would be.

There is a man engaged in the publishing business in Los Angeles, not yet an inmate of the Soldiers' Home, who fought in the civil war, a comrade with the late President McKinley. Two thousand of his comrades are basking in the sunshine idling from day to day at Santa Monica, where the Government has provided a lovely home for the warriors of that memorable conflict. This veteran, however, does not sit around the depot watching the passing trains, or gaze idly into space loafing about the gardens of that institution. The mess bell never calls him to meals. He is from Ohio and is one of the old guard, famous all over the land from that State for political or military excellence. He was four years in the field, and belonged to the Twelfth Ohio; he entered a private and came out a lieutenant-colonel in the Twenty-third Ohio. He is one of the Los Angeles pioneers, arriving here when the town was in its

infancy; he grew up with the town and by his management stimulated the growth of the town and surrounding country. He has been one of the chief factors in the city's progress. He is still a hard worker and conducts a business that would tax the energies of a much younger man. They do say that four years at West Point makes a man out of an individual; in this case it would seem that four years active service in the regular army has made a man among men—a giant in intellectual and physical abilities, in power of endurance—a Nestor as well as an Achilles.

Los Angeles has a lady artist who is rolling in wealth; it has also some who do not roll. She came here some twenty years ago from Maine and her husband invested the family wealth unwisely. She was left a widow virtually with nothing but a two thousand dollar mortgage upon certain lands not worth the face of the mortgage; this, of course, accentuated her poverty. She went to work as a painter of donkeys and flowers upon orange wood; to-day she has more money than she knows what to do with, but is still painting donkeys and things and striving after years of accustomed practice to suit the fastidious visitor who seeks some souvenir of this south land to carry to friends in distant homes. She is almost as much interested even now in the sale of a three-dollar picture as she was when she approached humbly the tradespeople of Los Angeles without a dollar to her name, trying to place on sale some of her amateur productions.

It may be useful to all lives to glance at these local individual experiences, not merely for the purpose of admiration, or sympathy, but to encourage others in their work and way; after the suggestion of the heart-touching poet:

"Lives of great men here remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

NOT IN OPERA BUSINESS FOR HIS HEALTH

Maurice Grau, the retiring manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, spoke with amusing frankness to the press in response to himself and the work. He said:

"I shall die leaving enough money for my funeral expenses. Every other opera manager has been buried by his friends. Yes, opera is a game that has bankrupted others financially, but it has bankrupted me physically, and I am inclined to think mine the greater loss."

Mr. Grau frankly owned to his limitations:

"Whatever success I have achieved I think is due to the fact that I have treated grand opera as a commercial proposition and handled it as a business enterprise. I never could see why it should not be so handled. I am a business man, not a musical critic. With no desire to exaggerate my own ignorance, I frankly confess that I have never in my life discovered a great voice, and I do not think I am musician enough to know one if I should hear it. It has never been my lot to encounter the gifted young girl of 15 or 18 and to develop her into a phenomenal soprano or contralto. I have never given the first production of an opera and I never examine scores. I know my limitations, and there are things I deem it wise to leave to persons better qualified than I. I have never encountered an unproduced opera which has so appealed to me that I have said to myself, 'Here is something which I must give the public.' I am content to give the best possible rendition, with the best possible talent, of that which the public has proved already and has stamped with the seal of its approval. I seldom attend rehearsals of my own pro-

ductions. It would be a waste of time for me to do so. My place is here at the desk of business management. To me opera is little else than cold, calculating business. Some persons have said that I make it a 'bargain counter' business. Let it go at that, if that means that I have reduced it to a purely commercial basis."

It is interesting to see what a different sense is put upon the same words by different kinds of people. To the artist "commercial" is a term of reproach; to the business man it is a word of praise. When a thing pays for itself it is on a commercial basis. Now the artist does not object in the least to getting his money, but he hates that part of the business which insures his getting it. So he talks indignantly about commercialism, not realizing that to the commercial man commercialism means only what is good. Mr. Grau confirmed what most opera-goers must have suspected, that singers are worth most (commercially) after they are in their prime:

"Let me tell you a little professional secret in this connection. Most of these very high-priced musical artists when they were really in their prime received about one-half the salaries they are getting now. The largest sums are frequently paid to singers after they are in their decline. Though Jean de Reszke may be a much greater artist to-day than when he was in his prime, it would not be reasonable to suppose that his voice is as fresh or as clear as it was 10 or 15 years ago. But reputation counts heavily. American audiences cling to the old-time favorites who have long ago established themselves and been approved in Europe. Singers do not take kindly to

the suggestion that they have seen their best days, and they are quick to resent an insinuation that they are worth less than they once were.

"To me it has always been the most disagreeable of my tasks to have to draw up or to renew a contract with an artist. I shirked it whenever I could and relegated it to a third party, and whenever it was feasible I always preferred to make a contract for a four or five-year period, so as to evade the irksomeness of renewals. These musical artists are often persons who require most diplomatic treatment.

"Let me tell you a little story of Mme. Schumann-Heink. At the time I speak of she was singing for something like \$75 a night. Well, she was the mother of quite a large family of children, and she wanted to go to Europe every now and then, and sometimes when it was most inopportune for the company. I decided to try to make a new contract with her for a five-year period. I valued her services and was prepared to make what I thought a liberal offer. So I said to her one day: 'I don't suppose you have ever expected to have \$100,000 of your own.' She admitted that she had hardly hoped for so much. 'Well,' said I, 'I'll pay you \$100,000 for your services for five years.' Mme. Schumann-Heink looked surprised and pleased, but after a moment of solemn deliberation, she replied, 'Thank you, I'll think it over.'

"Mme. Schumann-Heink was doubtless very fond of her children?" I suggested.

"Yes; they are fond of many things," said Mr. Grau;—but whatever they are fond of, they are just as fond of money as anything else."

COMPARING ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SHOPS

It is usually tit for tat between English and American cities in each other's mistakes and foibles. It is especially so where the critics are women, most particularly so where these critics are shoppers. As far as observed, American women have the most to say, and say it persistently. They simply cannot abide English tradesmen and their ways. English women are quite as displeased with American "stores" and "salesladies." They prefer English "shops" and the "young persons" who wait on the customers. The American finds it difficult to accommodate herself to the mingled arrogance and servility of English clerks, while the English women deems the airs of the "duchesses" behind American counters simply insufferable.

Maud R. L. Sharpe narrates some of her experiences in the Boston Transcript, which are enough to discourage the most pronounced Anglophobe that ever carried a parasol. Mrs. Sharpe has lived for years in England, and has not yet become hardened to the shopping processes. Among minor grievances are the extraordinary features of prices tucked in almost all goods and the impossibility of getting purchases put up neatly. She instances the salesgirl answering the price of a purchase as "10 shilling, happeny, farthing," and adds that no English woman has the courage to ask for change, but that she to spare herself the small annoyance of being practically cheated out of several pence a day, or accepting a lot of bad pins (offered in the place of a farthing) has supplied herself with farthings. She says that this absurd custom obtains as much in Oxford street as in Whitechapel, and mentions the price of a piano as quoted to her "£80 and sixpence." Again she says that if one buys a handsome teaspoon in Lon-

don it is given simply wrapped in a piece of paper and if the customer asks for a box is told that it is not usual, and the box finally reluctantly produced is of course brown strawboard, its corners bound with tin. The small purchase made at the grocer's must also be taken home in a scanty bit of paper because bags "cost something."

Then, again, Mrs. Sharpe makes the charge that English shopkeepers won't allow any goods exchanged, nor fitted. Gloves, except in a few shops, are never tried on, and if they do not fit, when they are tried on, the fault is assumed to be the customer's and if the glove bursts in the process, it is still the privilege to retain and pay for them. Mrs. Sharpe says that English women haven't the courage to try others on when the rare opportunity offers, but buy them on the assurance of the clerk that they are the right size, and if they are not, simply goes out and buys other pairs. Women who buy shoes are in the same sad case. Says Mrs. Sharpe: "One day a lady told me she had just bought two pair of boots, which she found she couldn't wear, and which she must give to some one." Here is a picture of personal experience:

One of the most amusing shopping experiences I ever had was in buying (?) shoes, on New Oxford street, where a window full of pretty ones were advertised as "Yankee notions." I went in to buy, and selected three pairs of boots and shoes of the sort I wanted, when, to my surprise, the man began to tie them up into a parcel, and when I said that I must try them on to see if they fitted, he threw the whole lot down in disgust. "That's the trouble with you Americans—you come into a shop and don't know what you want! Got to try things on! Don't you know your size? What do you suppose our display window's for, but so you can decide on the street what

you want." "But," I remonstrated, "surely it is customary for you to try on shoes?" "Certainly not," he bawled, "our people know what they want, and they buy it, and keep it whether it fits or not." By this time I was not angry; only pleased, and I turned to my companion, saying in a tone of a discoverer: "Oh, how interesting; that's what makes their feet look as they do—I wondered." The man went on: "We want to be obligin' but it's a great trouble to have you people comin' in here with your wantin' to try on shoes, takin' our time then, if they don't fit, you won't take 'em." "It does look unreasonable," I said, "and I shall endeavor to see that in future no American woman will trouble you."

And she ends with a justly deserved tribute to the courtesy and long-enduring kindness of her own countrymen and countrywomen:

I do not want to stop without saying that I know there are many who read these experiences, who have learned more about English shopping in six weeks' stay in London, than others have in years, and who "have never had any such things happen to them;" "who found London shopkeepers most obliging," etc. To them I can only say, that all may meet with isolated cases of true courtesy in the shops of England, but in them courtesy as we receive it here, is unknown, since the one who does not buy is not treated as is the one who does, and I claim that the whole spirit of barter is wrong, and that compared to America, it is oppressing and lacking in true, self-respect. Gratitude, deep, heartfelt gratitude, is what we owe to most of our storekeepers, and to the people whose demand they supply; let us thank them, by continuing to demand what is just, and rejoice that we are an honest people honestly served.



MRS. IRVING CARL.

MISS JENNIE MAURINE OWEN.

Prominent Native Daughters of the Golden West



MRS. EMMA RODGERS.

ALICE NILON.

MISS MINNIE BRAND.

DANCE OF THE CONSPIRITORS

BY J. M. SCANLAND.

The adobe casa of Senor Grijalva was crowded with guests who had come to dance attendance at the ball given in honor of the revolutionist, Gen. Jose Maria Flores. The "Americanos" had captured California, and the "patriots" had organized a revolutionary party to wrest the country from the hated "Gringos." Flores had been a revolutionist in Chihuahua, and, his cause failing, he came to the pueblo of Los Angeles, arriving at the time when the adventurer Gillespie had been left in command of the conquered pueblo, and when the spirit of resistance was rife because of his tyrannies.

The Grijalva casa was a long adobe structure of the Spanish type, with an L, which was used for dances, and there were many, as the people of these primitive days had little to do, and spent most of their time in enjoying life. In front of the L was the court, in the center of which was a fountain, and near by were rustic seats under arbors of fragrant vines. To these half-darkened nooks young lovers retreated after the excitement of the dance, and whispered and listened to that "old story which is ever new." Further back, under the darkness of the orange trees, the conspirators planned, and, while dressed in the costume of the baile, they seldom danced.

The sala was prettily and tastefully decorated with the many flowers that grow in such profusion and abundance in Southern California, and the light from the lamps shaded in colored paper shades gave an additional picturesque quality to the gay scene.

The orchestra consisted of two guitars, a violin and a triangle, the performers being some of the guests who relieved each other at intervals, so that all could dance.

"El Guerra, Le Blonde," (the Blonde Warrior), with much ceremony and profusion of manner, glided to the center of the room. The hubbub of voices stopped, and all eyes were turned to the master of ceremonies, who was to officially announce that the ball would now begin. After bowing low to each quarter of the sala, the master of ceremonies, in a tone as if announcing the result of a great event, presented the compliments of the Senor and the Senora Grijalva to the guests who had done them the honor of visiting the casa. He complimented the senors and the senoritas on their gallantry and beauty, hoped they would have a most pleasant evening, and announced "La Cachuca" the first number on the programme. Repeating his courtesies he retired, with another bow to the orchestra, as a signal to begin.

The white waxed floor was immediately covered by dancers, who gracefully, evenly and lightly waltzed to the wild sensuous strains of this bewitching air, which seems never to pall upon the ear.

El Guerra le Blonde had been put in the calabazo by the military authorities because of his seditious talk against the United States government, and was now one of the chief conspirators. At the suggestion of Command-

er in Chief Flores he had been elected by the junta as Secretary of War for the new government they intended to erect—should their revolution be successful.

"Senor Cantau, will you oblige me by accepting my position a little while, as I must attend to some serious matters?" said El Guerra to one of his conspirator comrades.

"Si, Senor; with the greatest pleasure!" replied Cantau, as he advanced and bowed, while El Guerra transferred his insignia as master of ceremonies to his friend.

With an exchange of glances, understood by each, El Guerra bowed and passed out of the sala to join the conspirators in the court.

With a wave of his baton, Cantau announces "El Jarabe." The music begins and there is a wild rush of revellers for the floor.

"See, El Guerra has left the floor! There is some mischief ahead, Senor Antonito!" said Senorita Sanchez to her partner in the dance. "We must learn what it is. You recollect that you have said you would assist me, senor!"

"Unthinkingly, I did promise you; but—it now becomes too serious a matter. The Americanos are tyrants; we must liberate California, and—"

"But, senor! You have promised me, and remember that a Mexican gentleman always honors his word!"

"You would not ask me to betray my country, Senorita."

"Why do you say it is betraying your country? Do you suspect me, Senor!" quickly asked Senorita Sanchez, her dark eyes flashing in anger, and her face flushed with crimson.

"Never; Senorita Sanchez," stammered Antonito.

"Let us walk into the court—it is warm here; and I am tired."

"As you command, Senorita!"

"Why do you refuse to tell me, Senor?" asked the Senorita in a half pleading vexed tone.

"What I know is a sworn secret, Senorita; and if you respect my honor, do not insist!"

"Then you neither have confidence in me, nor—love me!" replied the Senorita in a tone of wounded pride and disappointment.

"I would trust you with my life, and love you dearer than life; but, it is not my life alone that is at stake—"

"I hear voices in that arbor. Your friends, perhaps?" interrupted Senorita Sanchez. Let us go near so that we may hear what they are saying."

"And act the part of a spy?" said Antonito, abruptly.

"You found no difficulty in acting the spy for the Americanos at San Luis Obispo, Senor Antonito!" replied the Senorita to this unintended rebuke. "Let us return to the sala."

"I beg pardon, Senorita, for what I have said. We will listen to them—though my life may pay the reward of a traitor to his cause," said Antonito, as he escorted the Senorita to an arbor within hearing of the conspirators. They seated themselves and maintained the utmost silence.

"Don Andres, what number of patri-

ots have you?" asked "Governor Flores of his "Commanding General," in a whisper.

"About 1000, your Excellency; maybe more. But, we have not arms for all who want to join in this glorious patriotic revolution."

"General El Guerra, we must have more bullets!" suggested the Governor.

"The patriotic senoras have given to me all their pans, cooking utensils, tableware, and everything that can be melted into bullets. The senoras are very patriotic, Governor, as they always are, and have told their sons, husbands and sweethearts that California must be independent of the Gringos. I have also taken all the lead from the roofs of the houses, and Captain Don Antonio has gathered all the bits of iron he could find, and sharpened them into lance points. You may recollect, Governor, that most of our war material was exhausted in fighting the Americanos who have conquered our country?"

"You have done well, General!" replied the Governor. "But, that was a glorious victory at San Pascual!"

General Don Andres, the hero of San Pascual, modestly nodded.

"It was a great victory, Your Excellency," said the Blonde Warrior, who desired to relate his part in the affair.

The Americanos left twenty one dead on the field, and we lost only two. I still have Lieutenant Gillespie's horse and sword, and he still carries my lance-thrust," said the bombastic Blonde Warrior, sounding his own praises.

"How many cannon have we, General?"

"Only three, your Excellency: The one the Cerbulia Verala captured by means of a riat at San Pascual, and the two we took from the Americanos at Dominguez rancho, where we also killed ten of the Gringos," replied the blonde secretary of war, in an even more boastful tone.

"Some one comes!" exclaimed Gen. Andres, springing to his feet.

"It is nothing—perhaps a bird among the leaves!" replied the Governor. "But—comrades, had we not better adjourn? We may be watched! There are traitors everywhere!"

Senorita Sanchez felt the sting of the remark, and almost swooned. A warning look from Antonito, and she regained her self-possession.

"Let us go, Senor!" whispered the trembling Senorita.

"Impossible, Senorita! We would be observed, and—the calabazo for you, and death for me!"

"When shall we begin this glorious war for our independence, General Don Andres?" asked Governor Flores.

"My soldiers are ready, your Excellency! Can we not begin by attacking the Americanos at the cuartel, next Wednesday night? That is the 15th of September, and it is the anniversary of our independence from Spain. So let it be the day of our independence from the Americanos!"

"Then let the attacks be made then, and may our victory over the Ameri-

canos be as great as that of our fathers over the Spaniards!" replied Governor Flores, in a grandiloquent tone, as if issuing a proclamation.

The conspirators arose, pressed each other's hands with an "adios" uttered as if it were an eternal farewell, filed down the narrow walk toward the sala, passing the arbor in which were seated the spies—Senorita Sanchez and Antonito. As they passed, General Flores turned his head and saw the two forms partly concealed by an overhanging cluster of vines. He halted a second. Why not? It was not to listen to lovers; but, his suspicions of betrayal had been aroused. He saw through the vines a gleam of light in the form of a crucifix. Advancing a step, he recognized the features of Senorita Sanchez, who wore as an ornament in her hair, a golden crucifix, bedecked with diamonds.

"Perhaps I am wrong—it may be only a lover's meeting!" mused Flores, as he quickly overtook his comrades, and, doubtless thinking of his many similar meetings with his adored Senorita Grijalva, whom he intended should be the "Senora Gobernadora," if the revolution succeeded.

"Quick; let us leave; General Flores suspects!" whispered the almost fainting Senorita.

"I think not, Senorita; or, he would have questioned us. I hope he did not recognize us!" doubtfully replied the trembling Antonito.

As they entered the sala, conscious of their own guilt, and, like guilty people, believing that others were also aware of their treachery, they observed General Flores and his fiancée, Senorita Grijalva, in an earnest conversation—seemingly too earnest for lovers. As they passed, the Senoritas exchanged courtesies, which were always formal, as they were rivals. The salutation of Senorita Grijalva was the slightest inclination of her well-poised head, and the merest trace of a smile, which at once froze upon her scornful lips.

"Do you really think they were spying upon us," asked Flores in a soft tender voice, so accustomed was he to addressing her in loving terms.

"I am sure of it, Jose—I mean, General Flores," replied the Senorita somewhat confused at her forgetfulness, relying upon her intuition more than upon what she knew.

"Why are you sure my dearest friend! There may be some mistake. We know nothing positive—"

"She hates me, and because—"

"I understand; my dear Senorita. We will talk of this affair to-morrow. Will you honor me with this dance, my fair Senorita?" And scarcely waiting a reply, the lover-general placed his arm around her waist, and they circled away in the graceful waltz.

"Quick, Antonito; go at once to the American commandante and tell him what we have heard!"

"Senorita Sanchez, you now ask me to do what is impossible. Did you not say that we were not acting?"

"Spies; yes, call it that. But, if the conspirators fight the Americanos they will certainly fail, and then our prop-



Removing the gun from the battleship for San Diego Harbor, weighing 100,000 lbs.

erty will be taken and we will have no homes. Do you not understand, my friend?"

"But, they will succeed—"

"Why should you care, you have already—"

"Been misled by you, Senorita—"

"I believe you did not require my assistance when you betrayed our people at San Luis Obispo to the Americanos," tauntingly replied the Senorita, referring again to that treachery.

"But, I have become loyal again?"

The Senorita gave him a look of scorn, and said: "The Americanos will make us rich, and do you not want to be a great noble, senor? and then—"

"We can marry, and have a great ranch like Don Pio has at San Luis?" stammered Antonito, who had at last found courage enough to ask a question which almost asks itself.

"Perhaps," lisps the Senorita, blushing with becoming modesty, and smiling at the cleverness of her answer, which may be taken for something or nothing.

"Then you may depend upon me, Senorita, my adored," replied the happy Antonito, as he bowed and left the sala.

The revelers were again dancing to the wild stirring strains of the national air of Mexico, when the hubbub of lovers' voices was silenced by the clanking of cavalry sabres and the tread of horses' feet. Suddenly, there appeared a guard at the main door of

the casa, and the dance stopped as quickly as if there had been an earthquake. The ladies ran shrieking from the floor to the dressing rooms, and the gentlemen knew not what to do—scarcely realizing that the conspiracy had been revealed.

A drumhead courtmartial had condemned Flores to death—the execution was to take place in the plaza at Sunset. The other conspirators were pardoned on condition that they leave California, never to return.

"It is most time," said Senorita Sanchez to herself, as she looked at the clock. "Senor Flores will trifle with no more ladies, after to-day!" She smiled as if proud of her revenge in thwarting a rival, and in ruining the man who had promised to marry her.

A few minutes before the appointed time, a courier rode hastily into the plaza, with a paper in his hand. The people who were so eager to see the man shot, now shouted for joy, for it could mean only a reprieve—perhaps a pardon.

The lieutenant in charge of the firing squad read the paper, and announced that the execution would not take place; that Senor Flores was pardoned—provided he would leave California, within twelve hours.

"I accept the conditions, with thanks, humility."

Lieutenant," said Flores with mock

"They were spies, and we are betrayed!" exclaimed Governor Flores to his partner, Senorita Grijalva, as they

continued waltzing to a side door, through which the conspirator escaped into the court.

The garden, however, had been surrounded, and Governor Flores, together with General Don Andres, and other leaders, including the vain-glorious "Blonde Warrior," were arrested and taken to the military guard house.

Within an hour Flores, and a few friends, were on their way to Sonora.

"I did not issue a pardon," said the commandant at the post, as the Lieutenant was making his official report.

"Here is the document, Captain!"

"That is a forgery!" exclaimed the astonished Captain. "It seems to be—is, the handwriting of my orderly, Juan Perito. I should not have trusted a Mexican. Arrest him, and I will order a drumhead courtmartial. If guilty he shall be shot at sun-rise, tomorrow."

A search for Juan found that he was on his way to Sonora, with the other conspirators.

* * * * *

"I do hope the Americanos will not capture my friend, Governor Flores!" mused Senorita Grijalva, as she sat in her room, thinking of the tragic events of the past few days, and the narrow escape of her lover from death. "And Juan, too. It was with much difficulty that I could get him to write that pardon. But, now, they are free; and, I hope I shall soon go to Sonora and there meet my noble Jose."

A CALIFORNIA RIVER

BY CLARENCE URMV.

This is the Yuba river, filled with tales Of camp and cabin, Argonauts and gold, With dear romance of fir set mountain trail.

What wondrous legends might thy lips unfold, If but our eager ears were but rightly tuned To Nature's rhapsody by thee out-rolled!

And yet thy liquid lyric, rhymed and tuned Among the rocks that guard thy yellow bed, By each in my heart is softly crooned,

And seaward on thy bosom fancy led, Through canyons calm and cool I downward float To vales with poppy gardens richly spread,

Still on and on in slumber's dream-set boat, O'er seas of bygone years, and ever in mine ears The mellow music of thy golden throat.

STORY OF A STOLEN DRAMA

BY J. M. SCANLAND.

Some time ago I had the dramatic fever, and wrote a play. At the time I was running a weekly paper at Los Angeles, but this did not give me a sufficient outlet. I had heard of the difficulties of getting a play read by managers; also, of the "tricks" practiced by some of them; and I concluded to be my own manager. I advertised for a "star" who would not object to becoming an "angel"—a society actress preferred.

Of the several perfumed notes received from society women who were just dying to uplift the stage, I selected one applicant from San Francisco, as the most likely to fill at least the angelic role. After an exchange of notes she desired to read the MS. of "The Rival Society Belles;" or, "The Spurious Count Exposed."

She liked the drama "ever so much," and just new that it would be a tremendous success—if she played the leading role, and I would re-write it so as to give her more "curtains," also modify some of the "situations" of the other characters.

I finally found that I could not write up to, or down to her capabilities, and asked for the return of the MS., with an intimation that the "engagement" was at an end.

There was a long "wait," and I again wrote. After another long "wait" the MSS. was returned to me.

I destroyed the MSS. and resolved to experiment with no more society dramatic stars—angels, or otherwise.

A few months afterwards my attention was called to a paid criticism in one of the New York dailies, in which it was stated that "The celebrated California Society actress, Miss Belle Star, had made a great hit in her drama, 'The Rival Society Belles, or, The Spurious Count Exposed.'" The paid write-up also stated that she was a "well-known authoress" and had written this drama to suit her own histrionic abilities.

This accounted for the long waits before returning my MS.

I wrote to a newspaper friend in New York, giving the principal incidents in my drama, and asked him to witness a production of the plagiarism. He did so, and referred to the remarkable "coincidence" of this "angel's" play.

Having destroyed my MS. I could not prove anything in a damage suit, so I proceeded to "roast" this angelic plagiarist in my paper. A copy of each paper was mailed to her.

Her company soon stranded in Jersey, however, and that was some consolation.

I sold my paper and sought a wider field in New York, doing "space work" on the Sunday papers. I heard that Miss Belle Star was organizing another company and intended again to tempt misfortune.

We had never met, nor had we ever exchanged photographs, for our relations had been purely business—on her side, at least.

Learning her address, I called upon her and sent up the card: "John Scribe." My object in calling under an assumed name was one of curiosity to learn something of this social bud, and perhaps revenge myself for her dishonest act. It was cruel, but she had basely betrayed my confidence.

Of course she would not have received me under my true name, after the "roastings" I had given her in my paper!

"I am so glad that you have called Mr. Scribe," said the sweet little brunette, as she welcomed me in her flat on "Soubrette Row."

I put on a bold front, but was almost "discovered" by eying her too closely. I stated that I was connected with one of the yellow kid papers, and had come to interview her about her "drama."

"That is awful kind of you, Mr. Scribe, looking at the card, and I shall appreciate it very much. Yes, I wrote the drama, and decided to star it myself. I have long had an ambition to become an actress, and

I just know I shall be: I was born for the stage, and while I am in society at home—the very best society—(without a blush)—I prefer a more exciting life. Yes, I am now organizing a company, and shall soon take the road. No, I shall not go out to the coast—at least for the present—not until I make a reputation."



"She took her hand from her face and smiled."

She talked much more in the same strain, as a veteran accustomed to talking for publication.

The interview was printed next morning. I added that she was a leading society lady of San Francisco, and was related to a number of State officials, and was in the Nob Hill swim.

When I called again, in accordance with her invitation, I was received effusively. I became a frequent caller, and, finally was engaged as her manager. That is the first step to another engagement, in many instances. It proved to be so in this case.

Finally, she told me of the accusations of Mr. Fiction, who was printing a paper in Los Angeles. He had accused her of plagiarizing his drama, and had villainously "roasted" her in his paper. She read to me those notices, which she had pasted in her "press notice" scrap-book, and, with her face burning with indignation, denounced that man Fiction (myself) as about the meanest person in existence.

One evening while discussing our plans, matrimonial and theatrical, she said: "Now Mr. Scribe, after we are—I mean after we start out with my company, if that detestable fellow, Fiction, writes anything more about me in that villainous paper, I shall disband my company, and go to Los Angeles and shoot the villain!"

I looked at her in surprise. Her face was flushed, and her eyes seemed to emit fire.

"You would not be so cruel?" said I, kissing her by way of soothing her hatred of myself.

"Well, I feel just as if I could kill him—the villain!"

"Try and forget him, darling. He will perhaps never again trouble you!" said I, again kissing her burning cheeks.

"You can see by these mean notices that he is one who never forgets an injury—or, what he supposes to be an injury, for his accusations are false!"

She said this without a blush, and met my gaze as if she were the injured person, and Fiction had stolen her play.

"No doubt he has forgotten the circumstance—or, perhaps he is dead?" I remarked, soothingly, taking her hand and again kissing her. She released her hand, held up her head, and in a tragic manner, exclaimed:

"I wish that he—no, I do not mean to say that! But, I vow that I shall kill him if he ever again attacks me in his mean paper. He is a villain; he is not a gentleman!"

I stopped this trade of abuse against myself with more kisses, which were as poison to my lips, and I hesitated to unmask myself as the much accused Fiction.

"But he is not dead!" she replied. "I just know that as soon as I start out with my company, he will again print his vile slanders. He has written to the managers throughout the country warning them from producing my play, claiming it was his. He keeps posted as to my movements, and I believe he knows where I am this day!"

She took her hand from her face, and smiled. How prophetic, I thought, as I placed my arm around her waist, and again suggested to her that no doubt Fiction had forgotten the circumstance, and in disgust quit submitting MS. to stage people.

I now felt sympathy for the woman, though she had acted dishonestly in stealing my play, and had ruined what chances I may have had in producing it successfully. I was amused at her unmeasured abuse of myself under the name of John Fiction, and her admissions of affections for myself under the assumed name of Scribe. My threatened revenge had softened, and I could not nerve myself to the cruel point of "discovering" my true self to her. The plot had failed, or rather, I changed it at the moment to a less tragic ending. Our wedding day was decided upon—one week from that night. Three days afterwards, she had made all preparations, and on the eve of the wedding day I was to call to further discuss our combined bridal and theatrical tour.

I did not call, nor send an explanation. No doubt, she has often tried to solve the cause of my strange disappearance.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

The Administration Building at the World's Fair, St. Louis, is the principal structure of seven new and magnificent buildings, known as the Washington University group, which is to be the permanent home of this institution after the close of the Exposition.

This building is in the Tudor Gothic style of architecture as exemplified in the college buildings of England of the time of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth. It is 325 by 118 feet, and in the shape of the letter "H" with an imposing center entrance, the most noteworthy architectural effect of the structure. It consists of a massive tower 77 feet high, topped by four octagon towers, one at each corner. The doorway in this tower is a magnificent arch. The facade of the tower is elaborately ornamented with canopied niches and with strong courses on which appear the heraldic shield bearing the University coat of arms. In front of the entrance is a terrace 50 by 264 feet and leading up to this terrace are steps of cut granite 35 feet wide.

The building is built of pink Missouri granite with Belford, Indiana, limestone trimmings and cost \$250,000. It is fireproof throughout and contains over fifty large office rooms which are occupied by President Francis and the various executive departments of the Exposition.

Other buildings of the group now

sible with the 292,000 square feet of floor space. The exhibit space is compact and symmetrical. An extensive balcony sweeps around four sides of the building, supplying 100,000 square feet of additional space.

A tremendous traveling crane, to be used in the installation of the big electrical machinery, which is to be shown in the building, will run on tracks in the western bay. Two big toilet rooms are to be located in the court of the building. The doors of the building are of gigantic dimensions, 11 by 13 feet. The structure has 176 trusses, the largest span being 82 feet in length. One hundred and eighty-five tons of iron and steel were used.

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

The Agricultural Building will stand on a hill just west of Skinker road and about half a mile south of the Administration Building. Its dimensions will be 500 by 1600 feet. The long facade will be broken up into bays accentuated by piers, the latter 100 feet from center to center. The ornamentation is to be concentrated in the main entrances of which there will be five; one in the center of each of the shorter fronts, one in the center of the front on Skinker road and two places at equal distances on the front toward Arrowhead Lake—the western front.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

shall be made air tight. It is the intention to force plants here during the winter and spring preceding the opening of the Exposition for use in landscape and bedding work about the grounds. The heat will also have the effect of saving some of the valuable plants sent for exhibition from the cold, which comes during the late autumn immediately after the closing of the Exposition. The glass sides allow the admission of the sun throughout the day. In this wing will be shown specimens of plant cultures grown in different countries for use and ornament, and the forced culture of vegetables and fruits.

The west wing of the building will be used for general horticultural exhibits. In the basement cold storage

The construction of the building shows no change from the accepted method of the other buildings. The exhibit spaces are covered by trusses, which range in span from 72 feet over the center aisle to 48 feet over the side aisles.

The space between the Horticulture and Agriculture buildings will be laid out in a highly ornate garden in which exhibiting florists and nurserymen will maintain beds.

MINES AND METALLURGY.

The Mines and Metallurgy Building forms part of the east wing of the fan like general ground plan of the Exposition. The outside dimensions are 525x750 feet. The building is di-



MINES AND METALLURGY BUILDING.

used by the World's Fair are: Busch Hall, the two Cupples halls, Liggett hall, and the boiler house. These buildings are built of the same material and in the same style as the Administration building. Other buildings are in course of construction, one of them being the Hall of Congresses.

ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

The Electricity Building was erected by the William Goldie Sons Company, the contract price being \$399,940. The structure was planned by Walker & Kimball of Boston and Omaha, who were chief architects of the Omaha Exposition. It is located on the main central avenue and forms one of the leading elements of the main exposition picture. It has a frontage of 650 feet toward the north and 525 feet toward the east, facing the main lagoon.

The design is a bold columnated treatment of the Corinthian order. The columns are carried well down toward the ground, to give height to the fa-

The openings in these entrances will be 52 feet wide and 74 feet high. A massive arch flanked by heavy pylons that rise only a short distance above the cornice make up this entrance composition.

The lighting of the building has received special attention from the architect and will probably be the best lighted structure of the Fair. The roof will be carried on nine bays of trusses, those in the center having a span of 106 feet. The building will have little ornamentation and although the largest structure on the grounds it will cost less than some of the buildings in the main architectural picture of the Fair. The contract price is \$529,940. The contractors are Caldwell & Drake, who also have the contract for the erection of the Horticultural Building.

HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

The Horticultural Building stands on Skinker hill, 250 feet south of the Agricultural Building. The structure



ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

will be provided for fruit to be exhibited in the building, and for this reason the cellar has double walls packed with sawdust. In the basement there will also be an unpacking room which will have galleries, two of which will be used as restaurants. Tables will be set here so that the visitor may observe the exhibits below while taking luncheon. The gallery is easily accessible by stairs from the center pavilion and from the main floor. The southern gallery will be used as offices for the working force of the Department of Horticulture.

The center pavilion will contain the pomological exhibits, including, according to the classification, pomaceous and stone fruits, such as apples, peaches, nectarines, etc.; citrus fruits, such as oranges, lemons, limes, etc.; tropical and sub-tropical fruits, such as pineapples, bananas, olives, figs, etc.; small fruits, such as strawberries, gooseberries, etc., and nuts.

vided into eight oblong parts almost equal in area. The division is accomplished with glass covered and ventilated arcades, from 30 to 50 feet wide, which makes it possible that each one of the eight divisions shall receive abundant light from every side and that no skylights shall be necessary directly over any of the exhibition spaces. At the intersection of the two principal arcades through the main axis a colonnaded rotunda is shown with an appropriate monument.

The ground will furnish an exhibition space of about 265,000 square feet and about 150,000 square feet may be gained by the introduction of galleries. A subdivision of the exhibit space into numerous alcoves for each classification is suggested. The walls of the building are set back from the facade 18 or 20 feet, forming a covered loggia which surrounds the entire building. Mr. Theo. C. Link, of St. Louis, was the architect.



HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

acades. The facades will be well accentuated by elevated pediments and tower effects over the four main entrances and at the corners. Over the accentuated places, as well as over the twin columns, which form a pleasing variation of the treatment of the facades, opportunity for ample sculptural decoration is supplied.

The fenestration is bold and appropriate, giving ample light and substantial wall treatment. On two sides of the buildings are loggias, which add pleasing effects of light and shadow. There are numerous openings on the facades, such as exhibitors always seek in selecting their exhibit space. The plan of the building is simple and well treated, showing an effort to supply as much exhibit space as is pos-

is in the shape of a Greek cross with a center pavilion and two wings. The center pavilion is 400 feet square; the wings are each 204 feet by 230 feet. They are divided from the center pavilion by glass partitions and the floor of each is 9 feet lower than that of the center pavilion. This difference in elevation produces a monumental effect, which is further heightened by the use in the main entrance on the north front of two towers about 150 feet high.

The eastern wing of the building will be almost entirely of glass and will be used as a conservatory. A hot water heating plant is to be installed in the cellar of this wing and the pipes are to be led throughout the wing. The specifications provide that this wing



AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



EDITORIAL COMMENTS



MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

BY DAVID ENRIGHT, A. M., LL.D.

Marriage is an institution which purifies society. In any case it is to the intelligent beings, by the universality of its sacredness, an institution which preserves the sanctity of home and the purity of society. Even the barbarian of the most uncouth environments sanctified the marriage by protecting it from violation. Pagan Rome for five hundred years from its foundation so respected this sacred relation that he who was found guilty of its desecration paid the penalty of his crime by the sacrifice of his life. From the reign of Romulus to that of Spurius Carvilius Ruga it was considered a permanent union, which was binding until its dissolution by the death of one of the contracting parties. Thus Rome, unchristian as it was during that period, furnishes a most worthy example to the more enlightened Christian nations of to-day by its refusal to stain the pages of its primeval history with the record of a single divorce.

Naturally, with the degradation of the standard of Roman morality in the declining days of the Roman Empire disappeared the 'stately and dignified Roman matron,' and with her vanished for a time the sanctity of the marriage vow. During this latter period divorce was granted first for adultery, but gradually more insignificant causes became sufficient ground for dissolution, until the adoption of the Justinian Code, which prescribed seventeen causes which in the minds of the Roman people justified the dissolution of the marriage relation.

The salutary influence of Christianity, however, as it elevated the customs and morals of the Roman people, gradually extirpated the tendency toward divorce, until Christianized Rome adhered to the canons of the Melvetian Council, which declared that matrimony was an institution or category of legal fictions, and the sacrament, institution, civil contract, or whatever you will, which was intended to purify, is now an avenue to vice and corruption.

PRACTICES OF VARIOUS STATES.

The State of South Carolina alone has steadfastly refused to abuse the jurisdiction over matrimonial matters vested in it by the general government, and let it be said to the credit of that commonwealth, that however great may have been the faults of its impulsive legislators in the years gone by, it has never permitted either its courts or its legislative body to sully the pages of its history by the granting of divorce. This is the one State where the Christian tendency has been to eradicate ephemeral marriage unions and to impress upon the legislator the solemnity of the injunction, "Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder."

The courts of New York State have never granted a divorce a vinculo upon any ground other than adultery, since in this State that is the statutory cause. A few other States in the Union have enacted substantially the same statute that regulates divorce in New York, and some of these States have further followed New York in prohibiting for any cause the legislative divorce. In the State of Connecticut, prior to the year 1880, divorces were granted for the most trivial causes; a case being found in the reports of that State in which, in an exhaustive opinion upon the law and facts, the court attempts to justify a divorce of husband and wife upon the ground that the husband has violated the Sabbath by the purchase of In any case it is the intelligent beings, by the universal boot-jack!

The naturally indolent and mild mannered citizens of the Everglade State believe ill-temper to be a sufficient and justifiable cause for breaking the bonds of wedlock; but the Green Mountain legislators are inclined to differ somewhat from their brethren in Florida, and therefore go a step beyond, making "intolerable severity" the proper cause, which of course, affords to the learned judges of the latter State an opportunity to make extended and perhaps vacant distinctions between severity which is tolerable and that which is intolerable. So addicted are the people of the State of California to the extracts of its own fruits that the legislators of that State have made intemperance a statutory cause. The Kentucky colonel, however, is not inclined to agree to the justice of the law that makes him lose his wife because he has imbibed freely on one or two occasions, and hence he has instructed the legislators of his State to modify the California statute and to divorce a married person when that individual is proven an habitual drunkard.

The love of country is a holy thing and fairer than the fairest flower is the flag floating above each school house as the symbol of our national freedom, but that flag should give to no individual the liberty to debase the God-like man into the debauchee.

We are indebted to the courts of some of our Western States for having furnished to us, in their curious opinions in divorce proceedings, entertaining reading for our idle hours. It has pleased the judicial mind of one of our western divorce judges to decree in solemn words that the wife should be freed from the cruel and inhuman consort who would refuse to submit his nails to the care of a chiropodist. And another judge, equally solicitous for the rights of the people within his jurisdiction, has held that the husband should be divorced from the ferocious wife who, on the day after marriage, would bring the heel of her shoe in violent contact with the eyes of her better half.

Let those who smoke the filthy weed fly away from the Western State whose courts have decreed that a refusal of the husband to refrain from this habit justifies a court of equity in dissolving the marriage union. So loose and farcical are the laws of the Dakotas and Oklahoma that we may presume that a divorce will be granted in either of those places for any imaginary or fictitious cause, provided the petitioner can produce the necessary wherewithal to satisfy the fees of the obliging attorney.

EVILS OF THE "TIPPING SYSTEM"

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER.

Some fifty years ago Fredrika Bremer, the noted author and traveller, published a book called "Impressions of America." This gifted Swedish lady had traveled extensively in the old world before visiting this country, where she remained two years.

At that time the accommodations and conveniences here for travelling were very different than in these later days of Pullman Palace Cars, also there were few, if any, of those magnificent caravansaries one finds now everywhere, for the use of the public. Still, even then, Miss Bremer writes enthusiastically about the progress of the country, and of the courtesy and attention she receives from the people. Especially does she praise the politeness shown by the American gentlemen to any lady travelling unattended, and tells how much is done for her comfort and pleasure. Among other kind things, she says: "Nowhere in the world can a lady travel alone so safely, with so little annoyance, and be treated so courteously as in the United States." She then adds: "The annoying habit of 'feeling' that is carried to such extremes in Europe, is neither looked for nor generally practiced here, yet the waiters and porters are most obliging and attentive. If one does give them anything it is received as a kindness and never is a hint, much less a demand, made for the same."

But that was written fifty years ago, if the same lady came here now, no doubt she would write quite differently. For not only are "tips" (as we call them in these later days) expected by porters and waiters, but frequently asked for, and also if the amount offered does not come up to their expectations, a lady receives little attention and scant courtesy from these servants of the public.

The duties of porters on the railway trains are, we believe, to make and unmake the beds in the sleepers, to offer a helping hand to passengers getting on and off the train, also to render them any other services they may need while on their car.

Few require or receive any more attention than that from them. The meals served in the palace dining cars are certainly well cooked and the service is excellent. The charges also are first-class—one dollar a meal, the regular price, unless a la carte. In that case the prices marked are certainly quite expensive; \$1.50 for a porter-house steak, and everything else in proportion. But one must expect to pay somewhat more than the ordinary in travelling.

A young lady was obliged recently to journey alone from San Francisco to her home in one of the southern States. Her experience we quote in her own language:

"I had never before gone anywhere by myself, and so was quite unacquainted with the present requirements of such a trip. I knew my ticket called for first-class accommodations, sleeper, etc.; also I was aware that I must pay extra for my meals in the dining car. For my breakfast, the first morning, I paid, as I thought, quite an extravagant price, but I did not know that I was also expected to tip the colored waiter. However, at luncheon he reminded me of the fact, saying: 'You did not leave anything for the waiter this morning, as we are very poorly paid for our services, we not only expect, but depend, upon our tips,' so please do not forget again.' As the dining car was crowded and he spoke in a very audible tone, the situation was embarrassing, as well as annoying. However," said she, "he was at least respectful in tone and manner, which was not the case with a surly porter on the train. This man, I had scarcely seen and never spoken a word to. When I was putting on my hat as we were nearing the end of the journey he came forward and began to brush off my coat. It suddenly dawned upon me that he had come for a 'tip,' at the same time I remembered, to my dismay, that except a ten dollar bill the only change I had was a nickel. As I could not give him the ten dollars, I foolishly handed him the small coin, which he immediately and most insolently threw back to me. Then my Southern blood was aroused and I said to him: 'How dare you! If my father was here a porter would at this moment be stretched out on that floor, for he knows how to deal with your kind.' Of course I was punished for my hasty words, as well as for my humble 'tip.' No helping hand took my heavy bag, nor was I given any assistance by him when getting off the car."

There must be some recognized sum which these people deign to accept as "tips" for we have known other ladies that offered considerably more than the little southern girl, yet were treated by them almost as rudely. Would it not be the right thing, if with the schedule rates of the different companies they would add what amount should be given to the porters and waiters, by the passengers. There would be no misunderstanding then, and no doubt all would conform to the general rule.

Clerks in stores are usually poorly paid (especially if they are women). They are always polite and untiring in their efforts to please their patrons. No one ever thinks of offering them anything extra for their services, and no doubt it would be resented if they did. But why should not the custom hold good with all persons that attend to our wants, why make an exception with one or two classes of attendants?

The root of all this evil is selfishness. In traveling especially, one meets constantly with persons who try to monopolize and secure the lion's share of everything. And so they bribe the employees to bring them the best, not caring what their fellow travelers get, or even if they suffer for lack of attention. In self-defense the others have had to follow their example and so have inaugurated this very unjust "tipping system," that causes, especially to ladies travelling alone, often much hardship, annoyance and trouble.

A HEART TO HEART TALK

BY NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

Come now and let us reason together: Like generous comrades who share alike the heat and the burden, the joy and the sorrow, the hopes and fears bound up in the vicissitudes of this mysterious condition of consciousness which we call life, let us answer from his or her experience certain six questions of profound import. They were asked and answered thousands of years ago, and yet they comfort each coming generation with a 'startling and persistent earnestness which will not down:

"Who hath woe?
"Who hath sorrow?
"Who hath contentions?
"Who hath babblings?
"Who hath wounds without cause?
"Who hath redness of eyes?"

Surely you have not read these queries for the first time! Yet it may be that you cannot answer them on sight. Do you need help? Go to the asylums for the insane; the almshouses; the impenitentaries; the police records of crime; the dives; the brothels; the divorce courts; the faithless husbands; the erring and murderous wives; the neglected children; the drunkard's home—those satires on heaven; the human wrecks of fair humanity which were once made in God's image and likeness; count the millions of blood-money accumulating in the national treasury; ask the public executioner, whom the law compels to take a life for a life, "Why this?"

The answer must and will be from each source "All the dark side of mortal life is the product directly or indirectly of the introduction and use of two poisons in the human body, viz: Alcohol and Tobacco."

"Nonsense!" you may say. "Poisons? Why the physician's prescribe them. They prolong life. They soothe the nervous system; they encourage social amenities; they are of the utmost importance in commerce; they often are the preservative in art; they have been used from time immemorial by all nations. Tobacco is one of the 'herbs of the field,' planted by the Creator and Alcohol is an elixir of life when used in moderation. You are a pessimist; you see blue-devils in what the rest of the world find only joy-angels. All things were made for the enjoyment of man; he is free to find happiness in that which gives him the most pleasure; you have no right to interfere with the sumptuary laws of our land and the wisdom of its solons. The voice of the people is the voice of God, and the people cry for stimulants for failing energies and balm for the excited nerves."

Nevertheless, those six, direct, simple interrogatories stand as firmly as the everlasting hills and by their very insistence assert the tragedy, ruin, grief and shame sown by the saloons upon every corner and the sparkling wines on every beaufet or festal board.

The wonderful mechanism of the human body is the climax of God's creation. That body is the temple and tabernacle of the immortal soul. The child who is taught understandingly, the simple triplet:

My soul is Myself.
My soul is my body.
My soul uses my body.

Has learned a most important lesson of reverence for the dignity and majesty of the House Beautiful in which it lives. The gospel of physical perfection is the gospel which utters the command.

"Thou shalt not fatten thy muscles with beer.

"Thou shalt not nicotine thy delicate nerves with tobacco.

"Thou shalt not destroy thy brain cells with alcohol.

"Thou shalt not impoverish thy blood—which is thy life price—with the poisonous liquid which feeds not but slowly destroys, for surely, such 'sins of the fathers' shall be visited upon the generations which follow."

The athletes who are training for a match of skill use no alcoholic drinks. Experience teaches them that they weaken the tissues and do not assimilate with the blood.

If the hand that uses the knife of a surgeon; that opens or closes the throttle valve of the engine; that directs the course of the most delicate instruments known in the field of science, is unsteady through defective nerve-force, woe to the object acted upon. Hence the wisdom, daily becoming more apparent, of the universities of learning, the military and naval schools and the great marts of trade and travel which issue the ukase:

Hence, also, that inestimable boon to the children of the United States—(the product of a few women's brains and efforts)—viz: the law which compels the teaching of scientific temperance in the public schools of our land.

If women—who are the makers of men—but realize their power to move the wheels of state, 'to lift up body and mind and to awaken the deaf and blind' how differently, even the careless ones, would look in the face of life! How few of our embryo wives and mothers would encourage the callow youth by her side to continue sucking his cigar as "its smoke is not unpleasant," or because the willing bride of a man who did not believe and practice total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco!

"Girls of to-day! give ear!
Never since time began
Have come to the race of man
A year, a day, an hour
So full of promise and power
As the time that now is here.
Be the things you preach;
Let your own greatness teach.
When mothers like this we see,
Men will be strong and free—
Then, and never till then."



A GLIMPSE OF SOME OF CALIFORNIA'S BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCES.





A GLIMPSE OF SOME OF CALI FORNIA'S BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCES.



SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER.

Rome, the eternal city, holds the attention of the world. People of all nations and all creeds have for weeks riveted their thoughts upon this great center of Christendom.

With admiration, awe and regret have they watched the fading away of a great ruler, Leo XIII, the "grand old man of the Vatican," diplomat, scholar, philosopher, and poet. His last days were like the gradual dropping of a dazzling sun below the horizon of life to eternity, sending back to the end, shining rays of light and color over the entire universe. Brilliant reflections of a giant intellect and a life of noble deeds. Universal is the homage he has received in life, and even more so, when the grim reaper—Death—gathered him in.

Leo, by his wonderful tact and magnetic power swayed the multitude, and made governments do his will. He was wise and shrewd, but prudent and temperate, and his life work was for the good as well as the advancement of mankind. He is said to have ruled the world with a smile, instead of the sword, he was indeed a prince of peace. His name will be forever found among the archives of the great.

But the "glory of the world passes away—the king is dead, long live the king," shout the people through all ages. The last solemn rites are over, the shadow-like form of this lamented pontiff is laid beside those of his predecessors. Again in the vast cathedral of St. Peter's, other impressive ceremonies take the place of the mournful requiems that have so lately echoed through its great corridors. And now before the altar the Cardinals assemble to kneel in prayer, and listen to words of exhortation, for a Pope must be elected, another successor to the "Fisherman of Galilee" must be chosen.

Rigid and complete is the seclusion that follows, when these Cardinals retire within the closed doors of the Vatican, where they are to cast their votes for a new Pontiff. And now not only Rome, but the whole world await eager and expectant the decision of this conclave. In the big court in front of St. Peter's immense crowds gather, coming for miles around the country; never does the number diminish, though they wait four weary days and nights. Each time the thin blue smoke ascends from the flue of

the closely guarded rooms of the conclave a murmur of disappointment is heard from the anxious but impatient multitude, for it tells them the ballots are burnt, no choice has yet been made.

On the fourth day the weary strain is over. Suddenly the windows of the great balcony above the plaza are slowly opened and a large glittering cross is seen; now, indeed, the excitement and impatience of the crowd is heightened to the extreme. A Cardinal advances and waving his hands for silence, in a loud voice makes the anx-

humble birth. No royal blood flows through the veins of Giuseppe Sarto, nobility of nature is all he can claim. Only his goodness, piety, and great talents, for he is wise and learned, have raised him to this great height of power.

He is described as a handsome man with large, piercing dark eyes, of superb physical proportions, and though sixty-eight years old, seems to have all the energies of youth. He passed through college with a brilliant record, and when only twenty-three received his ordination to the priesthood. Af-

following: "Sarto's election to the Papacy is ideal. His life hitherto has been entirely devoted to the service of the people. He has never interfered with politics, state or ecclesiastical. Pius X sprang from the people. He was educated for the priesthood, and by his own exertions worked his way to the top by unassuming, patient labor in behalf of the masses. Sarto is a living example of the true democratic spirit of the church, which allows a self-made man to attain the highest honors, just as in the United States. His reign will be apostolic, devoted exclusively to the spiritual interests of the church, but Sarto believes the spiritual interests are closely connected with the social welfare of the masses. Hence he will work strenuously for the cause of the people everywhere. Sarto though not generally known as a reformer, has worked more reforms than any other Bishop in Italy. He possesses an extraordinary power of attracting the sympathy of those coming in contact with him. When leaving Venice recently for Rome, almost the entire population accompanied him to the station, the civil officials included; they little thought though, that he would never return to preside over them.

Sarto has probably never uttered a rough word, yet he has always gained his object. No striking changes will mark his pontificate, but he will work for the development of the church and the adoption of democratic principles rightly understood. Leo was popular with all classes of Americans, the same will be the case with Pius X; he will be admired by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. No other Cardinal has taken a more active interest in the social movement in Italy, hence the Venetian province is far ahead of all others in this respect. This man, with his keen intellect, does not decide a question until he has studied all its bearings, then he is inflexible in executing the decision taken."

But Cardinal Sarto rules no longer. Under the title of Pius X he holds the keys of Peter, upon his brow rests the triple crown, and the Fisherman's ring gleams upon his finger. The grand ceremonies of the coronation are over. That magnificent scene is a picture the eye would still gladly dwell upon. The central figure is, of course, the venerable Pontiff, robed in pure white, two lines of Cardinals clad in silver and scarlet, reach to the high altar with its burden of burning candles and glittering sacred vessels. Around stand the Papal guards, the Pontifical court and high officials. The grand Cathedral brilliantly illuminated with twinkling lights, its marble columns and walls rendering the color scheme more vivid. Overhead is the most magnificent dome in the world, up to which float the harmony of music. Then comes the great moment when the Master Cardinal places upon the snowy head of the newly consecrated Pope the triple crown, saying, "Receive the tiara ornament with three crowns. Remember thou art father of princes and kings, the rector of the world, and the vicar on earth of our Savior Jesus Christ." Amen, answer all. And now the vast edifice is filled with the ringing of bells, the blowing of silver trumpets, the triumphant strains of music, and the acclamations of the multitude. Quieter but most impressive is that other quaint but solemn ceremony that precedes this triumphant scene. The choir has just sung the grand "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," accompanied by the sweet tones of the famous silver trumpets. Then the master of ceremonies advances and three times lights a handful of hemp which surmounts a silver torch, as it flashes and goes out he each time calls out "Holy Father, thus passes away the glory of the world." A hush falls upon the people, and from the tomb of the great Leo the words seem wafted back—"Sic Transit Gloria Mundi."



THE CHURCH OF ST. PETERS. ROME. ITALY.

iously awaited announcement that Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice (to be known henceforth as Pius X), is elected to succeed the late Leo XIII. Immediately a mighty shout goes up, and Rome rings with cries of rejoicing that is passed from street to street, and seems to awaken the echoes of the catacombs beneath its surface. The Apostolic succession is continued: an acceptable Pontiff sits in the chair of St. Peter.

It is said "nothing happens like the unexpected," and so, though many knew and admired Cardinal Sarto, few had thought of him as a probable successor to the Papal throne. Such was the same case with the gentle Pius IX, and history repeats itself in the election of this later Pius.

Unlike the noble born Leo, he is of

ter acting nine years as an assistant, he was given a parish in the province of Padua. Everywhere he endeared himself to the people, whom he served with devotion and kindness, giving so much in charity that he often went hungry himself. Leo XIII, who greatly admired him for his cleverness, as well as goodness and great modesty, appointed him Bishop of Mantua in 1884, and nine years later raised him to the dignity of Cardinal, also making him Patriarch of Venice.

Here Cardinal Sarto distinguished himself as a thorough reformer and became the idol of the Venetians. When his gondola would pass through the canal the people would rush to the bridges and call after him "God bless the good Patriarch."

One who knows him well writes the



Church of St. Peter's, where Pope Leo's Remains will be given sepulture.

Agents Wanted Authorized Life of Pope Leo XIII.



Written with the encouragement, approbation and blessing of His Holiness, by Mr. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., LL.D., who for eight years lived in the Vatican as Domestic Prelate to the Pope. This distinguished American author was summoned to Rome and appointed by the Pope as his official biographer. The work is dedicated to and accepted by Cardinal Gibbons and is approved and recognized by all Church Authorities as the only official biography of the Pope. Over 800 pages; magnificently illustrated. Unparalleled opportunity for agents. Best Commission. Elegant outfit free. Send 15c. for postage. The John C. Winston Co., 328 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

FAMILIAR CHATS WITH YOUNG MOTHERS

BY MARY TAYLOR-ROSS.

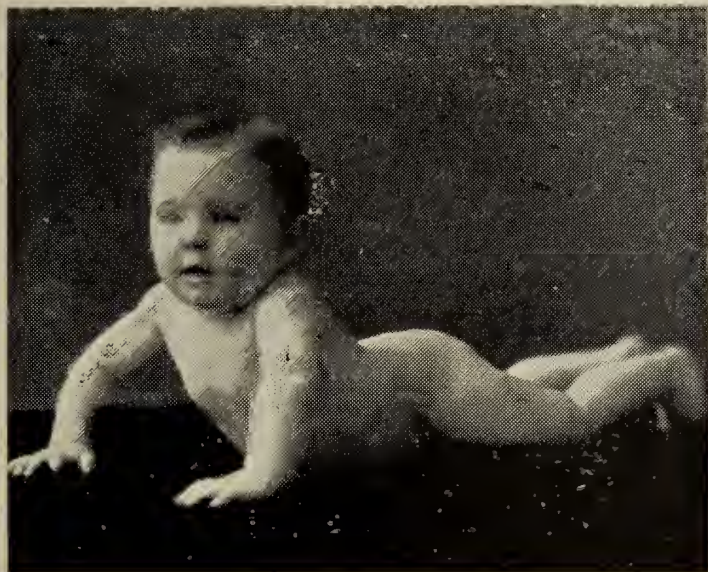
One mother, living in a small flat, and pressed for room used to make, each night, a little bed for her baby, in the lowest drawer of an old fashioned bureau; a pillow did duty as a mattress, and during the day, with the pillow in place on the large bed, and the drawer pushed back into place, the bureau came once more a part of the ordinary furniture of the flat.

However, when there is any available space, the mother desires for her baby as pretty a bed as she can afford, and with a little time and skill, it is possible to prepare at home a most dainty affair at very slight expense.

It is always wise to look about at the bassinets displayed in the shops before commencing to make one at home, for some little arrangement may in this way suggest itself, which will make of that particular bed something out of the ordinary. One can purchase at the shops, bassinets draped and undraped which can be completed at home, and standards for the ordinary home made baby beds; clothes hampers, too, are to

enciennes and edge ruffles of the muslin with it, than to have a profusion of coarse lace which never looks anything but tawdry, and is ruined the first time it is laundered. Valenciennes lace has the merit of washing well, and is the cleverest imitation of the real lace that is on the market, since it is difficult to tell the real from the imitation without a price mark.

The drapery around the basket should fall to the floor, evenly, on all sides, and should be lined with cambric to match the color of the basket lining, in order to hide from view the humble origin of the foundation. On one side of the bassinet, which should be the front side of the bed, the draperies should be open to the floor. This opening can be hidden in the folds, or finished with ruffles on both sides, which is rather ornamental than otherwise. A small hamper or box can be fastened to the chair underneath the basket by nailing it to the rungs, and in it can be kept any little belongings of the baby's which are in frequent use.



be found undraped in the wicker departments, and can be completed and lined at home with less expense than is entailed if a completed affair is purchased in the fancy department.

If the bed is to be made entirely at home, procure, first of all, a clothes hamper, of the kind used in the laundry, selecting one that is light in weight and firm in texture. A wooden kitchen chair which is stout and firm but not too heavy is used for the standard. If it seems a little high when the basket is in place, the legs can be sawed off as much as seems desirable; with a bit, bore holes in the bottom of each leg, and fasten in place a set of small castors, so the bed can be pushed about the room easily. If the chair has a back, saw it off close to the seat, and then fasten the basket securely in place with stout screws, driven well into the wooden seat of the chair.

Having thus made the foundation secure, line the sides of the basket inside and out, with cotton wadding, placing an extra layer on the edge to make it soft and round. The cotton can be tacked into place by sewing it right through the basket. Over this, and in the same way, fasten a colored lining of silesia, cambric, or muslin, which may be pink or blue as seems desirable. The little bed is now ready for its draperies which may be of dotted Swiss or plain lawn, finished with ruffles of the same, or with lace edged ruffles, or those of lace. Coarse lace of any kind should never be used on a baby's belongings; when one cannot afford a fine quality of lace, it is in far better taste to purchase a piece of val-

The draperies should be made very full, and if one does not mind the extra work they are very dainty in appearance when ruffled around the bottom, as well as up both sides of the opening. The cambric lining should be tacked to the muslin all around the edge, and fall with it in full folds to the floor. When the drapery is made, the top can be gathered twice on a stout thread, or pleated into place and sewn to the basket, or to the lining, if this has been fastened securely to the wicker. Over the edge of this, tack the white lining for the inside of the bed, drawing it down smoothly over the colored cambric, and fastening it to the bottom of the basket. One should by no means economize on the mattress, but if, for any reason it must be made at home, purchase some of the new felt preparations for the purpose, or pick to pieces some of the finest quality of cotton wool and bake it in the oven a light brown; comb it into fluff, and fill it into the little case, which should be made a little larger than the basket.

Pretty little "cosies" for the bed can be made from white cheesecloth tied with wool to match the color used in lining the bassinet, or with little knots of baby ribbon here and there to give it a touch of color. If a colored cosy is made, let it be of a delicate shade to match the bed, and have only one colored article of the sort about.

A coverlet for use during the winter, and for the first few days of baby's existence can be made from elder-down in white, finished with a pretty bow of satin wash ribbon which matches in



color the cambric lining of the bed. A pillow is by no means necessary, but if the mother prefers to use one for the first few months, let it be made of curled hair, and on no account of down or feathers. The finishing touches can now be put on the bassinet. The handles of the basket which have been left in place should be covered with cotton and then wound with ribbon finished at each side of the handle with full rosettes of baby ribbon to match the cambric. Muslin covers can be made and tacked into place on the handles, the rosettes of baby ribbon being used in both cases. These handles will be found convenient in lifting the basket, or pushing the bed about. The top of the basket, along the edge, can be finished with a ruffle of the muslin edged with lace, or a ruffle of lace, which should be very full, and stand out prettily from the draperies. This ruffle finishes the bed unless one desires a canopy, which can be added with very little extra work. Purchase a tiny parasol of the kind carried by very small girls, and of the color used in lining the draperies. Fasten this to the bed after raising the shade, by lacing the handle to the wicker before covering the basket, or by riveting it on with bits of leather. Make a pair of muslin draperies edged with ruffles of the same which match those used on the basket drapery. Sew the top of these draperies along the outside of

of being giddy. Not only headache, but fits, stupidity and even madness may be brought about by such practices.

It is well to realize that very rarely are there two children even in the same family similar in their physical equipments, and that therefore no "rule of thumb" method of rearing them is ever eminently successful.

The chief symptoms of scarlet fever are sore throat, high temperature, vomiting, rapid pulse and rash. Parents often mistake the rash of scarlet fever for some harmless affection. "When in doubt always act as if the more important disease were present until its absence is certain."

THE BABY'S CLOTHES.

A mother rises to make a plea for the baby. She says that baby's clothes are almost invariably too tight or else they are made to fit so snugly that in a few months the poor infant has outgrown them, yet is still thrust and pinned into them by the foolishly economical mother. Very often fretting and crying results from neckbands which are too tight or from armholes so narrow as to restrict free movement. All babies claim the right to kick and squirm as much and as often as they feel like it. This wise mother points out that a loose dress need not look slovenly. Neck and sleeve bands can be so arranged as to be adjustable. Beading through which narrow rib-



the parasol just above the scalloped edge; cut a cover for the top the exact shape of the parasol, or gather a piece of the muslin and tack it into position. For the inside, make a full lining of the muslin, lined with the cambric and draw it tight from the edge of the parasol to the handle, concealing the ribs. Tie a large bow of ribbon around the ferule end of the parasol to complete the canopy and a second bow, exactly like it, should be placed at the left of the opening in the bed drapery to add a finishing touch.

FAMILIAR CHATS.

Happy children are almost invariably healthy children.

Remember that children are oftener over-fed than under-fed, and that a baby sometimes cries when not hungry.

The boy who learns how to row is rarely the "fool who rocks the boat." The girl who knows how to swim is seldom a subject for rescuers.

The convalescence from measles is the most important stage of the disease. Watchfulness and care may prevent serious pulmonary complications.

Do not allow an infant to turn round and round that it may enjoy the fun

bon is run will accomplish this. If the sleeves are too long use two baby pins, of which you surely have a set in gold or silver, to hold them up. Time and strength and baby's good nature are all three saved by making the little dresses generous in proportion to the figure of their little wearer.

A "STICK" TOOTHBRUSH.

My mother, says a woman correspondent of Medical talk, had five children, and as soon as we shed our teeth she made each one of us get a "stick" toothbrush (a broken off piece of black gum limb) and brush our teeth every night after supper. We used no tooth powder of any kind. I am the oldest of the five children. I am thirty years old. We kept up this nightly tooth brushing. No one of us has ever had the toothache. Only one of us ever had to have a dentist even to examine our teeth and that only once. Though we are all married and scattered, the old habit, which is a good habit, still clings to us. I still use a "stick" toothbrush every night. I believe if every mother would have her children follow this rule the dentists would all starve or go out of the business.



THE WEE BOY-ANGEL

BY MARION ELLISTON.

A WEE Boy-Angel lay flat on the golden floor of Heaven, trying to fit his bright little eye close to one of the Star-peepholes. The Star-peepholes are dotted all over the floor for the Guardian Angels to look through, to see who has been pinching or pin-pricking the earth-babies when they hear them cry.

Little Boy-Angel thought it would be good fun to peep through too, like the grown-up Angels, and find out what was on the other side. So he lay there kicking the air with his heels and the golden floor with his toes, keeping time to a Te Deum some Angels were practicing a little distance off, and humming the melody of it softly to himself.

At first, looking out of his own happy light into the darkness on the downward side, little Boy-Angel could see nothing. But he soon grew used to the murkiness, and began to see farther and farther.

The first thing he made out was a tiny lark, soaring so high that it seemed coming quite near to him and Heaven, and singing a song as it came that little Boy-Angel thought as sweet as the hymn he was listening to. Then he put his lips closer down to his Star-peephole and sang back to it—little bits of the Angel's song. And the lark rested on its wings to listen, and thought the song so sweet that it never sang again without warbling out the fragments it had caught of the Boy-Angel's singing. And, often afterward, as the lark sang, men stayed to listen. And as they listened they smiled, and as they smiled their hearts grew lighter and purer. But they never guessed that the sweet joyousness of the song was caught from the Te Deum of the Angels, that the wee Boy-Angel had taught it.

Then lower down he saw the spires of the churches pointing every one to Heaven, and he smiled and clapped his hands. And while he was smiling, a sunbeam glinted the gilt cross at the point of one, and it flashed and sparkled the light of hope into the soul of a weary climber.

Still lower he saw a man and woman kneeling by a tiny mound in the churchyard, and the woman was weeping. Then the wee Boy-Angel's face grew sorrowful, and he pulled all the petals off some little Heaven-daisies he had been playing with. And, kissing them all "Good-bye," he squeezed them through his Star-peephole, and told them to fall just where the father and mother were crying. And as they fell on the little grave their tender fragrance cheered the weepers; and, taking root, they grew and bloomed—bloomed into a flower so sweet and strange that every one said, "Surely God must have sent baby's Guardian Angel to plant it, and surely Guardian Angels must tend it every night while we are sleeping." But not all of them fell so close, for the wind caught some and hurried them away, and two stray sunbeams caught others and coaxed them out of their course. But wherever they fell, they rooted and bloomed, and earth grew sweeter with their fragrance.

Presently as he watched, he saw a group of children playing in a dirty street. Some with bare toes,

and little or nothing of bonnet or frock, were playing jolly games with the mud in the gutter. But two of the little midgets, too forlorn even to enjoy mud, were sitting on the curbstone, crying with the cold. Little Boy-Angel pulled at his own pretty white robes, in the hope that perhaps they too might be rumpled thro' the Star-peephole. But it wouldn't do—he couldn't struggle himself out of them anyhow. Then he thought of his own little shoulders and



wings, with their fluffy feathers and their soft white down. So he tugged away with all his Angel-Baby might—without thought or care how it hurt—till his chubby little fists were full. Then he blew and blew feather after feather, and fluff after fluff, till the soft white down was falling like snow. And some fell straight upon the group of little children, and they stopped both tears and playing to catch the soft white "snow" as it fell, and to wonder over its soft down-

iness. And as it fell on them, they grew warm and glad again, and fell to singing Nursery Rhymes and telling each other wonderful Fairy Tales. And the wind and the sunbeams joined in again, to catch the fluttering feather-flakes as they fell. And as they whirled them away, they fell here and there on the hearts of men and women shivering with the chills of life, and wherever they fell they left the cosy warmth of love.

Then the wee Boy-Angel looked again, and saw a tall man leaning wearily against the railings of a public park. His head was buried on his arms and his form shaken with suppressed sobs. And the wee Boy-Angel knew that the tall man was too weary with disappointment to go farther, and too sorrowful to go home. He could get no work, and had no money to take home to buy bread or coals for his little children, whose little faces were pinched with hunger and blue with cold. Then the wee Boy-Angel forgot all about his Star-peephole and the wonderful new world he had been looking at, and buried his head on his fat little arms and began to cry too, as if his very heart would break, for pitiful sympathy. And the big tears rolled down, and followed the way of the flowers and feathers through the Star-peephole. And one fell where the man was standing, and rested on his coat-sleeve. A sunbeam kissed the tear, and shone into it, till it glistened. And when he raised his head, and saw the rainbow gleaming in it, he took fresh heart, and hoped again for sunshine. And another tear fell, and glistened on a winter rosebud that nestled in the great-coat of a gentleman passing by. And as it glistened there, it carried a new pulse of tender pitying love to his heart; and he touched his brother-man upon the shoulder, and they walked on together. But that night the father took home honestly earned bread; and his little children laughed over the happy supper, and went to sleep, to dream happy dreams.

But when the wee Boy-Angel cried so, the grown-up Angels who were practicing the new Te Deum close by, stopped, and one of them ran off to comfort him at once. She helped him on to his little feet again, and asked him where his flowers and toys had gone, and what had hurt his shoulders and rumpled his robes? And he sobbed out all about the Star-peephole and what he had seen through it. And she took him in her arms to carry him away to the King of Heaven, who wipes away all tears from off all faces. And as she looked at him, she thought, "How like to the Christmas-Love-Angel he has grown!" And as she passed the other Angels, one of them said, "How like he grows to the Holy Christ-Child!" And another whispered, "How our wee Boy-Angel grows like the Son of God!" to one standing near him; who answered, "Yes, even as the Son of God is ever the express image of the Father of Love."

But when she brought him to the King of Heaven, He took the wee Boy-Angel in His arms and said, "And Love is of God, for God is Love."

WOMAN'S AMBITION

BY CLARA B. NIELD.

"Say mother, did you read this?" asked Joseph Arnold as he laid down the paper and looked at his wife. "It says that in answer to the question, 'What is a woman's highest ambition in life?' out of one thousand women seven hundred and sixty-five want to be stenographers, a few want to be actresses and literary workers, four can be persuaded to marry and settle down and one wants to cook! I don't believe our girls feel like that." The old man looked out across the fields and thought of the three grown daughters so like their mother and smiled. "Most certainly they don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Arnold, "and I happen to know what you have been reading. It's the Old Woman's Journal and I think they have selected a very poor lot of women to answer a question of as much importance. A woman's highest ambition—stenographer! think of it! To sit in a little office and take down what somebody dictates and then rattle it off on a machine. All well enough in its way, of course, but you needn't tell me that seven hundred and sixty-five women out of one thousand prefer such a life. And actresses! I know women like emotion and love scenes and all that sort of thing, but I believe they prefer the love scenes of their own. Just consider what a sham life it is—forever acting what some one else has said and thought and done—dying every night in the season because some poor foolish girl has died once, or being false to husband and home for the amusement of the public. No! I don't believe that is the highest ambition of any woman."

"Well, did you notice that two of them wanted to be detective. What of that?" inquired Mr. Arnold. "I can imagine," replied his wife, "that considering some women's liking for scandal and ability to scent and fathom trouble it is possible that about two out of one thousand might be ambitious to become detectives. I am quite sure the great majority of women, while they are forced to do many things to earn a living, are always desiring a home of their own. Now, I have been reading in a very different kind of paper—the California Ladies' Magazine—and it has put the question of woman's ambition to a different class of readers. It may be because California women are especially intelligent or have the palms of their hands outlined for do-

mestic things. It has been able to find out of one thousand of its readers, seven hundred who desire to be happy wives and mothers, two hundred more want to be teachers which is only the mother instinct in another form, and the remaining one hundred are divided among artists, literary workers, physicians and nurses. It is the woman's nature to want to do that in which she can minister unto humanity and in which she can make her life a blessing. The girls are coming, let's ask their opinion."

A flood of summer sunshine filled the room as the three handsome daughters entered. "We hurried home to get supper, mother," exclaimed Bertha, the youngest of the trio. "I was afraid I wouldn't be in time to make the biscuits," said Myrtle, "and I know how well father enjoys them."

Soon they were in the kitchen and had a bright fire kindled. With much laughter and jest they began preparations for the evening meal. Vegetables, meat, butter, eggs, milk, and fruit were soon transformed by their magic touch into the most tempting dishes. Sarah had been busy in the dining room, and the table with its snowy linen and fragrant flowers was a picture good to see. When their brother Delbert came in with a college chum, the girls had no cause to apologize for anything which their hands had prepared.

At the table Mrs. Arnold asked the girls what they regarded as a woman's highest ambition in life. All turned to Sarah and waited for her answer. Under their gaze she blushed a very becoming blush and smiled, for they all knew about the little cottage that was being made ready for a home and about a certain young man who was waiting to claim her for his bride, and they knew very well that her highest ambition was to fill her home with joy. When they looked to Myrtle for an answer she confessed that her great desire was to make good biscuits and to help keep house for father and mother, at least until the time when the "Prince" should arrive.

"What has caused you to ask us such a question, mother?" inquired Bertha, "were you afraid we were going to join

the 'new' woman ranks and go in for fads?" "No, indeed," said Mrs. Arnold. "It was the 'old' woman who started us to thinking. We have been reading in a paper called the Old Woman's Journal and it attempts to tell us that more than three-fourths of the women nowadays would like to be stenographers, while only one in a thousand is content to cook." "Well, they are very much mistaken if they think so," replied Myrtle. "When we girls were in school we studied stenography just as we studied book-keeping and music and French and a host of other things, and there isn't one of us but what could earn our living if necessary, but as for highest ambition in life, mine certainly don't lie in that direction."

Bertha and her brother's college chum had been exchanging glances and he voiced the opinion that it would be a very cold world if all the girls became stenographers, and he was glad to know of some who could cook such meals as they were now enjoying.

Delbert was thinking of a bright, pretty maiden who took down dictations in the office where he was employed. He liked her very much and sometimes permitted himself to build air castles in which the little typewriter was enthroned a queen. In his visions he would see her gladly welcoming him to the castle and presiding over the table, pouring his tea. All went well until one luckless day, when she invited him to dinner. It was Sunday, and the dear girl had insisted on her mother going to church while she prepared for their guest.

On Delbert's arrival he found the face, which he had oft beheld in visions, much flushed and when he sat down at the table, disappointment stood by his side and made horrible creepy feelings chase themselves over him. The meat, from all appearances had been put to cook early in the morning, for it was done and then re-done. The potatoes had as evidently been forgotten—they were smashed but little uncooked lumps had failed to yield their shape or become palatable. The tea was boiled and Delbert mistook it for coffee and added cream. The omelet was tough and the pudding scorched. The

mother tried not to notice these short comings, and Delbert bravely attempted to eat as though he relished the food but somehow his air castles tumbled as he thought of what it would be to eat such dinners daily. The girl who was mistress of the type-writer knew she had failed and was longing to run away to her room and cry woman fashion. When she was at last alone, she reasoned with herself thus: "Mabel Cruthers, you are now twenty-four years old,—you thought you wanted to be a stenographer and you have given all your time and thought to your office work for six years—now what do you know? How much better have you made the world by the work you have done? Do you want to go on for sixty years more taking down dictations? You have come to the place now where you must decide for the future. To-day's failure has taught you and some other people that if you want to be Delbert Arnold's wife you must learn something more than you know at this present time."

Mabel sat very still. The moonbeams flooded her room with light, the perfume of the flowers came up from the garden below. At last she said, "I will be honest with myself. I desire to be a wife. I would not for worlds forever remain in an office. My ambition is to have a home, husband, and children and I will prepare myself to do my part."

Delbert missed Mabel from her work but when he was invited to her home some weeks later, he found the dinner, prepared by her own hands, most appetizing.

The evening meal was over at the Arnold home. The young people were enjoying the cool breeze out on the veranda. Mr. Arnold told his wife how proud he was of their daughters and gave her praise for training them to love the home. "I hope Delbert will marry a girl who is as good a housekeeper as his sisters," remarked Mrs. Arnold with motherly solicitude. "I heard the girls say that Mabel has given up her place at the office and is learning to cook."

Great was the rejoicing when Delbert three months later announced his engagement and they all agreed that his bride-to-be had chosen to fill that place which is to every true woman her highest ambition in life.

FANCY EMBROIDERY

NARCISSUS

The Narcissus belongs to the Amaryllis family, as also do the jonquil and daffodil. The perianth or flower has a more or less cylindrical tube, six widely spreading divisions or petals, stamens of unequal length included in the cup or crown, crown edged with a pinkish tint, narrow flat linear root leaves, single scape with one or more flowers (a scape is a flower stalk, not the stem or axis which bears the flower-stalk).

No. 185. Narcissus Center. Made in 12, 15, 18, 20, 24, 27 inches.

The white Narcissus is a dainty flower and must be delicately treated. For the perianth we will need white, 1201 local tone, 1721 and 1722 middle tones, and 1723 shadows. Thus:

No. 1, 1201; No. 2, 1720, for the petals; No. 3, 1721; No. 4, 1722; No. 5, 1713.

The dotted line around edge of cup, see figure 2, is a faint tinge of thorn pink, 1326 1326½. In working the cup follow direction of stitch and you will model the cup so that it will show a depression; many short stitches must be taken to accomplish this; one stitch taken from top to bottom, the depth of the crown, will not do.

The leaves as stated above are narrow, flat, and have parallel veins from base to tip and that must be the direction of stitch. For this part of the work we will use:

No. 1, 1445; No. 2, 1446; No. 3, 1447; No. 4, 1448; No. 5, 1449; No. 6, 1450.

Stems and Calyx—Blend into line 1467 at base of leaves and stems. Under side of leaf same as upper but kept lighter. This flower is sometimes called the "snowflake."

Filament, 1239x; Anther, 1318x.

A little brown tinge on the scape at

the point where the flower-stalk projects is often seen in nature; it must be very delicate. 1293½; also the edges of calyx often have a tip of brown. In some of the broader petals five shades are indicated; this will be close work, but if you will have patience I am sure you will feel amply repaid. There is a lot of detail on this flower, and all of it must have careful attention.

Don't forget to work the back petals first, or those of which you "see the least," the same with the leaves. Keep continually in mind where your light is coming from and don't get it crossed; also bear in mind that botanically speaking the "nerves" or veins of the leaves which constitute their frames or skeletons, run from tip to base, parallel, so don't torture them by working across the grain; let the stitch follow the "nerves." See Figure 2 for direction.

Any first-class shop should be able to secure this design for you; the price for 20 inch is 45 cents; for 24 inch, 65 cents; for 27 inch, 75 cents. If you cannot get it, address Carlson Currier Co., 6 Sutter street, San Francisco, and it will be procured for you.

Borders—The border of the Narcissus should be carried out in white, and each scallop should be well padded to carry out the idea of the foliage, using the same greens but keeping the whole on the light side of the shading. The stem that forms the outer part of border must be buttonholed first, then the whole can be worked solid long and short over the buttonholing with stitches following the stem lengthwise, when the edge is cut away. The narrow close buttonhole underneath will prevent linen from raveling.



SUNSET ROSE AND FOLIAGE.

The foliage of the Sunset rose is a peculiar reddish green. It is impossible to get this shade by the combination of different colors. There is only one way to produce it, and that is by dyeing. The combination is a single thread, not a shaded thread as is Dresden silk, but a combination of red and green that exactly reproduces the natural leaf. There are two distinct lines required, one for the upper side of foliage, one for the under side.

No. 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, are for the under side of Sunset rose foliage, while Nos. 1763, 1885, 1886, are for the upper side of foliage. You will notice that No. 1763 is taken from the line of cold shadow green. It blends perfectly with 1885 and 1886.

Stems of the Sunset rose are worked with the shades used in under side of leaf.

The Sunset rose requires very close shading to bring out all its beauty.

Local tones, No. 1346x. Shadow and middle tones, No. 1850. 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854.

Blush tints at base of petals, Nos. 1532, 1533, 1534, 1535, 1535½.

Shadows for blush tints, Nos. 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833.

The Marechal Niel and Nephitis roses are worked with the Sunset rose shades in different proportions.



A PATRIOTIC SONG.

The song "Old Flag Forever," which was published by permission of the author in the G. A. R. edition of the California Ladies' Magazine, was set to music by a lady in San Francisco. The words were written in Atlanta, Ga., by Frank C. Stanton, the well-known poet. This lady, known as Leila France, was a little girl at the time of the Civil War. Her father was a physician and surgeon in the army—Dr. G. W. France—and was stationed at Nashville, Tenn., in charge of a hospital there. Her mother was a nurse, and naturally she has always been interested in anything connected with the "Old Flag," and hopes to have it sung by school children all over the United States.

Small copies of this song have been prepared for use in the public schools, and it is used in the schools of San Francisco, Oakland and Alameda, and also in the Parochial schools of these places. Copies of the size to paste in the school song books can be had by writing to Mrs. L. F. McDermott, 210 San Jose avenue, San Francisco. The price is one cent per copy, unless ordered in large numbers, when a reduction is made, according to number.

During the late G. A. R. Encampment—copies of this song were given away at the Headquarters in the Grand Hotel—and all visiting and local bands were supplied with arrangements of this beautiful song for use on all national days.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

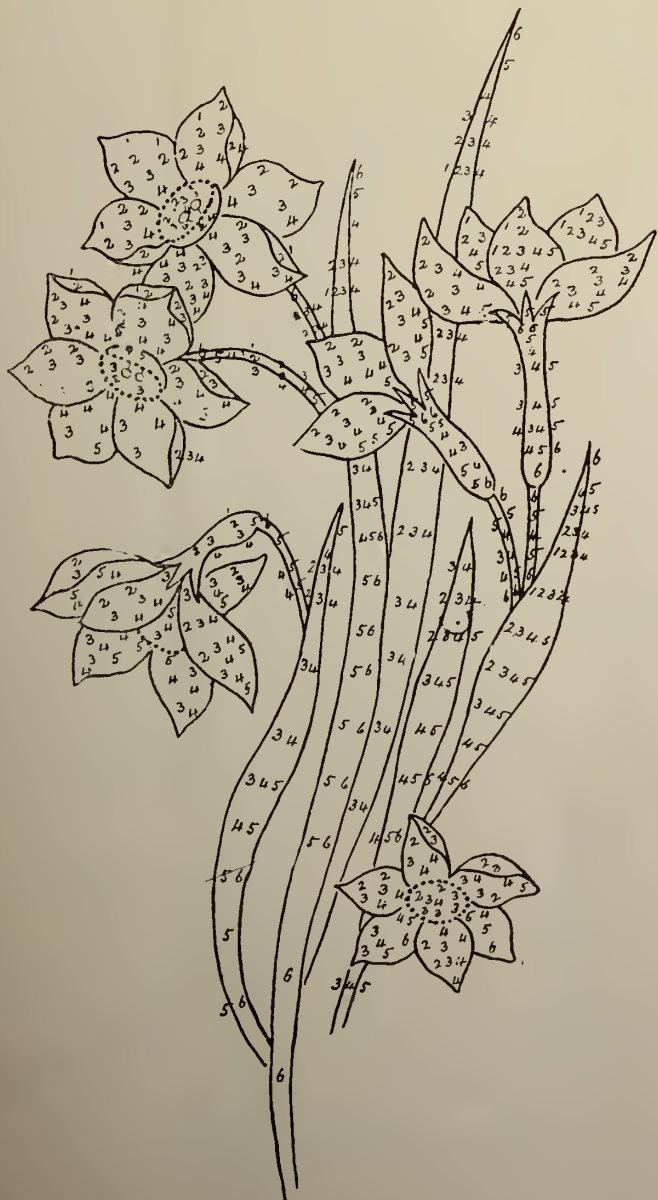
Three girls who longed for a little money for a special purpose spent most of their spare time for a year in making all sorts of articles, both useful and ornamental. Nothing was thrown away during the year that could possibly be made into something attractive.

Just before the holidays they rented a room for a month and proceeded to so arrange their goods as to show them off to the best advantage, and then they did a little advertising. They had dainty hemstitched handkerchiefs, pretty crocheted hoods, comfortable knitted slippers for bedroom wear, embroidered centerpieces, cushions of every size and shape conceivable, dolls made of cornucops, and nice, comfortable darkey dollies of rags—in fact they had such a variety of articles and all so nicely made that any one who entered their room was sure to purchase a nice holiday gift for some friend before leaving.

The girls said that the material they used had all been purchased a little at a time with money that would otherwise have been spent in some trifling manner, and they really had not missed it at all. Then they had utilized many bits of silk and lace that had been accumulating for years, and every walk or drive into the country had resulted in additions to their store. Their little baskets of spruce gum sold at once, and so did their pillows made of pine and fir, and their cushions filled with cotton from the milk weed. They could have sold twice the number of rag dolls, and every pair of knitted slippers were taken almost immediately. They realized enough from their year's work to take the little trip they had planned, and they really had not spent so much of their time in doing fancy work as to have it commented upon by their acquaintances.

They were girls who were not allowed to go away from home to earn money, but they had found a way to earn a little without doing so. It resulted in their taking several of their friends into partnership and hiring a girl who made corsets for a living to act as their saleswoman. She was obliged to have an office down town any way, and was glad of this opportunity to help pay rent.

While the girls did not make a great deal, they were enabled to earn a little in a pleasant way and yet stay at home.



THE PHILOSOPHER'S CORNER

There was an old saw that we were compelled to write in the copy books as youngsters which declared that "a liar should have a good memory," a proverb all right in its way, but one that might be amended to advantage. A liar should not only have a good memory, but other qualifications, one of which should be the ability to penetrate the mysteries of the future and prepare for all possible contingencies. The thought was suggested to me the other day in reading of one man's experience. He was one of the kind who either had to account to his wife for all his cash or else she would ascertain for herself. One night he got out with the boys and as they waxed mellow, some one proposed a friendly game of poker. Forgetting the watch that was kept on him at home, or perhaps lured by the siren of chance, the man sat in and when the session closed the hundred dollars he had to start with had dwindled to \$34. He got to thinking it over on his way home and it was there he made a mistake. He determined to tell his wife that he had been playing poker, but instead of telling the full truth, sought to mollify her by turning over to her what he had left, which he represented as his winnings, with the admonition to buy something for herself. Madame declared that she would never touch such ill-gotten money, so he promised to buy her a \$35 jardiniere that she had been wanting, together with a piece of dress goods. He laid the money on the dresser and retired. The next morning, Sunday,

he decided not to go to church, but was up and dressing when his wife returned. Having missed the money he asked her if she had seen it and was sweetly informed that she had given the "horrid stuff" to the Aid Society of the church. There wasn't any scene; he had the sense to swallow his wrath, but he still had the presents, amounting to \$60, to buy, which left him just \$160 out as the result of the game. Here was an instance of the point I am trying to make. Had he told the whole truth he would have saved the \$34 at least, though perhaps he would have to stand a certain lecture. Perhaps he thinks that he escaped more cheaply as it was, but my experience with most married men has been that they would rather take a chance on the lecture and save their money. Perhaps this particular one would too, had he been able to look into the future.

It has always been a mystery to me why newly married couples seem so anxious to hurry off on a distance destroying and nerve shattering wedding trip immediately after the minister has pronounced them man and wife. I can understand that they should want to get away from the crowd, but why they should put themselves to so much inconvenience has always been puzzling, for little can be said in favor of the wedding trip except that it gives them a chance to skip their friends. There can't be much comfort in it, especially for the bride, who has been worked to death for weeks in prepara-

tion for the wedding and oftentimes has only sufficient strength to go through the marital, ordeal, especially if it be a church wedding to which she is called to take part. While the ceremony is in progress there is the excitement to keep her up, but after that comes the reaction and it isn't human nature for her to fully enjoy the trip. That others share the same opinion is evident from the increasing number of couples who defer the wedding trip until later and who are then in a position to enjoy it and get the full benefit of the varying scenes and different places visited. That always appeared the most sensible thing to do. I read of a novel honeymoon the other day. The captain of a ship found that his vessel must be drydocked for repairs and the crew was discharged. As the repairs would take a number of weeks and he be obliged to spend his time with nothing to do, he telegraphed his fiancée in New Orleans, and she came on to Hoboken and they were married and spent their honeymoon aboard the vessel, relieving the monotony of life aboard for the captain and giving both a chance to make many little excursions to New York, to the great delight of the bride. There was no need of rushing hither and thither, and no doubt both enjoyed the honeymoon more than if they had set out on some long trip. They said they did, at any rate. Whether they did or not it was certainly a more sensible way and later if they care to visit other scenes they will enjoy themselves all the more.

I did not know until the other day, that anyone would be so foolish as to send to a hospital the set floral pieces used at a funeral, but that there are such people in the world came to light when the doctor of Bellevue hospital, in New York, refused to allow a cartload of such pieces to be taken into the building. Sometimes undertakers send such flowers to institutions of the kind but they have the grace to take the flowers from their frames and send them loose when they are appreciated and fill a distinct want. But others are not so careful and think that a gates ajar, a broken column, an anchor, or something else symbolical of death would look well anywhere and the hospital is the first place thought of apparently. You can imagine what the effect would be if such flowers were carried into a ward where patients were hovering between life and death. Sick people, and especially those near death, if conscious, are quick to notice anything, and the introduction of such flowers at such a time might mean a deciding influence toward death. Perhaps it is only thoughtlessness on the part of the givers—they mean well,—but it is thoughtlessness that causes much of the misery of the world. None of us can avoid making thoughtless breaks that distress our friends at times, but there is no excuse for anyone dropping into such an error as this. I called it thoughtlessness, perhaps I would have better designated it as ignorance.

FRIDAY IS NOT THE UNLUCKIEST DAY

Friday, it has been discovered by a painstaking and laborious statistician, is not the unluckiest but actually the luckiest day of the week.

Taking all the great calamities which befell humanity, the painstaking gatherer of facts has discovered that Friday deserves its present title of "luckiest day," and that of the unluckiest day belongs to Monday.

The moral is plain. Beware of Monday.

In one line alone has it been found that Friday deserves its present title. In railroad accidents Friday heads the list. So, it is wise, if you be superstitious, to avoid beginning a journey on Friday.

The "thirteen superstition" was knocked in the head long ago, and it was to be supposed that an iconoclastic age would "take a punch" at the Friday dread before long.

It has not been necessary for a person to admit being superstitious to acknowledge a preference for beginning certain things on any other day than Friday. This feeling is inborn in nearly all nationalities except the Scandinavian.

First take a record of assassinations. In these Sunday is pre-eminently the conspicuous day. Wednesday comes next, counting attempts which did not succeed as well as attempts which did.

Saturday is third, and Monday fourth. Tuesday, Thursday and Friday are equal.

There is a possibility that a person having in mind such an attack chooses any other day than Friday, in the belief that the day will prove unlucky for him. An examination of the record of such attacks in the last 150 years, has disclosed the fact that the would-be murderer looks on Friday as an unlucky day for his attempt. That might be construed to prove either side of the argument, but it is fair to accept the statistician's conclusion in favor of Friday as the lucky day.

Three famous men, among others, were assassinated on Friday—Abraham Lincoln, William McKinley, and Nasr-er-Deen, Shah of Persia. Three attempts were made to kill Alexander II of Russia on Monday, two to kill Bismarck on Mondays, and three to kill Louis Philippe on Tuesdays.

The sailor has a right to consider Friday his luckiest day if exemption from shipwreck be considered. It has been a pet superstition of the sea that Friday is the unlucky day for sailing.

This is found to be extraordinary, as the number of shipwrecks occurring on that day of the week is the smallest.

To secure this conclusion the statistician examined the records of the disasters to British vessels from 1895 to

the present day. He found that 24 per cent happened on Thursday, 16 per cent on Saturday and Sunday, 14 per cent on Monday and Wednesday, 12 per cent on Tuesday, and only 4 per cent on Friday.

By examining the record of railroad disasters from 1893 up to date, it was discovered that the nervous person who fears to begin a journey on Friday can point to some substantiation for the fears. It was in this item alone that the day kept up its reputation.

Wednesday is the best day to begin a journey. Saturday, Sunday and Monday are close rivals to Friday, while Thursday and Wednesday have small records.

The greatest danger from fires has been on Monday. Wednesday and Saturday are next, and Thursday shows the smallest fire loss. Sunday, Tuesday and Friday are about on equal footing, Friday having a shade the worst of it.

A summary shows the following:
The worst day for murders—Sunday.
The worst day for fires—Monday.
The worst day for shipwrecks—Thursday.
The worst day for railroad accidents—Friday.
The worst day for floods—Saturday.
The conclusion as stated by himself, is as follows:

"By taking an average of these results we find that Tuesday is the luckiest day, with Friday close behind. Wednesday and Thursday run a dead heat for third position; Sunday comes in easily fifth, with Monday some distance behind, and Saturday last. But if we strike an average of the percentages obtained from actual figures used in preparing the diagrams, we find that 10 2-3 per cent of the disasters took place on a Friday, 10 5-16 per cent on a Tuesday, 14 1-3 per cent on a Thursday, 14 1-2 per cent on a Wednesday, 16 1-2 per cent on both Saturday and Sunday, and 16 2-3 per cent on Monday.

"It is recorded that this favors the theory that Columbus started on his voyage of discovery on a Friday, first sighted land on a Friday; started on his return journey on a Friday, and arrived at Palos on a Friday; he reached Hispaniola in his second expedition on a Friday, and discovered the continent of America on a Friday. Bunker Hill was fought on Friday, the motion made by John Adams that the United States are and ought to be independent was made on a Friday, Saratoga was surrendered on a Friday, the treason of Arnold exposed on a Friday, and the collier Merrimac was sunk in Saratoga harbor by Lieut. Hohson on a Friday."

NOVEL WAYS OF UTILIZING CANDY TONGS

BY MARY TAYLOR-ROSS.

The small pair of tongs which are to be found in nearly all boxes of candy, may be used in several ways, aside from the one for which they were originally intended.

As strawberry hullers, they are not to be excelled, the ends of the two sides or "arms," of the tongs, drawing out the hull without soiling the fingers or injuring the contour of the berry. One of the arms, used by itself, cuts away the soft portion of the berry which must be removed, without wasting the fruit.

For stoning cherries these little tongs are equally useful, slitting the fruit, and digging out the pit, with but one motion of the hand, and without waste of time or fruit. They have also been used, in the writer's kitchen, for removing the "eyes" from a pineapple which was to be served in slices, or used whole in a "fruit dessert;" the small holes left in the pineapple after the eyes have been cleanly removed with the tongs, can be filled with candied cherries or strawberries, or with the fresh fruit. A pineapple is more

easily shredded with a silver fork, after the eyes have been removed in this way. The eyes of potatoes which are to be boiled "in their jackets," may also be removed, easily and quickly, by pressing one side of the tongs into the vegetable, turning it around, slightly, and closing down with the second arm.

Holders, for photographs, or cards, is another of the ways in which these tongs have been found useful. Those of gilt are, perhaps, prettier for this purpose than the white metal affairs, that are better for culinary use. At no time is it necessary to use one that isn't new, for, in a home where there are girls, candy boxes and tongs accumulate, rapidly, and one has only to put them away in a convenient place, where they can be found when required for use.

The photograph holders are made by merely bending the arms of the tongs to fit around the corners of the card, and opening or closing, the place where the arms meet, according to the size of the photograph, by bending the metal

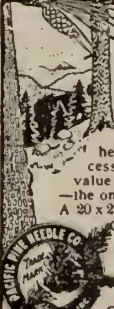
gently, until it reaches the right sort of an angle to support the card.

The little holders will be found most convenient when one is traveling, to support, on the bureau or desk the few photographs which are carried about with one, on the trip, but for which more elaborate holders or frames are out of the question, as requiring too much care in packing, or because all room is required for necessary impedimenta.

A pair of tongs slipped over each side of a book will hold it wide open, whether it be a music book, from which one is trying to play, or the interesting story which is placed on a shelf above the kitchen sink so it may be read while the dishes are being washed.

A camping party used candy tongs, bent into different shapes, and tied with a bit of baby ribbon in all the colors of the rainbow, for the napkin rings which marked the property of each person, when the meals were cleared away, and the napkins placed in a large pasteboard box until "hungry time" came again. The tongs were also

used, in their original form, instead of sugar and pickle tongs, not to mention other ways in which the campers were able to live in a more civilized fashion, because one of the party had a well-developed candy appetite.



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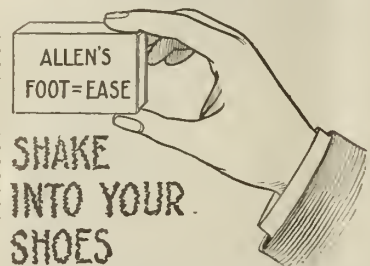
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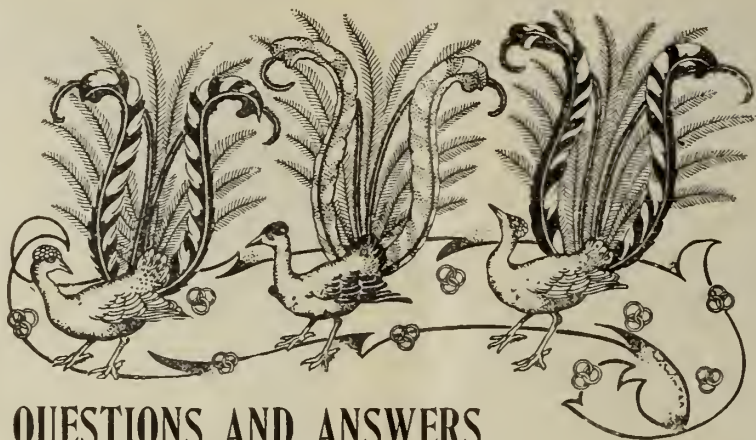
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Gladys:—I am 15 years old. All my family have a tendency to liver trouble. My skin is not white, but a regular yellow, and it looks awfully sallow. I have "spatted" my cheeks, but they do not get pink. What shall I do for them? Also tell me how to wear my hair low without braiding it.

Your complexion is an olive. Keep it clear and it will be pretty. You might take sulphur and molasses once a week. Tie your hair at the back of your head and twist it into a low figure eight.

Maud:—Your red hands can be relieved by camphorated cream. Take an ounce of pure cold cream and add to it five drops of camphor. You can heat and stir well, then let slowly cool. Rub into your hands twice a day.

Faith:—Will you please tell me what to do for a sallow complexion and ringworms? What food diet can you recommend?

I hardly think you mean ringworms. Do you not refer to blackheads? Your skin evidently needs treatment, and for this there is nothing better than camphorated cream.

Constant Reader:—Will you kindly tell me how to make a good complexion cream? Can I buy a good cream at the drug store? My skin, which was formerly covered with pimples, is now smooth, but greasy.

Yes, you can get a good cold cream at the drug store. For a greasy face take a quart of water and add to it a teaspoonful of powdered borax and five drops of benzoin.

Miss J.:—I noticed that you can remove superfluous hair. I have had hairs growing on the back of my neck for almost three years. I have used every known remedy, but nothing is successful.

If the growth of hair is light you can pull it out and apply ammonia to the roots. Do not use ammonia strong enough to blister your face. If heavy I would advise you to scrub it off with powdered pumice stone. Then apply peroxide of hydrogen to the hair as it comes in. This will bleach it and make it less conspicuous. Add ammonia to the peroxide so as to gradually kill the roots of the hair.

A letter writer asks for a lotion to cure a rough skin. If your skin is not too sensitive you might try the best of glycerine cut with rose water.

Thin Girl:—I need something to develop the bust. Is there a quick way?

In reply to this and many other letters asking for a bust developer, would say that the bust can be brought to full development in six months' time. It requires fattening foods and absence of worry. Worried women never have full busts. An application of cocoa oil will assist. Wear a low-busted corset to give the bust a chance to grow.

Young Girl:—My neck is yellow. Is there such a thing as a skin bleach?

Yes; lemon juice and rose water in equal parts will bleach the skin. I have also heard that this is good: One ounce each of lanolin and vaseline. Half an ounce of peroxide of hydrogen. Mix and rub on the skin. I do not vouch for this, but have it as a French bleach.

Mr. X.:—Is there a harmless shampoo for the hair? Also give me a tonic.

The yolks of eggs make a harmless shampoo. For a tonic use a pint of water, half a pint of witch hazel, and half a pint of bay rum. Have slightly warm so as not to chill the scalp.

Miss C.:—My hair is blonde, but it is a light drab when I would like to have it golden. Advise me.

Beat up the yolk of two eggs, rub

through hair, then moisten with a bowl of water, to which a teaspoonful of borax and a teaspoonful of shampoo jelly has been added. Put a pinch of borax in each rinsing water. When hair is partially dry sit in the sunshine.

R. E.:—Kindly give me a recipe for cold cream, one that will do for general use.

For a general cold cream take one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of white wax, five ounces of oil of sweet almonds, two ounces of rose water, and one teaspoonful of powdered borax.

Miss J.:—My skin is rough. Can you give me a recipe for making it smoother?

Scrub with a bath bag twice a week. Bath bags are pleasant and are inexpensive. Here is a good formula: One pound of fine oatmeal, one quart of clean fine bran, one-quarter pound of powdered orris root, three-fourths of a pound of almond meal, one-quarter pound of castile soap, dried and powdered, and two ounces of violet sachet. Mix and fill small cheesecloth bags as needed.

Homely writes:—How can I make my eyes larger? Please answer me fully. I have heard that it cannot be done.

A reader of this column writes that she made her eyes larger by reducing her weight. As the fat disappears from below them they increase in depth and there come shadows where before there were lumps of fat. The face which had had too much of a fatty accumulation upon it went back to its original contour, the contour which nature intended for it, and was pretty and shapely again. Of course the eyes will increase in size as the face gets thinner.

Thin Face:—My eyes are hollow, or "pop-eyed," is there a cure?

Thin women almost always have good-sized eyes, and it is only the fat and the chubby-cheeked that have little, twinkling eyes. And here is another argument in favor of reducing the weight. Reduce the fat upon your face and your eyes will be larger and your appearance will be much improved. Your beauty will be heightened 100 per cent. In your case you must add fat.

Emaciated:—How can I develop the bust and add fat?

Eat all you want of one thing. Eat often. Drink all you can at meals. Take two cups of cocoa at breakfast. Indulge in sweets and bread and butter.

Edith:—I am only 20 years old, yet I am getting bald. What can I do to keep my hair from coming out?

Rub the scalp thoroughly with sweet almond oil at night and sleep with a handkerchief around the head. The next morning wash the hair with borax and water and rinse well. After drying thoroughly, massage the scalp with finger tips until it glows. Dip the fingers in pure cold water before massaging. Do this once a week.

Ella J.:—My arms are rough and the skin flakes off. Is it dirt, or simply roughness?

A little of both. To get the dirt off requires treatment. A glove known as the friction glove is useful for making rough arms smooth and giving them a healthy, satiny glow. Use the glove immediately after a warm bath. Goose flesh may be treated by the use of one of these friction gloves in connection with cold cream. Apply at night. Take off in the morning with soap and a friction glove.

Mrs. Anne T.:—I have a great deal of trouble with my skin, which tans brown. What is a good lotion for it?

Try benzoin, glycerine and rose water, half an ounce of each of the latter with five drops of benzoin.



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NEW FALL TOILETTE.

The fashionable woman wears her frocks at smart afternoon functions, and dainty silk petticoats to match. This lovely frock, worn at the races, was a mauve linen with lace barb set on in bars and ovals, held by medallions at the junctures. The hem and top of deep and tucked flounce were corded with wash silk to match. The little yoke of mousseline de soie. A large black hat with white plumes and black parasol lined with chiffon completed the toilette.

BLUE VOILE AND EMBROIDERY.

The light warm woolen voile gown should have a place in every wardrobe; it is inexpensive, makes up into many charming ways, and is soft and becoming. This young lady is always a picture in her stylish frocks; this one is of Royal voile, with pipings and embroidery of black and white silk. The collar and cuffs are of batiste similarly embroidered. The skirt hangs from a panel yoke, with a deep flounce. The blouse is plaited with front and sleeve trimming in one. Simple hat of blue and white straw.

A DAINTY WAIST OF TAORA LACE.

Waist of white lawn with medallions of Tenerife lace let in all over blouse. Cuffs and collar with front and shoulder extension of black and white embroidery.

THE NEW JENNINGS CLOUD.

Although the "Summer Girl" often goes without a hat, she knows the picturesque effect of a "fascinator" and borrows an idea from the Spanish ladies. These new scarfs come in black, white and colors to match costume, and are just the thing for a dance at shore or country.



PRETTY WAIST FOR YOUNG LADY.

CREPE TOQUE WITH VEIL.

Mourning materials are rich and handsome in themselves, and if made up and arranged with taste are really becoming. This model shows one of the newest crepe toques, with a fine grenadine veil draped on the back in artistic folds, the uneven arrangement giving a youthful, chic touch.

Waist of fine white albatross, made with shirrings and trimmed with bands of white silk, embroidered with red.

DAINTY TEA GOWN.

It is quite possible to be comfortable as well as stylish. This new coat is of pale blue wool canvass, made with deep skirt, plaited sleeves, triple cape and one reverse, which is trimmed with Russian embroidery in dull rose, blue and gold. The turn down collar is scalloped. All edges are finished with black satin pipings. The buttons are of smoked pearl. Hat of washing lace, with wreath of cherries.

CHARMING NEGLIGEE.

Pink China silk done in tucks, with insets of yellow Valenciennes lace cape and front ruffle of silk embroidered as an edging. The sleeves are tucked round the full part below elbow and both wrist and top of sleeve gathered into lace bands.

NEW BANDEAU HAT.

This pretty model is made of champagne-colored straw braid sewn in a large flat, which is draped with handsome lace, caught on top with an ornament and some rosettes of ribbon to match, the whole being superposed on a wreath of exquisite roses, sewn on a bandeau. The roses shade from pale straw color to deepest orange tints.



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Candy Making at Home

BY MARY TAYLOR-ROSS.

There are persons to whom sweets in general are as essential as bread; they experience a craving which nothing else will satisfy, and there are women who possess a "candy habit" quite as troublesome and even more expensive than the tobacco habit of an inveterate smoker.

For the family in moderate circumstances whose members are afflicted with a "sweet tooth," home made candies form the best solution of the problem which the house mother is compelled to solve.

One can afford to purchase the best and purest materials for making bonbons at home, and still keep well within the cost per pound of the cheapest candies on the market, and in one's own kitchen it is possible to make candies which are equal in flavor and appearance, if not superior to those turned out by machinery, and sold at the highest price.

Very few utensils are necessary, and nearly all of them are to be found on the five and ten cent counter; so very inexpensive are they that each article should be kept for the candy making, and used for no other kind of cookery.

A granite saucepan, the same width from top to bottom and, having a handle of medium length, a glass measuring cup, divided into quarters and thirds, a box of new medicine droppers, a wooden spatula for working fondant, and silver spoons of various sizes are enough utensils for making even the most elaborate bonbons. The pair of scales used in preserving can be used for weighing the ingredients, and the candy too, after it is made, so that every pound can be credited at a fair market price, and balanced occasionally against the cost of materials and utensils.

If there are no scales at hand it is well to consult a table of weights and measures such as can be found in every cook book, and measure the ingredients according to the corresponding weights given in the recipe. The candy can be turned into one pound or half pound boxes such as can be purchased at almost any fancy goods counter, to measure it, so that one may know just how the candy account stands. A roll of paraffin or parchment paper is indispensable; it is useful for many reasons, and from the first the candy should be given as dainty an appearance as possible. If the children insist on helping or trying to make candy by themselves, see that they finish it as nicely for the home as though it were to be placed on sale.

A marble or soapstone slab, such as is used for pastry in many homes, is always recommended for candy making because it is generally cool, and the fondant can be worked much more easily upon it; it is, however, by no means indispensable, and one house mother who makes the most delicious candies uses in its stead, a common wooden bread board covered with zinc. This can be made very cold, and answers every purpose, besides being much more convenient, and not nearly so heavy to move about. A square of white table oil cloth should be spread over the kitchen table where the candies are made, so as to avoid the disagreeable stickiness which must be cleared away afterwards. During the summer, one of the small oil-stoves or lamps will be found most convenient for cooking the candies, and at all times a chafing dish is excellent for this purpose.

The amateur should, however, commence with the uncooked candies, because there is very little chance for failure with these, and afterward the cooked candies may be made, when practice has imparted confidence.

A little simple coloring matter adds much to the appearance of home made bonbons, and the housewife can find close at hand the purest kind of fruit coloring. A few drops of grape juice will color a fondant a beautiful lavender, or violet shade which can be flavored appropriately by adding a single drop of some good violet perfume. With a portion of an egg yolk, the paste may be colored any shade of cream or yellow that may be desirable; this can be flavored with orange or lemon; and pink fondant, made by adding a little strained red currant or strawberry juice to the plain paste, should be flavored with rose. By adding

more of the fruit juice, a deep reddish pink, suitable for peppermint or wintergreen lozengers may be obtained. The juice of black raspberries, or of blackberries will impart a bluish tint to fondant, that is very pretty for some purposes; bruised spinach leaves will color candy a pretty shade of green, which can be flavored with pistachio or almond extract. Grated chocolate can be used for any shade of brown, and the darker browns should be flavored with vanilla, while the lighter shades can be flavored with coffee.

Uncooked walnut creams are made by adding one teaspoon of water to the white of one egg, beating the mixture to a froth, and then adding sufficient confectioner's sugar to make a paste which is easily handled. Sprinkle some powdered sugar on the board, and place the paste upon it; divide into tiny sections, after having added the flavoring, and form into small bonbons, placing a nut on top of each one. If the paste is to be colored, separate it into two or three parts, add the coloring matter selected for each one, and the flavoring, using the medicine droppers for both coloring and flavoring, so that too much will not be added, and the candy ruined. Form into little bonbons and press half an English walnut on each one.

The small American "Shagbark" walnuts are delicious for use in candy making, for they are never bitter, but are deliciously sweet. Candy that is to be pulled or worked, should be turned onto a slab or board, which has been buttered, and then worked as quickly as possible. Candy should never be pulled with the palms of the hands, but grasped lightly with the fingers and pulled out, carrying the piece in the right hand to the left, and, working rapidly, pull the other end with the right hand once more. The result is delicate light colored candy full of creases and, when it is pulled sufficiently, it should be cut in long strips, and laid on the slab far enough apart so the strips do not touch. With a sharp knife crease the places where the candy is to be separated, and when it is cold, a light tap on the wrong side will break it at the creases. For those who fail to succeed with the cooked fondant, or more properly "French Fondant," the uncooked fondant called "French paste" offers unlimited possibilities. Turn the unbeaten white of an egg into a glass measuring cup; add one-third the quantity of water, and a tablespoon of sweet rich cream. Work these together with confectioners' sugar, into a paste, and then add whatever flavoring or coloring matter is to be used, and shape into bonbons. Fruit loaf is made by working into the paste all kinds of chopped fruits and nuts, and then shaping the mass into a loaf, pressing it into a mold of the right size and shape. Cut the fruit loaf in thin slices, and serve on a pretty china plate for a sweet course at a ladies' luncheon. A kind of brick loaf which resembles a brick of ice cream is made by dividing the paste into three or four sections, and coloring each one differently and adding its proper flavoring; press the layers into a mold, and weigh it so that the layers will be pressed together. After a time slip the loaf from the mold, and it can be sliced as though it were one mass of fondant.

With this French paste as a foundation, an almost unlimited variety of candy can be made of which stuffed dates, walnut creams, fruit loaf, tutti frutti, fig bonbons and nougathines are but a partial list. Into the fruit loaf can be worked chopped figs, dates, apricots, prunes, tiny bits of citron, candied cherries and strawberries, orange and lemon rind, particles of Malaga grapes, and almost any kind of chopped nuts from walnuts and pecans, to Brapits from walnuts and pecans, to Brahave been removed from the shell and cut into small pieces.

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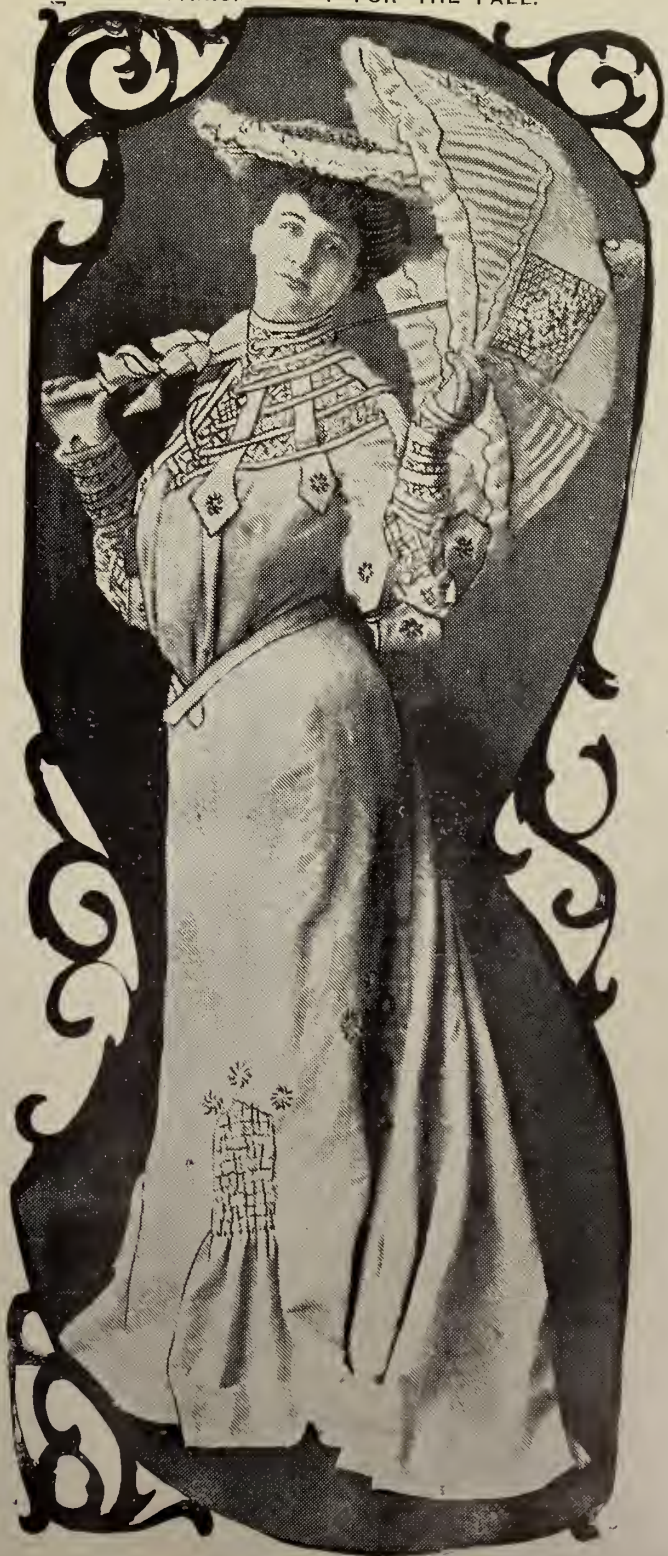
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EVERY HOUSEWIFE SHOULD KNOW THIS

Never sleep opposite a window or where a strong light will strike the eyes on awakening.

When polishing grates add a little powdered alum to the black lead, and you will find it does its work better.

If in covering a kitchen table with oilcloth a layer of brown paper is put on first it will prevent the oilcloth cracking and make it wear three times as long.

To restore polish to the surface of marble make a paste with oxide of tin or putty powder and water. Rub well in with a piece of rag, then polish with clean rag.

To keep mattresses clean cover them with unbleached calico cases. Do the same to your pillows. The cases can be taken off and washed occasionally, and the mattress will keep clean for years.

For grease spots on matting use fullers' earth. Make it into a thin paste with water and spread quickly over the spots. When dry brush off the loose powder, and the spots will have disappeared.

A housekeeper claims that gilt picture frames, ornaments, etc., may be made to look as good as new if sponged with a mixture made with an ounce of alum, an ounce of common kitchen salt, two ounces of purified nitre and a gill of water.

Cups and saucers that have become stained may be made fresh again by rubbing them with coal ashes.

The best sponges are the cheapest in the end, even though they may be treble the cost of the common sponge.

An interlining of asbestos paper in the carving cloth or in doilies to use on polished tables will protect the table top.

To clean bronze ornaments take one dram of sweet oil, one ounce of alcohol and one ounce and a half of water. Apply quickly with a soft sponge, but do not rub.

Pieces of old velvet should be washed and used for polishing. They are an excellent substitute for chamois leather and may be washed as easily as an ordinary duster.

To supplement the services of a small writing desk a deep shirred bag of heavy silk or of velvet may be fitted and attached below the table of the desk. This is useful to hold letters, etc.

Alcohol and water constitute a good washing fluid for fine cut and plate glass. Soaps, cleaning powders and polishing preparations are apt to scratch and dim highly polished surfaces. Only old, soft towels should be used for wiping glass.

Keep lemons in a sealed jar to prevent their spoiling.

Stoves or any iron utensils can be kept from rusting when not in use by rubbing them over with a cloth moistened with kerosene.

Excellent dishcloths or cleaning cloths may be made from old flour or salt bags. Rip the bags and wash thoroughly, then cut into the desired size and hem.

Iron embroideries on a soft flannel, with the wrong side of the embroidery up. All muslin gowns or shirt waists should also be ironed on the wrong side whenever possible.

A mucilage that proves satisfactory is made of equal parts of gum arabic and gum tragacanth dissolved in sufficient water to make a thick paste.

Nests of crisp lettuce leaves or water cress or cups made of tomatoes, cucumbers or green peppers when used for serving salads, add much to their appearance.

The addition of soda to fresh vegetables gives them an unnatural color which is repulsive and destroys the natural flavor. The natural color may be preserved by leaving the cover off the vessel in which they are cooked.

To remove grease from matting cover the spot thickly with chalk and moisten by sprinkling, not pouring, benzine on it. When the benzine has evaporated, brush off the chalk and the spot will have disappeared.

To remove machine oil stains from white linen, saturate the stain with fresh lard, rubbing it in well. The stain will disappear when the garment is washed. Ammonia will answer the same purpose if applied immediately.

The right way to light the burner of a gas stove is to turn on the flow of gas for a moment, then touch the match to it. This will give a clear, blue flame, almost noiseless, very hot, and with no smoke to blacken the cooking utensils.

The modern remedies for chilblains are legion. Four good ones are—Raw onions sliced and bound upon the sore spots; oil of peppermint well rubbed in; tincture of iodine applied with a feather or camels-hair brush, and salt-peter dissolved in whisky.

There is nothing so good to clean furniture as a woolen rag dampened in spirits of turpentine. This takes all the dust and cloud from carvings and panels. When they have been thoroughly cleaned with the turpentine, go over the surface again with a flannel dipped in linseed oil, rubbing it well into the wood.

The regular supervision of children's teeth would save large dentist's bills, and would undoubtedly tend to a healthier, stronger race of mankind. From the time of the first appearance of the teeth through the gums they should be subjected to a rubbing twice a day with a soft rag and lime water, when a soft brush should be substituted.

For the piazza the swinging couch will be found much more comfortable than the hammock. It consists of a wicker or bamboo couch, with a little railing around the two ends and one side. It is suspended by means of ropes from the roof of the porch until it just escapes the floor. It is fitted out with cushions of grass-cloth for both seat and back. A cot will answer the same purpose.

An infallible vermin exterminator:—Dissolve two pounds of alum in three or four quarts of boiling water and apply, while hot, to every joint or crevice where ants and cockroaches congregate. It is useful for pantry shelves and bedsteads, for kitchen floors and baseboards. Use a brush in applying it. The alum will inevitably destroy all vermin and their eggs.

Water that has been allowed to boil should not be used in making tea and coffee or in cooking vegetables. When the object is to extract the juices from the food, as in the case of soup, soft water should be employed. To preserve the juices, hard or salted water is best. In cooking green vegetables that are to be served without the liquor, only enough water should be used to keep them from burning, otherwise the soluble nutritive qualities will be wasted.

Don't forget to sew in a neat lining when trimming a hat. An unlined hat looks untidy and amateurish.

Every French woman includes a black hat in her wardrobe, and she is to be commended therefore and imitated.

Oil from the sewing machine may be removed from material by tacking a piece of cotton wool on each side of the stain. The cotton will soon absorb the oil.

To restore the color of black kid boots take a small quantity of good black ink, mix it with the white of an egg and apply it to the boots with a soft sponge.

The buttons on a child's waist, which are always pulling out and tearing off, will have more staying powers if there is a folded piece of the material stitched beneath one.

When stitching thin fabrics by machine they very often pucker. This may be prevented by placing tissue paper under the material. When the work is done the paper can be easily torn off.

Dressmakers who have difficulty in pressing round seams and the seams in waists and sleeves may be interested in knowing that it is easily done over a common kitchen rolling pin. Wrap a newspaper around it, and this will not spoil it for kitchen use.



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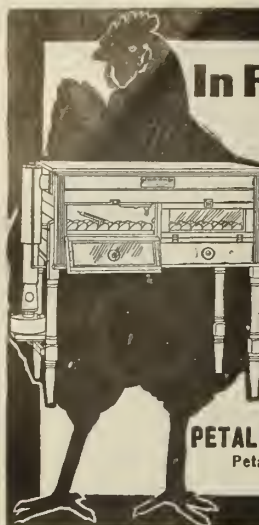
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TWO GENERAL TYPES OF FACES.

For the purpose of hairdressing all faces may be divided into two kinds—the oval and the round. The long, the oblong and the almost square are regarded merely as varieties. Of these two types the experts say the oval is the beautiful and the round the pretty.

If your face is of the perfect oval type you may wear your hair dressed high or low with equal success. The Greek style, however, will be found to be the most becoming. If it be oval, but inclined to thinness, the hair should be dressed low in the neck and puffed out at the sides of the face. An oblong face should never have the hair dressed high. It should be as low as possible or midway between the nape of the neck and the top of the head.

A thin face must have the hair puffed out as widely as possible. If you have an aquiline nose or a receding chin, the Grecian style should never be adopted. For a high forehead the hair should be taken well back at the sides and dressed well in front. For a low forehead the hair should be dressed a la Pompadour, turned back over a cushion and puffed in front and at the sides.

If you have the perfect type of round face so seldom met with, you have almost the same liberty in choice as has the woman with the perfect oval face. The hair may be dressed high or low or in the Greek mode. Any of these fashions will be found equally becoming. This refers only to the perfect type of round face.

DRESS HIGH FOR FAT FACE.

A round face inclined to be overfat should have the hair dressed as high as possible and moderately puffed out at the sides. A large, square face may have the hair dressed on the crown of the head, provided the face is not too long. It should be well puffed out at the sides. A round, short face must have the hair dressed high and an abnormally fat, broad face should have the hair dressed as high as possible and only slightly puffed at the sides.

The woman who is seeking for the proper and effective way of dressing her hair should make many experiments. It is not until she has tried carefully the different modes that she will be able to pick the one which is becoming. No matter what the shape of her face may be there is one mode which will suit it best, and to that mode she should cling, having found it.

For the plain girl the question of hairdressing is of the utmost importance. If her hair is not becomingly dressed it will not matter how becomingly she may be dressed. Expenditure of time and money on dress will be thrown away unless it be accompanied with painstaking and tasteful hair dressing. The plain girl who wants to make the most of her attractions must be absolute in her independence of fashions. So far as her coiffure is concerned she must be absolutely her own mistress. Unless she is sure in her own mind that the prevailing style will suit her best she must discard it and pay no attention to the mode set by fashion.

When, as is so frequently the case, the mode has been designed to set off the attraction of some great beauty, the plain girl must fall back on one of picturesque styles which have passed, or she must be brave enough to take the prevailing style and adapt it to her own needs.

HOW TO HAVE PRETTY HANDS.

The woman who has homely hands is generally content with keeping them clean and well-groomed. When she has done this she feels that her duty toward herself and her hands has ceased. Now there is no denying that perfect cleanliness is a great aid to beauty so far as the hands are concerned and that a grimy hand is never pretty. But there are few women in the world who are neglectful so far as these points are concerned. And there is no gainsaying the fact that good grooming in many cases makes a nice looking hand. But neither washing nor grooming will do every-

thing for a pair of hands.

Hands that are too thin are not pretty. Hands that are knotty as to the joints are not pretty. Hands that are heavily veined upon the back are not pretty. Hands that are too thick are not pretty. Neither are hands pretty that are red, speckled, tanned on the back, knobby in the fingers, or rough.

It is safe to say that physical culture will do more for the hands than any other one thing on earth. Hands that are uneven in shape, hands that seem to have gone astray as to their taper qualities, and hands that have a strained, painful look can all be made lovely with the aid of physical culture. It is a nice thing if a woman can begin with hands that are well shaped by nature. If your palm is plump and pink and tapering a little toward the wrist, with a dear little cushion near the thumb, then you have something to start with.

If to this you can add that your fingers are long and slender, tapering each towards the tip as though thimble shaped, then you have something else at which to rejoice. And if to this you can add a covering of pretty, pinkish white flesh, then you may indeed be thankful, for you have the beginning of that which is a great attraction to any woman—namely, a pretty hand.

But how many people have good hands by nature? In the cradle all hands are pretty. But as soon as the girl is out of the cradle she begins to suck her thumb, and when the thumb days are over she takes to cutting and hacking her finger tips. Often she ruins them by pressing down upon the cuticle, making great dents in the base of the nail and causing the same to grow crooked forever afterward. The white spots upon the nail are scars caused by the cuticle knife or the orangewood stick.

Again, she abuses her fingers by constant scraping underneath them, utterly spoiling the nail by pressing it outward and making it grow wide of the finger.

If a girl has been guilty of such indiscretion toward her hands as this she can only remedy the evil by cutting the nails closely, way down into the flesh, and applying vaseline profusely to the finger tips. She must now put on gloves and not remove them, any more than necessary, until the nails have grown out. This will result in a set of nails that are pinkish down to the tips instead of white and ragged.

ADVICE TO COLLEGE GIRLS.

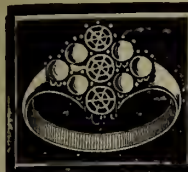
Aim for success. Do not select a calling which is beyond you. It is better to be a good housekeeper than a poor teacher. It is better to be an expert stenographer than an inferior lawyer. It is better to be an efficient nurse than an inefficient doctor. Perhaps the more ambitious calling will bring a slight notoriety in the beginning, but if a girl wishes to take a worthy place in the world she must follow her bent, she must consider whether she has strength for the long race.

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Better than all the medicines in the world for growing girls is a course of what may be termed domestic gymnastics—that is to say, physical exercises which can easily be practiced at home and cost nothing. It is far better to guard against such evils as knock knees, pigeon toes, turned over ankles, flat foot and other deformities than to wait until they put in their appearance and then hasten to consult a specialist.

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ORIGINAL COOKING BY MADAME DE LA VERITÉ

Beefsteak and Oyster Pie.—Take two pounds of beef or rump steak, and cut it up into neat squares about two inches across and two and a half inches long. Trim free from fat, and dust with spiced pepper and salt. Place one ounce of butter in a clean stew-pan, and as soon as it melts add the strips of steak and fry to golden brown hue. Then dredge in by degrees two tablespoonfuls of flour. Add two dozen fresh oysters and their liquor, a dessert-spoonful of Harvey sauce, four ounces of chopped mushrooms, a teaspoonful of minced parsley and shallot, and a very little chopped onion. Simmer slowly for ten minutes, shaking the pan continuously in order to avoid burning. Then arrange neatly in a pie-dish. Add the liquor in which the meat, etc., was cooked, a few slices of new potatoes, and some quartered, hard-boiled eggs. Cover with crust, glaze with yolk of egg, and bake in moderate oven for an hour.

Veal and Ham Pie is delicious when properly made. Take one and a half pounds of lean veal and cut it up into neat strips about one inch thick and one inch square. Next cut half a pound of streaky bacon into squares. Note: Free it first from rind, etc. Place one ounce of butter in a clean stew-pan, and when it melts add the veal and bacon, together with a dessert-spoonful of minced shallot, two ounces of chopped mushrooms, and a teaspoonful of minced parsley. Season highly with pepper and salt, and fry for ten minutes. Then remove the bacon and veal, and reserve. Add to the mushrooms, etc., a tablespoonful of Harvey sauce, and by degrees, half a pint of either gravy stock or water. Stir gently over the fire until it boils, then add little by little the juice of half a lemon free from pips. Arrange the veal in a pie-dish, fill up the crevices with force-meat, balls and quarters of hard-boiled eggs. Pour the sauce over, cover with a plain crust as directed above, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a quarter.

Mutton Pie à l'Irlandaise.—Take three pounds of neck mutton, and chop it into neat cutlets. Season highly with pepper and salt, and place in a rather deep stew-pan. Add just enough water to cover the meat, place

the pan on a slow fire, and simmer gently for half an hour. Then strain the gravy from the meat, and run it through the serviette wrung out in cold water back on to the meat. Add to it six large onions cut into rather thick slices, and eight potatoes, also cut into slices, simmer gently for another half hour, then arrange neatly in a deep pie-dish, taking care not to smash the potatoes, etc. Fill up crevices with two dozen oysters and some quartered hard-boiled eggs; cover with potato crust in the usual way; bake in a moderate oven for an hour, and serve at once. The pie is better hot than cold.

To Prepare Fruit for Children.—Put plums or currants, sliced apples, gooseberries, or any other fruit into a stone jar, and sprinkle among them as much sugar as necessary. Pour in one cupful of water to prevent the fruit burning, and put in a moderately hot oven. Slices of bread may be put in alternately with layers of fruit, and eaten with the sauce. Cook until thoroughly done. This will be found palatable and wholesome.

How to Make Mayonnaise Dressing.—Mix together one teaspoonful each of mustard and salt, a few grains of cayenne and the yolks of two raw eggs. Add slowly one-half pint of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Just before serving add two tablespoonfuls of thick cream, whipped. The cream may be omitted, if preferred. Have everything cold, and set the bowl into a pan of ice water or chopped ice. Add the oil very slowly, at first. After the first few tablespoonfuls have been added, it can be added more rapidly.

Meck Mince-meat—Five cups of chopped apple; one cup minced beef suet; one cup dried currants; one-half pound citron cut fine; one cup Sultana raisins (seedless); two pounds seeded raisins chopped; one cup sugar; one cup Sherry; two of sweet cider; one-quarter cup melted butter; the grated rind and juice of one lemon; two tablespoonfuls cinnamon; one each of allspice, and mace; one-quarter nutmeg, grated; one teaspoonful salt. Mix well together, let stand 24 hours before using. A cup of good brandy may be added.



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A GREAT DISCOVERY

"Some are born great, some have greatness thrust upon them and some reach it only after a long and tedious climb." To be magnanimous, lofty in one's aim and persistent in one's effort to do good to others, is the kernel of true greatness, hence the application of the word great to the woman, Christine A. Cook, whose life work is the golden thread upon which this brief sketch is strung.

Dr. Cook is by birth a Scotswoman, and her ancestors were strong, rugged, intelligent Highlanders. She is a born investigator with a heart "as big as all out-of-doors." Among her rare mental gifts was the power to diagnose, and in very early life her strong desire to heal disease was apparent. Reared in the family of an uncle who was a veteran practitioner of the



MRS. CHRISTINE A. COOK, M. D.

"regular," or allopathic school, large facilities were afforded her to develop both her talents or the healing art, and her eagerness to serve her kind.

Her attention was early drawn to the ravages of that supposed "awful scourge," cancer, which she was taught was a local disease and eradicable only by the surgeon's knife.

Dr. Cook dared to differ from this established thought, and how to develop and scientifically prove her belief became her dominant object.

She came to California at an early date in its history, and eager to increase her knowledge of the science of medicine, made application for admission to the Cooper Institute of San Francisco. She was promptly refused, on the ground that she was a woman. At that period none of her sex had been admitted to that institution. With a God-given intuition that she was correct in her line of thought, she determined to persevere in her search for the antidote which she knew must be at hand.

She found it in the vegetable kingdom, from which she compounded remedies which absolutely cure cancer painlessly, positively and permanently. Later on Dr. Cook passed a rigid examination in the Eclectic School of Medicine and received her diploma. Hundreds of testimonials from men and women who have been thoroughly healed and made happy attest the gratitude which ascends to her like "incense of praise." In her reception room, No. 14 McAllister street, San Francisco, California, there is heard "neither sorrow nor sighing."

None of the physical and mental agony which accompany surgical operations for the removal of a cancer is there; instead, a gentle electric current which passes between the doctor and her patient is in evidence, as the former applies the emollients and other treatments peculiar to her method of cure to the offending tumor. How painless the application! How soothing her cultivated touch! How encouraging the strong, kind face confronting and beaming upon the patient!

Dr. Cook cordially invites any one interested in her department of work to call and watch her method; to investigate its scientific accuracy and to send the "glad tidings of great joy" abroad to suffering humanity. To educate nurses, who would learn her method of treatment and help to produce and perpetuate the "glorious surprise" that no one need die from the effect of cancer, she extends her heartiest welcome. That such an earnest and skilled specialist may long be allowed to abide in a world where such faith and intelligent skill as hers is greatly needed, all who know her will devoutly pray.

N. B. E.

MENTAL STIMULUS AS A REMEDY.

A great many so called illnesses are probably the result of boredom—that is, the lack of some mental stimulus sufficiently strong to overcome the frequent disquieting symptoms to which humanity is heir and which undoubtedly can be converted into bona fide ailments by mental suggestion. This is true of three-fourths of milady's indispositions which disappear as if by magic under the skillful and tactful treatment of a physician who combines knowledge of the world with the skill of an Aesculapius.

"Even a counter irritant is better than a constant dwelling on one's idea," said the family doctor. "As an illustration I had a patient who was convinced that her lungs were affected and that she would die of consumption. When I first examined her there was nothing wrong, but she actually developed alarming symptoms, simply, I do believe, by dwelling on them and fostering them; and I think she really would have gone into a decline if, as luck would have it, she had not caught the measles, and when she was cured of the latter the lung trouble was gone."

"Give your daughter a very smart walking costume, and tell her how becoming it is," said another physician with the wisdom of the serpent, "and make up some theater parties for her; she needs exercise and amusement; that is all that is the matter with her."

"That must be a wonderfully good air at Palm Beach," said a husband whose wife was on the verge of nervous prostration and had been sent South to recover. "Mary writes me she has not had an ill moment since she got there."

"Poor man," said his auditor to herself as she smiled sympathetically. "He does not know, and I dare say his wife does not know either, that it was pure boredom that ailed her. Now that she is amused she is all right."



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In the modern lawyer there are two qualities which we all seek when confronted with the necessity of going into court—one is strict fidelity, and the other is ability, and we have both of these virtues in L. E. Phillips, the well known attorney, whose offices are in the Chronicle Building, San Francisco.

Mr. Phillips is a graduate of the National University of Washington, D. C., and has held many important and responsible positions. He is a Mason, Knight Templar, and a Noble of the Mystic Shrine.

In 1893 Mr. Phillips went to Europe on important professional business, which detained him in England for several years. He has recently returned to resume practice in San Francisco.

Mr. R. H. McDonald Jr., the attorney and counselor at law, who has offices in the Columbian Building, San Francisco, is a native son, being a former resident of Sacramento, his birthplace. His practice is quite large and growing all the time.

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The Woman and the Motorman

BY TABITHA SOURGRAPE.

It was the loveliest possible day, balmy and summer-like. The buds were budding and the shoots were shooting. Mrs. Flopper decided that it was an ideal day for a long trolley ride. Accordingly she invited her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Flipper, to accompany her to Bogglesville, fifteen miles away. Mrs. Flipper was agreeable to the proposition, so the two friends started.

They waited half an hour till they could secure an open car, that they might view all the beauties of budding nature. Then they took the front seat, just behind the motorman.

A conspicuous sign was posted where their eyes could not miss it, and it read:

"Don't talk to the motorman."

Mrs. Flopper was in such haste to secure the front seat that she forgot her umbrella and had to stop the car a moment while she went back to get it. It being a country trolley, motorman and conductor had not yet learned that the chief part of their duty is to be grumpy and disobliging to passengers. As she stepped upon the car Mrs. Flopper was again in such haste that she dropped her handkerchief and gloves. The conductor, although he was in the act of tapping his bell, gallantly jumped off and grabbed them and handed them to her just as the electric brush caught its impetus, and the car shot out of the station.

Mrs. Flopper was still and silent till she got fully 100 yards from the starting point. Then she asked the motorman:

"How far is it to Bogglesville?"

"Fifteen miles," said the motorman, turning away from Mrs. Flopper and fixing his eyes steadfastly on the shining stretch of track ahead of him. Evidently he considered the conversation closed so far as he was in it. Not so Mrs. Flopper. No sooner had she heard the answer "Fifteen miles," which she knew before she had asked the question, than she asked another, to wit:

"What time 'll we get there?" The man at the lever did not answer this conversational essay, but glared at the placard forbidding passengers to talk to the motorman. He vented his feelings, however, by letting the car out so that it went like the wind for a quarter of a mile. An automobile dashed across the track as though the fiend pursued it. Mrs. Flopper, breathless, exclaimed:

"Ouch, ouch, ouch! Wow! Don't go so fast, I'm afraid!" And she reached forward and grabbed the lever. The motorman slowed up a little. On again in peace for a whole mile. Then in the forward vista appeared a man leading a frisky cow along a sunny lane that crossed the trolley track. Mrs. Flopper plucked the motorman by the sleeve.

"Take care, take care, take care!" she cackled in swift staccato. "Stop till that cow goes by."

"Never mind the cow!" growled the motorman. He shook off the detaining grasp of the white feminine hand upon his sleeve and sped on again. If he asked himself what kind of a motorman a woman would make, he asked it only of himself in the silence. On again, past dandelion flecked pastures and robin haunted trees. They entered the edge of Bogglesville. A child played alongside the track. Mrs. Flopper screamed.

"Oh, look! Look where you're going! Don't you see that child?"

The long suffering motorman maintained silence, as were his orders, till the car stopped at the Bogglesville station. Then he entered the company's office and made a report and relieved his mind.

"If them blamed wimmin don't stop a-settin' on the front seat and a-pessterin' me with their talk, I'll quit."

The next day appeared just back of the motorman's head in a place where all who entered the car might read this notice:

"Ladies are requested not to occupy the front seat behind the motorman."

Mr. Briggs and Judge Copley

BY MAX ADELER.

While Judge Copley was sitting in his office the other day looking over some law papers, the door opened and a man hobbled in on crutches. Proceeding to a chair, and making a cushion of some newspapers, he sat down very gingerly, placed a bandaged leg upon another chair, and said:

"Judge, my name is Briggs. I called in, Judge, to get your opinion about a little point of law. Mr. Judge, s'posin' you lived up the 'pike here a half mile, next door to a man named Johnson. And s'posin' you and Johnson was to get into an argument about the human intellect, and you was to say to Johnson that a splendid illustration of the superiority of the human intellect was to be found in the human eye to restrain the ferocity of a wild animal."

"Well, then, s'posin' Johnson was to say he'd bet a hundred dollars he could bring a tame animal that you couldn't hold with your eye, and you was to take him up in it, and Johnson was to ask you to come down to his place to settle the bet. You'd go, we'll say, and Johnson'd wander round to the back of the house, and pretty soon come front again with a dog bigger'n any four decent dogs ought to be. And s'posin' Johnson'd let go of that dog and slick him on you, and he come at you like a sixteen-inch shell out of the mouth of a formidable howitzer, and you'd get skeetery about it, and try to hold the dog with your eye and couldn't. And s'posin' you'd suddenly conclude that maybe your kind of an eye wasn't calculated to hold that kind of a dog, and you'd conclude to break for a plum tree, in order to have a chance to collect your thoughts, and try to reflect what sort of another eye would be best calculated to mollify that sort of a dog. You ketch my idea, of course?"

"Very well, then; s'posin' you'd take your eye off that dog Johnson, mind you, all the time sicking him on and laughing, and you'd turn and leg it for the tree, and begin to swarm up as fast as you could. Well, sir, s'posin' just

as you got three feet from the ground Johnson's dog would grab you by the leg and hold on like a vise, shaking you until you nearly lost your hold. And s'posin' Johnson was to stand there and holler, 'Fix your eyes on him, Briggs! Why don't you manifest the power of the human eye on him, Briggs! Why don't you manifest the power of the human intellect?' and so on—gassing away with ironical remarks like those and s'posin' he kept that dog on that leg until he made you swear to pay the bet, and then, at last, had to pry the dog off with a hot poker, bringing away at the same time a pound of your meat in the dog's mouth, so that you had to be carried home on a stretcher, and to hire four doctors to keep from dying with the lockjaw."

"S'posin' this, what I want to know is, couldn't you sue Johnson for damages, and make him pay heavily for what that dog did? That's what I want to get at." The Judge thought for a minute and then said:

"Well, Mr. Briggs, I don't think I could. If I agreed to let Johnson set the dog at me, I should be a party to the transaction and could not recover."

"Do you mean to say that the law won't make that infernal scoundrel, Johnson, suffer for letting his dog eat me up?"

"I think not, if you state the case properly."

"It won't, hey?" exclaimed Mr. Briggs, hysterically. "Oh, very well! It's a beautiful government, this is. Beautiful, ain't it? I s'pose if that dog had chewed me all up and spit me out it'd've been all the same to this constitutional republic. But, blame me, if I don't have satisfaction. I'll kill Johnson, poison his dog, and emigrate to some country where the rights of citizens are protected. If I don't, you may bu'st me open."

Then Mr. Briggs got on his crutches and hobbled out. He is still a citizen and will vote at the next election.

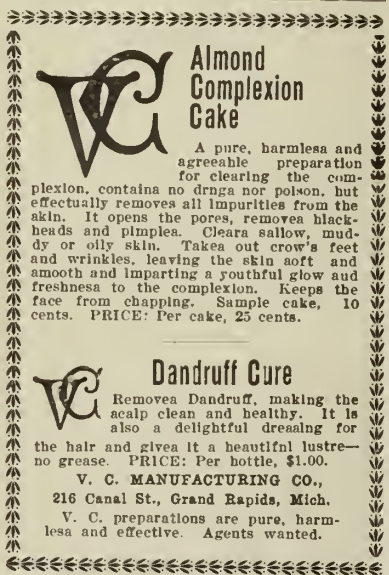




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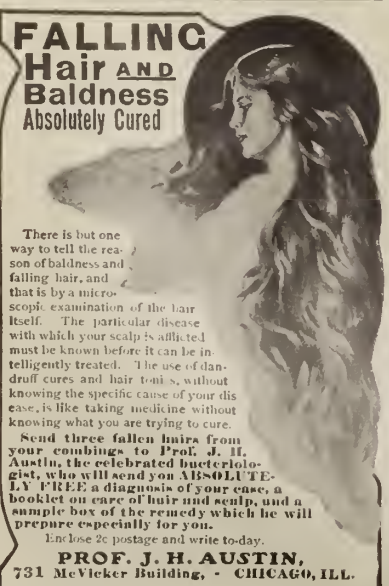
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Love Letters Answered

BY MADAME MINERVA.

Dear Minerva—I am keeping company with a lovely young man who treats me just as if I were a princess. Now, dear goddess, I am sure this young man is not fully able to treat me as he does, for I know that he works hard for a small salary. Still he gives me such charming times, and brings me to the best theaters and buys me expensive presents, and does, oh, so many things to show his love for me. Tell me, dear Minerva, should I refuse to let him continue spending so much for me, even though it should hurt him to tell him so. I love him dearly, and I just hate to tell him anything that would offend him. I think you should be able to tell me what to do, as you must certainly have known someone else with the same trouble as I have.

HELIOTROPE.

My Dear Friend—It is indeed very good of your lover to treat you as you say, like a princess. It shows that he loves you very much. But if you think he is not able to spend so much on you, and that it would only be just to him not to allow his love for you to carry him too far, I can give you a few little instructions how to lessen the expenses of his courtship. Instead of allowing him the full say in what he shall buy and where he shall bring you, you are the one to suggest a preference for what you shall have. In this way you can always ask for less expensive trips and presents and the like, and you can enjoy his company in a cheaper theater just as well as in a dearer one. Besides, if you are his "princess" any orders from you forbidding him expending so much money will surely be obeyed by him, and if you give them in a gentle and loving manner, he will not be offended in the least.

Dear Minerva—I am a High School girl, and I am just nineteen. I am deeply in love with a class mate of mine, a young man who has the most lovely brown eyes and is so perfectly "graceful and charming that I just adore him. He returns my love and is always in my company, and in class he can't keep his eyes off me, so that he falls behind in his studies and I am the cause of his low standing in the school. But on the contrary, I am the head of the class and succeed admirably, and I just hate to see my lover anywhere but equal to me in school.

Dear Minerva, tell me what shall I do to make him study and still enjoy his company after school.

CHARYBDIS.

Dear Child—The answer to your question should have long ago suggested itself to you. Why not spend the time after school in studying your lessons together? Give him instructions in his course since you are the leader in the class, and make it a fair exchange for your company, that he studies his lessons hard and intelligently while with you. You can thus both enjoy each other's companionship in a profitable manner, and Cupid's arrows will surely pin both your diplomas together.

My Dear Madam Minerva—I take a great interest in the "Letters to Minerva," as they all seem to be answered so nicely. I know you must have a great many letters to answer, but if you could give mine a little time and space I would be very grateful.

I have been keeping company with a young man for more than a year. He has never asked me to marry him or said anything to give me the impression that he intended to. I would not marry him even if he did, although I like him very much (even better than any of my other friends. I do not intend to marry for a great many years (I am not so old now), but I would like to know if I am doing right in going with him so steadily.

I know positively he does not take any other girl out, and all my friends are talking and asking me, "When is it going to come off?" which is very annoying. I would like your advice as to which is best for me to do: Continue going with him, or give him up? I must admit I only go out with him for the pleasure of going out with some-

one. Kindly answer in your next number, and oblige,

BOX 24.

My Child—Your duty in regard both to the young man with whom you keep such steady company and to your friends is very, very plain. I must certainly forbid such disregard of social conventionalities, and you certainly should accompany no young man continually if you have no intention of marrying. Your desire for mere society can be gratified in a correct manner by seeking the company of a dozen of your gentlemen acquaintances better than that of one. I trust you will see the propriety of this and accept no young man's attentions unless you are willing to give true love for true love.

Dear Minerva—I have just returned from my vacation on the seashore. I had a lovely time, dear Goddess, but I am in no end of trouble on account of it. You must know that I am truly in love with a young man who lives in the city, and who loves me very much. But when I left him and went to the seashore I thought it would be just nice to have some enjoyment with the many nice young men I met there. I flirted with them a good deal just for the fun of it, and consequently no less than five are in love with me, and are bent on visiting me at my home in the city. This will put me in an awful predicament, as I don't care hardly anything for them, and I really don't want my lover to see the way I must have behaved towards him on my vacation. Neither do I like to insult these five young men by refusing to see them, and I don't know just what to do. Dear Goddess, you must help me.

PENELOPE.

Dear Child—In the first place, I must give you a good scolding for flirting at all, which is certainly a good-for-nothing amusement, anyway. It showed little consideration on your part, and your love of fun has put you in a position, in which if I was just to you, I should leave you. Your lover, too, would have a just cause to fall out with you, and I should take his part. Nevertheless, what is done is done, and I will try and tell you what you should do. You must receive these men whom you have led on into a foolish attachment, but you must entertain them always in the presence of your lover. At the same time, by your behavior towards him you must show that he is your decided preference, and that they can be merely your friends. This is the only way you can act in order to be just to all parties concerned, and I trust that you will have the good sense never to spend another vacation after such a fashion.

Dear Minerva—Being unable to sleep, I thought I would find consolation by writing to you, for I have great faith in your advice.

My chum and I, aged respectfully sixteen and seventeen, are both in love with the same charming young man.

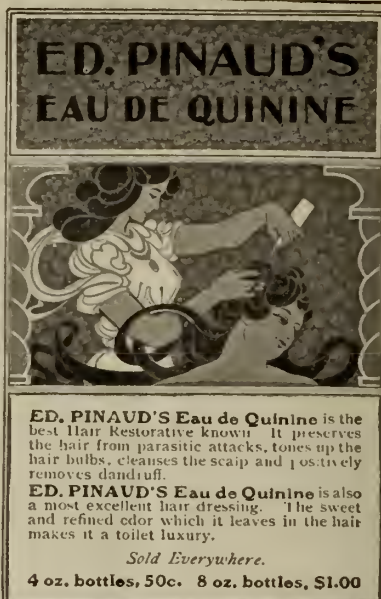
He shows great attention to both of us, but seems to give me a far greater preference, which makes my chum feel very melancholy.

Now, my dear Goddess, is it my place to sacrifice myself for my chum, or to continue to receive this young man's attentions and make the life of my chum unhappy and miserable?

Please decide for me in this time of great trouble.

JASEMINE.

My Dear Child—I think I can give you the only solution possible in your difficulty. The young man is the proper person to decide in the course of time which of you two he would desire to win. There is no necessity for either of you making any sacrifice, but continue each to enjoy her share of his society, and give your melancholy to the winds. The fact of your giving the young man up to your friend and refusing his attentions may only make him more earnest in trying to win you, and thus make your friend more miserable than she is. And let both of you remember that there are other charming young men.



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CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE.

906 Broadway,

Oakland, Cal.



ODD WAY OF DECORATING TABLE LINEN.

An interesting fad has arisen out of an idea originated by a New York society woman. She gave a dinner to twenty-five celebrities—authors, actors, artists and other professionals of distinction—and, after the meal had been finished she furnished each guest with a lead pencil and requested them to leave their autograph on the table cloth in front of the place which they occupied.

The tablecloth was afterwards embroidered in heavy white wash silk and the initials—many of which were very elaborate and made with many flourishes—were exquisitely embellished with floral designs. In this way the hostess secured a charming personal souvenir of each guest, and a beautiful and interesting cloth to spread on future state occasions.

The same idea was afterwards used by a young married woman, who was giving a luncheon party to a sister who was about to become a bride. She invited the girls who had been chosen for bridesmaids, the maid-of-honor and a few debutants. After lunch each girl left her autograph and some little quotation on the cloth. The cloth was embroidered in white wash silk, and woven in and out were large sprays of blushing bride roses, that formed a wreath which circled the table. The edge of the cloth was finished in a six inch border of royal lattenberg lace. It was given to the bride-elect for a wedding gift.

Another way of using the same idea would be to get the wedding guests to leave their names on the cloth spread for a wedding breakfast. If it were afterwards embroidered with orange blossoms used as embellishments it would make a souvenir that any bride might be proud to hand down to posterity.

BY OUR HOME DOCTOR.

No home should be without olive oil, for it is an invaluable medicine in certain cases for a weakly or rickety child, or for one who is recovering from typhoid fever. The plan is to rub in the oil over the whole of the child's body, especially about the upper part, taking a few drops into the palm of the hand at the time. The nourishment thus absorbed through the skin will be of immense service in building up the child's strength.

When a child is suffering from a severe cold, it is a good plan to omit the daily bath and to rub the back and chest with olive oil. To insure no further cold being caught, the child should be wrapped in a blanket and carefully screened from the drafts while the rubbing is being done. A threatening of croup will often end if olive oil and camphor be applied to the child's chest. The method is to saturate a piece of flannel with olive oil, sprinkle it with a little powdered camphor and apply it to the chest and throat as warm as can be borne, cover with a piece of dry flannel and change as soon as it gets cold.

The health of the baby, always of importance, becomes a matter of pa-

tient study and anxious thought as the warm weather approaches. A middle-aged, hard-headed physician was recently discussing the subject with a well-meaning, but flighty young mother, and expressed himself thus: "Just leave him alone. Don't worry his temper into a passion and his nerves into fiddlestrings by fussing. Have plain clothes—no ruffles and laces that will have to be changed four times a day. If he belonged to me he would have a gingham gown and a sunbonnet, and be turned loose in the garden, there to stay until the sun got too hot, or meal or nap time came around. Have him sleep on a hair mattress and a hair pillow—no feathers or elder down to make him a good subject for pneumonia and sore throat, croup and fever. Don't let every woman in the hotel kiss him. Don't wheel him around in his carriage all day. Let him dig and get close to mother earth, and don't think he will be quite as white or quite as thin as he is now when you come back in September."

SWELLED FEET AND ANKLES.

Take plantain leaves (which can be found in almost any grass-plot, and in our public parks); wilt them by putting separately between the hands; cover the swollen parts with them, and keep in place by wrapping the limb with rags or a towel on going to bed at night, or keep them on during the day if not obliged to be upon the feet. A cure will be speedily effected.

COLD FEET.

Cold feet are precursors of consumption. To escape them, warm your feet well in the morning, and covering the sole with a piece of common paper, carefully draw on the sock, and then the boot or shoe.

TO PREVENT GRAY HAIR

To check premature grayness, the head should be well brushed morning and night with a brush hard enough to irritate the skin somewhat. The bristles should be far enough apart to brush through the hair, as it were, rather than over it. Oil, rather than pomade, should be used. Common sweet oil, scented with bergamont, can be recommended.

TO THICKEN THE HAIR.

One quart of white wine, one handful of rosemary flowers, one-half pound of honey, one-quarter pint oil of sweet almonds. Mix the rosemary and honey with wine, distill them together, then add the oil of sweet almonds and shake well. When using it, pour a little in a cup, warm it and rub it into the roots of the hair.

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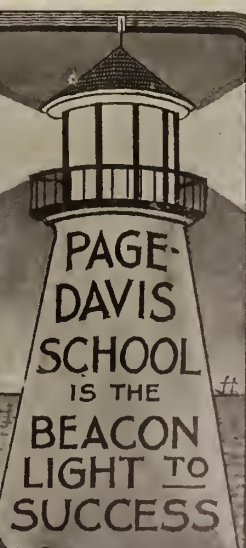
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CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE

OCTOBER
1903

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California Ladies Publishing
Company

\$1.00 a YEAR

then for the first time that it is possible for an officer of bersaglieri, provided he is young and handsome, to swagger in a way that is not only entirely unobjectionable, but positively attractive. He had a whispered compliment or an admiring glance for every pretty woman whom we passed, and I doubt if even the severest of English spinsters could have been angry with him, had it been possible for him to whisper to her that she was "simpatica."

As we passed through the Piazza Dante, with its statue of a humpbacked boy in a nightshirt seated under a Gothic canopy on the side of a wall, and called for some inexplicable reason a statue of Vergil, I asked Romeo if his family was still at feud with the Capulets.

He laughed scornfully. "Signore!" he said, "my father is associated with the Marchese dei Capuletti in business. They have a contract for lighting the Corso with electricity, and they play dominoes together every night. Your Shakkaspeera was shamefully wrong in accusing us of quarreling. I had to call out my old friend Tibaldo, because of certain remarks made by him which I do not at this moment recollect, on a subject which I have now forgotten, but there was really no quarrel between us."

"There is another thing I would like to ask, if I have your permission," I pursued. "Shakespeare says you were in love with some one the very night you met the Signorina Giulietta, and that you instantly forgot your first love. I never could understand how one could change his affections so suddenly: tell me, did Shakespeare tell the truth in this matter?"

"For once he did," replied my friend. "But what is there strange about my having been in love, and why should you doubt it? I have been in love many, many times, and hope to live to be in love many more. It is the chief amusement of life, my dear friend, and I cannot think what you English are made of that you are content with a single love."

"And you have fallen in love since you loved Giulietta?" I cried.

"That was some time ago," he replied; "and what would life have been to me if I had loved none but her? Ah! there is such a beautiful woman here in Mantua at this very moment. If you saw her you would say, 'Romeo! if you do not love that woman you will be no more my friend.'"

We were in the great piazza Sordello, where stands the Ducal Palace, once inhabited by the Gonzagas. The moon seemed poised on a corner of the summit of the lofty "Tower of the Cage," and in the middle of the piazza rose a marble monument to the martyrs of Italian freedom. And here, in the moonlight that fell impartially on mediaeval tower and modern statue, was Romeo, cheerfully telling me of his faithlessness to Juliet! It was becoming exasperating, the way in which the centuries were mixing themselves together.

"Come on," cried Romeo; "we must go down to the bridge of San Giorgio, and hear the frogs at their singing."

We passed through a low archway, and, after skirting the broad, dry ditch that surrounds the ancient Gonzaga castle, we reached the shore of the lake. Thousands of frogs were croaking, as they croaked in the days of Virgil and the nights of Dante. It is at least two thousand years since this hoarse concert began, and never for a single moment has it ceased, either day or night.

"Listen to them," said Romeo. "When I first came to Mantua they annoyed me. Now I like to hear them. Just so you English people have croaked about constancy and the like ever since your Shakkaspeera described me as a foolish boy. But the world takes its way in spite of the frogs."

Romeo was becoming philosophical, which was totally out of accord with my conception of him, and I hurried him away from the neighborhood of the frogs. He presently took the lead, and in a few moments he had brought me to the great bridge called the Argine Mulino, which crosses the lake, and combines in itself the varied functions of bridge, dam, mill and granary. The water rushing under its arches turns a dozen vast water wheels, and these in turn set in motion the millstones in a dozen stone mills which occupy all of one side of the bridge.

"This bridge," said Romeo, "always pleased me. It was built in the twelfth century, and so you see that it is even older than I."

"Let us sit down," I said; "I want to ask you more about Verona, and your life there. Here is a stone bench. Tell me, now, do you expect to marry the Signorina Giulietta?"

"Am I quite mad?" he replied. "I must tell you that the Capuletti are no longer rich. The Marchese lost his fortune in building new houses in Verona, which there is no one to buy. Therefore the Signorina has no dowry, and of course marriage is impossible. It is a pity, for I love her dearly; but what would you have? Perhaps if her papa makes another fortune with the electric light we shall marry, but at present we must content ourselves with loving—which, my friend, is much less expensive and far more pleasant than marrying."

"And what does Friar Lawrence say to this?" I demanded, indignant at Romeo's want of sentiment.

"Ah! you mean the excellent Don Lorenzo? Yes Shakkaspeera has written truly of him, for he is a good man. He says that we would be mad to think of marriage, and he advises the Signorina to marry my friend Benvoglio. He is a good devil, Benvoglio, and has a nice little property. Yes, I am of the opinion that Don Lorenzo's advice should be followed."

"I suppose that Mercutio was also a good devil?" I remarked.

"I know who you mean," said Romeo, "though you pronounce his name after your English fashion. Yes, he is not altogether bad, but oh! my friend! he is so tiresome; I am glad to be in Mantua, where he cannot talk to me."

"I thought he was dead," said I.

"Oh no! he still lives. He is an advocate, and he means to go to Parliament. That is why he talks everybody deaf and dead."

We walked back into the town. I liked Romeo, and in certain respects admired him, but I wished that he had remained dead and in the tomb with Juliet. In that case he would have been so delightfully romantic; whereas, I found him as prosaic as everything else in this prosaic century.

We came back through the quiet streets, where the sabre of Romeo clanked on the pavement, and the stray and belated cats fled in fright. The cat,

as every naturalist knows, is extremely superstitious, and without doubt the Mantuan cats recognized Romeo as a belated ghost.

"It is such a pity!" I exclaimed, speaking to myself.

"You were saying?" hinted Romeo delicately.

I could not, in cold blood, inform the young man that it seemed a pity that he had not remained dead; so I merely remarked, "It is a pity that the 'lean apothecary' was an invention of Shakespeare. I should like to see him."

"You mean the man who is said to have sold me the poison? The story is partly false and partly



"The waiter who had introduced me was invisible."

HOW SHOCKING

I wonder why we never realize how necessary, and how much good a shock does to our moral nature, quite as much good, in fact, as an electric shock gives us physically. Whenever I hear "how shocking"—I look to find the good behind the words. For instance, a friend of mine came in the other day, and one of her first remarks was "How shocking, how perfectly shocking." "What is it?" said I.

"Well, you know," she answered, "I have just come from Mrs. B.'s, and we were chatting together when a reverend gentleman, a relation of Mrs. B.'s came in, and as she is quite at home with him, we continued our chat. Of course we talked a little of the current gossip, perhaps, as I thought then, not entirely charitable, but pshaw; if you want to have your conversation interesting, you must say something spicy or funny, even if you do exaggerate. Then we talked of bills and expenses, and I said I never would get all my bills paid up. After, we spoke of dinners, balls, etc., and I remarked that I was so fagged out that I found I could not eat without first taking a little stimulant; neither could I sleep without my night-cap. And what do you think that gentleman (?) suddenly said?" "What," said I, "Why: just think of it."

"Madam," said he, "do you know you stand in great danger of becoming a mischief maker, a thief and a drunkard?" and he made me a profound bow,

true. Shakkaspeera mistook a wine merchant for an apothecary, that was all."

"And it was a very natural mistake," I added, "considering the sort of wine that Shakespeare probably drank in his earlier days."

"We will go and see the wine merchant," said Romeo. "His wine is excellent, and I suspect that Shakkaspeera may have seen me in the shop one day when I had perhaps drank the least thought too much."

He showed me the way to a little wine shop. It might have been the shop of the lean and obscure apothecary, for it was insignificant in size, and situated in an obscure street. But the wine was certainly good, and there did not seem to be the least suggestion of any deadly poison in the big-bellied, genial-looking bottles and flasks, that filled the shelves.

Over the wine I asked Romeo when he intended to return to Verona, and if he meant to spend his evenings under Juliet's balcony. He explained that he was in disgrace, rusticated, so to speak, for thirty days, on account of his duel with Tybalt, but that he should be on duty with his regiment in Verona in the course of another week. As to Juliet, he rejected with scorn the suggestion that he should pass his evenings under her balcony. No! he would meet her frequently on her way to and from church, and they could look into each other's eyes. Then, too, he could correspond with her by the help of her nurse, who, he maintained, was not a nurse at all, but only her German governess. "Some day," he added, "she will be married, and then we can see each other as often as we please. Marriage is a most excellent thing for a girl when she has no dowry and her lover is poor. After marriage she can meet him and no one can find fault with her."

I felt that Romeo's morals had deteriorated in the last five hundred years, but it was not worth while to remind him of the fact. He saw me home to my hotel, and begged me to call on him should I ever come to Verona. Then he kissed me on both cheeks, and after making me a bow that would have filled any Romeo ever seen on the English stage with hopeless envy, he went away.

I left Mantua early the next morning. The landlord had gone to inspect his new hotel, and the waiter who had introduced me to Romeo was invisible. To this day I have never been able satisfactorily to explain my meeting with Romeo. Did I dream the whole affair, or did some jovial young officer practice a jest at my expense, or had the magic mirror brought back to me across the long centuries the Romeo of whom Shakespeare wrote? I do not know that I am required to guess the true answer, and so I leave it, as it always will be to me, a mystery.

and left before I could answer I was so "shocked."

"Well, now," said I, "the shock over, what do you think about it?"

"To tell you the honest truth," she answered, "I am really beginning to think he stirred me up in time, for I have been unconsciously making up my mind that hereafter I will 'go slow.' No more little 'pick-me-ups,' for Oh! I could not be a drunkard—no more mean little remarks about my neighbors, for I hate a mischief-maker—no more bills until I am out of debt, for fancy being called a thief." Now see the good "how shocking" did in that case.

Even an earthquake shock is a good thing, for I have known people to pray then if they never did at other times. Often children give us very healthy shocks—you know—"Out of the mouths of babes," etc. Imagine a father overhearing the following: Sister—"Suppose father owed \$10 to the grocer, \$7.50 to the butcher, \$18 for coal, and \$5 for milk, how much would he pay altogether?" Brother—"Nothing." Sister—"I'm afraid you don't know addition." Brother—"And you don't know father." "How shocking," says mother, but it did father some good. So let us welcome the shocks. A long level road would become very tiresome, and a little jolt livens up things, stirs the blood, and gives a fresh start. So next time you hear—how shocking, look behind the words for the good; then "read thou and inwardly digest."

SONG OF THE SEA

BY JULIA P. CHURCHILL.

If thou wouldst hear the choir invisible,
Go forth and listen to the murmur of the sea—
When winds blow strong, and tones innumerable
Unite in one melodious harmony.

And if the sunset glints the western sky,
Across the low horizon far away,
In fancy you behold God's minstrelsy,
Singing Love's evening song to sleepy day.

Good-night, sweet day—so runs the lullaby—
Dying thou art, but to arise anew,
The resurrection morn awaiteth thee,
With crown of sunlight, wrought in azure blue.

A sea-gull sails across the deepening gloom,
Above, the slender moon looks smiling down,
Like fair young bride who waits a promised groom,
While waves sing sweet and low of Love's renown.

O promised day, O life that is to be,
On land, on sea, or 'yond the mystic zone,
Thy light shall shine for all eternity,
So sings the sea's prophetic minor tone.

Sing on, O sea, and let the winds unbear
Thy anthem to sad hearts, a-near and far,
Until thy song is heard by angels fair,
Who hold for aye the gates of Life ajar.



JULIA P. CHURCHILL.

Greeting from the General Federation of Woman's Clubs

To all Club Women:

The General Federation sends greetings to federated and unfederated clubs and earnestly suggests that once again the ever increasing value of federation be considered.

Club life for women having evolved from the self centered club to organized altruism which "loves thy neighbor as thyself"—no more, no less—a mixture of both elements in due proportion produces the ideal club.

There was imminent danger at one time of presenting the saddest of all pictures—club women whose intellects were being cultivated, strengthened, enriched at the expense of the heart. Life cannot long continue when the head and the heart war against each other—"a house divided against itself cannot stand." Hypertrophied head and atrophied heart are as dangerous to club life as to human life. Therefore the heart has taken its share of rightful leadership and taught the head the sense of individual responsibility for the general welfare. The great heart of womanhood is warm and throbbing as never before. Never before in all the story of womankind have women cared so much for other women.

The great beneficent movements for women and children to-day are being carried forward by women, en masse, not by the individual woman, for the crying need is so great that only the strength of union, power of co-operation, and oneness of federated purpose can hope to succeed.

It must be self-evident that the strongest club, led by the wisest, most brilliant and coolest-brained woman, is yet unable to cope with and carry forward any of these far reaching plans, as effectually, as when allied with other clubs of like objects. The movements are going forward, and not to be a factor in them is to linger, perhaps unconsciously, with the customs and traditions of the past,—to stand aside and let the world go by.

In becoming a factor for a dominant purpose, individuality is not lost. Each club is to be as clearly distinct as a star in a constellation—a part of it, yet a shining individual star. A club is subject to no master, save the master of its purpose, for which its life began. Clubs should hold to their individual purpose, but if the present purpose has not far outgrown in the original one, there's lacking the progressive spirit, the growth of life, whatever other virtues may be possessed. To vitalize old purposes, new methods, plans and views, must be acquired. And how is this to be accomplished if the club is self-centered and introspective? St. Paul's words apply to the woman's club to-day—"they measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves are not wise." "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." As nothing so stimulates intellectual and practical ideas, as for people of thought and action to meet and interchange views, we deem it invaluable that there should be this mental clearing-house of ideas and methods and accomplished purposes which shall stimulate and clarify into new activities.

With Federation comes not only a breadth of outlook, of purpose, of association, of work—which means growth, the thing supremely to be desired in the individual or club, but there is that which cannot be put into cold words,—a broader charity, a more tolerant spirit, and a sweetness and strength of sympathy and co-operation among strong reserved women, widely separated, yet standing together in a concerted movement for common good. With it comes a reciprocity from lack of which, without realizing it, you may be suffering.

With Federation the development of isolated clubs is no longer limited to the intellectual scope of their community, but brought in contact with clubs of higher purpose and broader work, the humblest club

may find definite ideals above and beyond itself. The city club catches from the country club the originality and freshness of thought that comes from intimacy with Nature in her unspoiled "mothering" moods; the country club, in communion with its city sister, feels the thrill of inspiration from the wondrous planning and mighty achievements of the busy world of men, the glamor and glitter of social life. The literary club, with its cold, calm intellectual pulse, gathers warmth and throbbing life from the philanthropic club, bending all its womanly energies to lifting burdens from the souls and bodies of humanity.

Federation finds its true expression in Reciprocity, and equation composed of "give" and "take". Having outlined the known quantity of "take" it may not be without profit to consider how "give" can best be accomplished through General Federa-

by tradition and precedent, blending the impetuous and the conservative,—the strenuous and the gentle,—this power and that wisdom into one amalgam of personality stronger, more durable and better than any one of its component elements.

The General Federation has brought together the mothers and homekeepers of the different sections of of the United States and educated each and all in breadth of tolerance, humiliated them in the consciousness of lack of superior wisdom, developed the heart in affectionate regard for all, and strengthened faith in the sincerity of universal womanhood. It has furnished a great common platform where women of all shades of belief can mingle and work in the world's progress without a thought of religious difference.

That the General Federation may be a great collector and distributor of the latest and best methods, that it may the more effectively arouse interest and stimulate activity along definite lines, and plan for concerted action and legislative aggressiveness when necessary, certain Committees are at your service.

The value of these Committees depends upon co-operation and you are therefore invited to send to their Chairmen accounts of your work along corresponding lines and draw from each such help as you may desire.

- 1 EDUCATIONAL.
 - a. Libraries.
 - b. Household Economics.
- 2 INDUSTRIAL.
 - a. Child Labor.
- 3 ART.
- 4 RECIPROCITY.
- 5 CIVICS.
- 6 FORESTRY.
- 7 CIVIL SERVICE.

So long as children six years of age are employed in mills and factories in any part of the United States, and there is the crying need for uniform laws regarding child labor; so long as \$600,000,000 is wasted every year in homekeeping of America for want of the knowledge of Household Economics; so long as women who live in mountains or on prairies are hungry for books and art; so long as there is need of the creation of general sentiment for National Irrigation bills that homes for women and children may be created and preserved; so long as the most vital work for social betterment can only bring results by co-operation, can it be that any club can say it has no responsibility in the larger work, that it is enough that it dust its own room? Or if it take a hand in the world outside its own door, can it wisely say, it proposes to sweep in any direction it desires?

We ask you to appreciate the high place among the world's workers which has been secured to you by effective organization, to note, by a bird's eye view of the great field of human activities and needs that while so much has been accomplished, yet much more needs to be done, differentiate what you can do for your own club, your own State, and your own General Federation, give them to each your active membership, your loyalty, your suggestion directly, your contribution of prompt response, and hearty co-operation—to each, in its due proportion.

So may we all realize the value of being an integral part of a great potential force for service to humanity, through an organization that has more varied interests, greater possible power and more effectiveness than any other among women, this club-woman's trinity of Club, State and General Federation—"a threefold cord which is not easily broken."



MRS. DIMIES T. S. DENISON.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL FEDERATION.

As the lotus days of summer are past and the activities of life renewed, what more fitting than to quote the words of Paul, "Grace unto you and peace!" That grace without which all efforts prove unworthy, the peace which acknowledges a spirit of rivalry only in good works.

The last club year was a fruitful one, and the general interest in child labor has been largely instrumental in the enactment of laws in Illinois, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Alabama and New York for the amelioration of its evils, with vagrancy laws recently passed in Georgia, which will aid in their mitigation.

The special work of the General Federation outlined at Los Angeles, has been carried forward nobly, but much is yet to be consummated; and I bring you at the opening season Goethe's message, not only for this work, but all that is temporarily subservient to it,—"Travel, travel back into life; and take with you that holy earnestness, for earnestness alone makes life eternity."

DIMIES T. S. DENISON.

New York City.

tion, which calls for closer relationship and united effort, hearty co-operation in enlarged opportunities, and unity of action with diversified methods.

The relation of the General Federation to the individual club is that of the rim to the wheel. The individual club is the hub, the various interests of clubdom the spokes. Perfect though the hub may be, the radiating spokes without a rim form a very imperfect wheel that would at best make but little progress. The General Federation is the strong tire, the band of steel uniting all interests, imparting strength at every point of contact, forming a wheel of symmetry and power to carry forward great movements.

The General Federation has the power to make effective national issues of questions which hitherto have been of only local interest. Through its Biennial Convention it fuses in the crucible of mutual acquaintanceship, the ideas of the clubs of marked originality and native independence of thought and readiness of action and the clubs with more intimate knowledge of the intricate problems of social betterment, but hampered somewhat



MRS. BERTHA G. SPITZY.



MRS. LOVELL WHITE

LOVE MAKING ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

BY RUBY DOUGLAS.

Elinor glanced roguishly at the young man sitting dejectedly beside her on the sand.

"You may have as many minutes as this sand takes to run through my fingers," she said, taking up a handful of warm, white sand from the beach. "And then if you continue to be disagreeable and cross, I'll—well, never mind, you'll regret it, Mr. Jack Robinson."

She let the soft sand trickle slowly through her sun-burned fingers like a minute glass as she hummed carelessly, "If I but Knew."

The young man turned impatiently and looked out across the broad expanse of water. How easily the white-winged yachts skimmed over the water. He wished his little craft of love would run so smoothly.

"Elinor," he said turning to her, "will you stop singing that song?"

"When your present fit of ill temper blows over," she retorted, watching the last few grains of sand fall from her fingers. "If I but knew your heart was true," she hummed on, ignoring him.

"See here, what can I do to prove to you that I am sincere?" He watched her dust the sand from her pretty palm.

"Do? You make me feel like a princess of 'ye olden time.' Then brave knights won fair ladies by acts of courage, but now—"

"Yes, now?" he said, looking up at her eagerly.

"O, now?" we don't even take a man's word for anything." And Elinor laughed, a merry, captivating laugh, which chased away the frowns from Jack's brow. He could never be angry with her long.

"Suppose we play we were living 100 years ago," she said, after a minute.

"I'll play anything you like."

"And do anything I like?" she asked, looking at him dubiously. Her tone was half-serious, half-playful.

"Anything," he replied, firmly. That is provided you'll accept that as proof that I love you. I've said all I can to no avail."

Elinor did not reply nor look up; she was tracing her name in the sand—thinking. She tried to believe Jack, but, somehow, at times, she doubted that he really meant all he said.

"He was such a serious sort of a fellow, and she—O, she was frivolous and scatter-brained, according to her own estimate of herself. Why should he

love her? And yet, why should he say so if he did not?"

At last she covered the sand letters over and looked up. "Jack," she said, "would you really do anything for me? Even if it was silly and—awfully dangerous—just to prove to me that you like me?"

"Not to prove that I like you, but that I love you—yes." He laughed a little at her serious face.

"Do you see that big rock out there?" She pointed to a large rock just on the edge of the now low tide.

"I do."

"You know when the tide is high it is a long distance from the shore? The water almost covers it and splashes around it and makes a terrible noise."

"Does it?" he asks, amused.

"Yes and unless one is a very good swimmer one cannot possibly get in until the tide goes out again. If one is caught out there. It would be awful to stay there all night?"

Elinor shivered at the very thought of it. Should she go on?

"And what then? Who ever stayed out there all night?" he asked, knowing well what was coming.

"Why—why, nobody," she hesitated. "Would you do it?"

"Do you ask me to?" He looked at her intently. She was building a pyramid of sand.

"I'd—I'd believe you if you did," she said at length, and looked into his eyes to see how he would receive the suggestion.

"And you'd like to believe me, Elinor? Tell me that—but, no, don't; I'll do it. Are we not living a hundred years ago?"

Elinor wished now that he had promised to do it, that she had not asked it. Suppose a storm should come up and the waves would wash over the rock and sweep him off—and he was not able to swim far enough to reach the shore.

"Jack," she said, a little nervously, "let's move forward a hundred years; I don't like it way back here. I—I might believe you."

But Jack would not pass over the century so quickly. He would do as she had asked him; he would spend the night on the big rock and then she might believe him.

Elinor sat in the window of their summer cottage on the shore and watched the tide come in,

wave by wave. One by one the shadows fell and the figure out on the rock became less and less distinct. At last she had to go out to the beach to see it at all.

Higher and higher grew the water mark about the rock and yet the figure did not move; it sat on the topmost point, looking out over the sound.

At last it was too dark to see the figure on the rock and Elinor walked up and down the beach in front of the cottage. She was supposed to have retired, but somehow it seemed to be useless to pretend to sleep.

She wondered if the ladies in the centuries long ago slept on as usual while their knights were in danger. O, she wished tomorrow would come when she might live again in the twentieth century.

The searchlight of a sound steamer was thrown on the rock, and by its light she could see the waves break and smash about the ragged edges.

Running close to the water's edge, she looked up and down for a skiff, one of the old flat boats she and Jack so often fished in. Finding one far up on the shore, she dragged it down to the water and jumped in.

Stroke by stroke she pulled out toward the big rock, but the tide was strong and the boat heavy. It seemed hours before she came anywhere near it.

"Jack, Jack!" she called. "I'm—O it's such hard pulling."

"Elinor," was all Jack said as he took hold of the rope with one hand and hers with the other. The place was not nearly so rough as it had looked from a distance.

"Jump in," she said.

"But the night hasn't begun yet," he replied, still standing on the rock.

"What," she almost gasped. "I thought it must be surely morning and that it wasn't never going to get light."

"It's only 11—and that wasn't late 100 years ago."

"Get in, Jack," she said, impatiently. She hoped no one was on the shore to see.

"I would, 'if I but knew,'" he said, meaningly.

"Then know, Jack, and do come."

As Jack walked home from the little cottage that night he thought 100 years was the shortest space of time imaginable. He broke into a happy whistle: "If I but knew—if I but knew."

BY THE WAYSIDE

BY FLORINESE MILTON.

It was a bitterly cold day in December; I was returning from a western State, where for several months I had been visiting a school friend of my early days. When my journey was about half finished I arrived at a dingy little station, where, I was informed, I would be detained for over an hour in order to make the necessary connections. Hearing this, I sighed, remembering that when here before en route to my friend's I had been obliged to wait, not for an hour only, but for the greater part of a day. However, there was no alternative, so I decided to make the best of it. Besides, I remembered when here before that almost at the end of my long wait I had ventured out for a short walk, and was rewarded by seeing one of the prettiest sights it has ever been my good fortune to witness. I did not see sufficient of the affair to give it an adequate description, but it was what the romantic would call a "June wedding."

Only a glimpse I got as they quickly passed from the little church to their waiting carriage, but O! the happy face of the blushing bride crowned by a snow-white veil and sweet wild flowers, which seemed even then to retain the moisture of the mountain dew. They passed out of sight far more rapidly than they did from my memory, and vividly indeed was the incident recalled to my mind by the event which occurred on this, my returning visit. Recalling my former experience, I waited only until the few passengers who alighted had dispersed, and then passed out into the town, the June wedding and

the blushing bride uppermost in my mind. I wandered up one street and down another; the place was small, and there was no danger of losing my way. After walking some time I entered a street where repairs of some kind were apparently progressing, the passageway was completely obstructed. The people were turning to the road and tramping through the deep snow, but as at this moment the loud voice of the overseer workman announced that in a few moments the street would be ready for use I did not follow their example. Instead I looked about for a place where I might rest for a short time and warm myself as well for I was beginning to feel the effects of the wintry blasts.

Just to the right, through a small window, I could see a neat and cheerful-looking room, and without more ado I entered. Scarcely was I seated when a telephone rang. It was immediately answered by a pleasant-faced man of about middle age. The conversation was short, but O! so significantly pathetic. I was no eavesdropper; it was a public office. "Yes, this is the undertaker's; what's wanted?" then a short silence, and "Where? Where did you say?" and again "At the poor-farm? an old woman? Died last night? Yes—we'll attend to it; the regular coffin, I suppose; all right." And that was all. I sat for only a moment longer, and then arose to return from whence I came; no need was there of seeking further to divert my thoughts; material I had found in abundance. Dying at the poor-farm! Only to think

of it! Clad in poverty's shroud encased in a pauper's coffin. Who was she?

I did not know, and it was just possible that no one did; but long ago in her golden youthtime there had been, without doubt, many, many happy hours, which were never dimmed by the terrible thought of dying at the poor-farm. She, too, mayhap at some period of her existence had oftentimes harbored intense soul-longings and cherished heart's desires; perhaps she even one day had been the happy bride at a spring time wedding, and now—she was dead at the poor-farm. Then I passed to deeper, more solemn thoughts: what had her last hours been? Had she children, who, by forsaking her in the evening of life had thus made bitter her dying agony? or had the bright angel of death long ago plucked all the fair flowers of her heart's garden, and transplanted them into the happy land, whither she, too, was now hastening? I hoped it might be so, for O! since death had come to the poor-farm, it was hard to think it had been accompanied by the pain far "sharper than a serpent's sting." Thus musing on, thinking out queries the answer to which I was never to know, I returned. The train was several hours late, but when at last it arrived I marveled that the time had flown so rapidly; its flight had been unheeded by me, for I had been busily engaged watching the great artist, Thought, painting indelibly on the canvas of my memory two pictures, one was "A Flower Crowned Bridal Scene," the other "Death at the Poor-Farm."

THEATRE AND CHURCH COMBINED

RECTOR, THE MANAGER.

PARISHIONERS, THE ACTORS.

Church and theater are no longer in opposition, in one parish at least. The Rev. Forbes Phillips, vicar of Gorleston, near Yarmouth, England, has a flourishing theater in connection with his church. His parishioners are the actors and their repertoire ranges from Shakespeare to such modern pieces as "The Runaway Girl." Mr. Phillips' first move in this direction was to have Mrs. James Brown Potter recite from his pulpit. Much comment was made on this innovation, but the vicar followed up this opening by forming a company of his own parishioners and fitting up a stage in a building near his church. His idea is based on the fact that man is a social animal and that he needs a club where exercise may be given to all his social and intellectual faculties.

A theater, he thinks, in which all may take part as performers comes the nearest to the ideal club, for in it the men, women and children may meet together, and the play being an epitome of life gives an opportunity for the inculcation of every form of truth, while rightly managed it satisfies all mental, moral and physical requirements. Mr. Phillips purposes to revive the close union that once existed be-

tween church and theater, as evidenced by the survival of the Passion Play. Even the Punch and Judy show is supposed to have had its origin in the desire of the Church to extend Biblical knowledge by object lessons. Punch being none other than Pontius Pilate, and the name Judy being a corruption of Judas.

In Mr. Phillips' opinion every church should have its own theater, with the vicar for manager and the parishioners for performers. Taverns and public houses, he thinks, would be depleted by this means, and the classes that now shun churches be drawn into the fold. In the summer, when the evenings are warm and there are cool breezes from the sea, Mr. Phillips has a tent erected upon the cliffs, and the amateur actors have a stage built upon trunks, but when cooler weather comes a large white marquee near the church is used.

Mr. Phillips gives, over his own signature, some of the thoughts and theories of which his startling innovations are an outgrowth. "It is as much the duty of religions and social leaders to teach people to play as it is to teach them to pray. Here in Gorleston

I have my own company, thirty in number, and our own theater, but I want some rich, sympathetic soul to give me help toward building a real theater. We have sixteen thousand people in this parish, all poor. I ought to do something for their social life. The solution, I am sure, is the drama. It is a big educational, moral and religious power. Life, I am convinced, needs something more than church services and work.

"My parish theater is to be the people's club. The drama appeals to young and old. What is true of Gorleston is true of other parishes, for human nature is ever the same. Young and old like to see each other, and the drama brings them together. There is a true democracy about the theater that is delightful. The young people are taught to express themselves intelligently and well. It teaches them the true courtesies of life, and gives them a better understanding of human nature. I have been criticised for my innovation, many of the clergy saying that theatricals have a bad influence, but by investigation I have learned that the play with a good moral lives, and a play with a bad one dies."



SCENES IN PRIVATE PARK IN CALIFORNIA.



COUNTRY HOME OF A CALIFORNIA MILLIONAIRE.

Wives and Daughters of the Veterans of the Mexican War

BY J. M. SCANLAND.

On the 31st of July, last, eight ladies, relatives of Mexican War veterans, met in the rooms of that society in San Francisco, and organized the "Associated Wives and Daughters of the Veterans of the Mexican War." To Mrs. W. C. Burnett, wife of the Hon. W. C. Burnett, a veteran of the Mexican war, is due the credit of this organization. There are societies of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of the Confederacy, etc., but no similar society in connection with the veterans of the Mexican war. Mrs. Burnett gave the subject much thought, and, after considerable research, and not finding that such a society was in existence, she decided upon a plan and the scope of such an organization. She suggested the plan to a few of her acquaintances, a meeting followed, and an organization was effected by the election of the following officers:

President—Mrs. W. C. Burnett.
Vice President—Mrs. George B. Thistleton.
Secretary—Mrs. Alice Bailey.
Treasurer—Mrs. Gailhouse.

The badge of the society is a golden yellow.

A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the society now numbers about fifty. Mrs. Burnett has written to the ladies throughout the United States, who are eligible, and the organization will no doubt increase largely in membership, as it is the only one in the United States, so far as known.

Those who are eligible to membership, either active or honorary, are the wives, widows, daughters, grand-daughters, and nieces of veterans of the Mexican war. There are six hundred and eighty-five veterans in California. Of this number, the larger majority live in San Francisco, and most of the others in Oakland, San Jose, Sacramento, Healdsburg, and near-by towns. At a recent parade in San Francisco, 180 veterans were in line.

The following named ladies were elected honorary members: Mrs. J. C. Coffee, widow of Colonel J. C. Coffee, niece of General Coffee who commanded a brigade at New Orleans, and grand-niece of General Andrew Jackson; Mrs. George Tingley, widow of the late Judge Tingley; Mrs. Edwards, niece of Col. E. D. Baker; Mrs. R. J. Stevenson, daughter of Colonel E. D. Baker; Mrs. Kate Kirk, daughter of Col. J. D. Stevenson.

The objects of the society are to entertain the Mexican veterans similar to the other organizations, keep alive and perpetuate the associations of the historic past, and to instruct the youth as to the great benefits of that war to this country. For this purpose lectures, or reminiscences by veterans, will be given, and much valuable information not handed down by historians will be preserved. In these days of rapidly passing events, very little attention is given to the past, no matter how important the knowledge may be. Comparatively little is known to-day of our war with Mexico, except the mere fact that there was a war, and that we acquired California, as a result. The importance of this conquest is scarcely understood, and, above all, the people of California do not realize their debt of lasting gratitude to the heroes of that war. The territory then comprised the present State of California, New Mexico, the larger portion of Arizona, the present Nevada, and larger part of Utah.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnett came to California in 1853, from New York City, of which place, Mrs. Burnett is a native. Mr. Burnett served in the Mexican war in the New York Volunteer Artillery, under General Scott, and was in the battles of Vera Cruz, Molina Del Rey, Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, and at the City of Mexico. For gallantry in this battle, he was commissioned as Lieutenant in the Regular Army.

Mrs. Burnett is a member of a number of societies and charitable associations, and has served as President of every association of which she was a member. In founding and organizing the "Associated Wives and Daughters of the Veterans of the Mexican War," she has done a noble work, and it is hoped that her worthy example will be followed by others, and similar organizations established throughout the United States, with the California association as the mother of the mall. It was the idea of Mrs. Burnett in founding this association that it shall be for all time, and that it shall perpetuate the history of that war and the heroic deeds of the veterans as long as the American government stands. The veterans are rapidly passing away. The gallant youth who went to the front are now beyond three score and ten, and must soon answer their last roll-call—the call of Death. It is the purpose of this association to preserve the memories and glorious deeds, for posterity.

California at the time of the conquest had a population of about ten thousand, Mexicans and Spaniards, about 1000 Americans, or "gringos," and about 50,000 Indians. The Americans had migrated to this land of ease and plenty as trappers, and as soldiers of fortune. California was the prize, or rather, the result of the war, but, there was no fighting in this State until after its surrender. Superficial readers, or rather those who do not read history, confuse the Flores rebellion with the war. This "uprising" at Los Angeles, took place after the conquest. California had surrendered without firing a gun, Commodore Stockton was organizing a Civil Government, and had left Lieutenant Gillespie in command at Los Angeles to preserve order. He exceeded his authority, and issued a tyrannical order prohibiting the people from giving social entertainments, or conversing in crowds on the streets. About twenty men under Jose Mari Flores, a soldier of fortune, one night surrounded the American barracks, fired a few shots, beat drums, and tin-pans, and yelled with all their might. This was done more as a burlesque than as a serious attempt to revolutionize the country, for there had been no organization. The American garrison fired one volley, and retreated up the hill, known as Fort Hill. That shot wounded Jose Dominguez in the heel, and brought about the "revolution."

A conspiracy was then organized with Flores as Commander; Jose Antonio Carillo, second General, and Don Andres Pico, brother of Governor Pio Pico,

as third General. All the bits of iron and other metal, were taken from the house roofs, and made into lance-points and bullets. The patriotic women surrendered their pans and kettles, and busied themselves in making powder and molding bullets. A patriotic widow, Senora Reyes, had buried a small brass cannon in her garden upon the approach of the "Americans." This she dug up, and dedicated to the revolutionary cause—the only cannon they had. It is known in local history as the "woman's cannon." The women were more intense in their hatred of the "Gringos," if possible, than the men, and some marched with the revolutionists and cooked their provisions.

An "army" of about three hundred was organized at the Mission San Gabriel, and at once marched upon Los Angeles. The place was surrendered, not a gun being fired. The American garrison was permitted to march out with the "honors of war" drums beating and flags flying. They were to embark on an American vessel at San Pedro, after delivering to the conquering Mexicans two cannons. Lieutenant Gillespie was paroled—that is, he was not to take up arms until exchanged. But, the Americans did not surrender the cannons. They were spiked and thrown into the ocean, where they lay for about twenty years, when they were fished out, and planted, muzzle downward, at the corner of Commercial and Main streets, Los Angeles. Instead of embarking with the Ameri-



MRS. W. C. BURNETT.

can prisoners for the north, Lieutenant Gillespie violated his parole, and joined Commodore Stockton's forces. The Commodore had just returned from San Diego, which place he had taken, also without firing a gun. Learning of the revolution, Commodore Stockton landed three hundred marines, and marched toward the turbulent pueblo. He was met at Dominguez rancho, a few miles distant, by a detachment of the Mexican army, and a skirmish followed. The American loss was six killed, and several wounded. The dead were buried on the rancho. No tablet marks the spot. The Mexicans captured an American flag, which they sent to the City of Mexico, and it is still there—the only relic they have of California, except the bitter memory of its loss. The Mexican loss in this skirmish was not known, as they carried their dead and wounded from the field, as they retreated.

The Mexicans were encouraged and sent a Commissioner to Mexico with the captured flag, asking for re-inforcements for the re-conquest of California. But, the revolution was suppressed before the Government could do anything.

Hearing of the advance of more "Gringos," the Mexican army pushed southward, and camped at the Indian village of San Pasqual, about thirty miles north of San Diego. The village is situated in a picturesque basin-like valley, the sloping hills covered with a thick undergrowth, and in the center was the Indian village—a few thatched huts. Here, the Mexican army camped on the night of December 6, 1846, and so secure did the commanders feel in this peaceful valley, that they even neglected to post guards. Yet, their couriers had informed them that American troops were nearing San Diego. This was a regiment of dragoons under General Kearny. He had taken

possession of New Mexico, without firing a gun, and was marching to California, to reinforce the troops, if necessary. Reaching San Diego, he heard of the revolution, and without halting for rest, pushed on to meet the enemy. He reached San Pasqual on the evening of the 6th. The night was very dark, a cold sleeting rain falling, and the ground was thus made slippery, and unfavorable for an attack. About daylight, the Americans, most of them mounted on Mexican horses, charged the Mexican camp, firing a volley. The Mexicans retreated, re-formed, and fired another volley. The Mexican horses became uncontrollable as the American dragoons did not understand their management, and carried their riders into the enemy's lines. A hand-to-hand engagement followed—revolvers and clubbed muskets against knives and lances, and reatas. This lasted for about fifteen minutes, when the Mexicans retreated, carrying away one prisoner and a cannon, which was captured by throwing a reata over it and dragging it into their lines. The American loss was twenty-one killed and nineteen wounded—the wounded receiving from two to eight lance thrusts each. This is one of the few instances in warfare where the killed outnumbered the wounded. General Kearny received two lance wounds, and Lieutenant Gillespie received three lance cuts, and was unhorsed. This was by his enemy, "El Guerra Le Bond," whom he had placed in the guard house, in Los Angeles, for violating orders. "Le Bond" captured Gillespie's horse, and was thus revenged.

The Mexican loss was twelve wounded and one prisoner. If any were killed, it was not reported by the commanders.

On the night after the battle, the American dead were buried at the base of a large oak tree, near the Indian village, while the enemy were threatening an attack. This tree is the only monument that marks the graves of those valiant soldiers, and the battlefield of San Pasqual. It is likely that when the Ladies' Mexican War Veterans' Association is numerically and financially stronger, tablets will be placed to mark the historic fields of Dominguez rancho and San Pasqual. Had not the revolution been crushed by the valor of these soldiers California may have been retaken by the Hispano-Mexicans and a war of greater magnitude followed.

The enemy retreated towards Los Angeles, demoralized by the dissensions and quarrels of their Generals, each of whom desired to be in chief command. There was a slight skirmish at the crossing of San Gabriel river, near the Mission San Gabriel, and another on the white hills in the suburbs of the present Los Angeles, where the Convent stands. Here was fired the last gun, the revolution was ended, and the Americans marched into Los Angeles, again.

There was also a revolution in New Mexico. General Kearny had taken possession of that country, established a civil government, and pushed on to California to assist in putting down the revolution in that territory. Colonel Price, with the Second Missouri Regiment, had been left in command at Santa Fe. A conspiracy was formed, and the uprising was to take place on Christmas eve, 1846, but the Americans learned of the plot, and two principal conspirators, Ortiz and Archeluta, escaped to Chihuahua. The insurrectionists expected aid from Chihuahua, but the defeat of the Mexicans in a battle in that State, defeated their plans. The entire northern portion of New Mexico was in a state of revolt, the Pueblo Indians uniting with the Mexicans. On the night of the 19th of January, 1847, Governor Charles Bent, the District Attorney, Secretary of State, and the Sheriff, while visiting Taos, were seized by the revolutionists and put to death in the most inhuman and shocking manner. On the same day several Americans were murdered near that village. It is stated by a historian that the wife of Governor Bent, a Mexican from whom he had separated, betrayed him through revenge. There was a skirmish at Canada, on the Rio Grande, in which two Americans were killed and six wounded, and thirty-six Mexicans killed and forty-five wounded. There was also a skirmish at Las Vegas, after which Colonel Price stormed the Indian village of Taos. The pueblo was taken, after a stubborn resistance within adobe walls, the Americans losing seven killed and forty-five wounded, and the enemy lost 150 killed, and about 250 wounded. Thus ended the revolution in New Mexico, which, like California, took place after the "peaceful conquest."

This portion of the history of the war with Mexico, or rather the battle after the conquest of California and New Mexico, is especially interesting to the people of the Far West, and it is the aim of the Ladies' Association to instruct the youth in this important history. It is also their aim to instruct them more fully in the history of the war in Mexico, and the gallant deeds of the men who gained those victories. The war against Mexico was caused partly from a dispute over territory—the origin of most all wars. Also, the depredations of the Mexicans upon the property of the Americans on the frontier. Texas was part of the Louisiana purchase. In 1819, our near-sighted statesmen sold all that part of Texas west of the Texas river to Spain for the worthless peninsula of Florida. After Texas had acquired its independence from Mexico, and been admitted into the Union, we claimed that the original boundary of Texas extended to the Rio Grande river. But, the main cause of the war was the annexation of Texas. Mexico officially notified the United States that such an act would be considered a declaration of war. Notwithstanding this threat, Texas was admitted in December, 1845.

In the meantime, the United States had despatched men-of-war to the Gulf of Mexico, and to the Pacific coast. General Zachariah Taylor was ordered to occupy the disputed territory, and he advanced to the Rio Grande with an "Army of Occupation." Mexico then declared war. Skirmishing began in the latter part of April, 1846, and General Taylor opened the bull at Palo Alto on the 8th of May, with a force of

(Continued on Page 24.)



GLIMPSES OF SOME OF CALIFORNIA'S BEAUTIFUL HOMES.



HIS LORDSHIP AND MRS. PENNINGTON

BY R. NEISH.

LORD MARLOWE pushed his chair back with some impatience. "These women are the very devil!" he muttered angrily; "they've no sense and no reasoning power." Pah! I wish they'd use clean notepaper." He tossed a little scented note contemptuously on the table, but his face softened as he took up another and read it through: "Poor little soul, it's very hard—and Norris is a capital fellow."

Lord Marlowe's meditations were interrupted by his secretary, who entered the room somewhat abruptly.

"Good morning, Nixon; you've been a long time getting through my correspondence this morning. I hope you have not much work for me. I want to go out early."

"No, nothing pressing." Ralph Nixon laid a large bundle of letters on the table as he spoke. "These are all about the appointment: will you look at them at your leisure?" Lord Marlowe sighed. "These are nothing."

Lord Marlowe smiled as his secretary dropped a still larger bundle into the wastebasket.

"And these I think I can answer without troubling you."

Lord Marlowe lifted the bundle from the table. "Must I read them all? Are they all suitable?"

Mr. Nixon smiled. "They all think they are," he replied, "and there are certainly one or two excellent testimonials among them."

Lord Marlowe turned round and faced his secretary. "To tell the truth, Nixon, I find it very difficult to decide about this appointment. Pennington is a capital man, and Norris is good, if not better."

"Norris is poor, Lord Marlowe."

"Yes, he certainly needs the money, more; but I have known Pennington for a long time, and after all, one's personal friends have a certain amount of claim on one." The butler came noiselessly into the room.

"Mrs. Pennington would like to see you, my lord; she says she will not detain you a moment."

"Where is she?"

"In the morning room, my lord."

"Ask her to step in here."

"Yes, my lord."

Lord Marlowe fixed a gold-rimmed eyeglass in his eye and involuntarily put his hand to his tie. "These women, Nixon, are the very devil!" he ejaculated softly. "Fancy, five of them came to see me yesterday on this same subject; and here is another, probably the first of fifteen who intend seeing me to-day, which is the reason I want to get out early," he added with a chuckle.

The butler opened the door. "Mrs. Pennington."

As Mr. Nixon left the room he glanced at Lord Marlowe's visitor. "Poor Norris!" he thought sympathetically, as he closed the door after him, "it's a shame that women are allowed to interfere in matters of this kind. What a lovely face she has, though!" He was conscious of a delicious odor of fresh violets, as he murmured softly to himself for the second time, "Poor Norris! I wouldn't give much for his chances."

Mrs. Pennington greeted Lord Marlowe shyly. "I'm quite ashamed to beard you in your den like this," she began,—he placed a chair for her and she sank into it—"but the fact is, I—I have come to ask you about that appointment."

"Which appointment?" asked Lord Marlowe, who was gaining time.

"The Governorship of Penn's Island, of course," she replied. "Oh, Lord Marlowe, I do so want you to

give it to Jack. You know he's awfully clever, and we're so hard up, and being an old friend of Papa's I thought you would give it him if you could. Do please give it to him," she added, rising and laying a little gray-gloved hand pleadingly on Lord Marlowe's sleeve.

He bent down and poked the fire vigorously. "Now, Marlowe, don't allow yourself to be made a fool of," he said inwardly. Aloud he said, "You're cold, my dear child; I am sure you must find it very cold in here. Here let me pull this nearer to the fire for you."

Mrs. Pennington sank back into the proffered chair and waited eagerly. "Will you give it to him?"

There was a moment's pause, and then Lord Marlowe said kindly, "My dear little lady, I have not only known your father for years, but your husband also, and I should only be too happy to—use my influence on his behalf, but I must tell you that this matter is more difficult to decide than you have any idea of. As to your being hard up—"

"Oh, we are—really we are," interrupted Mrs. Pennington. "Jack has only £2000 pounds a year, and we have to do everything on it, Scotland and London and entertaining and everything, and it's most difficult, and," plaintively, "I haven't even a carriage, which is simply awful."

"Poor little pauper!" said Lord Marlowe compassionately; then his tone changed suddenly, and he looked gravely down at her. "Do you know I had a Mrs. Norris to see me yesterday about the same appointment. Do you know her? No, you wouldn't; she lives in a little house somewhere West Kensington way, and they've four children, and she is very delicate, and they haven't £600 between them, and her husband is quite as capable as your Jack. Now, why shouldn't I take pity on her, eh?"

Molly Pennington made a grimace. "Oh, I know there must be heaps and heaps of these sort of people after it, people who are even worse off than we are; but you can't give it to them all, and you know Jack so well, and after all, one's friends come first, don't they? and you can easily give them something else, the Norrises I mean, you must have lots of things to give away, and Jack wants this awfully; it would suit us down to the ground."

"Did he send you here?"

She shook her head. "Good gracious, no! He would be awfully angry if he knew I'd come; but I thought, as Papa and you had been such friends, I might try and help him." She had risen again, and was looking pleadingly up at Lord Marlowe. "I thought," reproachfully, "you would be sure to help poor Jack on."

"Poor Jack," repeated Lord Marlowe. "So you thought I should help him, did you?" How very lovely she was, and how sweet and wistful she looked as she stood close to him, her large gray eyes looking pleadingly up into his! He pulled himself up sharply: "Marlowe, don't be an ass!" "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Pennington," he said gently, "but I can't possibly promise you anything—at least not to-day. I must think things quietly over."

She turned impatiently away. "Will you write to me?" He nodded. "Yes, I'll write—in a day or so."

"And you will give it to Jack if you can?" she added, with feminine persistence.

"Good-bye," he answered evasively. "Here, put your fur on, child; it's very cold. Will you have a hansom?" He rang the bell. "Call a hansom for this lady, Burton. Good-bye, Mrs. Pennington; My kind regards to your sposo. Good-bye."

It was two days later, and Mrs. Pennington was sitting in her cosy drawing-room pretending to read. Presently she threw down her book, and taking a telegram from the chair by her side, read it for the seventh time. "Calling on you at 4:30—Marlowe."

"I wonder why he's coming instead of writing. He must be going to give it to Jack. He would never come to see me to tell me bad news. Men are such cowards. Dear old Jack! how delighted he will be! I've been dying to get abroad for ages. 'Her Excellency!' how nice it sounds!" She stood up and looked at herself in the mirror, and put a stray curl in its place. "I've always liked him, but if he gives it to Jack I shall simply love him."

"Lord Marlowe," announced the parlor-maid.

Mrs. Pennington turned hastily to greet her guest. For a few moments they talked commonplace; then Lord Marlowe, fixing his eyeglass in his eye, rose and stood with his back to the fire, and looked judiciously down at Mrs. Pennington.

Her heart sank. "He is going to say something horrid," she thought, with quick intuition. "Men always stand with their backs to the fire if they want to argue. He is going to argue why Jack should not have the appointment."

"Well, have you decided?" Her tone was eager, and there was a little catch in her voice that Lord Marlowe did not fail to notice.

"No, he replied gravely: 'I am unable to decide. That is why I have come to you. Listen, I will tell you exactly how I am situated. Both you and Mrs. Norris—he paused a moment, and Molly Pennington unconsciously tapped the floor impatiently with her foot—'have come to me about this appointment. Both your husband and Norris are, in my opinion, equally capable and equally deserving candidates for it. Norris is poor; your husband is a friend of mine. It would, I think, be equally unfair to favor one on account of his poverty or the other on account of his friendship.'

Molly Pennington laughed mirthlessly. "Well, they can't both have it," she said—"that's quite clear."

"Yes, that's quite clear," repeated Lord Marlowe. "By the way, I wish you would read a letter I had from Mrs. Norris this morning. It is marked private; but I think I am justified in showing it to you."

Mrs. Pennington took the letter without a word, and read it through; and then she deliberately re-read it, and finally put it gently down on her lap and sat silently looking into the fire. At last she rose and stood opposite to Lord Marlowe.

"You must give Mr. Norris the appointment," she said slowly; yes, you must," she repeated, with eager impatience, as he shook his head.

Lord Marlowe shook his head again. "No, I shan't do that," he said emphatically. "I will tell you what I have decided to do. I am going to cast lots. It's irregular, perhaps, but to my mind it's only fair; for, upon my honor one man is as good as another, and I am not going to be biased by either the plea of poverty or friendship. I shall put two names on two pieces of paper, and then you shall draw."

"No, let me write the names—you draw, do let me!" cried Molly Pennington.

"Certainly, my dear lady," replied Lord Marlowe. "Why not?"

Mrs. Pennington walked over to a table near the window and, taking up a piece of paper, she tore off two strips, and turning her back on Lord Marlowe, wrote the names on them. A sudden sharp suspicion entered his mind, and he bit his lip angrily at his indiscretion.

ed and pleaded with her until she fell asleep in Jesus, nor did she leave her then, but followed the rough coffin to the grave, and there read the beautiful Episcopal burial service. Poor, despised sinner, it is for such as you that the Savior died, that you might live, and enter into His kingdom. Rest in peace.

If Jane was brave, so was John. He always whistled cheerfully as he went back and forth to work. He ate what was set before him with the bearing of a gourmand, and lay down to rest on his bed of pine boughs as though it was the most luxurious couch in the world. There came a day when the family felt gay: first a hunter presented them with some fine grouse, then Jack, their young son, burst in with the surprising news that one of the directors had offered him ten dollars a month, if he would act as guide for visitors. That same day a landslide completely demolished their hut and all it contained, while Mrs. Burt, with her child clasped in her arms, barely made her escape.

Before she had soothed the frightened child, a messenger came, summoning her to the mine. John had fallen into a disused shaft, and perhaps was dead. He lived, and when his shattered limbs were bandaged and he was made easy, the manager called, and told John something that made him smile. He needed an accountant, and there was a desk in the office awaiting him. He also mentioned, in an off-hand way that the salary would be a hundred and fifty dollars a month, beginning with to-morrow.

Jane answered a timid knock at her door, and there stood a flurried old man, who begged her to "accept this from your friends, in the same spirit it is given." It was a purse containing a hundred dollars. The store-keeper informed her when she went to make a few purchases, that he had been instructed to open a monthly account with her, and to allow her the usual discount given to company officials.

Neither was the surgeon behind hand in kindness, for he assured them that it was a pleasure to serve them, and added that these compound fractures was a source of interest to surgeons.

Jack grinned with delight when he had been told of the improved family fortunes, and said "There's been something doing in these diggins."

It was little Esther who asked in her high-pitched voice: "Say, papa, what made you fall and break your legs?"

He smiled as he told her that he fell and broke his legs instead of letting that little scamp, the manager's son fall and break his neck. "It would have been his just deserts, though," he muttered. Then he smiled into his wife's face, and whispered, "I guess I've struck the easy job, eh, little woman?"

HIS EASY JOB

BY MRS. WM. BRADFORD.

of their lives. John didn't like it, neither did he seem to have anything to say until he had consumed several cigars. Clearing his throat he said:

"Jane, I guess what you say is just about right. Now, what do you intend to do?"

She told him and he said "All right."

After collecting what outstanding bills they could, the house was closed, their help dismissed, and the accounts settled as far as the money reached. They were in debt to the company four hundred dollars. In Jane's purse there remained but a few silver coins. The superintendent put John to work, wheeling ore from the shaft to the dump, at two dollars a day, half of which he was to receive, the balance to be applied to his account.

Jane removed her self, her children and her few possessions to a half-ruined hut on the mountain-side. How thankful she was for having brought her sewing machine along. She spent no time in vain regrets, but gathered in the work, that fairly stacked up, threatening to fill the wee hut. The people were pleased with her work, and willing to pay a fair price.

She worked far into the night to turn out some work that the surgeon's wife had given her to do, and when the last piece was delivered, she was referred for payment to the surgeon.

"Ah, yes," he said; "thirty dollars, did you say? I'll just give you an order on the company."

Jane duly presented it at the office, and Mr. Marks, the general manager, said: "Yes, I'll credit your account with this amount."

"But I want the money," she faltered; "I need it."

"So do I," said he, turning away.

It required a great effort to restrain her tears. Subsequently, she encountered several orders, but she never again showed disappointment. She had learned her lesson. As the debt dwindled, her heart became lighter, and was filled with love for all those, any way afflicted, in mind, body, or soul. She went about soothing the sick, comforting the dying, and strengthening the faint-hearted.

The people knew her for a faithful friend, one who would never leave or forsake them, and they repaid her with love beyond compare.

There was a woman, a poor soiled creature of the streets, whose last hours she made happy. Jane pray-

Mrs. Burt sighed—then picked up her letter and read it again. "Dear Little Woman," she read, "I've sure struck an easy job at last. You won't need to work any now, Jane, just take life easy."

Well, she hoped it was true. Her life had not always been a bed of roses. Left an orphan, and penniless, at the age of twelve, she had been cuffed about, and passed from one family to another. Sometimes she was sent to school, more often not.

When she was sixteen, she learned the dress-making trade, and had sewed most of the time since. She married John Burt, who was a bookkeeper of ability, commanding a comfortable salary. He told his wife one day, that he was looking for an easy job. Then he invested his savings in a grocery-store. The dollars didn't roll in fast enough to suit him, so he sold out at considerable loss. His next venture was ranching. "Your crop grows while you sleep," he explained to his friends. It wasn't long before the public was informed that he had bought out a certain dairy business. Through continual changes he became a veritable rolling stone. Leaving his family in San Diego, he wandered into lower California and came to anchor in a stirring mining town. He liked the wild life, and lounged about waiting for something to turn up.

Turn up something did in course of time, then he wrote to his wife to join him there. Meanwhile, Mrs. Burt had been sewing early and late to support herself and children. She hoped her drudgery was over, but her faith was not strong.

Their greeting was affectionate. He escorted them to a dirty little room, in a shabby house adjoining a saloon. A little later he led them, with an air of mystery, down the street to a neat boarding-house, where they partook of an excellent supper. Jane was lavish in praise.

John, all puffed up, told her that this was his easy job. The house was the property of an English company, operating there, and together with its furnishings, was rented to anyone willing to undertake the business. He said he considered it a snap too good to lose, when Tony, his predecessor, offered it to him for a hundred dollars. "What became of Tony? Why, he said he wanted to go home to see his folks. Make money? Certainly. How could he do otherwise?"

Jane's heart was heavy. Of what could a man be thinking to bring his young children to this noisy Mexican town, filled to overflowing with saloons and idlers? But she bowed to the inevitable, though her soul cried aloud, "How long, Lord, how long?"

The next few days she was busy, looking into accounts, and doing some figuring for her own benefit.

Then she and John had a plain talk, the plainest

Birthday Celebration of Elizabeth Cady Stanton

BY THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.



MRS. MARY S. SPERRY.

It has been thought advisable by the committee on the program for the celebration of the birthday of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton that advantage should be taken of the fact that Mrs. Stanton's speeches are accessible in printed form. It appears to the committee that no more interesting and useful program could be suggested than that some one of Mrs. Stanton's speeches, or many magazine articles, should be read at the anniversary meeting of those clubs that wish to celebrate November 12.

As it was always Mrs. Stanton's aim to rouse thought in her hearers, it is suggested that the speech chosen be presented as the basis of free and open discussion. Should it seem desirable to add to the program personal reminiscences, picturesque incidents can be found in the pages of "Eighty Years and More,"* an account full of humor and pathos of Mrs. Stanton's life by herself. But in regard to this point let it be borne in mind that digging in the biographical past was always distasteful to Mrs. Stanton. Nothing called for her severer censure than the precious time women's clubs give to the facts of the lives of those who have passed to the Beyond. The committee would emphasize, then, that the most clarifying tribute would be to give, in place of any idea of Mrs. Stanton's life, her idea of the life of man and woman.

If it is the desire of a club to add the charm of music to the occasion, the committee suggest as appropriate selections the following pieces, which were special favorites of Mrs. Stanton: "The Watchman," by Grieg; "Ah, 'tis a Dream," by Hawley; Adagio, Sonata No. 1, by Beethoven. The references given below in brackets are to the Woman Suffrage History** three volumes of which were issued by Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Gage and Miss Anthony, and the fourth volume of which, edited by Miss Anthony and Mrs. Harper, has been published within the past year.

*"Eighty Years and More" can be found at many public libraries.

**The Woman Suffrage History can be found in many public libraries. It can be bought of Miss Anthony, 17 Madison street, Rochester, N. Y.



MRS. WILLIAM KEITH.

"Justice, simple justice."—Lucy Stone.

CALIFORNIA WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

Member National American Woman Suffrage Association.

Honorary Presidents: Mrs. Ellen C. Sargeant, Mrs. Sarah Knox-Goodrich.

President: Mrs. Mary Simpson Sperry.

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Cor. Secretary, Miss Carrie A. Whelan.

Treasurer, Miss Clara M. Schlingheyde.

Auditors, Mrs. Mary McHenry Keith, Mrs. Annie L. Corbert.



MRS. J. H. MASTICK.

As examples of Mrs. Stanton's early addresses can be chosen:

1. Address before the New York Legislature in 1854. [Vol. I, 595.] Deals with the position of woman as woman, as wife, as widow, as mother. This speech would form a good basis for a discussion of the last fifty years.

2. Speech before the New York Legislature, 1860. [Vol. I, 679.] One of Mrs. Stanton's finest efforts. A bill was before the Senate regulating the "rights and liabilities of husbands and wives." The chief point in the new law was that it secured to the wives of the men of the working classes complete control of their wages.

If Constitutional arguments are desired, one of the following speeches can be selected:

1. Speech before the New York Legislature, 1867. [Vol. II, 270.] This is an argument in favor of women being allowed to vote for the members of a New York Constitutional Convention.

2. Speech delivered at the first Woman Suffrage Convention held in Washington, D. C. [Vol. II, 348.] It gives reasons for hostility to the XIV and XV Amendments to the Constitution, and advocates a XVI Amendment.

3. Speech in 1870 before Congressional Committee on the District of Columbia. [Vol. II, 411.] This is a plea for Congress to enfranchise women in the District of Columbia. It is also an argument that women have the right of suffrage under the Constitution as it stands.

4. Speech before the U. S. Senate Judiciary Committee 1872. [Vol. II, 506.] Argument that women are citizens and have the right to vote.

5. Speech before U. S. Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, 1878. [Vol. III, 80.] Argument for a XVI Amendment to the Constitution.

As no one would have felt herself more honored than Mrs. Stanton if allowed to speak a word in honor of co-workers, perhaps some clubs would prefer to any one of the speeches suggested one of her eulogies on the pioneers:

1. Speech at the memorial service for Lucretia Mott. [Vol. I, 40.]



MRS. ELLEN C. SARGEANT.

2. Reminiscences of Pauline Wright Davis. [Vol. 283.]
3. Reminiscences of Angelina Grimke. [Vol. I, 392.]
4. Reminiscences of Susan B. Anthony. [Vol. I, 456.]
5. Reminiscences of a trip to England. [Vol. III, 922.]

As examples of Mrs. Stanton's most vigorous and mature thought may be chosen some one of her latest utterances:

1. Extracts from speeches which can easily be blended and used on a single occasion. [Vol. IV, pp. 57, 176, 268.]

2. Last speech delivered in person at a National Convention and before a Congressional Committee. [Vol. IV, 189.] This speech is entitled the "Solitude of Self." By many this is considered the greatest speech ever written by Mrs. Stanton.

With the suggestion that the center of the program should be made one of Mrs. Stanton's own utterances, the committee feel their work ends for the interest of the occasion must be largely determined by the individuality of each club. The committee gives its recommendation with confidence that if a club wishes to make the occasion one of wit and humor, it will find to its hand a rich mine in "Eighty Years and More"; if, on the contrary, it cannot do better than open with one of the Constitutional arguments. In short, we offer a rich, varied diet, and leave to others the writing out of the menu. The banquet is spread. "May good digestion wait on appetite."

SUSAN B. ANTHONY,
ELIZABETH SMITH MILLER,
HARRIOT STANTON BLATCH,
Chairman Com.

610 East Buffalo street, Ithaca, N. Y.

***A few copies in pamphlet form exist of this speech, which may be had of Mrs. Stanton Blatch, 610 East Buffalo street, Ithaca, N. Y.



MRS. P. W. BROCK.

THE EXPERIENCE OF DONALD GERMAIN

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Donald Germain, artist, philosopher and Bohemian, had been ordered by his physician to take a pedestrian tour of six weeks' duration as a cure for insomnia and dyspepsia.

"Walk ten miles a day at least," said the doctor. "Swing your hammock from the trees at night when practicable. Nature's remedies will do more for you than all my skill, and at much less cost."

So the young man set forth with a light hammock, a blanket, palette and pencils strapped upon his shoulders, and a stout walking stick in his hand.

His tour was pleasant, but without accident for the first three weeks. Then one morning, when lying in his hammock on the edge of a strip of forest in northern Virginia, he was awakened by a sound like that of an approaching storm. He opened his eyes to see within a few yards of where he lay a writhing human form struggling with a band of infuriated men. Immediately the victim was hauled into the air and swung into eternity from the branch of a tree, while the body was pelted with stones and mud, even in the midst of its death convulsions.

"For God's sake, what are you doing?" cried Donald Germain, springing to his feet and facing the scowling, angry throng.

"Punishing that black devil for his treatment of a helpless white woman, as only such crimes can be punished here," replied one of the men.

The speaker's face was distorted with murderous anger, so that he seemed scarcely human. Yet in daily life this man was a Christian gentleman.

"But have you no courts of justice, and no law which will apply to these cases?" asked Donald.

Several men regarded him with ill-concealed contempt in their faces. Then one of them replied.

"Young man, I reckon you came from the North. We don't consider such brutes as that," pointing to the ghastly figure hanging by the neck, "fit to be brought into a court room with some low lived lawyer to defend him, while the poor woman is made to suffer a second outrage at the hands of the law in being obliged to relate the circumstances of the assault before a curious crowd. No, sir, we think Lynch had a better way to settle such affairs," and the men rode away, leaving Donald Germain alone with the black figure which was swaying to and fro in the morning wind.

It did not require many minutes for the young man to strap his bundle and hurry away from the vicinity. His mind was excited, and he walked rapidly without taking heed of the direction in which he went.

The food which he had purchased the previous evening, in passing through a small town, he left untasted until near noon. The scene which he had just witnessed led to a profound train of thought, and subjects which had always interested him now presented themselves to him in a new guise.

He had always believed that there were certain frightful crimes for which Lynch law was the only proper remedy. Yet now that he had been an eye-witness to its application, he saw it in another light. He saw, too, the evil effect upon the participants, the good men whom it resolved temporarily into demons and butchers.

Yet the alarming frequency of assaults upon women during the past few years occurred to him, and one frightful case in particular he recalled as taking place in a quiet Connecticut neighborhood. Two feeble old ladies had been brutally outraged by three young ruffians and submitted to every indecency and wrong possible. One of the victims died shortly afterwards; before her death she had been obliged to appear in a court room and relate her experiences in detail before a gaping crowd. The ruffians were sentenced to life imprisonment; and this punishment seemed but a mockery compared with their crime. The whole trial was but a travesty on justice. Yet between a trial and Lynch law, what course was to be pursued.

Donald Germain was exhausted mentally and physically before sundown. He had eaten scarcely anything all day, and had walked rapidly. Miles distant he saw what seemed to be a small village, but he was too weary to think of reaching it without resting. The surface of the country was low and covered here and there with small shrubbery. No large trees were in sight, so he rolled himself in his blanket, and, lying down by the roadside, fell into a profound slumber.

When he awoke the sun of a glorious day was high in the heavens. To his astonishment the whole face of the

country about bore an entirely different appearance.

Low shrubbery was replaced by noble parks of trees, well-tilled fields were on either side, and in the distance gleamed the towers and steeples of a large town.

Puzzled beyond expression, he set forth on a journey towards the city. He seemed to proceed with great ease and his body was as light as air.

As he neared the city gates he observed a gang of men working on the public highway. These men attracted his attention by their marked unlikeness to the Irish and Italian day laborers he had been accustomed to see. Instead of sullen, ferocious faces with strongly-marked animal propensities, he saw fat good-natured fellows, whose inclination to indolence was averted by the watchfulness of the overseers. These overseers were men of remarkable aspect. Each of them, some five or six in number, was a perfect specimen of manhood. Large, strong-limbed, clear-eyed, full-browed beings, they resembled animated statues of the ancient gods rather than mortal men. Donald felt like an in-

less prosperous, less elegant than others, but nowhere any indications of misery. Thrift, cleanliness and good cheer, and the remarkable beauty and strength of the inhabitants were everywhere visible.

Occasionally he came upon gangs of men working on repairs and they invariably wore the same peculiar expression of indolent good nature and lack of force which he had observed in those outside of the city limits. The cab men, too, were of the same type.

In looking at the public buildings, he was surprised to find no evidence of prisons, hospitals or insane asylums, while schools, churches and art academies abounded.

One large building in the center of the city, surmounted by a glistening dome, might have been a court-house, but instead of the blindfolded statue of Justice with her scales, there stood at the entrance door an imposing figure of Minerva holding a surgeon's knife in her hand.

While our pedestrian stood gazing in puzzled wonder at the statue, a fine-looking man of middle age descended the steps.



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

significant pigmy beside them as he passed along.

As he entered the city limits, and walked through a beautiful park, he grew more and more astonished at what he saw.

Handsome men and lovely women, and exquisite cherubs of children he met at every turn. There was not the superabundance of children usually found in a public park in a city, on a fine spring day, but every child he saw was the picture of health and intelligence.

"This is evidently the resort of the better classes," he thought. "What a pity that the cultivated and intellectual people of the world produce so few children, while the tenement districts swarm with the offsprings of the poor and depraved. No doubt I shall find ten babies to every one here when I walk through the wretched quarters of this strangely beautiful city. It is a great question, this of limiting the births in our large cities, and I wish some wise man would tell us what to do about it."

As he walked on, however, he failed to find any wretched streets, and signs of poverty, or suffering, or any greater surplus of children.

There were localities which seemed

"I beg your indulgence one moment, sir," said Donald, lifting his hat, "but I am a stranger who has curiously lost his way and I strayed into your city gates by accident. I am so puzzled by all I see that I beg you will kindly tell me where I am. I begin to think I have found Bellamy's Utopia."

"Oh, no," the gentleman replied in a deeply musical voice. "Bellamy's Utopia was a grand dream; our modern Eden is a beautiful reality. Bellamy's Utopia needed revolution and bloodshed to be attained; our Eden needed but the passing and enforcing of a simple law based on common sense."

"But what is this law? and where is this modern Eden?" queried Donald impatiently.

"Come with me in my carriage, which has arrived below," said the gentleman. "I see that you are a stranger possibly from another sphere. Let us drive about the city while I explain our wonderful government to you."

His words but increased the young artist's sense of confusion, as he seated himself in an electric vehicle and was whirled along the smooth streets beside this elegant being, feeling him-

self the character in a fantastic dream. "The very first thing I would like to know," he said as they sped away from the court house steps, "is the significance of that statue of Minerva armed with a surgeon's knife."

"Upon the significance of that emblem the security of our government rests," replied the gentleman. "It is the emblem of our freedom from crime, insanity and disease, from poverty and deformity. As we drive through the streets of this city, numbering one half million of inhabitants, you will find no diseased or deformed wretches, no tenement districts teeming with poverty and crime, no idlers, no lunatics. You will find no criminals, save such docile fellows as my chauffeur yonder."

"Criminals," cried Donald, startled at the idea of being driven about the city by one who bore that appellation.

The stranger smiled.

"Do not be alarmed," he said. "The man is perfectly docile—he was only a confirmed drunkard and a petty thief before he was operated upon. Since then he has behaved so well that I engaged him for my personal service. He is lazy, like all of them, but he is gentle and devoted to me so long as I give him enough to eat and a good bed and time enough to sleep upon it. That is the way with most of them. But I see you are really ignorant of our laws here, so I will begin at the beginning. Are you from Mars?"

"I do not understand you," said Donald.

"Oh, well, never mind then," replied the gentleman politely. "Perhaps you are an astral not certain of your own identity yet. At all events you will be benefitted by looking into our government. If, however, you were ever an inhabitant of the earth, you may probably recall the wretched condition of humanity in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Our cities teemed with miserable beings, our poor-houses, prisons and insane asylums were crowded to repletion. Our intellectually and useful people bore very few children, while the paupers and the depraved were prolific. Capital punishment with the gallows and the electric chair seemed inadequate to arrest crime."

"Children were born of criminal parents, and the reform schools served small purpose in eradicating this taint. Clergymen and reformers puzzled over various methods of purifying humanity of sin, but they were like children using small brooms to clear away the outlet of a river while a whole city emptied its garbage wagons into the source."

"In 1891 to the new century you may recall the terrible power which Lynch law seemed to gain all over the United States. Crime goes in waves—a wave of suicide, a wave of wife-murder, a wave of assault. During these years the latter crime prevailed. Women of all ages, from children to feeble old ladies, were brutally assaulted and outraged by white as well as black men. In Nashville, two young white girls were attacked by two negroes, and before noon the next day the most respected and influential citizens of that city joined a howling mob of infuriated men and hung the assaulters from the great bridge in broad daylight, and then riddled their bodies with seventy-five shots."

Affairs of this kind became so frequent that our lawmakers began to realize that justice was indeed blind and that law was a mockery as it then stood. Suddenly a ray of intelligence penetrated the brains of these men and a law was passed which was more humane than Lynch law and more just and sensible than death or life imprisonment for the crime of assault.

All men convicted of this offense were operated upon by surgeons, and then allowed to go free.

Criminals of this order were skillfully attended by the best specialists, and then sent forth into the world incapacitated for a second crime of the kind, or of producing more helings of their own type. They were able-bodied, however, and capable of useful labor, and this labor was made a necessity. While not imprisoned, they were under the jurisdiction of the city, and if found idle, were forced to work for the benefit of the town or city, under the eye of an overseer, like convicts. As a rule, these men gave very little trouble. Their combative force seemed to leave them, mere docile, lazy creatures, easily ruled by a stronger will.

The enforcement of the new law was so immediate in its good results, and caused such a remarkable decrease of the crime which it fitted that before two years had passed it was made to take the place of capital punishment.

(Continued on Page 28.)



A GROUP OF REPRESENTATIVE RESIDENCES IN THE GOLDEN STATE.





A FAIRY PRINCE



BY L. R. ANDREWS.

On the first stroke of Big Ben, the monster bell in the tower surmounting the house of the Hiawatha Hook and Ladder Company No. 6, and Chemical Company No. 1, at six o'clock each morning, the lightly slumbering fire ladders arise en masse, chuck themselves into their clothes and slide down the brass pole to the ground floor in 45 seconds by the clock.

Then at 8 o'clock, if no alarms intervene, a tap of the house gong summons the six grays to be harnessed for their morning exercise up and down the streets within the sound of the big bell.

When the coast was clear, Joe Langham, foreman of the hook and ladder company, a strapping, curly-headed blonde six-footer, glanced critically at his features in the way looking-glass on the wall, gave an extra twist to his moustache, and leaving a relief man in charge of the house, he strolled carelessly down the street, keeping an alert eye and ear behind him.

A row of umbrageous pepper trees line the curb anarding a grateful shade from the ardent rays of the sun. Joe saunters down opposite Dr. Minor's house on the corner which has an overhanging bay window in the dining room that overlooks the street commanding the view in each direction.

The lodestone which draws the handsome fireman to this locality so regularly and persistently is the doctor's petite daughter, Winnie, a happy, black-eyed maiden, whose duties seem to require her presence in this part of the domicile very frequently.

The retired street is so quiet that few passers-by interrupt the pleasant tete-a-tetes between Joe and Winnie as he stands under a tree opposite the window where she sits like a picture in a frame. At least so Joe thinks, and has summoned up courage to clumsily stammer the compliment to the demure damsel.

The busy doctor interposes no objection to his motherless chick entertaining her cavalier "a la Mexicana," for he knows the foreman to be a man of sterling character.

To the feminine neighbors in the block this open-air wooing has been a delicious bit of drama, not un-mixed with comedy, and many pairs of bright eyes surveyed the progress of affairs from behind curtains and screens with an absorbing interest. Oblivious to these and all save the charming picture of the young girl before him, Joe greeted her with a morning salutation as he handed her a magnificent Marshal Neil from a bush he had planted and cultivated in a sheltered corner of the engine-house yard.

"Did Big Ben wake you last night, Miss Winnie?" asked Joe, as the girl lovingly scented the beauty and twisted the long stem into her glossy black hair.

"No, indeed, Mr. Langham; I'm a sound sleeper, you know. Did you have an alarm?"

"Yes'm, two of 'em; one from 262 at 12:16; a false alarm; and the other from 225 at 3:15 this morning. It was in the big wooden tenement on Harrison street, filled with poor families. It looked like an ugly blaze for a time and Captain Fraser turned in a second alarm. The fire started in the upper stories and burned most of the roof off, and I had to stretch Long Tom and use the scaling ladder to bring down some of the people, but luckily no one got scorched. The recall sounded at five o'clock, so I didn't get much sleep last night."

"How fortunate that no one was injured," exclaimed Winnie. "What a risky business it is, though. I should think you would prefer a less dangerous occupation; one that would afford you more regular hours."

"Why, as to that, Miss Winnie, your father is subject to emergency calls at unseasonable hours, and as for the risk, what's the use of my being husky and able-bodied if not to give weaker people the benefit of my muscle. I suppose an intellectual occupation might be pleasanter, but my faculties were not developed in that direction and I've trained my head-piece to be steady when others are chasing around like a locoed cayuse."

The young lady laughed. "Yes, I know; throwing out mirrors and crockery and carrying bedding down stairs, and all that. I'm glad the engine house is in the block, and I never have the least fear of fire, but perhaps I'll call on you to rescue me from the Rookery some day."

"The Rookery," exclaimed Joe, questioning; "that death-trap? I always jump extra lively when we get a call from 244, expecting to find the old shell going up in smoke. It's been condemned, and I wonder the authorities allow it to be occupied. But what do you expect to do in the Rookery, Miss Winnie?"

"I'm studying shorthand, and I'm going to act as stenographer for my Uncle Edward when I'm competent. You know he is editor of the Evening Journal, and his sanctum is on the top floor of the Rookery."

Joe whistled. "Long Tom will barely reach that high, but I'll get you down if I have to use a balloon, Miss Winnie."

"Thank you very much," laughed the girl. "I shall depend on you, Mr. Langham, but mind how you make promises, for I'm going to take down your remarks in my note-book, and some day I may produce them in evidence."

Joe cast an eagle glance toward the engine-house. "I'll never go back on any promise I make you, Miss Winnie," he responded earnestly, "and I'm willing to make affidavit to that."

"I've got that recorded," declared the girl. "You know I've been practicing shorthand for some time, but can't make much progress without some one to read or dictate to me. I believe I shall make it a point to keep my note-book by me and jot down what my visitors say, for practice."

"That's right, I'll agree to talk to you as often and as long as you wish if it will help you any," said Joe. "Thanks, Mr. Langham, I've got that down, too, so be careful what you tell me," admonished the girl.

"I can't imagine what you want to learn shorthand for when you have accomplishments enough to equip half a dozen young ladies," said Joe.

"Now you are flattering me, Mr. Langham, or worse still, making fun of me—I didn't think that of you," declared Winnie.

"Honest, I'm not; don't I know you're an exceptionally fine elocutionist; wasn't I at Harmonia Hall the night you entertained the G. A. R. veterans? Hundreds of people will testify to the pleasure you gave them, and if I'm any judge of vocal and instrumental music, you are entitled to first prizes in those branches. I guess if there was a better artist in town, you wouldn't have such a big class in painting," continued the big man earnestly, as he recounted the girl's manifold talents.

She stood with her hands pressed tightly over her ears, looking at him with a quizzical smile.

"You had better make a note of what I tell you, if you want practice in your new profession," admonished Joe.

"I'm anxious to learn the newspaper business," said Winnie. "That's why I'm taking up the study of shorthand. When I'm competent Uncle will take me into his office where I can assist him while I master the details of that department. How am I going to get any practice if you persist in paying me compliments I don't deserve and wouldn't put in my note-book if I did?"

"You deserve all I've tried to say and much more, for I'm a poor hand at paying compliments," declared Joe.

"If you can't avoid personalities, take this Tennyson and read to me," said the girl, handing him an elegantly bound volume of the poet.

Joe took the book and opened it at random. His acquaintance with literature was limited and he did not feel wholly at ease in the company in which he found himself.

"Shall I read the 'Day Dream'?" he asked, pausing in turning the leaves as the smoothly flowing lines met his eye.

"My favorite poem," declared Winnie.

With a glance down the street, Joe began the perusal of the 'Enchanted Palace,' and as he read he likened the girl before him to the sleeping beauty, and wished himself the Fairy Prince.

The pencil in the nimble fingers flew over the leaves of the note-book.

Before Joe had finished the poem, the first tap of the bell for the morning drill started him off, book in hand at a swift pace, for his post of duty. He had not meant to abscond with the volume, but in his haste he left without an "adieu."

Carefully secreting the book in his locker, he superintended the drill with the lines of the enchanted poem running through his head. A new heaven was opened to him.

"Her favorite poem," he exclaimed to himself. "It's mine, too. How I wish I were her fairy prince!"

As he retraced his steps to the bay window, he glanced at the fly-leaf of the book and saw the lines written in a feminine hand:

"The lamp is lighted, and the flame is steady;
Should you come you will find me ready—
Through the silence I send this song to you."

"If only that was meant for me," sighed Joe, as he turned the page and read:

"For all his life the charm did talk
About his path and hover near,
With words of promise in his walk,
And whispered voices in his ear."

He read so assiduously to the girl that she soon became proficient in her new profession and was able to qualify for the position with her uncle.

The days were lonely for Joe without her face at the window, and he took to riding out on the big truck behind the grays which pranced and curvetted impatiently at the slow pace prescribed for exercise.

His route invariably carried him past the Rookery, filled with employes, surrounded by inflammable material, and his eye never failed to measure the distance to the editorial rooms on the top floor.

The doctor's daughter passed the engine house mornings and evenings on her way to and from business and Joe solaced himself with the pleasant greetings the little woman gave him.

Her new duties brought her many new friends, and presently the city editor, Richardson, a handsome, dashing young fellow, found it exceedingly agreeable to accompany her to her home, where he was shortly a frequent visitor.

Joe's comrades ventured to joke him on his rival, but only once. There was that in his face which warned the boys not to trifle with the powerful foreman. An occasional Sunday afternoon interview was the only opportunity afforded him to renew the former pleasant meetings under the pepper tree, and he could not fail to note a change in the demeanor of the girl toward him.

Summer passed and the rose-bush languished, missing the tender care of the former assiduous gardener.

A sultry September afternoon. Horses and men drowse in the languid heat.

"Boom-boom, boom-boom-boom-boom, boom-boom-boom-boom."

Before the last stroke of the alarm from box 244 ceased reverberating through the stifling air, Joe Langham in the driver's seat of the big truck, was urging the giant grays to action.

Fire flew from the rough stones of the pavement as the steel-shod hoofs crashed and pounded along in a mad gallop. The strident clanging alarm of the gong rang out at each foot-fall of the swift-moving animals. With whips of steel in each arm Joe leaned far out over the foot-board of the truck and guided the mad flight of the monster machine through the crowded streets, seeing nothing but the face of the doctor's daughter, hearing nothing but her voice: "Perhaps some day I'll let you rescue me from the Rookery."

Well, the time had come, something told him, and liquid fire surged through his veins. He glanced upward as he neared the fatal fire-trap. A heavy pall of smoke hung over the doomed building. Sullen tongues of flame burst from every orifice on the two top floors.

With a mighty effort Joe wheeled the panting grays around the corner beneath the editorial rooms. Many times he had mentally raised the towering extension ladder to the upper corner window, and as he looked up now, he saw her standing there framed by a back ground of fire and smoke.

Her uncle and Richardson had crawled out on the ledge which ran around the building on a level with the window sill and were endeavoring to persuade her to follow them where there was no room to render assistance.

Hauling the big grays back on their haunches, Joe jammed the powerful brake down hard, and brought the ponderous truck to a stop. In a second he was working with the strength of three men at the crank which elevated the lofty ladders and operated the turntable.

The crew sprang to aid him, and never had Long Tom risen more swiftly. While the great ladder yet trembled in midair the blonde hercules flung himself aloft hand over hand, and reaching the top just as the telescoped extension began to shoot up, he was elevated bodily to the limit of the tall, swaying structure.

Quickly his men inclined it toward the burning building, and in another second the tip of the long ladder, with Joe at the topmost round, rested against the wall immediately beneath the window where Winnie stood. Joe groaned aloud. The ladder was fully six feet short, and in his haste he had forgotten to carry a light scaling ladder with him. No time to remedy that oversight now.

Bracing his right foot firmly on a round of the ladder, Joe thrust his left leg between two rounds higher up, raised both arms above his head, and as he fastened his eyes on those of the girl he loved, he shouted, "Jump!"

Only a second she hesitated, then sprang outward and downward into those strong arms which gripped her with a mighty strength.

"Throw your arms around my neck, and hold on tight, Winnie!" he ejaculated hoarsely. Mechanically the girl obeyed. Her fragile form was but a feather-weight to the bronzed athlete and he started down the frail support on the double-quick.

A cry of horror burst from him as they reached the level of the floor below for a fierce blast of smoke and flame belched forth and enveloped them both.

In a second the light dress she wore was afire, and her raven black hair brushing his face was blazing.

A smothered scream burst from the lips of the girl. "Hold tight, for God's sake, Winnie!" cried Joe, as he continued to descend the ladder. It was impossible for him to disengage either hand to beat out the cruel flames on her hair or dress, and it was death to linger a second in mid-air on the ladder down which he raced at breakneck speed with his own clothing on fire.

The horror-stricken spectators turned faint at the sight, but the trained firemen smothered the flames which enshrouded the brave rescuer and his precious burden.

Torn between conflicting emotions of love and duty, Joe hurriedly gave orders for the doctor's daughter to be taken home in the ambulance, and directing the pipe men to play a stream on him from the nozzle of the hose, he seized a scaling ladder and once more swiftly tore aloft to that raging inferno, now enveloped in a sea of flame.

Reaching the top of Long Tom, he hastily elevated the scaling ladder, and hooking it onto the window ledge, he shouted to the two men crouched there almost overcome by heat and smoke, to descend.

With clothing afire and singed faces they made their way through that fiery hell down the scaling ladder firmly held in place by the big foreman.

In spite of the stream of water from the hose that dashed over him the great tongues of flame from the window below leapt out and beat upon him, burning him frightfully.

A pair of mica goggles protected his eyes, but his moustache and eyebrows were swept from his face which was terribly seared by the relentless blast. The two men were also badly burned, but they scrambled down the tall ladder to safety, followed by the heroic fire man. Soothing applications alleviated the agony of the burns sustained by the victim, but all were marked for life.

For many weeks the doctor's daughter lay swathed in bandages, in a darkened room, inconsolable for the loss of her hair, and for the hideous scars which defaced her for life.

Joe hesitated long before intruding his livid, seared and distorted features upon the sorely stricken girl, and entered her presence with a reluctance to cause her more pain. She lay on her couch asleep when he entered the partially darkened room, and his heart smote him as he recalled the lines:

"She sleeps, her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart;
Her fragrant tresses are not stirred,
That lie upon her charmed heart."

He stoops to kiss her, on his knee;
Love if thy tresses be so dark
How dark those hidden eyes must be."

Alas, the beautiful tresses were gone forever. "A touch, a kiss, the charm was snapt." Her eyes lighted up with a glad welcoming smile as she held out both poor bandaged hands to him.

Sinking on his knees beside the couch, Joe stammered: "I'm a poor excuse for a fairy prince, Winnie, dearest."

"You are far more welcome as you are, Joe," she exclaimed. "I'm not a sleeping beauty now, if I ever was one, and I'm to blame for your poor, dear burned face. It's all my fault," she sobbed.

"No—no, Winnie, don't say that—it's no one's fault. I have heard only your song through the silence and my heart is happy."

A joyous light filled the girl's eyes as she quoted:
And around her waist she felt it fold,
"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And far across the hills they went,
Into the new world which is the old."



TYPICAL FRUIT DRYING AND DAIRYING SCENES IN CALIFORNIA





NATIVE DAUGHTERS GOLDEN WEST

BY ELIZA D. KEITH, PAST GRAND PRESIDENT.



MISS GERTRUDE SURYHNE.

Recently an item appeared in the daily papers of San Francisco which gave the idea that the order, Native Daughters of the Golden West, had bought real estate. It stated that the Native Daughters had bought a house and lot for the "Native Daughters' Home." It should be distinctly understood that this project, however meritorious it may be in the abstract as a philanthropic idea, or however practical it may be as a business proposition, is not a Native Daughter of the Golden West project at all. The Home is the offspring of the Board of Relief. The Board of Relief was originally composed of fifteen members of a certain Grand Parlor, appointed by the Grand President. This Board of Relief incorporated. It is true that the Grand Parlor directed, and paid for this incorporation. But thereby the order lost all control over the Board of Relief, and all proprietary interest in its affairs and possessions. At first subordinate parlors were taxed to maintain the Board of Relief. Later, when that was shown to be unconstitutional, the word "tax" was changed to "contribution." But it does not matter by what term the operation is known, the fact remains that a close corporation, an independent, self-perpetuating body accountable to no authority but itself, with a constitution that can be changed to meet any emergency as it arises, has been, and is asking and receiving the contributions of money from the subordinate parlors of the N. D. G. W. on the plea that the Home "is for Native Daughters." Note the speciousness of the plea is for Native Daughters, not belonging to the Native Daughters. The order N. D. G. W. has the same legal ownership in the "Home" as it has in any restaurant which displays the sign, "These tables are for ladies."

Discussion is rife concerning this so-called "Native Daughters' Home." For those who wish a further exposition of the subject than can here be given, I refer with pleasure to the report of Grand President Keith as published in the N. D. G. W. proceedings for 1903.

It is with loyal appreciation of my opportunity that I devote a paragraph to removing an impression which did injustice to Grand President Miss Stella Finkeldey. How the rumor originated or spread, I will not attempt to analyze. It finally grew into the

definite statement that the present Grand President was thoroughly in sympathy with the idea of the "Native Daughter Home" as it now stands; that she was antagonistic to the views advanced by the preceding administration. In the first place, this is not true, and to circulate so false a report about our worthy Grand President is to place her in a position which would be thoroughly repugnant to her, that of being a Grand President disloyal to the order, and its primary interests; to the foundation principle that those interests must hold first place in the regard of every conscientious Grand President. I speak of what I do know of my own knowledge. On more than one occasion I have heard the Grand President speak appreciatively of the work accomplished by the Board of Relief; of the place that the "Home" filled in the social economy of the order. She commended it as a good boarding-house for Native Daughters strangers in the city, giving the additional recommendation of stating that she had always stopped there herself. The Grand President went further, and said that while she endorsed the "Home" for what it really was, she realized that it was not a part of the order N. D. G. W., nor under its jurisdiction, and that while many parlors did contribute to its support, while it is their right and privilege to do as they like with their money, yet all such contributions, all such support, is and must be entirely voluntary. The Grand President declared that the payment of \$3 a year is not compulsory, and failure to pay the same can in no wise affect the standing of the non-paying parlors as subordinate parlors, N. D. G. W. The Grand President also stated that she could see how it would be better for the "Native Daughter Home" if it were under the jurisdiction of the order, and received the support of the Grand Parlor, for then it would gain financially, receiving a proportion of the per capita tax. She also expressed the hope that the time might come when the "Home" would be under the order. The thanks of every loyal Native Daughter is due the Grand President for so expressing herself as to leave no doubt as to her meaning. Since the words of the Grand President on any



MISS IRENE M'LEOD.

subject have an official import, and are of interest to every member of the order, it affords me great pleasure to give them the publicity that they deserve. What lends particular weight to the Grand President's views on the subject is the fact that she is a member of one of the finest Rebekah lodges in the I. O. O. F., and is therefore fully familiar with the manner in which associations conduct the institutions that draw their financial support from the parent association.

It is a duty that I owe personally to the Grand President to correct the idea that she could possibly be antagonistic to any of the views advanced by the last administration, and endorsed by the Grand Parlor. Because she is not sending out circulars of instructions is not that she is opposed to the idea of circulars for disseminating knowledge, or of keeping the parlors up to the highest standard of uniform excellence. It is because, as she has said more than once, she realizes that the ground was fully covered last year, and that it is her mission to see how far the parlors have carried out the directions laid before them. Early in April I received the following letter:

Santa Cruz, April, 1903.

Eliza D. Keith, Grand President N. D. G. W.:

Dear Sister: I fully realize the immense amount of work you have done during the past few months, the energy and the time expended. May I ask a favor of you? Would it be asking too much of you if I say I would be greatly obliged if I might have a copy of each of the circulars you have already sent out to parlors; also your circular sent to D. D. G. P., and any you might send in the future? 'Tis true I have had the pleasure of reading them all to my parlor, but I would like to have a copy of my own, that I may consult each, and try to work along the line if



MRS. EMMA MUNSON.

possible should it be my privilege to become your successor.

Hoping you are well, with best wishes for your ever success in the future, I am

Sincerely and Fraternaly,

STELLA FINKELDEY,

Grand Vice President N. D. G. W.

In dismissing this matter, I will merely say that the parlors which did follow out the instructions contained in the circulars, of the year 1902-1903, will be able to answer satisfactorily the questions propounded by our worthy Grand President upon her official visit to the parlors. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Speaking of official visits our worthy Grand President is going through the list with energy. She has taken a leave of absence from her school duties and it is her determination to visit all the parlors before the first of January. The magnitude of this task can be appreciated only by a Grand President who has had the same experience. During September, Amador county had the pleasure of receiving the Grand President, beginning with Chispa Parlor No. 40, whose bright and representative member Mrs. Teresa Muldoon is our Grand Inside Sentinel. As usual Chispa's work was well rendered.

At Jackson Ursula Parlor No. 1, the mother parlor of the order, was the scene of a very satisfactory visit on the 17th. Particular interest always attaches itself to Ursula Parlor, since it was the first parlor organized. Jackson being the home town of the worthy founder, Lily O. Relchling, now Mrs. Frank Dyer. Ursula parlor has the honor of numbering among its members the Senior Past Grand President, Tina K. Lane, now in Ventura, the home of the Past Grand President, Cora B. Sifford. Mrs. Kane, until the close of May, or the early part of June, was president of the Native Daughter Board of Relief. Her resignation from the presiding office, and also from the Board itself, was a great loss to the Board. To Ursula Parlor No. 1 belongs another member of prominence in the order, Mrs. Ella Caminetti, the Grand Vice President. On the night of the official

(Continued on Page 24.)



MRS. LOUISE WATSON MORRIS.



MISS MARIE SMYTHE.

PROMINENT NATIVE DAUGHTERS



MRS. BELLE DOUGLAS.

MAE MARTIN.
AMELIA HOOK.

MRS. L. S. CALKINS.
GRACE GARTHE.

MRS. JENNIE HOLMES.

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF LAUREL PARLOR, NO. 6, NEVADA CITY.



MRS. EDITH M'MURTRY, JR.

MRS. EMMA L. LILLIE.
MRS. MATTIE STIEN, SR.
PAST PRESIDENTS OF IVY PARLOR, NO. 88, LODI.

MISS BESSIE TREDWAY.

Woman's Club Work—Past and Present

BY ELLA M. SEXTON.

The season of 1903-'4 opens auspiciously for California club-women, a year past of successful achievement bringing assurance of noble work to come. The one hundred and thirty-six clubs now in the State Federation of Woman's Clubs have a membership of 9,451 intelligent, clear-headed and active women, and this massing together of their plans and influence means a mighty current setting towards the uplifting and betterment of daily life and its conditions.

Civic improvements, such as tree-planting, park-making and beautifying the grounds and surroundings of schools and homes, will be carried on with renewed interest this year, while the creating of forest reserves and the preservation of our forests engrosses other committees and clubs. The traveling library-boxes sent to remote or bookless communities, the restoration of our picturesque old landmarks, the Missions, and the many fine papers offered through the Reciprocity Bureau to clubs desiring an interchange of work with others, are features noted in the year's work. The Northern District of Clubs will hold a meeting in San Francisco early in November.

The San Jose Woman's Club is raising the funds necessary for the erection of a club house. Six thousand dollars will cover the cost of building and ground, and half the amount is subscribed or in sight through various enterprises to aid the fund.

Undoubtedly the only one of the kind is the Los Angeles Silk Culture Club, recently organized to promote silk-raising in California. The women in this club have had splendid results; one in Los Angeles raising nine crops of cocoons in a year, and eight is a common number, while in Europe only one crop is secured annually. A booklet of instructions has been issued, and the president, Mrs. E. P. Keeney, states that many young girls, as well as invalid and elderly women, have entered upon this light, out-door work. A New York manufacturer will take the product at

the highest market price.

The San Francisco Musical Club opened the season with a fine program, "Robert Browning in Music." Miss Ella McCloskey sang a beautiful group of songs with Browning words, and Miss Millie Flynn gave in her exquisite soprano "I Send My Heart Up to Thee" and "Ah! Love But a Day." Miss Julia Tharp rendered the beautiful piano accompaniments to Mrs. James W. Edwards' charming readings of Browning. Mrs. George E. Bates is the popular and efficient president of this club.

The first meeting of the Contemporary of San Francisco was devoted to vacation experiences, and to discussing the year's work and pleasure. At the meeting of September 28th Miss Katherine Ball entertained the members with a charming account of her travels recently in Japan, "the land of the cherry-blossoms."

The California Club opens with renewed activity under its able president, Mrs. George Law Smith. The mass meeting held under the auspices of the club's Civic Section in the interests of the bond issue was a splendid success. Senator Knowland, Samuel Shortridge, W. H. Alford, Mayor Schmitz, P. H. Mc-

Carthy, G. B. Benham and Charles Sweigert demonstrated the present and future value of the planned improvements. Stereopticon views of the beautiful hillsides in other cities were shown.

From members of the Tuesday Club of Sacramento an association has been formed to build a club-house. The Ladies' Museum Association of the same city is very active in assisting to maintain a School of Design, where worthy girls may receive free instruction. The Elk Grove Friday Club is assisting to purchase a beautiful grove of oak trees, having their preservation for its object.

In Oakland the New Century maintains sewing and military schools, the former containing a hundred girls who are taught to sew well and neatly. Cooking and garden classes and Mothers' meetings are also kept up by the New Century. The Oakland Club has a cooking class with a large attendance, and supports the only vacation school in the district. The Criterion Club of Alameda was the means of introducing cooking as a branch of study in Alameda schools.

The Adelphian Club's new president is the talented Mrs. Anna E. Samuel. This club, whose membership is 250, gave a delightful afternoon lately, when David Starr Jordan was the speaker, and gave one of his characteristic, witty talks.

The Shakespeare Section, with Mrs. Scupham as leader, had charge of Ebells' first large meeting, and a crowded house enjoyed "The Winter's Tale," with Mrs. W. P. Buckingham as the star actress. The Ebells ladies have furnished the children's room in the Oakland Free Library, thus completing their labor of love for this institution. Much discussion is heard in this club as to the advisability of Ebells leading a campaign for better streets and for beautifying Oakland's home and school grounds; for better civic conditions, as Mayor Olney puts it. Oakland with its ideal climate might be made much more attractive were excellent streets, beautiful trees and gardens made more important.

The California Outdoor Art League has the matter of beautifying San Francisco in hand, this city needing a "beauty-doctor" badly, as witty Mrs. Sweigert said recently. At the meeting of the League on September 28th Rev. Father Caraher of St. Francis Church on the heights of Telegraph Hill made an eloquent appeal for the preservation of that landmark of St. Francis's city. Miss Ina Coolbrith read a poem in which the Hill made its own plea for recognition and safety. Mrs. H. H. Fassett spoke on the "Hill Cities of Europe."

The State Floral Society gave a fine dahlia show recently, those magnificent fall blossoms being shown in great beauty and variety. Addresses were made by the president, Prof. Emory E. Smith, and others. Rudolph Lichtenberg read an excellent paper on the history and cultivation of the dahlia.

The Corona Club has sent out programs for its sessions of September, October and November, a lecture on "Lace Making," by Mr. Weil, one by Judge W. W. Morrow and one on "American Composers," with vocal illustrations, by Dr. H. J. Stewart and his

pupils being announced. A "Stevenson Day," another given to "Modern Fiction," a most interesting afternoon devoted to "Four Famous Women of To-day," Helen Keller, Mary Wilkins, Clara Morris and Mary Johnston, are to be given by the members of this, one of the largest and most progressive of city clubs. One notes a new departure in presenting "Current Events," namely, two-minute talks on political, literary and scientific happenings, and those of lighter vein, by four different ladies, thereby lending interest and charm to this part of the program.

The Philomath Club has most reluctantly permitted its founder and president for the past nine years, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, to retire from the chair. Resolutions of regret, and of thanks for her invaluable services to the club, were presented her, with many flowers, and the occasion was made a memorable one. Mrs. Julius Kahn, who succeeds Mrs. Lowenberg, will guide these ladies in their customary excellent literary and artistic lines of work. There is much notable dramatic talent in their ranks, and Philomath plays, like their hospitalities, are well worth remembering.

Miss Susanne Patch, Chairman of Libraries and Portfolios for the State Federation, reports that there are sixty-two traveling libraries and four portfolios of pictures in circulation. These are sent on application to remote towns or districts without free libraries. The Tuesday Club of Sacramento has sent out three such collections of books, Los Angeles Ebells and Wednesday San Diego four each. Recent books, magazines, Youth's Companion and St. Nicholas are mentioned as desirable for clubs to send out, and clubs of small towns are asked to furnish lists indicating the kind of books desired. When one thinks of the lonely women in mountain or valley homes, longing for books, and considers the unused volumes overflowing most city dwellings, it would seem that some easy and inexpensive system of interchange might be devised.

Laurel Hall Club, with Mrs. George W. Haight as president, enters upon a promising season of work in its Civics, French, Mythology, Original Writers and Shakespeare sections. A lecture upon Rome, with stereopticon views is to be given by Mrs. Henry Payot before this club on the 21st of October.

The Daughters of California Pioneers listened to an address by Fairfax Whelan lately on the possibilities for beauty and improvement in San Francisco. Miss Lucy F. Adams is the newly elected presiding officer, and the association meets in Pioneer Hall parlors.

The Martha Washington Hotel in New York for women only is overflowing, and has literally hundreds on the waiting lists for rooms. One hundred rooms are reserved for transients at a dollar a day, with six dollars per week for three daily meals. Permanent guests pay from three to eight dollars a week for single rooms, and thirteen up for two rooms with private bath. Except that no rooms are rented to men in this dovecote, the hotel is conducted like any of New York's best ones. Many of the women stockholders live at the Martha Washington, and there are many professional women, as well as women of leisure and wealth, who seem to fraternize well with stenographers, book-keepers and clerks.



MRS. JOHN F. MERRILL.
President Century Club.



MRS. ELLA M. SEXTON.
Past President Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association.



GENERAL U. S. GRANT.
Golden Gate Park.

CALIFORNIA



JUNIPERA SERRA
Monterey, Cal., erected by Mrs. Leland Stanford.

MONUMENTS



R. L. STEPHENSON.
Portsmouth Park.



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.
Golden Gate Park.



MECHANICS' MONUMENT AND FOUNTAIN ERECTED IN SAN FRANCISCO
BY JAMES M. DONOHUE IN MEMORY OF P. DONOHUE.



MAJOR H. W. HALLECK.



STARR KING.
Golden Gate Park.



LICK MONUMENT.
City Hall Square.

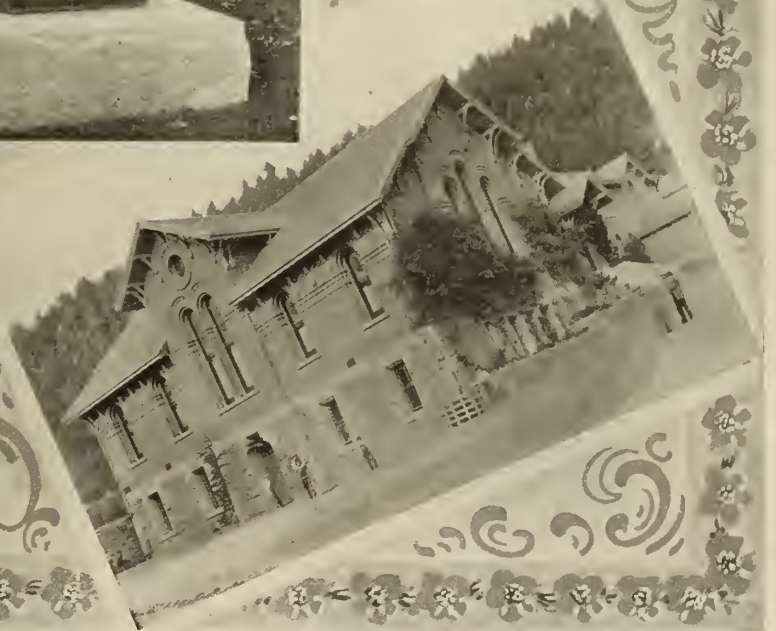


WINE PRESS.
Golden Gate Park.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY OF BERKELEY, SHOWING THE BUILDINGS OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY AND THE CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.





BUILDINGS OF THE CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE FOR THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND AT BERKELEY.



Have Teachers the Right to Organize Unions

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE-GARDINER.

An educational convention, or, as it is named, Teachers' Institute, was held in San Francisco recently under the auspices of the Public School Board. During its session interesting and instructive papers were read by clever men and women. The best and most progressive ways of teaching were also discussed, and some of the present methods now employed in the public schools sharply criticized.

These meetings were attended principally by women, who are teachers in the schools, many of whom have grown gray in the service, and the strain and worry of years of mental toil showed plainly upon their worn, but fine intellectual faces. Even the younger members who still possessed the bloom of youthful twenty, seemed to wear a thoughtful, anxious expression.

Alluding to this afterwards to one of the teachers (a woman of well-known and marked ability) she spoke as follows:

"You must know that teaching, though an interesting and noble profession, is certainly a very wearing occupation, especially in our public schools. Few realize, though, how much there is to try and annoy one. The large number of pupils in each class, generally about sixty, taken from all grades of society, many of whom are entirely undisciplined, make it very hard for a teacher to maintain order, to control and interest them at the same time.

"There are so many 'fads,' as we call them, brought into the schools. Each new Board of Education introduces new rules, and new extra studies to be taught. Many of these are unnecessary and take up valuable time that should be devoted to more useful lessons.

"A large percentage of the pupils, especially of the boys, are obliged to leave school even before they complete the grammar grades, in order to earn their

living. What they need is to be well grounded in the necessary English branches of the regular public school course, while they are able to attend school. Those that have time for extras, or accomplishments should take those lessons outside of school hours.

"For instance, music and drawing, these are the most important of them, are beautiful arts and any one having the talent (for it is born, not made) and the time to devote to either of them, is to be envied.

"Drawing especially, has been made quite a feature in the public schools lately. A special teacher is hired for that purpose. She gives a lesson lasting a half, or an hour, to each class about once a week. It is really though more of a lesson to the teacher who is expected to illustrate and follow her methods, to work to perfect the pupils in that lesson until she comes again. If the regular teacher of the grade has no talent herself for drawing, how is she going to properly instruct others. I have taught the English branches for many years, and have always been known as a successful teacher, but I have no talent for drawing. I never could have been an artist, no matter how hard I might have tried, and the same is the case with many other excellent instructors, who, like myself, hold high university diplomas. Yet we are liable to be reported as incompetent teachers if our classes are not up to the standard in drawing.

"Each member of the school board has some friend or friends, he is anxious to place in the school department. They are all looking for an opportunity to weed out, especially some of the older teachers, and so, for any cause, even as unjust a one as this, we might lose our positions. A 'Sword of Damocles' suspended by the single hair is ever hanging over the heads of the public school teachers. No wonder then that they look worn and worried, and that we

hear of so many of them falling victims to nervous prostration."

"It is strange," we observed, "that in these days of 'unions' the teachers have not thought of redressing their wrongs, and establishing their rights by forming one."

"Oh," she said, "the question has not only been mooted, but is at the present time much talked of. There are many reasons for establishing 'unions' though we know all are intended to help and protect the wage-earner. In our case it would be more to relieve teachers from unnecessary strain and worry than a matter of salary and hours. One of the fundamental rules laid down, we have heard, in these unions, is that no one shall trespass upon the rights of another. So we would make it a law that no regular teacher in the department should be held responsible to any special teacher for the advancement of her specialties. Also that no teacher should be dismissed from the public school department until the 'union' had investigated the charges against her.

"That would cover the whole ground and would do away with the necessity of a teacher having to carry her grievances into the courts, as many have been compelled to do lately."

"So whether the public school teachers have a right or if it is a necessity to organize a union is an open question, but it may be soon brought to a final issue, and become an established fact.

No doubt these educators of the children of the public have in many instances just cause for complaint, more so than many of the organizations that have thought it necessary to establish 'unions.'

These ways of redress are certainly open to women as well as men, in this progressive twentieth century age, if they desire to make use of them. Alger says "small causes even can bring about great effects when time and facts conspire to help them."

THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND INSTITUTE

There is an institution of national pride located in Berkeley, which, for its successful management and the worthy object for which it was founded, has attained a high character, not only at home but abroad. It is the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute, which the State incorporated in its admirable scheme of education at public cost. From a small beginning, under judicious management, it has grown to be one of the great institutions of California. Its site is even more picturesque than that of the State University, and the cluster of beautiful buildings form a landmark to those approaching Berkeley. Not only are the buildings a classical ornamentation to the beautiful site, but the elegant grounds embellish both, being a gem of beauty in the warm, sheltered nook at the very base of the Contra Costa hills.

Standing upon a terraced lawn is the central and main school building of stone and pressed brick, finished inside with white cedar. This building contains in addition to the assembly hall and class rooms, the library, sketching and drawing rooms and execu-

tive offices. The fine, solid oak book cases were made by the pupils.

To the rear of this building, and divided by a court, is the refectory, a not less beautiful building, containing the great dining hall, pantries, storeroom and fine kitchen. Beneath the refectory is a first-class gymnasium, with all the improved apparatus. There are three homes for the accommodation of the pupils and teachers, all fire-proof, and with perfect sanitation. There is a bake shop and laundry where the girls are taught the art of cooking and laundry work. There is a building 120x60 feet for the mechanical department, where the boys are taught the useful trades whereby they may secure a livelihood. It contains a printing office, and also a studio where instruction is given in modeling and drawing; and last, but not least, is the playground, where the sightless and mute romp and enjoy themselves when not engaged in their studies. In a word, it is a model institution—creditable to the management, and an honor to the great State of California. The people of

Berkeley may well be proud of having the two great institutions of the State within its bailiwick.

It is worth a trip to enjoy the beautiful site, buildings and lovely, well-kept grounds of the Deaf Mutes and Blind Institute, with its green lawns, surrounded by orchards and gardens. The five halls are named after five of the benefactors of the Institute—the Moss Hall, Strauss Hall, Bartlett Hall, Willard Hall and Durham Hall. The present inmates number 220—102 deaf mute boys and 69 girls; 29 blind boys and 23 girls. There are upon the walls choice sketches and paintings, executed by the deaf mute Granville S. Seymour. The Assembly Hall is finely arranged, with a large pipe organ, while the lawn is graced with Tilden's group, "The Hunters Attacked by the Bear," a choice work of bronze statuary. As an educator of the taste of the people generally, as well as its inmates specially, the Institute is well worth all it costs. It is turning out a creditable class of men and women.



MODERN PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDINGS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FALL FASHIONS

The blouse front to which we have long been accustomed will disappear this season, and in its stead will come a more closely fitting waist. The loose blouse effect in front, the puff, the shortened bolero, and similar ideas depart together. The coats and jackets of heavier materials are made by leaving out the fullness and using tailored effects.

With the tighter waist a less voluminous skirt is essential—one part of the costume must harmonize with the other, and as a consequence the fullness disappears from the skirt, the flare is entirely taken out, and we have shorter, straighter and narrower garments, more easy of management, less difficult to make and infinitely more satisfactory in general wear. The new skirts are again lined, faced and bound, especially the tailor-made forms.

MORE TRIMMINGS.

With the simpler forms of garments will come a corresponding enrichment of garniture. The use of braids, buttons, passementeries, finer embroideries, laces and novelty fabrics is possible only when the fashion turns to simple, close-fitting lines. Rich fabrics cannot be used in costumes that are very intricate or where large expanses of skirts and waists are to be covered.

The princess or tight-fitting effects immediately invite the use of the richest possible materials. In spite of all that has been said against zibelines they are undoubtedly the most prominent heavy weight material this Fall.

SILKS AND VELVETS.

Velvet and velveteen will be much used, not only in entire costumes, but also in trimmings. Velveteen is a strong favorite because of its rich, supple quality adapting it to general attire. Plain blacks are most favored, although there will be great popularity for neat, mottled printings in neat effects.

In silks the greatest use will be made of soft fabrics on the crepe de chine order for evening wear. There will be very little on the fancy silk order.

LACES AND TRIMMINGS.

Bulgarian, Turkish, Roumanian and Oriental embroideries of every description have been copied and embodied in collars, stoles and other types of trimming for the coming season. Fringes around capes follow the French taste, and innumerable small ruchings set upon laces will be utilized in the even-



NEWEST CREATIONS IN LADIES' WAISTS FOR FALL AND WINTER.

ing dresses and form portions of the arrangement of dinner toilettes.

Laces of every variety, hand-made especially, following the Teneriffe, guipure and coarser effects, even into the real twine types, in bands, borders

or medallions, are much favored. Medallions in silk and wool in guipure are among the new things in a variety of tans, browns, helios, blues and many light fancy mixed effects in beautiful tints.

No. 100. Ladies' cotton waist, six pleats in front running from shoulder to bust line, collar and front trimmed with tabs, end of tabs trimmed with lace, large pearl buttons, large bishop sleeves.

No. 101. Flannel waist, pleated front, stock collar, front band trimmed with three buttons, large sleeves.

No. 102. Cotton waist, white ground with fancy black stripes, fancy stock collar and tabs, large bishop sleeves.

No. 103. Sateen waist, pleated front and back, three large fancy buttons, pleated sleeves, made very large, stock collar with tab.

No. 104. Ladies alpaca waist, pleated from shoulder to bust line, fancy scalloped front, trimmed with graduated silk-covered buttons, stock collar with tab, large sleeves.

No. 105. Ladies' waist of peau de soie, tucked back, front has eight rows of broad pleats and eight rows of hem-stitching, front of waist trimmed with three lace medallions, stock collar with tabs, tabs trimmed with silk buttons, large bishop sleeves.

No. 106. Heavy peau de soie silk waist, pleated front and back, pleats in front made to form round yoke, stock collar with tab, also two large tabs in front of waist trimmed with lace medallions, large pleated sleeves, cuffs also trimmed with medallion.

LADIES' SUITS FOR FALL AND WINTER.

No. 200. Ladies dress suit; zibelne mixture; Norfolk jacket, strapped back and front; military collar; large sleeves; lined with silk serge; seven gore skirt with kilt effect; lined; finished seams.

No. 201. Ladies' walking suit, made of all-wool mixture; blouse jacket with skirt effect, making a three-quarter garment; lined cape over shoulders; trimmed with large fancy buttons; extra large sleeves with turn-back cuffs; gored skirt; lapped seams.

No. 202. Ladies' dress suit; pebble cheviot; blouse jacket with three-quarter skirt effect; lined with silk serge to the waist; collarless, with double capes over shoulder; stole effect front; large sleeves; seven-gored skirt with panel front; yoke effect; lapped seams, making a broad effect; kilt effect at the bottom.

No. 203. Ladies' walking suit, three-quarter coat; blouse effect; patent leather belt; strapped back and front; large sleeves; velvet collar; seven-gored skirt; each seam strapped with one strap of same material one inch wide; skirt made very full.



FALL AND WINTER STYLES IN LADIES SUITS.

NATIVE DAUGHTERS GOLDEN WEST

(Continued From Page 16.)

visit a delegation from Amapola Parlor, Sutter Creek, was in attendance. Among the visitors was the Worthy Grand Secretary, Laura J. Frakes, at home on her vacation. Last year the Grand Secretary was not able to take the vacation allowed her by the Grand Parlor because of the delay in the publication of the proceedings. This year her presence in her home county, where she is a general favorite, during the official visits is much appreciated by the Amador Parlor. It is hardly necessary to state that the work was well rendered in Ursula Parlor. A banquet was served at the close of the meeting, which was delightful in every way. On the following evening the scene was transferred to Sutter Creek, where Amapola parlor long has made the town famous in the annals of the N. D. G. W. The parlor hall was beautifully decorated in red, with flowers and potted plants in profusion. The work, as might have been expected, was simply perfect. Under the head of a report of a special committee a very pretty feature was introduced. Resolutions relative to the death of a much loved sister were read by the chairman of the committee as "In Memoriam." The parlor was called up, the organist softly playing "Near-er My God to Thee." The parlor remained standing until the cessation of the music. Many letters of congratulation to Amapola Parlor were read from Native Daughters in various parts of the State, and Recording Secretary Ida B. Herman called attention to Carrie Stevens Walters' poem, "Amapola," in the September California Ladies' Magazine as a selection particularly appropriate for Amapola Parlor, and asked the Grand President if she would not read the poem to the parlor. The poem was then ordered placed in Amapola's scrap book. Mrs. Jennie Brown, one of the charter members of Amapola, and an officer of many terms, read a history of the parlor, dwelling in detail upon the work that Amapola Parlor began and carried out years ago, in observing special days, studying California history and in taking part in local celebrations of special or national occasions. The social features of the evening, the banquet, the music, were marked by taste, elegance and whole-souled hospitality. The Grand President was very much impressed by all that she saw and heard. Of my knowledge, I can say that Amapola Parlor is one of the finest in the order.

From Sutter Creek to Plymouth the Grand President was accompanied by Miss Goldsworthy, the President of Amapola Parlor, and the Grand Secretary, Laura J. Frakes, to the neighboring town of Plymouth, the home of Forrest Parlor. During this season of the year, many of the residents of Plymouth leave town to escape the heat, so the full corps of officers were not in attendance. But what the parlor lacked in numbers it made up in enthusiasm. Their efforts to follow the instructions for the floor work as adopted by the Grand Parlor were conscientiously performed. An era of good feeling was in the air, and everywhere, in the heart, as well as on the lip. Amador county has always been famous for the manner in which it receives the visiting grand officer, and on this occasion, as on all others, Amador "had done herself proud."

Far in the heart of the mountains of Amador is a dear little parlor named in honor of Belle W. Conrad, one of the most broad-minded, whole-souled and unselfish women that our order has produced. Her term as Grand President was marked by a great advance in the order in regard to floor work. Mrs. Conrad was emphatic as to the importance of ritualistic excellence. She knew what should be done, and she knew how to inspire others with her enthusiasm, and she possessed the ability to express clearly, directly, unequivocally and fearlessly upon any point. And yet I do not believe that Past Grand President Conrad ever made an enemy by the manner in which she made a correction, a suggestion or called upon the girls to do their duty. It was Mrs. Conrad who instituted the march for balloting, drilling the members in the home in her official visits. Her successor, Mrs. Mills, wrote out the formula for the balloting, which appears in the Digest of Decisions, and I had the honor of putting the finishing touches to the work which Past Grand President Conrad began during her administration.

Conrad Parlor No. 101, of Volcano, Amador county, is a worthy exponent of her whose name it bears. It is one of the most hospitable and perfect of parlors. The Grand President was very much impressed with the manner in which it performed its work, and accorded Conrad Parlor high praise. Conrad Parlor was one of the first to take up the study of California

history, as advocated so earnestly during my administration, and I love to recall my visit in Volcano.

I am informed by Grand Secretary Laura J. Frakes that since the Grand Parlor there have been a great many demands for full sets of regalia, in accordance with the suggestion adopted from the Grand President's report that all parlors should provide themselves with the regulation paraphernalia. The demand is increasing for the map of California, and the parlors that had not already secured the lithograph copy of the official emblem are now doing so. The members of the order are intelligent enough, and loyal enough, to realize that since the Grand Parlor ordered the emblem placed in the lodge rooms of the order, that the emblem is just as much a part of the paraphernalia of the parlor as the regalia, the banners, or the charter itself; that it is not now a question left to the option of the parlor, or of what an individual parlor may care to have, or not to have, but of what it must have. By the action of the last Grand Parlor, the presence of the emblem in every Native Daughter lodge room is compulsory.

This month of October is distinguished in the Grand Parlor year for Flag Day, which is celebrated by the parlor on the first regular meeting night of the month.

It will not be long before the Thanksgiving season approaches. Doubtless since the Grand Parlor gave it a place upon the calendar of its year, the members of the order will again observe it with appropriate ceremonies as they did last year, when I had the honor of calling their attention to the season.

One of the duties of the new Committee of Promotion, Publicity and Historical Interests is to foster the practice of seed sowing over the soil of this state. Let me urge upon all members of the order that they collect the seeds of the wild flowers, and of the hardy annuals, and enter into communication with me as chairman of that committee. Last year Forrest Parlor at Plymouth sent a large sack of acorns and buckeyes to the Grand Secretary's office in response to the request for seeds of trees, plants and flowers. These were turned over to the Out Door Art League of San Francisco, of which Mrs. Lovell White is the President, and which is engaged in the "beautification" of the city of San Francisco.

AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY

That "great oaks from little acorns grow" is not truer than from the most common sources often spring the best things of life. And since that which is common in every sense is often pushed aside, thoughtlessly, it is true, it is not strange that the hygienic value and commercial importance of pine needles have never been more fully understood and appreciated by the masses. Though it is not generally known, it is none the less true that for several hundred years the Franciscan and Dominican fathers have been constantly calling attention to the health-giving principles of pine needles, and urgently recommending their general use in all gouty and rheumatic affections, and more especially for bronchial and pulmonary troubles, as well as various nervous disorders. So persistent have been the efforts of the Fathers in this direction that the thoughtful attention of the medical world was finally arrested, but it is only within recent years that definite steps were taken towards putting this gradually absorbed knowledge to a practical use through the establishment of pine needle sanitariums at various places in Germany. So successful and important have been these health resorts, that the "black forests" of Germany have become famous throughout the whole world. But beyond the establishment of sanitariums by the German government the attempt to utilize pine needles cannot be said to have particularly flourished in Europe. While the medical world today generally recognizes the curative properties and hygienic value of pine needles, the attempt to popularize any product of same was never signally successful until American capital and American enterprise on American soil, were enlisted. Hence the Pacific Pine Needle Co. of San Francisco was organized about seven years ago for the purpose of utilizing the pine needles of our mountain forests for making various articles of general utility and great medicinal value, principally among these being mattresses, pillows, cushions, bath extract, rheumatic oil, and cough syrup.

CIVIC WORK BY WOMEN

BY ELIZA D. KEITH.

San Francisco voted to issue bonds for public improvements, and the victory for the cause of the new San Francisco is no doubt due in a large measure to the advocacy that the women gave the cause. In fact it is not saying too much when the credit for the continued attempt to save Telegraph Hill is given to Miss Catherine Hittell, daughter of the historian, herself a graduate of our State University. Long ago Miss Hittell and other earnest women of the California Club of San Francisco determined to arrest the devastations of the quarrymen who, to use the effective metaphor of Charles Swelgart, one of the wittiest orators of the day, were "bringing Telegraph Hill within the jurisdiction of the rock crusher." With this end in view, they plead with the quarrymen, appealed to the supervisors, and created such a sentiment in favor of saving Telegraph Hill for a park that a bond issue could not have been complete without it. When the subject of the bond issue was in its infancy, no one seemed to consider that there was any possibility of carrying the project. The voters were apathetic—public interest seemed elsewhere—so the women who had long talked and dreamed of what San Francisco could and would be, undertook to create a public sentiment to arouse public interest—to carry the bond election. They organized joint committees. The Telegraph Hill committee, under Miss Hittell's leadership met weekly in the rooms of the California Club, and planned for the effective exercise of their influence. They visited the various labor unions and addressed them. They issued circulars and paid for their distribution stereopticon lectures showing the famous hills of the world, were given in different parts of the city, one of the largest being that before the San Francisco Camera Club—the "book" being by Captain Fletcher of the Art Association. Captain Fletcher was also the author of the interesting leaflet on Telegraph Hill which was distributed to the school children of San Francisco at the expense of the Out Door Art League, one of the most important agencies under the able leadership of Mrs. Lovell White for creating the sentiment in favor of the "City Beautiful."

The Telegraph Hill committee received the able support of the Native Daughters. Before the Grand Parlor, I appointed Past Grand President Mills and Dr. Florence Temple of Keith Parlor No. 137, N. D. G. W., as my representatives on that committee. Later Mrs. Mills resigned on the ground of ill health, and at Miss Hittell's request I, as the chairman of the N. D. G. W. committee of Historical Landmarks, entered the committee.

One of the most effective of the opinion in favor of the proposed parks. opinion in favor of the proposed parks, was the Mission Park Association, where the ladies played a prominent and most active part, and where the gentlemen were so gallantly appreciative of our efforts that they magnanimously declared that the ladies did ALL the work. Miss Mary Burke, member of Golden State Parlor No. 50, was the secretary, and such another head for organization and executive ability as that young women possesses it were hard to find. Some of the most effective workers were in this club. Mrs. Mary E. Tillman, Past Grand President of the N. D. G. W.; Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Dr. Glaser, Las Lomas Parlor, N. D. G. W.; Miss Fennell, who has been instrumental in restoring the old altar of Mission Dolores church, and many others, took active part in arousing public sentiment in favor of the bond issue.

The ladies took a leading part in the mass meeting held by the Mission Park Association, and it was a great success, its chief feature being the speech of the Hon. J. D. Phelan.

The California Club placed some of its funds at the disposal of the Telegraph Hill committee, and at the mass meeting held under these auspices Mrs. George Law Smith, president of the California Club, opened the meeting with dignity and gracefully resigned the chairmanship to Hon. Joseph R. Knowland, president of the California Historical Landmark League.

The ladies acting as vice-presidents were Mrs. Lovell White, president of Outdoor Art League and of Semper-virens Club; Madame Emilia Tojetti of the Laurel Hall Club; Dr. Florence Temple, president of Keith Parlor, N. D. G. W.; Eliza D. Keith, Past Grand President of N. D. G. W.; Miss Mabel Eyres, President Sunshine Society; Mrs. W. T. Gorham, President Clionthe Club; Mrs. Bertha Brosius, President of Contemporary Club; Mrs. Albert Victor Brown, President Consumers' League; Miss Lucy F. Adams, President Daughters of Pioneers; Mrs. Florence Matheson, Women's Press Association; Mrs. John Farnham, President Telegraph Hill Committee, Forty-fifth District; Mrs. Laura Bride Powers, Secretary Historical Landmarks League; Mrs. L. Hertz, President of San Francisco branch, National Council of Jewish Women; Mrs. John Martin, State Floral Association; Mrs. Ella M. Sexton; Mrs. Henry Payot, President Forum Club; Mrs. Denniston, President Corona Club; Mrs. E. Belden, Chairman of the Civic Department; Dr. Dorothea Moore, Miss Jessica Pelxotto, Miss Kate Atkinson, Mrs. T. Johnson, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Tricou and Mrs. Von der Mehden.

Wives and Daughters of the Mexican War Veterans

(Continued From Page 8.)

2300 men. That of the enemy was about 6000. The American loss was ten killed and forty-four wounded. The Mexican loss was 140 killed and about 300 wounded. On the next day at Resaca de la Palma, the Mexicans were again defeated.

A squadron, under command of Commodore Sloat, had been dispatched to Mazatlan with instructions to seize California when he should receive information that hostilities had commenced on the Rio Grande. General Kearney had been dispatched with a force of dragoons to New Mexico, to occupy that province. It will thus be seen that the conquest of California and New Mexico had been determined upon in the event of war with Mexico. This vast territory was to be the prize, or the indemnity, for Mexico was bankrupt financially, and its resources were pledged.

Commodore Sloat sailed for California upon hearing that hostilities had begun. He arrived off Monterey on July 2, and landed the marines and occupied the place on the 7th, hoisting the American flag, no resistance being offered. On the following day Commodore Montgomery, of the Portsmouth, took possession of San Francisco, and adjacent country. On the following day the Commodore sent a force to take possession of Sonoma and hoist the American flag.

Thus, California was taken—a "peaceful conquest," the result of the war. The Americans lost about 6,000 men in that war—2,000 were killed on the battlefields, and about 4,000 of the wounded subsequently died of their injuries.

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LATEST FALL AND WINTER STYLES

The fashion pages of this number have been specially prepared for the California Ladies' Magazine by Hale Bros. of San Francisco, the well known fashion leaders of the Pacific Coast. The illustrations comprise the very latest creations for fall and winter wear, and the ladies of California will appreciate the enterprise of this popular firm in keeping abreast of the season's changes in wearing apparel.

Reference is also made to the announcement on the back cover of this issue, by which handsome presents may be obtained at the booth of the California Ladies' Magazine in Hale Brothers' store, 979-987 Market street, San Francisco.

LADIES' WRAPPERS AND BATH ROBES.

No. 600. Ladies' dark ground flannel-ette wrapper, inside vest lining, wide skirt and flounce, bishop sleeves, yoke in back, fancy yoke in front, edged with ruffle, collar and yoke trimmed with braid.

No. 601. Ladies' dark flannelette wrapper, made with inside fitted vest lining, wide skirt with flounce, large bishop sleeves, round yoke in back, fancy front, yoke edged with wide ruffle, collar and yoke and cuffs trimmed with braid, ruffle trimmed with embroidered edge.

No. 602. Ladies' long flannelette kimona, made with yoke back and front, large bell sleeves, shawl collar back and front, sleeves trimmed with border and goods to match.

No. 603. Ladies' dark flannelette wrapper, made with fitted vest lining, wide skirt with flounce, rolling collar, extra large bishop sleeves, round yoke back and front edged with ruffle, collar, yoke, belt and cuffs of polka dot goods to match, trimmed with braid.

No. 604. Ladies' ripple eiderdown bath robe, bell sleeves, large fancy collar, collar, pockets and sleeves crocheted with black worsted, collar and sleeves trimmed with black braid, tied round waist with large cord and tassel.

No. 605. Ladies' ripple eiderdown bath robe, large five-pointed collar, bell sleeves, collar, front of robe, back straps and pockets bound with black mercerized satin, collar and sleeves trimmed with applique of satin, tied round waist with cord and tassel.



LADIES' PETTICOATS AND EIDER-DOWN SACKS.

No. 700. Ladies' eiderdown dressing sack, three seams, large round collar, collar and edge of sack and sleeves crocheted with black worsted, tied in front with satin ribbon.

No. 701. Ladies' eiderdown dressing sack, large fancy embroidered collar, collar and sleeves bound with mercerized sateen, front and bottom of sack crocheted with black worsted, tied in front with satin ribbon.

No. 702. Ladies' eiderdown dressing sack, five seams, large round collar, entire sack crocheted with black worsted with white edging, collar trimmed with five large rings of satin and braid, two pockets with crocheted edge, tied in front with ribbon with two silk frogs.

No. 703. Ladies' dressing sack of ripple eiderdown loose back, large sailor collar bell sleeves, collar, front of sack, sleeves and pockets bound with satin, collar trimmed with two large rows of satin ribbon combined with fagot stitching, two pockets.

No. 704. Ladies' petticoat of black mercerized sateen, 10-inch flounce and dust ruffle, bottom of flounce trimmed with accordion pleating.

No. 705. Ladies' petticoat, with lapped seams, 10-inch flounce, deep dust ruffle, flounce trimmed with pleated ruffles of same material.

No. 706. Ladies' petticoat, made of mercerized sateen, 12-inch flounce and dust ruffle, flounce trimmed with three deep ruffles, each ruffle trimmed with two rows of hem-stitching.

No. 707. Ladies' sateen petticoat, with deep flounce, flounce trimmed with three rows of velveteen, deep dust ruffle.

BUTTONS AND BRAIDS.

The introduction of the military cape, the long coat, the tighter-fitting garments, clearly indicates the use of buttons of every variety. In fact, Paris is using metal, pearl and covered buttons on the earliest productions for the new season.

Braids invariably follow buttons, and our first exhibition of costumes shows the use of plain, narrow braids in the mohair silks and suitable varieties that is little short of astonishing even to the casual observer. The natural tendency of the French couturier being in this direction, later developments must necessarily force into consumption great quantities of the more staple numbers.





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CORRECT DRESS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Dress is a very important matter to ladies, and a wise woman will not affect to despise it. An untidily dressed person gives a constant feeling of discomfort to the beholder, whereas a pleasant appearance is a continual letter of recommendation. Our pedigree is not inscribed upon our backs, and it is just possible that all our many talents and virtues may fail to impress the beholder; a well-conceived toilet speaks for us at once, and either consciously or unconsciously impresses every one we meet. At present, when individuality of appearance is more considered than a mere slavish following of fashion, dress requires a good deal of thought, and (without emulating the example of M. Charles Blanc, who traced such extraordinary meanings in a heart-shaped bodice or an odalisque sash so as to make any well-minded woman long to take to wearing a sack for the rest of her life), without committing extravagances of this kind, it may fairly be said that a woman has now, more than at any time past, the power of impressing her own individuality on the dress she wears.

Without wishing in any way to advocate fossilization of costume, we must admit that every woman is possessed of a certain distinctiveness of appearance which, for the want of a better word, we call her "style." One person looks best in long luxurious robes, whilst another never looks so well as in tailor-made gown with a linen collar. One person shows to advantage in an Oriental tea-gown, whilst another has what is called an interesting appearance, which seems naturally to suggest a black dress and a bunch of violets. A woman is perfectly right in considering her "style," and in carefully moulding her dress to correspond. But whilst society allows every latitude concerning what you shall wear, it is extremely rigorous about when you shall wear it. Suitability is half the secret of dress, and the most perfect toilet donned under wrong conditions only results in being a perfect failure.

There exists always a certain class of fashions which are only intended for carriage wear. Middle-class people will do well to avoid them, for they are only beautiful in their right place. The long brocade mantle which is eminently suitable to a brougham is essentially out of place in the street.

The etiquette of dress is easy to acquire. Morning dress should be simple but fastidiously neat. Afternoon dress may be richer, particularly if visits are to be paid. Dinner dress generally implies a square-cut bodice and elbow-sleeves. Evening dress must be fresh and brilliant, a demi-toilette being quite inadmissible at a ball. Very smart people do not dress much when they are shopping.

Whilst speaking on the subject of suitability in dress, it may be well to mention that Sunday makes two exceptions to the rules above given. If you are staying in a friend's house on Sunday the rule about a simple morning toilet does not hold good. It is proper to come down to breakfast in the dress you intend to wear to church, and it would be absurd to put on another for the sake of so short a time. Neither does anyone dress for dinner on Sunday, for the simple reason that nobody goes to church in evening dress.

Gloves should always be worn at a dinner party, and they are not removed until one is seated at table.

Dress in the country differs a good deal from dress in town. Evening dress is the same in a country house as it is everywhere else, but day dress is generally considerably plainer. There is not the same necessity for a change of attire in the afternoon as there is in town. There is no occasion to discard the morning toilette at luncheon; the same dress is generally worn until five o'clock tea, when a tea-gown is very generally adopted during the few hours that are spent in the boudoir before dressing for dinner. Well-bred people do not make an elaborate toilette in the daytime in the country unless there is some reason for it.

There are certain occasions when it is your duty to dress—when an indifferent toilette is a rudeness to those you are in company with. If you are invited to a friend's wedding, you should put on a nice dress to do her honor. If a friend offers to take you

to a theatre, it is equally necessary that you should be well appointed. If you are invited to stay on a visit, you must be nicely dressed from morning till night. When you are invited to be a person's guest, it is in your power to do him credit or discredit. A good appearance is as essential a part of respect to your host as of proper consideration for yourself.

Although the rules about the etiquette of dress are so simple, there are occasions on which a person may be excused for feeling some hesitation. Hostesses are anxious to provide some novel entertainment, and they send out invitations which as often as not plunge their recipients into a state of embarrassment. Men may laugh at the idea of a woman being perplexed with the problem as to what she shall wear, but no one who has ever been either over-dressed or under-dressed at a reception is ever likely to forget it. To be suitably dressed is worth bestowing some thought upon, and there are occasions when a decision presents some difficulties. For example, you receive an invitation to witness some private theatricals, the hours being three till seven. The idea of theatricals naturally suggests a kind of demi-toilette, whereas the hours presuppose a bonnet. In all such cases the rule is clear—as long as the hours specified are before seven, it is plain that evening dress cannot be required. People in society are supposed to dress for dinner, and wherever they go afterward they are naturally in evening dress. The dinner hour governs society, as far as the etiquette of dress is concerned, and it is the only thing to go by when in doubt.

An afternoon At Home is one of the necessities of city life. The distances in town are so enormous that but for this institution it would be virtually impossible to see anything of one's friends. A lady need not think herself in any way pretentious on setting up a weekly reception, for it is evident that by reserving a day for this purpose she is ministering to the comfort of her friends.

The invitations for an At Home of this description are never accompanied by any ceremony. A lady mentioned casually to her friends that she is always to be found at home on a certain day, or she writes Tuesday or Wednesday on the left hand side of her visiting card, so that the ladies on whom she calls may know when to return her visit.

Some people write their name at the bottom of the card, but the newest way is to write it crosswise on the left-hand side of the top. It is not strictly necessary to state the hours of the reception, because every one knows that calling-time is from three to five o'clock.

A few words about the arrangement of the drawing-room may not be out of place. Everything should be done to make a room look its best; fresh flowers placed in the vases, and (if it is winter time) a cheerful fire burning in the grate. If there is a large centre table, it should be done away with altogether or moved to one side. It is impossible to make a room look pretty with a table in the center, to say nothing of its offering a hindrance to circulation. The hostess sits where she can face the door, so that she can greet her guests the moment they come in, and care should be taken that the furniture is not arranged in such a way as to impede the entrance of the visitor. The footman (or parlor-maid as the case may be) precedes the visitor to the drawing-room door, which he throws open without knocking, having first inquired the visitor's name so as to announce it.

When a guest is announced, the hostess advances a few steps to meet her. If her visitor comes from a distance, the hostess should ring at once for tea, but otherwise it is not necessary to offer it until four o'clock. The hostess sits near her visitor and engages her in pleasant conversation. If a second visitor arrives, she must of course receive the greater share of attention, the rule being always to bestow the greatest attention on the latest arrival. A clever hostess will manage to do this without leaving her former guest out in the cold, contriving a pretext as soon as possible for including her in the conversation.

(To be continued in next issue.)

LATEST FASHIONS FROM PARIS

Formerly with the change of summer to winter there was a change in the fashion, not only in materials, but in the design for all clothes. Now in spring and autumn also new styles must be exhibited and entire new outfits must be provided.

However the exaggerations of luxury has had a reaction, and the same materials are worn both winter and summer. The costly embroidered muslin, linen and chiffon gowns designed originally for summer garden parties are now worn all the autumn and winter and for house gowns, the only difference being that the silk lining is cut high in the neck and long in the sleeves, for although the yoke is sometimes transparent, there is not the same effect as when the thin silk or lawn linings are cut low, as is the rule in the summer gowns exclusively.

The beauty of the embroidery, the fineness of the material, and the exquisite trimmings used are the most novel features of these muslin gowns. Such a one as is illustrated, made of the sheerest silk muslin, has a novel trimming of guipure embroidery and applique work. The skirt, circular in shape, has this trimming half way to the waist, while on the waist it is so arranged as to have something of a bolero effect. The sleeves are embroidered and only reach to the elbow, but have a full puff and plaited chif-

fon. There is a wide girdle of pale liberty silk that is laid in soft folds. It is an exceedingly simple model, but one that is already popular and will be copied in other materials, such as liberty silk and crepe de chine.

Foulard gowns have not been so fashionable this summer as they were the last few seasons, but it is evident that there were any number of them made up last spring. The flat has gone forth that they will be thought smart this autumn and even during the winter. The foulard shirt waist gowns that have been so popular lately may be one reason why the more elaborate foulard gowns have not been seen. Now the weather is too cool for the shirt waist gown and the more elaborate styles are exhibited. The newest patterns in foulards are elaborate both in design and coloring, and even the black and white patterns are more or less elaborate. A black and white pattern has not only a large dot of black on a white ground, but over all is a shower of fine white dots woven into the pattern.

For this design is chosen the tucked or pleated skirt, the pleats held in place by bands of black Chantilly entre deux, while applique of the same lace is used to finish off lines of the entre deux. Colored foulards, chiefly those with the dark background, will be worn in the house all winter, but

the black and white effects with a touch of color along the lace front or seen in the wide belt, are the smartest.

Taffeta silks also, but of plain color or the changeable, are thought very smart for house wear. They are also made with velvet or cloth trimmings in reception and theater gowns to be worn under the long wraps that are so attractive this season, and most charmingly picturesque are the black silk gowns, with their flounces and ruchings of the taffeta and the straight bands of black velvet around the hem of the flounce and in shawl collar effect on the waist. These same black taffeta gowns, with the lace or chiffon undersleeves and folds of lace or chiffon at the throat, are strangely like the black silk gowns of twenty-five or thirty years ago, without which no woman thought her summer or winter outfit complete.

As is always the case in the autumn there are no end of smart cloth gowns exhibited—not with coat and skirt to match, but with waist and skirt. There is only a little time when in this climate it is possible to wear even a cloth gown without a wrap, so that these gowns are short lived. Still, they are so smart they must need be had. The rough materials and what are known as the novelty goods are most in demand for these gowns, and while some are elaborately trimmed skirts, others are made with the pleated or tucked skirts that have no trimming. One of the newest of these is in a gray zibeline, the skirt with double box pleats in front at the sides and in the back. The waist has an embroidered red cloth front, with a lace yoke and collar, or is made with the draped effect and a wide belt of red liberty satin.

To wear with this style of gown it is really necessary to have a wrap, although be it understood the gown is supposed to be complete in itself, and, if not warm enough, must needs be made so by the chamails or wool under-vest. Still, the new loose coats are so attractive that they will find many a use being made of them. One of the newest coats is of medium length, loose from the shoulders, like a box coat, only there is a stitched band cutting a yoke and the tops of the sleeve. There is no collar but a charming passementerie of white trims the neck and sleeves, and white crochet buttons both fasten and ornament the front. The material is a light gray smooth cloth of medium weight, lined throughout with a pale gray or satin.

Gray in the different shades is more fashionable than usual this autumn. As a rule it is more a color for the spring and summer but it is quite as smart as tan this year and will undoubtedly be so all winter. Beside the medium length coats of light gray and tan there are a number made in blue serge, with gilt or black braid, that are thought very smart, and black coats of every description, with trimmings of fancy braid or passementerie, that are most attractive and useful as well to wear with silk or cloth gowns and made irrespective of any skirts. There are also some smart red coats of a most beautiful red, but these are just a bit conspicuous for town wear, and are only to be indulged in by those women who buy the thing they take a fancy to in the way of dress.

The first autumn hats are more suitable to wear with the gowns and coats just described, or with the severe tailor gowns. A good model is the low crown medium width brim, made in the rough felt or beaver, and trimmed with ruchings of satin, silk or velvet, the exact shade of the hat, around the crown, or with a succession of soft ostrich tips put on in the same way. The ostrich tips are softer and perhaps more effective, but, after all, are not in keeping with the general style of the hat, which is intended for any sort of wind or weather, to which ostrich tips cer-

tainly are not best suited. An all black hat of this description is immensely useful, but the same idea carried out in gray, tan or red is most attractive and can be worn either with black or the same colored gown.

Serge is also in fashion, but is more on the hard wear order, for it seems impossible ever to make a serge gown seem elaborate; the material is, even when most expensive, too harsh and rough. For yachting, or, indeed, any out-of-door sport, there is nothing like serge, but it is a popular fabric that should never be made up otherwise than simply braiding or bias bands of taffeta are the only trimmings that look at all well.

The long coat and short skirt, made either in box pleats, in circular shape or nine-gored, is also the best style to choose, and with narrow velvet collar or a collar of the same material as the gown.



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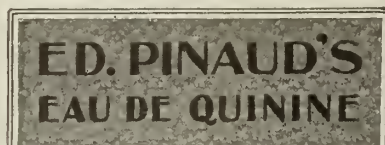
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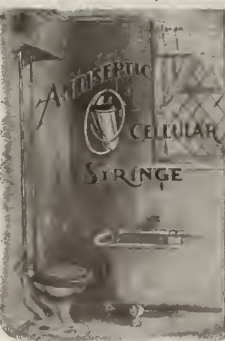
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The Experience of Donald Germain

(Continued from Page 12.)

All right-minded people had long regarded the killing of criminals as inhuman and wicked. At the same time, imprisonment for life was expensive, and often resulted in the escape or pardon of convicts after a few years' incarceration. Their return to the world meant a new generation of crime children. Many of the monstrosities in the form of "child murderers" were traced to convict parentage.

Prison life was proved to be a farce so far as reformation was concerned. The majority of criminals were made, if possible, worse by imprisonment, and after a few years' incarceration escaped or were pardoned, to commit fresh crimes after a brief freedom. Therefore our lawmakers decided to replace the old threadbare laws by the new; and during the next fifteen years a most remarkable revolution took place in the morals of our country.

"Never had the hangman's noose or the electric chair possessed such terrors for the criminally-inclined mind of the new mode of punishment possessed.

"There is born in a man, over and above all other instincts, impulses or aims, the instinctive desire to propagate his species.

"It is the impulse which directs the universe. Every man, however brutal or diseased, considers himself entitled to this privilege. But it occurred to the clear minded men of the twentieth century that the universe was created for noble and beautiful uses. Man was created strong, clean, pure of mind and body. So long as he remained thus he had the right to perpetuate his kind. When he became depraved or diseased he lost that right and was prevented from creating more creatures like himself.

"The propagatory impulse of animals is restricted when it becomes dangerous or destructive; therefore when man leveled himself to the plane of the animals, he needed to be restricted in these impulses, if they were dangerous to public peace, health, and morality. This common sense law met with violent opposition from fanatics of all sorts, and those who were first bold enough to advance the theory were declared irreligious, immoral and inhuman by sentimentalists. Nevertheless, when it was once enacted the new punishment deterred more men from crime than any method ever known in the history of the world heretofore.

"It was administered by surgeons chosen by the State and was not attended by any loss of life, save in very rare cases. Criminals became tractable servants of their overseers, almost invariably after coming from the hands of the surgeons. Prison therefore almost ceased to be a necessity save for women criminals. However, it was discovered that women almost invariably committed crimes either at the instigation of men, to hide their shame when betrayed and deserted, or through strong pre-natal influence.

"Medical science found it possible to prevent female criminals from increasing the population. This was attended, however, by more danger than that to which the male was subjected, yet, the possible death of one depraved woman seemed trivial compared with the dangers menacing society from her being permitted to people the world. Over 200 thieves, robbers and murderers were traced back to one depraved great-grandmother. With facts like that before them, the law-makers did not hesitate to subject women prisoners to the surgeons' hands, even though it might possibly result in loss

of life. It was more humane than the old death sentence. Prisons, therefore, ceased to exist, and the insane asylum was the next to go.

"Since statistics so frequently prove the reappearance of mental derangement in generations, it seemed mawkishly absurd, and cruelly unjust to unborn children, to permit a man or woman who had ever been insane to produce offspring.

"With the passing away of prisons, poor-houses, and insane asylums (for the application of the new law had caused insanity to become extinct in two generations), the financial condition of the United States became the most prosperous of any country in the world. Our population has decreased, as a choked-up garden is reduced when the weeds and nettles are removed, and the class of people who remained improved and strengthened as carefully-cultivated plants flourish.

"As only the useful and worthy citizens are allowed to produce children, there were born no depraved or deformed beings, and as all disease has its root somewhere in sin, disease died out because crime was checked at its source. The second generation was remarkable in vigor and beauty after the passage of the new law. And the third generation, which you now see, shows a decided improvement. We have developed powers and qualities which were not dreamed of in the nineteenth century, save by a few advanced souls; clairvoyancy and mental telegraphy are now universal amongst us."

"Then that explains your curious question to me," said Donald, speaking for the first time, "when you asked me if I came from another sphere. Do you mean to say that you have communication with the inhabitants of other planets?"

"Why, certainly. Having no inheritance of disease or sin, for three generations, our spiritual qualities have had time and opportunity to develop, and we are able to see and converse with the beings who people space."

"But how do you explain the presence of these gangs of eunuchs scattered about the city, if no more criminals are born and bred among you?"

"That question is easily answered," replied the gentleman. "Our criminals are now found only among the foreign population which we allow to come to our shores, because we believe in this way we help to eliminate crime and disease from their midst, as it could not be done in any country where our laws do not exist. In time we hope the entire civilized world will follow our example, and render Earth the Eden it might well become. And now, my friend, I am obliged to say farewell to you as I have an important engagement."

"Allow me to present you with my card, and if you ever visit us again, I hope to be of further service to you."

Donald accepted the bit of pasteboard, on which was engraved the name "Reginald Montgomery, Surgeon," in clear black letters.

As he descended from the carriage, his foot caught in the step and he tripped and fell. The fall awoke him, with a start, and he found himself again by the roadside rolled in his blanket, with the low shrubbery all about him and the small town in the distance.

But in his hand he held a bit of pasteboard on which was engraved "Reginald Montgomery, Surgeon."

Where had the card come from? How had he received it?

To this day Donald Germain finds no explanation for his peculiar experience.



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Traveler Knew Value of the Bluff

"I put up with all kinds of swindles and all sorts of hotels making my European trip," said a well-known New York lawyer the other day; "but at Rome I found a fellow-countryman who wouldn't be swindled. At Rome the landlord of the hotel deliberately robbed me by charging up extras I had never even heard of, but when he tried the same game on the man from Ohio there was a situation."

"Sir!" he said to the landlord, as he towered over him, "I am General Abercrombie Burt. I am, furthermore, the United States of America. I'll declare war and blow old Rome off her seven hills before I'll pay these items!"

"They were promptly crossed off, and in the eyes of the landlord the general was five times a bigger man than any titled European who had ever occupied his rooms."

"At Florence the hotel man sized up the general as 'fair to medium', and

gave him poor quarters and insisted that he could do no better. It took the man from the West about fifteen minutes to get his dander up. Then he appeared in the office, and, drawing himself up to his full height, he imperiously announced:

"Sir! I am the United States of America and a considerable slice of Canada and Alaska besides! What is your lowest price for this hotel for spot cash?"

"But what is the matter?" asked the landlord.

"The matter is that I want to be lodged as befits my position. If you don't sell to me I'll buy the terrace opposite and build a million dollar hotel and let all my guests stop free of expense!"

"The general got a suite of rooms that were being held for a duke, and everybody around the hotel tumbled over themselves to wait upon him."

WHAT COLORS TO WEAR

BY FRANK ALVAH PARSONS.

Wear orange, yellow and red in winter. They give warmth and life not only to the wearer, but also seem to radiate into the very atmosphere. Reserve cold blues, greens and violets for summer. Don't wear a short skirt if you are a stout woman. Don't wear more than one brilliant color at a time unless you are a raving beauty and want to be stared at.

The effect of employing great contrasts in color is to call attention to the greatest point of contrast, to catch the eye at once, and produce pleasing or unpleasant effects, according as the combination is good or bad. Emphasis is a cardinal principle in design. Not only are there consistency and variety in tones and colors, but it is possible to emphasize certain beautiful or ugly things by their right or wrong use. For example, there is great contrast between black and white. The broad black and white stripe challenges attention at almost any distance. Two tones of gray, one nearly as dark as the other, attract the eye much less.

The time of year must be considered in deciding what to wear, also the function at which the article of apparel is to be worn. The ball-room, opera and social functions are held within the house, where artificial heating makes it possible to vary the color scheme of the wearer.

It is possible for some people, under some conditions, to wear more than one color, but to wear more than one color of an intense shade requires a genius specially made for that purpose. A very beautiful woman, with an ideal figure at an ideal function, may wear a brilliant red with most pleasing effect; but picture a sallow, half blonde, very stout and awkward woman wearing the same gown, and place her in a room with forty other women plainly but well dressed. What woman in that room will everybody see first, and talk of most? And what will be the character of the criticisms?

Beauty is what we seek. Nature has not endowed all with this; but by the careful consideration of consistent variety, emphasis only where emphasis is consistent, and unity of effects, all may arrive at a combination in dress which is suited to the peculiarities with which Nature has furnished them.



LADIES' NEW FALL AND WINTER JACKETS.



LADIES' CAPES, FALL AND WINTER STYLES.

No. 400—Ladies' jacket, all wool medium weight kersey, buttoned to the neck, with turn down velvet collar, loose box back, six fancy buttons, large Bishop sleeves, velvet flaps on pocket, lined throughout with silk serge.

No. 401—Kersey jacket, loose box back, velvet collar with shaped reverses, Bishop sleeves, six pearl buttons, strapped front and back, tailor stitched edges.

No. 402—Ladies' jacket, graduated military collar of velvet, cape with stole effect, front edged with stitched taffeta, large Bishop sleeves, loose box back, lined with Romaine silk, tailor stitched edges with straps of same material.

No. 403—Ladies' jacket, velvet military collar, cuffs inlaid with velvet, cape over shoulders, loose back, satin lined throughout.

No. 404—All-wool medium weight kersey, collarless, circular cape around shoulders, pointed front, front of cape and sleeves strapped with goods of same material, finished throughout with tailor stitching, fancy buttons, lined with fine quality satin.

LATEST IN LADIES' CAPES.

No. 500. Ladies' cape, made of fine quality of plush, lined throughout with mercerized sateen, made very full, large collar, collar and front trimmed with Thibet fur.

No. 501. All-wool kersey cape, very trimmed with three straps of the same material running round flounce of cape, straps headed with satin ribbon, stitched band running round edge of entire cape.

No. 502. Ladies' cape, trimmed with scalloped band and satin ribbon, four rows of tailor stitching round entire cape, 30 inches long, large storm collar with scalloped edge, trimmed with satin, stitching and ribbon, lined throughout with Romaine silk.

No. 503. Ladies' cape, made of all-wool kersey, pleated back, made very full, trimmed with three stitched bands 1½ inches wide of same material running round cape, bands and points in front trimmed with silk-covered buttons, large storm collar, buttoned in front with tabs.

No. 504. Black kersey cape, with ten rows of tailor stitching running round entire cape, lined throughout with silk, tailor serge, 36 inches long.

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WHICH WILL MAKE THE BETTER WIVES

BY CLARA B. NIELD.

That girls will marry is a fact. How long they will remain married is now-a-days a question. "Tired of each other," "unhappy couples," "partnership dissolved," and similar titles are in the papers daily, followed by long lists of names of persons who have taken upon themselves the holiest of vows and often within a few short months belied them all.

We may well ask the cause of these conditions. The whole blame cannot be laid at any one door, but there are a multitude of by-paths, trodden by far too many feet, all leading to the one broad highway which is strewn with the wrecks of human hearts, the remnants of what should be homes, and which echo and re-echo the cries of innocent children.

A lack of knowledge of domestic things is one cause of unhappiness in married life. It is said that girls in department stores cannot earn sufficient money to provide a decent living. Then why do girls remain in department stores? There are ten thousand homes in this city today where these girls can have employment and receive wages sufficient to enable them to carry their own bank book.

But I hear a great murmur go up from the crowd who are shut in behind counters, grumbled at by customers, and watched by floor walkers, "What!" they say, "would you have us work for people?" Well, my dear girls, if my eyes do not deceive me you work for people every day. There are better things than the hurried existence you are subjecting yourselves to and the effect upon your life by and by must be taken into account.

In the home as wife and mother is the one place where woman reigns supreme. To fit herself to care for that home should be the object of every girl. When it becomes a necessity that a girl shall add to the family income and no longer burden the dear home folks, who have for years provided all, it is well to consider carefully what is best both for the present and the future.

In the store a girl has the privilege of wearing her best clothes all the time—she has the privilege of being at her place on the stroke of the clock every morning or of being docked if she is not—she has the privilege of being on her feet all day long if trade is good and of working Saturday nights besides—she has the privilege of waiting upon customers who are wearisome and fault finding and of being censured if she misses making a sale. For all this she may receive three or four dollars per week. It is true in the evenings after partaking of the dinner that mother has cooked, she may go out with Tom or Harry and have a jolly good time. After awhile when Tom asks her to marry him, she thinks it will be "splendid" and "Tom is just too good looking for anything," and "it will be lovely to have a dear little nest of a home."

When the wedding is over and the well-wishes and the novelty of it all are things of the past, Tom's fifty dollars a month may not appear so large an amount as our girl had thought it would. Having spent her time behind the counter selling one class of articles, ribbons, perhaps, or needles and pins, she is utterly at sea regarding the manifold duties that are hers in providing for even the smallest house.

You often hear that two can live on what one will spend and it is true if they know how—but the woman must know how. It takes the wisest economy to provide a comfortable home on a moderate income and be able to save a little for future needs. It requires a knowledge also of how to buy and prepare nourishing and satisfying food that the man may be saved the temptation of stimulants.

Many people when asked the cause of so great a number of unhappy marriages will tell you liquor—"He drinks" is the root from which springs much domestic discord.

If after a hard day's work Tom comes home and finds no dinner or a poorly cooked one, he is very apt to be cross about it and it is not unlikely he may take a little something strong "for his stomach's sake" and when our girl complains of the impossibility of paying all the bills out of the limited income there are hard words too often and the first small beginnings are made that lead to sorrows and heartaches for which there is no healing balm.

A knowledge of domestic things must be gained by experience. Happy indeed should those girls be who can remain at home and learn how to care for a house under their mother's supervision. Wise is that mother who will trust her growing daughters to do the marketing, cooking, baking, laundry work, and all the various things which in their turn must receive attention.

What does it matter if an unwise purchase is sometimes made or a dinner spoiled? Time and experience will bring wisdom. But we are considering the girl who must at least support herself. How shall she do it and at the same time make ready for the days when she shall be a wife? If she cannot work in her own mother's home she can work in some other mother's home where her services are needed. Here her expenses will be small and her wages liberal. We will suppose our girl to be intelligent and determined to succeed. She will have a chance to learn how to cook. If she is in real earnest she will obtain permission to attend cooking school one evening a week and there gain a knowledge of the chemistry of food. It is not enough in these days to simply know how to do a thing, but to know why.

The subject of water—its purity, effect when boiled, germs, sink, drains, water supply, how to soften water and many more things will prove of deep interest. Why meats should be covered with boiling water and bones for soup with cold, why the oven should be at a certain temperature while baking certain things, how to regulate the range to save fuel, how to plan the work in the kitchen that everything is in readiness at one time are necessary items in a housewife's education.

The girl who takes a pride in her work will find pleasure in arranging the dining table tastefully, she will study effects and be able to produce the best.

If there are children in the home knowledge of great value may be gained. Now some will say, "we would not object if it were always possible to obtain pleasant places but some people are so disagreeable." The girl who has determined to fit herself for the future may find much which she can turn to valuable account under the most trying circumstances.

If placed among discordant people one may find the snags that cause so many wrecks on life's swift stream. 'Tis true "the study of mankind is man" and where others make mistakes by allowing hasty speech, fault-finders, unjust criticism, intemperance, disobedience, and numerous things that mar the harmony of a home—from their example one may grow wise enough to avoid them like pitfalls.

In a place where the true home atmosphere prevails the highest ideals are formed by the girl who is fortunate enough to be numbered as one of the household. In such a place true effort, is always rewarded and the work that each day brings is a pleasure for it contributes to the welfare of all.

In the store the mind must be fixed on the selling of articles in a certain department. There is little opportunity and as little incentive to study things of a domestic nature. Exceptional indeed is the girl who can go from such a place to her own home and manage it well. When children come to her she will be ignorant of their care for they have not been in her "department." Now her sister who has worked for Mrs. Smith has studied the various dispositions of her children and watched the tactful way in which the mother dealt with each. She has helped nurse them through their illness and has been one to welcome the wee stranger on its arrival. She has learned to prepare tempting dishes for the sick and to make herself a bit of sunshine in every room she enters.

When this girl marries she will go to her husband knowing what home life is and conscious of her ability to make the most of that with which she has to do. Having learned much of the cost of providing for a home she will know where to save and where to spend to the best advantage. Having seen men in their own homes she will have learned not to expect them always to fill the role of angels and doubtless the fact will have been made plain to her that to keep a man good natured you must feed him well. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed" and they who know these things have a great advantage over those who know them not.

The girl who sees the world from behind a counter or from the street car window can form but a very one-sided opinion of it and particularly of that half of the world from which she expects to obtain her husband. A man in his Sunday best, at the theater is one thing, the same man at home after a hard day's work is often quite another.

It is necessary to know the frailties of human nature in order to know how to meet them. The girl who has the courage to go into a home and work until she masters every detail will make the wife whom her husband will delight to honor and "her children will rise up and call her blessed."



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THIRTY WASTED YEARS BY MARIE LOUISE KEARN

UP among the hills stood a miner's camp. Tradition said that vast gold was buried along the banks of the river, which wound like a beautiful silver serpent down to the valley below.

For thirty years that camp had stood among the hills and one man, John Gilbert, had lived and worked for thirty years for that buried gold.

In the East he had had a beautiful home, a wife and family, but a longing to be very wealthy seized him and he left his home to seek his fortune in the mountains of California. Thirty years ago he had packed his valise and taken the midnight train; away from friends and family; away from prosperity and home to thirty years of toil and hardship.

John Gilbert was an old man now, his hair and beard were white. And as he sat in front of his camp with his pipe he thought of the handsome, stalwart man he had been when gold glinted before his eyes and made him leave all he loved for thirty wasted years.

He struck the ground a blow with his ax splitting the earth, and there before him stretched the vein of gold he had searched for for thirty years.

For months he dug until the vein was exhausted, and his sacks were filled with the precious metal. He was very wealthy, but an old man, youth and manners gone forever. Gilbert wondered if his wife would be glad to see him, and if his children grown to manhood and womanhood would know him and love him.

He slept soundly that night, nothing disturbed him, but when morning dawned he found his camp empty of the sacks of gold. They were gone and his struggle had been in vain.

A little way up the hill, Gilbert saw a man work-



ing around a new camp. Towards evening the two men sat together and John Gilbert told the younger man of his loss.

"Ye see I had reckoned on goin' home to my folks. It's many a year since I've seen them, but I can't go back empty handed. I must die out here alone."

"Now you have had hard luck," said the younger man. "Worked thirty years, you say to find it, but to have it stolen. But say, I come from the East; perhaps I know your folks?"

"Do yo' think ye do," cried Gilbert. "I'm John Gilbert, and my folks live at Riverside. You know them, yes?"

"Yes," said the young man very hoarsely. "You left them thirty years ago, you say. I'm John, Gilbert, your eldest son. We thought you were dead, and Ma married again, but he's dead now, and we were poor, so I thought I'd come out here."

"My son, Oh! God has been kind to bring you to me, my boy," cried the old man.

"No he has not," said young Gilbert in a hopeless voice. "Father, Oh! father, I stole your gold."

"What; my son stole from a helpless old man who worked thirty years to gain it. Oh! you cannot be son of mine. Surely you speak false. Let me look at you. You are the picture of what I was when I left home. You must be my son. But you have broken my heart."

Young Gilbert next morning buried his father among the hills where for thirty years he had lived; where he had found his gold and lost it where a life was spent and a heart tragedy occurred.

Young Gilbert went back to his mother with the gold, but he was careful never to tell her he had met his father and broken his heart.

ALL ON A WINTER'S NIGHT—BY ALICE H. HARRISON

It had been a cold, dismal day, one of those days that bring a night fit only for telling stories and roasting apples. We all sat around the log fire listening to the wind and building fairy castles in the glowing coals. Our stock of stories had been exhausted and a long, contented silence had stilled the chatter of our voices. The pause was finally broken by a loud rap at the door. We lived in a dear, old-fashioned farm house, and a visitor at such an hour was not unusual. Father had not yet returned from work, but mother rose fearlessly to answer, while we clung to her skirts, timid, yet curious. The sight which met our eyes made us cling closer to those sheltering skirts, for there in all that cold and rain stood a man, holding a tiny mite of a girl, fast asleep, in his arms. Her little hand, which even in sleep clung around his neck, was blue with the cold. Within five minutes, dear, tender-hearted mother had the man seated before the fire, while the child lay snugly in her own arms. She had taken off the baby's hood,

and her golden curls fell softly about her face. The firelight danced on the man's rugged face, softening the hard lines and deep wrinkles and showing the tender light that glowed in his eyes as he watched the child in mother's arms. Perhaps it was this that gave our impulsive little Dorothy the courage to climb up on his knee and ask him to "tell us all about it."

For a long time he remained silent, smoothing Dolly's hair and gazing intently into the fire. Finally he began:

"It all happened long ago, in just such a dear, old home as this. There were just five of us, mother, father, Margy, Dick, and I, and such a happy home as it was! We lived in almost perfect content till Dick grew restless and gained father's consent to sail for foreign lands. Poor Dick! We never saw him again. (The stranger paused to brush away a sudden tear.) A few years later mother and father died, and after Margaret's marriage I was left alone until a cruel

fever took her and her husband to the land where pain is no more. Before her death she entrusted to me her baby girl, poor little motherless mite." And he bent over to touch the baby's cheek with an awkward gentleness. "That is now five years ago, it is ten long years since I have seen my brother. I and my baby have wandered far and near in the hope of some day finding him. To-night we lost our way in the storm, and if it had not been for the cheery light from your window—" Here he was interrupted by a rapid footstep and a merry whistle. In a moment the door opened and father stood on the threshold. The stranger rose to his feet, his face as white as death. No sound broke the silence as the two men gazed at each other, until they both sprang forward with outstretched hands. For father, our own dear father, was the stranger's lost brother Dick. And now you know how we found our uncle John and dear little cousin Margy, and I think that must be one reason why we love them so.

MARGERY'S EXPERIENCE—BY ELLEN BURKE

"I am just not going to stay in all day and darn these stockings," said naughty Margery to her little sister, after her aunt left the room.

"Well, then, Aunt Edith will not allow you to go to the picnic, and we will have such a fine time."

Margery and her little sister lived in the city, and now that school had closed, their mother gave her consent to their spending a few weeks with their aunt and uncle on the farm.

A picnic was to be given for the benefit of the village church, and of course the children were looking forward to a good time. "I don't care whether I never go to a picnic or not, I am not going to darn these stockings. Hanna never asks us to do such a thing, and I don't like this old house, any how; I am going to write and ask Hanna if I may go home. I know what I will do; I will darn a few stockings and hide the rest under the bed, Auntie won't know whether I finished them or not. She is busy preparing for the picnic, as it will be tomorrow, you know."

Aunt Edith came in later, and smiled when she saw how nicely her niece had darned the stockings, and presuming all of them were finished, praised her niece's industry.

Next day the sun shone brightly, and all was excitement at the farm house. It was a gala day for old and young.

"Old Dolly" and "Dick," the two faithful horses, were hitched to the large wagon, as the picnic was to be held in a beautiful grove about six miles distant.

The children had a delightful time. Good natured Father Tobin had planned jolly games for the children, and joined in many of them himself. Margery enjoyed herself, but the thoughts of those undarned stockings at home, and the way she deceived her aunt, marred a great deal of her fun.

The day was nearing its close, and every one was saying how nicely the



picnic was terminating, when the children came running and screaming that Margery fell down quite an embankment. Of course, Aunt Edith was frantic when she heard it. Father Tobin was the first to arrive on the scene and found the little girl lying unconscious and surrounded by some of her playmates. Finally the little girl regained consciousness, and the first words were, "The stockings I must mend." Aunt Edith could not understand how the stockings could prey on her mind, "as they were so nicely mended," she said.

The picnickers were a gloomy crowd going home. Instead of the merry people they were, a dark cloud of sadness hung over them. Margery was conveyed home in Father Tobin's own buggy, he having kindly put it at their disposal. Upon examination the doctor discovered that Margery had broken her leg. Of course it was very painful. Aunt Edith sat by the little patient's bed and Margery cried, "Oh, Auntie, I did not mend all the stockings, and they are under the bed. It was the disobedience that caused me to break my leg. I will mend them tomorrow if the doctor permits me to sit up. Please forgive me, Auntie, dear," cried the child between sobs.

Aunt Edith kissed her niece's burning brow and told her not to cry, and that when her foot became better they would have lovely times together.

Father Tobin paid a daily visit to the little patient. Margery's foot grew better very slowly, but there was never a more patient invalid and a more repentant little girl than she.

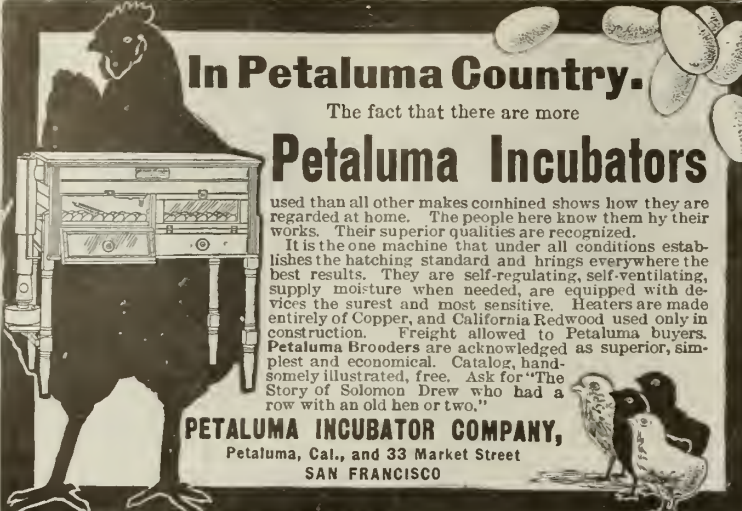
"Now isn't that a good story, my little children?" said Grandma; "and the heroine you all know." The children thought that must be impossible, but they were informed that Margery was their own dear Grandma, who is still faithful to her darning.

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Youth must have its happy time; it is right and natural, and a mother is in duty bound to help make it so, and keep her own heart young for her daughter's sake.

This is not easy. Middle age has domestic care and anxieties. When evening comes, it is more comfortable to sit quietly at home than to dress for a concert or entertainment which Mary has set her heart on attending.

It is only a short distance from the house. Other girls are going. Why can't she go with them? She will be home before ten—and middle age, which is a trifle indolent as well as weary, decides not to make the exertion, and trusts to luck that some of the neighbors or young people will see Mary safely home.

It is a dangerous experiment. The very fact that Mary is unattended by parents or some older friend of the family, tells against her in the eyes of the young men she may meet, and some of them will express it by adopting a freer tone with her, a shade less of deference in manner, than for the girl who is hedged about with the thoughtful care and attendance which in the best society is given to young girls.

More than this, the mother loses ground with her daughter. Mary may be inclined to tell her whom she has met, or what occurred, or she may not, and it often happens that "some other girl" is the confidant rather than the mother who does not make the exertion to keep herself in touch with Mary's pleasures and Mary's friends.

A girl's mother should be her nearest friend, and nobody has the right to come between them until she marries. The mother's clearer insight and broader knowledge of life will guide the girl in her choice of friends, will restrain youthful impulses, and prepare her to enter marriage knowing its responsibilities, and ready to meet them.

A girl who has been kept close to the mother's heart all her life will understand that her parents have a right to know when, how and whom she is to marry, even if they do not approve her choice, and that a proposal for a secret marriage is an insult to herself as well as to them.

If she does not know this, somebody is to blame for it. If she does know it, but has not rational control of her af-

fections sufficient to reject it, her training has been defective.

Give your girls a good substantial school education. Teach them how to get up a good meal. Teach them how to wash and iron clothes, how to darn stockings and sew on buttons, how to make their own dresses and underclothing. Teach them how to make shirts and how to make bread. Initiate them into all the mysteries of the kitchen, dining room and parlor. Let them know that a dollar is only a hundred cents, and how to make it go as far as possible. Teach them to wear thick clothing in winter, and warm, thick shoes. Teach them to do the marketing, and every day to learn a practical, common-sense lesson of some sort, and above all, self-reliance, which is of inestimable value.

Teach them to avoid dissolute young men as acquaintances or companions for life. Better be single all their days than to make such alliances. Early teach them the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—then, at a suitable time, if possessing a healthy constitution, on finding these requisites, let them marry. And, depend upon it, the weal or woe of their after life will be the outcome of early training and your patient interest.

And, added to all this, give them the best intellectual companionship in the authors they read, as well as your own personal sympathy. As you would share with your daughters their pleasures, their pains, their hopes, their disappointments, so you must share their intellectual growths. By this very sympathy you will make the intellectual and moral atmosphere breathed by your children in the books they may read all-pervasive and most potent for good; and when they are introduced to touchstone within themselves that will into general society, they will have a separate the true from the false. At home with all high and noble souls, by mere instinct they will fall into the usages of conventional life; and they will feel at ease anywhere among the cultured, but never with the ignoble.

So, with good cooking, and all the rest of the household life perfected then shall your daughters, happy themselves in the fact that they are mistress of their position, be calculated to make all around them happy.

First Year of Married Life

BY HELEN OLDFIELD.

It seems strange that the first month of married life should be termed the honeymoon. So far from being wholly sweet, it is often fraught with bitter experience: lover, however devoted, must adjust themselves to each other as husband and wife, and the process is not always pleasant. It is the general opinion of those who know that the first year of wedded life practically answers the question, "Is marriage a failure?" and the honeymoon begins the test. Any happily married couple of a dozen years' standing will doubtless acknowledge that the first weeks of their wedded life were those which were most uncomfortable. The man realizes that he is bound for good and for all, while the bride, cut adrift from her old life, is nervous and shy, with the sensations of a cat in a strange garret. A plentiful stock of good humor is an excellent part of the equipment for a wedding journey. Annoyances vanish at a laugh, and if one can make merry over a mishap it ceases to be such. Men like to be amused, and a woman with a strong sense of humor has an immense advantage over one who is less gifted. As a rule men abhor tears; they either distress them beyond measure, or they

make them angry, and neither phase of feeling is pleasant for themselves or others. When the matrimonial barometer sets for rain most men holt, if possible.

The honeymoon must inevitably disclose many hitherto unsuspected phases of character. The lover who has seemed free handed to a degree may change into the husband who haggles over hotel bills and begrudges his wife a fire in her room upon a damp, chilly day. The girl who has been as dainty as a rosebud may be careless and untidy when forced to depend entirely upon herself. The man who has not appeared to care what he eats may be the one who berates the waiter and scowls at his wife when the dinner is not to his taste.

The true secret of happiness in marriage, as in most relations of life, is unselfishness. To be effectual this must be mutual, but even when it is all on one side, it enables its possessor to keep peace, which is much, and, besides, it is a comfort when one has not one's self to blame. The love which seeketh her own only can scarcely be considered genuine affection, and the golden text for a young married pair is "in honor preferring one another."

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When Chicken is Good.—The following is a delicious way to cook chickens: Dress your chickens, wash and let them stand in water half an hour to make them white. Open them at the back, put into a baking pan, sprinkle salt and pepper over them and put in a lump of butter here and there. Then cover tightly with another pan the same size and bake one hour; baste often with butter.

Baking Rolls and Biscuits.—Rolls and biscuits should bake quickly. To make them a nice color rub them over with warm water just before putting them into the oven. To glaze them brush lightly with milk and sugar. Baking powder and soda biscuits should be made as rapidly as possible, laid into hot pans and put into a quick oven.

Coffee Creams.—Coffee creams are very delicious and are made as follows: Flavor a pint of milk with a gill of strong coffee. Turn it into a rich custard with six eggs, strain it through a hair sieve, put them into small earthenware or china cases, and steam gently till they set. When cold, turn them out and serve with pure cream as a sauce or with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

Delicate Cake.—One cupful of butter; three cupfuls of flour; two cupfuls of sugar; whites of six eggs; two-thirds cupful of sweet milk; one teaspoonful of soda; lemon extract.

White Cake.—Four cupfuls of white sugar; one and one-half cupfuls of butter; one and one-half cupfuls of sour milk; whites of fourteen eggs; nearly seven cupfuls of flour; heaping tablespoon of soda. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and add cream, butter and sugar; mix ingredients quickly, but thoroughly. Bake in one loaf, and then cover with the following icing: Two cupfuls of sugar, two-thirds cupful of water, butter size of a hickory nut, one teaspoonful

of vanilla. Boil this for five minutes without stirring; then remove from the fire and stir gently until it becomes creamy, when it should be spread thickly over the cake with a bread knife.

Spice Quince.—This requires some labor in the preparation, but amply repays the trouble experienced. Pare and core the quinces and cut into eighths; to seven pounds of the fruit allow four pounds of sugar, a half ounce of ginger root, two teaspoonfuls of ground allspice, the same of ground cinnamon, a pint of vinegar, a teaspoonful of ground mace. Mix the spices and divide into four parts; put each part in a small square of muslin; tie tightly, allowing room for the spices to swell. Put the sugar and vinegar into a porcelain-lined kettle, add the spices and the ginger root scraped and cut into slices. When this comes to a boil add the quince. Take at once from the fire and stand aside in a cool place until the next day. Then drain off the liquor from the quince, bring it again to a boil, pour it back over the quince and let all remain till the following day. Repeat the operation for nine consecutive days, and on the last day boil the quinces until tender—a small quantity at a time. Then the liquor must be boiled down until it forms a thick syrup; with this just cover the fruit, put in jars or tumblers and tie up for keeping.

HELPFUL HINTS.

Mrs. T. W. S. Cheese balls made according to the following recipe are very nice for luncheon: Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff meringue and whip into them a cupful of grated cheese, season with salt and paprika. With floured hands mould the mixture quickly into small balls and drop into boiling fat. Fry for five minutes.

Mrs. E. Ellis. When your stale bread accumulates, make berry pudding, as follows: Cut stale bread in even slices, pare off the crust, and butter each slice; put the largest slice on a platter, cover it with canned huckleberries, or blackberries, which are heated scalding hot; put on another slice, cover it with the berries and so on until all is used and you have a neat mound of pudding. This may be covered and kept hot in the

warming closet until serving time, or made early in the day and served cold with sugar and cream—it is delicious either way. If the berries are very sweet, adding two or three tablespoons of vinegar is an improvement.

Try this for stale cake—Stale cake pudding: Soak slices of stale cake in lemonade and lay them in a pudding dish. Pour over them a soft custard, and cover it with a meringue; then place it in the oven to brown slightly. To be eaten cold.

Mrs. H. H. P. Broiled smelts with shallot sauce are very nice for a simple luncheon. Dip the smelts in beaten egg and roll in bread crumbs and broil over a bed of coals. Chop very fine two teaspoonfuls of shallots, put them in a small sauce pan with half a tablespoonful of butter, cook three minutes while stirring, add a teaspoonful of wine vinegar and one of chopped parsley, pour into a bowl to cool. When ready to serve mix one and a half tablespoonfuls of fresh butter with the sauce and form into balls.

Young Wife: Fruit is not necessary at a dinner, but if it is served it should be the choicest to be had.

Ada J. Grape fruit makes a delicious sherbet. It is made by carefully scooping the pulp from the fruit, separating it into small pieces. A large pint of sugar is boiled with a cup of water, a tablespoonful of gelatine is dissolved and added, and when cold the fruit is mixed with this syrup and frozen.

Mrs. F. If you add a little vinegar to the water with which you cover, satisfactorily while cleaning it will prevent its turning black.

Rosa P. Fresh lettuce leaves are the daintiest garnishing for salads of all kinds.

R. F. T. French dressing is made as follows: One saltspoonful of salt, one-half saltspoonful of pepper, three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, a quarter of a teaspoonful onion juice, and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Mix in the order given, adding the oil slowly.

Minnie T. Ginger sherbet is made by adding bits of preserved ginger with a little of the syrup to lemon ice or by freezing bottled ginger ale, to which has been added sugar and a dash of lemon.

Alice S. To make fruit puddings, take as many small pudding cloths as needed, spread boiled rice on each cloth, and then put on a peeled orange, or a pear or apple pared and cored, or stoned cherries, or berries; then tie the cloths, having the fruit surrounded by the rice; boil till the fruit is cooked. Serve with sugar sprinkled plentifully on top, and with sweetened cream or any good sweet sauce.



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RIDDLE BOX

Little Dolly—Why is the hour-glass made small in the middle?
Little Elsie—To show the waist of time, dear.

When is a sailor not a sailor?
When he is a-board.

Answers to riddles in July number.

Heads and tails, 1; Wink, 2; fire, 3; cowl.

Phonetic Spelling Lesson—1, essay; 2, easy; 3, envy; 4, obe; 5, array.

Easy cross-word enigma—Joan of Arc.

Riddle—Popcorn.

Charade.

My first may be found in green fields,
Where all is gay and bright and sunny;
May be found far away from green fields,
Where they work very hard to make money.

In your hand if you take a hot poker,
I think it may safely be reckoned,
Before a long time shall elapse
You'll be likely to show us my second.

My whole finds existence in falling;
Is loved as a sweet little thing;
Has taste—but is never a critic—
And is always suggestive of Spring.

W. H. A.

Cross Word Enigma.

My first is in catch, but not in toss;
My second in vine, but not in moss;
My third is in root, but not in leaf;
My fourth is in rock, but not in reef;
My fifth is in union, but not in strife;
My sixth is in cutlass, but not in knife;
When on fun or frolic the joys are bent,
At my whole you often find them intent.

—PHYLLIS.

Riddle.

Cut off my head—a title you will see;
Cut off my tail—you'll find me on a tree;
Cut both off, and it truly may be said
I still remain a portion of the head;
Curtail me twice and then there will appear
A dainty edible, for spring-time cheer;
Though deep in tropic seas my whole is found,
It often glimmers in the dance's round.

—G. D.

Kettle of Fish.

(Answer each of following by name of a fish.)

1—A measure of distance. 2—An ancient weapon.
3—Part of the foot. 4—Two-thirds of a phantom.

—SEDGWICK.

When Henry IV, king of France, went on a journey into the provinces he was met by the mayor, who came to the gate of the city to receive His Majesty. He addressed the monarch with great ceremony and respect and said: "Sire, we had neglected to give a salute of cannon for one hundred reasons; the first reason is that our town does not possess any cannon; the second—" But the king stopped him, saying: "I have found the first reason so perfect that there is no necessity for the other ninety-nine."

One bitter cold night a Russian Marshal, who was extremely fond of confusing the men under his command, rode up to the sentry and demanded: "How many stars are there in the heavens?"

"Just wait and I'll tell you," answered the soldier, and coolly commenced counting. By the time he had reached one hundred, the marshal, who was nearly frozen, inquired his name, and inwardly smiling, rode off. The next day the ready little sentinel was promoted.

WON THE FISHING POLE.

Governor Durbin of Indiana, who has won no little praise for the resolution with which during the Evansville riot he upheld the law, was not bad in his boyhood, but he was mischievous. His friends often tell the story of how, through mischievousness, he once won a bamboo fishing rod.

The principal of the school that he attended was a man of considerable severity. The boys all held him in great awe. They were, therefore, amazed when young Durbin one day said to them:

"Do you dare me to go up to the principal and say 'Hello,' and slap him on the back?"

"We certainly do," they replied.
"Well, I'll do it," said Durbin. "I'll do it to-day. But what will you give me for letting you see me do it?"

"I'll give you that there bamboo fishin' pole of mine," an illiterate boy said.

"All right," Durbin agreed, "watch me when school begins."

The principal sat on an elevated platform. The reckless Durbin, as soon as the session opened, ad-



"HELLO CENTRAL! GIVE ME SANTA CLAUS!"

vanced to him and, sure enough, gave him a hard whack on the back and at the same time exclaimed, "Hello!"

The principal turned fiercely:

"What is the meaning of this?" he cried.

"There was the biggest spider on your back I ever saw, sir," said the boy.

"Oh, was there?" said the mollified principal. "Thank you, my lad, for knocking it off. Where is it, though?"

"It escaped down that crack," said Durbin.

THINKING TOO MUCH.

A task never grows smaller or lighter by sitting down and lamenting that it must be done, and that there's an old maxim that teaches us that a thing "once begun is half done."

A farmer friend of mine has a boy of 14 years, named Billy, who is like a great many other boys of my acquaintance. His heart is heavy, and a cloud immediately overspreads his mental horizon when he is asked to make himself useful.

"Billy," said Mr. H. one day, when I was at the

farm, "why don't you go to work on that little patch of potatoes?"

"Aw," whined Billy, "there's so many of them 'taters I'll never get them hoed."

"You won't if you don't begin soon."

"I hate to begin."

"How are you ever going to do the work if you don't begin?"

"Well, I'll begin pretty soon."

His father walked away, and I heard Billy exclaim, in a tone indicating great mental distress: "Plague on them old 'taters! It makes me sick to think about them!"

"Why do you think about them, then?" I said, laughingly.

"I've got to," he replied, dolefully, with a sorrowful shake of the head. "I've been thinking about them ever since I got up this morning."

"How long, now, Billy, will it really take you to hoe them?"

"Well, at least an hour."

"And you've been up a little more than five hours?"

"Well, I—I—" Billy began to grin, took up his hoe, and said: "I never thought of that!"

And the potatoes were hoed in just forty minutes.



MODERN LACE MAKING

BY MRS. SHEPARD OLIVER.



The making of lace for household and dress purposes seems to have become a settled occupation. There is no such thing as lace "going out of style." Like precious stones lace has ever had a value, both intrinsic and sentimental. In families of birth and breeding the old lace is handed down from generation to generation for hundreds of

just about the width of Point Lace, but much heavier. Thread from Nos. 80 to 400 can be used with these braids.

Arabian Braid is a coarse, heavy braid with a raised cord on one edge and a draw string in the other to save overcasting. This braid is very popular, and used for dress trimmings, jackets, collars, lunch cloths and center pieces. A coarse thread, not finer than No. 80, should be used with this braid.

All braids come in white and ecru. The Arabian braids can also be had in the natural linen color. The Marie Antoinette braids are for applying on net.

The thread is an important item and should be fine and smooth. "Petit Moulin," a French linen thread, is excellent. On silk lace you can use crochet silk, tailor's hand sewing or honiton silk, as preferred.

LACE MAKING.

We come now to the method of making lace:

First a design stamped on cambric or silesia is necessary; baste the design on a piece of common table oilcloth. This "backing" is absolutely necessary to secure smooth work and speed; the latter is very important. The oilcloth acts as a sort of frame to hold the work in place, and further it prevents the working shrinking in the hand, which is sure to occur unless it is employed. The same piece can be used many times. Stiff paper can be substituted, but it is not nearly as good.

After the design is basted on the oilcloth you are ready for the next step, namely, basting on the braid—and this is indeed the most important part of the work—for unless this is well done



NO. 1—SKIRT YOKE.

years. Hence, in these modern days the lace maker should give thought for the future, and each piece of lace made should be so neatly done as to be worthy of passing on as an heirloom. The making of modern lace offers no difficulties to the neat and deft needlewoman. Neatness of work is absolutely indispensable.

MATERIALS.

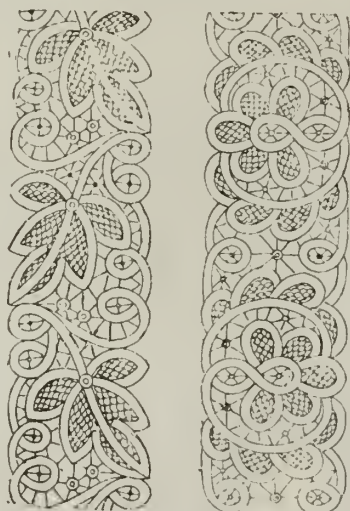
The first consideration is suitable materials. These are threads and braids, and they should be the best obtainable—both linen—unless silk lace is considered, when, of course, silk braid and thread will be used. The name of different braids is not of much importance, as the method of work is the same, no matter what pattern or style of braid is used, but I will mention here the braids most used.

1st. Point Braids, very narrow and fine, for handkerchiefs, collars, dress trimmings, tumbler doilies, etc. There are various qualities of Point, but the thread for Point Lace should be fine, not coarser than No. 400, and for fine work Nos. 500, 600, 800, 900, 1000 or 1500 can be used.

2d. Duchess Braid, narrow and wide, is used for all purposes where a light, delicate lace is desired. It is very sheer, has a little pattern in it, comes in wide and medium widths, and is used also for dress trimmings.

Flemish Braids are a trifle heavier. Threads Nos. 100 to 250 can be used with above braids.

Battenberg Braids come in various widths, known as size Nos. 4, 6, 8 or 10, No. 10 being the widest and No. 4 the narrowest; this latter number is



3 AND 4—BORDER OR INSERTION.

the lace when finished will look very badly done.

Braids, with the exception of some fancy braids and the Arabian braids, are alike on both sides. All professional lace makers make lace wrong side out. This is not obligatory, but it is considered the proper way, and it certainly has many points in its favor. First, it keeps the right side of the lace clean; second, all rough places, joinings, etc., can be better cared for from the wrong side. And, perhaps as important as all the other points combined, there is a gain of 40 per cent in speed of working.

In joining braid be sure and lap it well over the piece it is joined to, but when two parts of the design just touch, see that the braid does no more; do not lap one on to the other.

In turning a figure or a point, if the sharp turn is made lap the braid well down the point to give the sharp turn. For most designs the mitered turn is preferred.

When the pattern requires rings, baste them in position first, as often the braid finishes on a ring.

You are now ready to whip or overcast the edges of the braid that have become frilled in going around curves—but first a word about these same curves. In basting braid hold it easy; do not pull or stretch it to make it fit. When going around curves their outer edges will require more braid than their inner edges, and so take your hasting stitches on the outer edge, allowing the braid a little fullness. If anything, on this edge, otherwise this part of the design will pull out of shape. Of course, in making this allowance you get an extra fullness on the inner edge, and here is where the overcasting is to be done. For this use a fine thread; No. 400 is a very satisfactory size. Tie the thread in the edge of braid with the lace knot and overcast in every hole in the edge of braid until



NO. 6—BOLERO COLLAR.

the fullness is pulled flat to the design, then fasten on the thread with the lace knot. Do not overcast an edge of braid that is not full. Every extra unnecessary stitch takes just so much from the delicacy of the work.

It is well to fasten together at this point with dainty stitches the joinings of braid where two parts of design meet, and all rings. If you make a practice of doing this at one time you will not be so apt to miss a joining here and there. The order of the work will now stand as follows: First, baste design on oilcloth. Second, baste braid on entire design. Third, overcast all fullness. Fourth, fasten all joinings and parts of design. Until these points have been completed you are not ready to take a stitch, but having accomplished these preliminaries the rest of the work is a pleasant pastime.

Professional lace makers always plan the arrangement of stitches to be used and the portions of designs that are a "repeat," must be worked alike. When the same stitch occurs many times in a design, one gets along much faster to go over the design with that stitch, putting it in all the spaces where it is destined to be used. The reason is that by working the same stitch repeatedly, one can do it much more rapidly and also more evenly.

The best workers make the design itself first, then put in the background stitches. The same stitches used in the design should not be used in the background. For the latter, the Bruges stitch, Raleigh bars and spider-web, wheels, etc., are preferable.

PRESSING LACE.

The next step, after the lace is completed, consists in pressing the work. Place the lace side down on an ironing blanket, and with a hot iron go over the oilcloth; pressing very firmly; this prevents the lace pulling out of shape when removed from the pattern. Lace worked over the oilcloth and pressed in this manner will be same size as the design, showing no shrinkage. If these points are not observed the worker must count on a considerable shrinkage and allow for it where a piece of lace is desired of a particular size. After the lace is removed from the pattern it is again pressed—on the wrong side always.

REMOVING THE LACE FROM PATTERN.

After the lace is finished take out the hasting stitches that hold the design to the oilcloth, then, with a sharp knife, cut down between the cambric and oilcloth, cutting in this way all the basting stitches that hold the braid to the pattern. Pull the oilcloth away and with it will come most of the basting stitches. This will save much time that otherwise would be spent pulling



NO. 8—SKIRT PANEL.

out the short cut basting threads, a process that is very tedious.

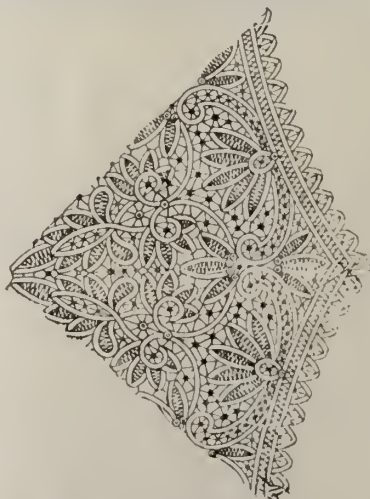
This lesson I intend to devote to entirely new designs and their uses. The dress skirt yoke is used as much as ever, and this yoke will be made of Arabian braid in the natural linen colors. Figure No. 1 illustrates a beautifully fitting skirt yoke. The spaces in the design are small so that the finished work may have a close, rich appearance. The lace yoke is first made and then applied to the dress goods. Another design that is used on dress skirts, waists and evening cloaks is shown in figure No. 2.

It is a rich applique; Arabian braid or cord can be used; the cord is particularly rich; baste the cord to the pattern just as you would a braid and proceed to work in the same manner as where the lace braid is employed.

Work the figures forming the design in Point Venice or some modification of that stitch, so that the figure shall look close and rich. Any open stitch used should show in the background only. This design is lovely on



NO. 2—APPLIQUE TRIMMING.



NO. 5—PARASOL COVER.



NO. 7—SAILOR COLLAR.

a fitted flounce. Use an ecru cord and make the lace stitch with crochet thread, a shade to match the goods of the gown.

Figures No. 3 and 4 show bands for dress trimmings or other purpose; both are effective and easily and quickly worked.

Lace trimmed parasols are always in style. Figure No. 5 shows a section of design for parasol cover. It's exquisite, carried out in Duchess lace, a fall or ruffle of Duchess lace on the edge is an addition. White, cream or ecru Duchess can be used. The design is also very effective carried out on a parasol of some solid, rich color, as wine, deep blue or green, using the natural linen colored Arabian braid. The lace is first made, then stretched over the parasol.

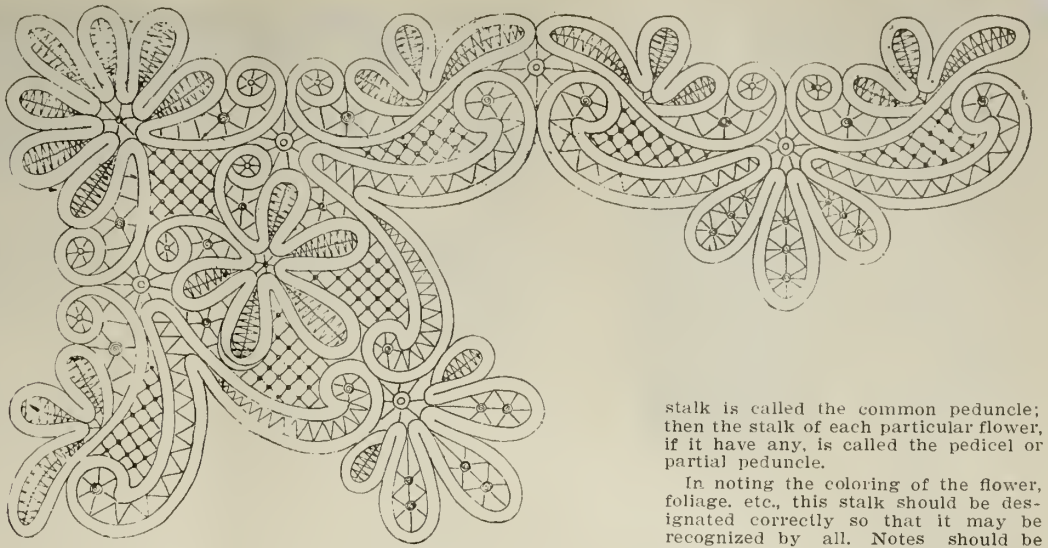
Figure No. 6 illustrates one of the loveliest boleros of the season. It requires 19½ yards of braid to work. It fits around the neck and across the front charmingly.

Figure No. 7 is a square sailor collar now much sought—can be made in Arabian braid, Marie Antoinette braid or Battenberg. The sailor collars are not so prettily made in the finer braids. This design requires 10½ yards braid.

Figure No. 8 illustrates that most difficult of all dress trimming designs to find, namely, a well fitting skirt panel. This design is 41 inches long; it can be cut down or extended by adding or taken away a section from the top. Use a narrow Arabian braid or a cord, the latter is the richer in effect. Use a heavy linen colored thread or crochet silk to match. To work the stitches: use a net stitch for the leaves and roses, keeping the lace stitch quite close and heavy in these forms in order to throw them well out in relief. This panel is exquisite done in the gold braids with black silk stitches.

In answer to several requests for a corner and section of border that can be used for curtain or bedspread, I illustrate in Figure No. 9 one of my most effective designs. There is no cutting of braids and no rings required.

Not only is the demand great for special dress trimmings, but there is a revival of interest in lace for household purposes. Orders have indicated a renewed demand for curtains and bedspreads. These are orders every teacher hails with delight, first because they enable her to plan and arrange stitches and designs, and thus give scope to her artistic abilities, but they are remunerative. It is on such large pieces a teacher is enabled to establish a reputation. The fad this next year is sure to be lace edges



NO. 9—BORDER FOR CURTAIN OR BED SPREAD.

stamped on the Bulgarian linens, combined with a floral motif, thus a lace border with a large branch of roses. These centers are to be used on polished tables; either for breakfast, lawn teas, or veranda hospitalities they are eminently serviceable and very attractive.

As the lace and embroidery are designed together (but in no case does the embroidery rest on the lace in this

A FEW POINTS FOR THE OBSERVATION CLASS.

In making observation of flower growth and coloring for future reference in embroidery a good manual of botany is almost necessary. It will be so much easier to refer botanically; in fact, for the sake of identification of

stalk is called the common peduncle; then the stalk of each particular flower, if it have any, is called the pedicel or partial peduncle.

In noting the coloring of the flower, foliage, etc., this stalk should be designated correctly so that it may be recognized by all. Notes should be made as complete as possible. Thus discussing the flower, its mode of flowering should be described. Flowers are either terminal (that is, located at the summit of a stem or branch), or, axillary (in the axil of a leaf). Thus botany recognizes two classes of inflorescence the determinate and the indeterminate. Indeterminate inflorescence is where the flowers all arise from axillary buds. They are called indeterminate or indefinite, because while the axillary buds give rise to flowers, the terminal buds continue to grow and produce stems indefinitely. Determinate inflorescence is that in which the flowers are from terminal buds. The terminal bud of a stem being changed into a blossom, the stem can no more lengthen, and any further growth must be from axillary buds, developing into branches; so in making notes it is well to state to which class of inflorescence a flower belongs.

The next step is to note whether it is sessile (sitting close to the stalk or axis which bears it), or whether it is raised on a little stalk or pedicel (note the color of this pedicel). The sorts of inflorescence of the indeterminate class have different names; these are the raceme, the corymb, the umbel, the spike, the head, the spadix, the catkins and the panicle.

A lily of the valley, currant, barberry etc., is a raceme; therefore you will see that the raceme is that form of flower clusters in which each flower on its own foot stalk or pedicel is arranged along a common axis or stalk.

The lowest blossoms of a raceme are of course the oldest, and therefore open first, and the order of blossoming is ascending from the bottom to the top, these are important points for the needle artist, because if she is embroidering a raceme she will know that the lowest blossoms are the oldest, therefore the palest in color. All the various kinds of flower clusters pass into one another by intermediate gradation of every sort. For instance, if we lengthen the lower pedicels of a raceme, and keep the main stalk rather short it is converted into a corymb. This is the same as a raceme, except that it is flat and broad, either convex or level topped as in the hawthorne. The main axis of a corymb is short in comparison with the lower pedicels; suppose it to be so much contracted that the "bracts" are all brought into a cluster or circle and the corymb becomes an umbel, for example, the primrose, where the pedicels all spring apparently from the same point from the top of the peduncle so as to resemble while spreading, the rays of an umbrella.



AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE AND ARABIAN LACE DESIGN ON BULGARIAN LINEN.

heavy work) it follows these pieces must be stamped to order. I shall show here a design made in 36 inches, and 45 inches; the motif, American Beauty roses and foliage, especially effective on the natural linen color of the Bulgarian cloth. The lace edges for this work stamped on the linen direct and must be so arranged that from start to finish the braid shall not be cut in a figure nor any abrupt turns.

members of the class know them by a common name. Thus if one wishes to note the color of a little stalk which bears a flower, and that stalk is not the main stem, it should be botanically designated as a peduncle. Again, a flower may have no stalk to support it, but sit directly on the stem or axis from which it proceeds, in this case it is called sessile. Again, if a whole flower cluster is raised on a stalk, this

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Etiquette of Weddings

At no other social event is etiquette so important as at a wedding. Everything has to be done by rule, and there are a number of little things to be thought of. Weddings come to every household sooner or later, and the hostess is always anxious that everything should be done in the right way. The bridegroom's family is likely to be critical, and the mother of the bride is naturally anxious that nothing shall occur which should look like ignorance of social observances. The etiquette of weddings is exceedingly conservative, but various innovations are introduced from time to time; some customs are dropped, and others take their place, and nearly every season brings some slight variation. So it is that whenever a wedding takes place in a family the intimate friends of the bride are literally besieged with questions concerning the etiquette to be observed on the occasion, and if their own experience does not guide them they are entreated to interrogate some other person who moves in a circle of society higher than their own. Finally, the bride flies to those harmless and benevolent people who preside over the correspondence columns of weekly magazines—those unfortunate people who pass their lives in setting everybody straight, and who are ungratefully suspected in return of calmly sitting down and inventing both question and answer for their private amusement. Now a reliable handbook on the subject would save a good deal of time and trouble at a time when there is always plenty to do. It is not possible to anticipate every question which may arise, but the majority may easily be imagined. It is in the hope of being useful to those who are in need of a few practical hints, that this little volume is prepared.

IN LOVE.

All weddings are preceded by a period of courtship, just as a noble house is approached by a beautiful avenue. The lovers walk on beneath the shade of the trees, not knowing to what dwelling it will lead them. They see their future life before them as in a rosy vision; they do not know what it will be like, but they are certain it will be happy. The millenium is to be inaugurated entirely for them; they are never to quarrel or to have a jarring word; distress or discontent will be impossible to them; sickness or sorrow may not come near them. Their dwelling is to be the prettiest and the happiest in the world, and whatever else happens to them they will never fail in affectionate courtesy for one another. Never will he be one of those husbands whose relationship to their wives can be guessed by their indifference; never will she be one of those wives whose smiles are given more readily to any one than to their own husbands. Whatever happens they will be loyal and loving; and fate can have nothing very bad in store for them the while they are together.

This is the roseate vision which befalls people once in a life-time, and after they have experienced it, they can say that they have lived. Older people may smile or weep, as suits them best, at the dreams which are seldom realized. The young people have the advantage of them, inasmuch as they are happy just now, and to have been happy for a while is to be so much to the good. A man never forgets the days of his courtship, though he does not remember every detail with the fondness of a woman. Edwin generally falls in love in a sort of unconscious way, and he seldom knows he is in love until it is too late to go back. Now Angelina knows it from the first, and can tell you long afterward the exact day and minute when she first thought Edwin cared for her, and how she smelt the lavender in the garden as she let him out the gate. Whether she loves for better or worse, she does not forget these things, and they remain locked up in her mind like the scent of gathered roses, sweet to the end of time.

COURTSHIP.

Courtship being so happy a time, it will seem absurd to hedge it round with rules and observances. Nevertheless, at no other time has a man more need to be careful in his manners than when he is paying attention to the lady whom he desires to win. Every one regards him with a critical eye, and any neglect or mistake on his part will be readily noticed. A wise young lady will judge for herself, and not be too readily influenced by the opinions of others; but even the most strong-minded person is not proof against ridicule, and ridicule is fatal to love. Too much anxiety and thought will not, however, make a man appear at his best; he is far more likely to succeed if he throws all thoughts of self aside, and only thinks of the lady whom he desires to please.

The word courtship has gone out of fashion of late, and is rarely seen now out of the pages of an etiquette-book. Nevertheless, the old phrase, "he is courting her," more exactly expresses the right attitude of mind of the lover than any other word in the vocabulary. A man who really cares for a woman will consider her wishes before everything else. His attentions should be nothing less than devoted, yet he should never endeavor to make her unpleasantly conspicuous. It is not by extravagant protestations that woman's favor is won, but by such considerate and well-chosen attentions that show that her tastes are noticed and remembered.

When a man seriously cares for a woman, he treats her with increased respect. He will never involve her in any doubtful adventure, or show her letters to a third person. If she receive his suit graciously, he must treat her with great deference. The more favorably a woman receives a man, the more should his respect increase. His manner must be deferential as well as his words; and, in fact, he must in no degree abate the courtesy which he used to show her before he was accepted. We doubt whether it is in human nature for a man to be much in love with his fiancée's friends, but he must certainly behave as if he were. He must try to interest himself in them for her sake, although being in love is such a sublimely selfish condition that it is difficult for a person to feel any secondary interest at such a time. It has been estimated that if the whole human race fell in love at one time, the whole of the world's work would stop. There would be no one to reap the corn, or store it in the granaries; no one to grind the wheat, or to do anything whatever that was useful and practical. Engrossing as the passion is, however, a man should not let it make him selfish; and, however attached he may be to his lady love, he must try to pay her friends a proper amount of attention.

There is a reverse side to the medal for a man—when his affection is not acceptable to the object of his devotion. He must not persecute her with his attentions, but retire as gracefully as he can. It is conceit on a man's part to consider a refusal an insult. He should be content to do his courting on the chance of its being successful.

When a young lady first enters society she is nearly certain to receive a great deal of attention from gentlemen. She may not, as in ancient days, have knights anxious to wear her glove in their helmets, or poets inditing sonnets to her eyebrow, but she will meet with admiration from many young swains, all anxious to win her smiles. She must remember, however, that all attentions have not a serious object, and not be too hasty in thinking a man intends making an offer until she has abundant proof of his intentions. Some novellists assert that a woman looks on every man she meets in the light of a possible suitor, but one would fancy such an idea as this would hinder that frank and unconscious bearing which ought to exist between the sexes.

(To be continued in next number.)

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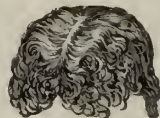
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Prizes for Young People

PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

We want some new games for our Juvenile Page, and we ask our young readers to help us. We will give a fine book each to the boy and girl sending us the best description of an out-door game. We will also give four prizes in the same way for the best description of an indoor game. Any young person may compete for one or both of these prizes. The descriptions must not contain over three hundred words.

BLOCKADE GAME.

Materials required: Fifty or sixty miscellaneous articles—children's toys, blocks, engines, rubber balls, dumb bells, strangely shaped potatoes, clothes pins, Halma or chessmen, bean bags and flat-irons; two large flat baskets; a prize.

Half the number of very much assorted articles, say thirty, are heaped on a large basket at one side of the room, with another pile of thirty articles across the room in another large basket. Two captains choose sides until the players are equally divided. When the parties line up, one on each side of the room, with a basket at one end of the line and a chair at the other. The captain of each side is usually stationed next to the basket.

At a signal the captain takes an article from the basket, passes it to the player next him, and as fast as possible, one after another, the articles are taken from the basket and passed down the line. The rule is that if anything is dropped it shall be passed to the leader and started again. The player next the chair must pile the articles on it as fast as they come to him, without dropping one, and the side finishing first is the winner.

At a party where this was played, the captain of the winning side received a prize, and then a tray heaped

with rosebuds was brought in and the flowers were divided among the players of the winning side.

WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?

This is an old game, but will bear repeating. The leader begins by asking each of the players, in turn, "What is my thought like?" to which he answers the first thing that comes into his mind; of course, avoiding naming anything already given. The leader keeps a list of the answers he receives, and then, telling what his thought really was, asks each player in what way it really resembles the thing he or she likened it to. For example:

The leader asks of each: "What is my thought like?" No. 1 says, "A furnace;" No. 2, "A skate;" No. 3, "A book;" No. 4, "Ten cents;" No. 5, "Vanity;" No. 6, "A flower;" No. 7, "Solitude;" No. 8, "Supper;" and No. 9, "Sunset."

Leader: "My thought was 'myself.' So, No. 1. Why am I like a furnace?" No. 1: "Because you often go out." Leader: "And why like a skate?" No. 2: "Because you are bright and hard."

Leader: "Why am I like a book?" No. 3: "Because you are well read." Leader: "And why like ten cents?" No. 4: "Because you sometimes pay for things."

Leader: "Why am I like vanity?" No. 5: "Because you are in many person's hearts."

Leader: "And why like a flower?" No. 6: "Because you are often fresh and sometimes rosy."

Leader: "Why am I like solitude?" No. 7: "Because you are impossible in society."

Leader: "Why am I like supper?" No. 8: "Because we all like you."

Leader: "Why am I like sunset?" No. 9: "Because you never stay long."

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NOVEMBER

1903



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CALIFORNIA LADIES MAGAZINE

Vol. IV

NOVEMBER, 1903

No. 11

OUR EXPECTED ROYAL GUEST—By Nellie Blessing Eyster



THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

sia, may widen through a century of progress and spiritual enlightenment, until lost to sight in some magnanimous and immortal deed of valor in the future of her great-grand son, the Crown Prince of to-day.

Emperor William I, son of Queen Louise and Frederick William III, was born two years and eight months before the death of General Washington. The queen, his mother, was idolized by her husband and the people. Goethe, who saw her in her youth, reports her as having been "the possessor of divine beauty." The brilliant legacy of Frederick the Great to Prussia (its military prestige), was yet undimmed, but the Queen, during the great wars with France, intuitively felt that the day of wrath was near and that under the all-conquering hand of Napoleon Bonaparte Prussia's turn would come. It came on the seventeenth of October, 1806, when Napoleon, still intoxicated by his splendid victory at Austerlitz entered Berlin. The defense of the city had not even been thought of so all its valuables were at the mercy of the invaders. At the head of his general staff, in full uniform, Napoleon visited the sacred apartment which had been occupied by Frederick the Great at Sans-Souci and also his tomb. At the latter he gave vent to the most unbecoming expressions of contempt against his unfortunate descendant. Taking possession of Frederick the Great's sword he declared, "I would not part with this weapon for twenty millions."

The valiant Queen Louise sought to rouse the enthusiasm of her subjects. Napoleon, to deaden it, if possible, aspersed her fame publicly; but his unmanly efforts only served to enkindle a feeling of revenge in their bosoms. The royal family was compelled to fly to Konigsberg. Napoleon, flinging insults after the Queen sent a squadron in pursuit. Louise fled from Konigsberg in the night; a storm raged and she was compelled to seek shelter and refuge in a miserable hut without doors or windows. Then, although ill, she crossed the sea in an open boat and landed at Memel in Russia. The French overran Prussia. A garrison was placed in the royal palace in Berlin and the magnificent car of victory which surrounded the Brandenburger. There at the entrance of Unter den Linden was carried off as a



EMPRESS' MOTHER AND SISTERS.

It is rumored that he is coming, the Crown Prince of Germany coming to our hospitable shores, as did his Uncle Henry a few short years ago, and the universal American heart bids him welcome.

In one sense he is coming to his own, to an extension as it were, of his German Fatherland, for wherever the German tongue is spoken and German songs are sung and German hearts beat true, there is the German Fatherland.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? asks the old song.

Is it where white sands the ocean laves?

And where wild Danube rolls her waves?

No. It is as unconfined by the limitations of topographical boundaries as is its marvelous literature, its thrilling music and its ceaseless search for scientific truth. Much of it is here in the Teutonic element of our own America. It is literally "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh." Like the wines of their native land German-Americans keep their tone and flavor unchanged by time or place. Many of our wealthiest citizens, our leading merchants, our most effective teachers, our profoundest scholars, our sincerest followers of the living Christ, our best musicians and artists and our most skillful and ingenious artisans represent the glorious nationality of which the young Crown Prince will one day, doubtless, be the pivotal point.

To those who believe in the science of heredity; who realize that the virtues and vices of ancestors are transmitted, by the mysterious laws of inheritance, to the children of the third and fourth generation, the first query among us, whether expressed or otherwise will be, "What is he like, this scion of a mighty race with whom the Anglo Saxons are so closely blended; for his is no common heritage even for a prospective king?"

Few of to-day, among the sons of men, have a lineage so remarkable. On the paternal side, but three removes from the Crown Prince, is the great grandfather Emperor William I, his son Frederick III, the grandfather; and the father of the Crown Prince Emperor William II. Their wives, the mothers—are respectively the Empress Auguste, who was wife of William I; the Princess Royal Victoria, the wife of Frederick III; and the present Empress, Victoria Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, the gentle and devoted mother of the Crown Prince.

Behind these distinguished women looms up an historical figure, Louise of Prussia, daughter of the Duke of Brandenburg and mother of William I. At the mention of her illustrious name every chivalrous and loyal German bares his head in homage for to them she typifies ideal womanhood.

Like the source of the mighty Mississippi river, which is hut an obscure lakelet when it begins its widening, irresistible course across a continent to swell the waters of the great gulf, so the inherited forcefulness of the noble and spirited Louise of Prussia,



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

trophy to Paris. To all petitions sent by Queen Louise to Napoleon he was inflexible. It was then, in the hour of her despair that she called to her two boys and bade them solemnly register a vow to redeem the honor of Prussia. The younger, her flaxen haired Wilhelm was but nine years old but he kept his vow. Sixty-five years later he, then a white haired sovereign of seventy-four, rode in majestic triumph through his own capital at the head of a victorious German army. Upon his arm hung a wreath of laurel which he was going to place upon the marble tomb of his mother at Charlottenberg; The car of victory was restored to its old place above the Brandenburger gateway; the dream of centuries was realized. Germany had become one. The military monarchy had swallowed up all the little states and the result was an Empire. The name of Napoleon the Great no longer awakened terror nor enkindled martial fires and France was in dust and ashes.

Through what transitions of national power and fluctuations of thrilling events did not the great grandfather of Germany's Crown Prince of today, pass ere, in his ninety-second year he "put on immortality?" When he was born in 1797, Prussia had a territory half as large as California with some 6,000,000 inhabitants; England had a population of but 9,000,000; the United States of America less than 6,000,000, and France, then the dominant power in the world, 27,000,000. He lived to see a great reversal. In population the United States is now first, Germany is second, and Great Britain last.

Like King Edward VII nearly two thirds of William I's life had passed ere he became king. During those subordinate years—yet very active ones—he had become acquainted with the most brilliant man in Europe. He was fascinated by him and when, as a king, he needed a wise adviser he summoned to the head of his Cabinet Otto von Bismarck.

In 1884, four years prior to his death, William I thus wrote to the "Iron Chancellor":

"For twenty years you have been my faithful friend and counsellor, and never once in all that time have you been untrue to your duty to the country or to me; never once have I had occasion to regret the confidence I have placed in you."

This is an enviable testimonial.

Doubtless, also, Prince Bismarck spoke naught but the truth when he described the Emperor to General Grant who happened to visit Berlin just as the Emperor's life had been endangered by an assassin.

"Here," said the Chancellor, "you have an old man, one of the best men on earth, and yet they try to take his life. There never was a man of simpler, more magnanimous, and more humane character than the Emperor. He is totally different from those who are born to such high position. You know that persons of his rank, princes by birth, are inclined to look upon

themselves as something different from other men, attaching but little value to the feelings and wishes of others. But the Emperor, on the contrary, is a man in all things. He never in his life wronged any one, nor hurt anybody's feelings, nor acted with severity. He is one of those men whose kindly disposition wins all hearts, and he is always occupied with and mindful of the happiness and welfare of his subjects. It is impossible to imagine a finer, nobler, more amiable and more beneficent type of a nobleman."

When Bismarck reached his seventieth birthday the aged Emperor remembered it. Sending him his portrait as a birthday present, with a letter charming in its cordial expressions of love, he thus subscribed himself:

"Your grateful, faithful and devoted Kaiser and King. WILHELM."

Whatever may have been the peculiarities of character and faults in the political policy of Germany's "Grand Old Man," the fact, that with all his bluff and tempestuousness he could inspire such genuine affection in the heart of the king was a beautiful tribute to each.

It is said that William's homage to his wife, the Empress Augusta, years after the period of their golden wedding had passed, was as tender and respectful as when he first won her in all her blooming beauty.

As it is averred that a woman's character can be read by the contents of her work basket and sitting room, a brief glance into the latter where the great grandmother of the young Crown Prince, Wilhelm, spent many of her summer days when in the palace at Coblenz, will make of each seer a sybil.

The principal piece of furniture was a crescent-shaped sofa, the back of which was trimmed with a row of wreathes of dark green, large leaved plants that produced a picturesque effect. In a spacious niche near by stood a writing table; the wall above it was completely covered with family portraits, while at either side extended book cases which held the select family library. Above a two-seated, red silk sofa, hung a charming painting entitled, "Consolation in Prayer." To the right hung an infant Christ and on the left a small repository for books, exclusively religious. These were in the French language. On the opposite wall was a beautiful Madonna and child by Yttenbach. Another work of art was a bronze statue of Goethe in Roman drapery. The windows looked out upon a delightful garden fronting on the Rhine, the central bed of which was laid out in the form of the iron cross, and cozy arcades and shady paths ran here and everywhere. The Emperor's favorite flower was the bachelor's button, or better known in Germany as the corn flower. Perhaps all do not know the reason for his preference. It dated back to his boyhood days and Napoleon's raids.

On the occasion of a festivity given at Konigsberg Queen Louise appeared in the presence of several French Generals. She wore a simple white gown with corn flowers in her hair and a bunch of them upon her corsage. The rude warriors were astonished at the simplicity of her toilet and whispered loudly their derogatory comments. Turning to them with a smile of indescribable sweetness yet great dignity she said, "Ever since your horses have trodden down our cornfields, gentlemen, the pretty wild flowers may well be counted among the rare treasures of my unhappy country."

That scene and the flowers connected with it became, henceforth, one of the saddest and sweetest reminiscences of the man's youthful days.

William the Great lived ninety-one years and died in 1888. His son Frederick III, the beloved "Unser Fritz," of the Prussians succeeded him only to live through three months of terrible physical agony and a mental unrest which few could comprehend. He, the paternal grandfather of our Crown Prince was more than a mere soldier. On one side of his nature he was in warm sympathy with the military patriotism of his people, on the other he was in close touch with the varied activities of their intellectual culture and industrial enterprises. Excluded as he was during his father's reign from public intervention in party politics, he never sank into inactivity. His wide sympathies found many fields of congenial energy. On every side he carefully prepared himself

to fill the great position which awaited him. He made himself intimate with the history of his own country and it is said that his word was never doubted by any living being in his life time. He, figuratively "kept his mouth," believing that "silence is golden," and thus, with some, won a reputation for stupidity when he was only discreet. The policy of his father must have been distasteful to him as it was to men of modern thought and he saw his country administered by one who had upturned all the high statesmanship of his youth, and who, in his old age, had relapsed into the Bourbonism of Metternich and Castlereagh. His ideas of extending reforms, of enlarging public libraries and unshackling the press were odious to his father and that father's best-loved friend, the "Iron Chancellor." How cordially the latter hated the Empress Frederick! How little he dreamed of the height of the compliment he paid her when he asserted that the opinions of her husband, his policy of progress and his repugnance to mere physical force as a means of government were owing to her, his "evil genius!" A profound pathos surrounded the Emperor Frederick's last days. To him, the governing of men was a solemn work for which he had prepared himself by earnest thought diligent study and a wisely ordered life. He had two requisites for its accomplishment, faith in God, and in his own purposes. A great career seemed before him and then the Death Angel suddenly stood in the way and beckoned.



KAISER WILLIAM.

Empress Frederick was one of the most remarkable women of her time. To a masculine vigor of mind and tenacity of purpose she united superior culture and accomplishments and a personal magnetism which was irresistible. From a bright, chubby little girl, fresh and rosy as a peach, who was always smiling out of the carriage window she evolved into a matron with a countenance majestic, thoughtful, benign, beautiful. The first thirty years of her married life were spent in her adopted home in comparative seclusion. She appeared, as in duty bound, at all state functions, but she scrupulously and persistently refrained from any complicity in political affairs. As a daughter of Queen Victoria (she was the eldest one), her training as well as her nature had combined to inspire her with a profound respect for the habits of constitutional government. Social questions occupied her attention. She gave great impulse to all kinds of philanthropic asylums and provident societies. She took a deep interest in the woman's rights movement in its more rational aspects, in the effort to improve women's education and enlarge the sphere of women's labor. She carried on a voluminous correspondence with the leaders of this work and kindred movements in England and the United States and we are indebted to her for much practical advice, encouraging sympathy and substantial help. The Guephs, to whom she belonged, have always been distinguished by a fair share of shrewdness and common sense but the Crown Princess had more than

this. She was, undoubtedly, the ablest member of the family, possessing quick, robust intelligence, deep sensibility—as her inoblique countenance indicated—and a strong sense of duty. Both in painting and in sculpture she was a clever artist and was able—as are few to interpret her own soul to the uplifting of others through her musical skill. As a thinker she was earnest and conscientious and abreast of the intellectual movements of the day. In her family circle she was an ideal mother and as a wife—well, is it likely that the many sided characteristics of her husband would have shown so resplendently without the loving contrast and sympathy of one like her?

Such were some of the characteristics of the forefathers and fore-mothers of the youthful Crown Prince Wilhelm.

What are those of the parents who bore him? Of the young mother, the gentle Empress Victoria Augusta, the outside world knows comparatively little. The rearing of six stalwart sons and a girl who is "her living image," are of more serious importance to her loving heart and conscientiousness than the division of China, the chastisement of Turkey or the homage of the United Powers. She is par excellence, a mother and earth holds no diviner right. The young Hohenzollerns are subjected to the most rigid military discipline and are being taught habits of economy and rugged simplicity. They are devoted to their father and mother, and it is no uncommon thing to find the Empress in the nursery, before six o'clock in

the morning dressed and ready for the day's work. Her hands are said to be almost matchless in their beauty and symmetry, yet day after day she writes for her husband until they ache with weariness. Her public social duties intrude upon the tender and close intimacy which she held with her children when simply Princess William and this is her one grief, for both the Emperor and herself take a profound interest in their religious education.

The Crown Prince is a zealous student and imbued with a spirit of earnestness which promises much for his future. Among other athletic accomplishments he is a most excellent rider. A certain birthday gift from his father was an Arabian horse, Abdul, of faultless build, bearing and most graceful step. It is needless to say that Abdul is his confidential friend. He is said to be very clever, full of humor and a hearty lover of his own brothers, notwithstanding that he has a large sense of his own importance. The spirit of comradeship is keen with the Emperor's eldest boys so they contrive to be on "speaking acquaintance" with everybody. A little incident of the two elder, the Crown Prince and Fritz, is worth retelling. They were out for a canter one afternoon at William's Hohe when a peasant lad, well mounted, galloped by. The Crown Prince touched Abdul and springing forward tried to out-

boy, but in vain. The latter, with the true spirit of Hessian independence, with a loud shout and touch of his long whip, soon shot ahead beyond all possibility of being overtaken. Then turning round, he waved his cap in the air to the royal lads and sped on. The Crown Prince took his discomfiture in perfect good humor and was courteous enough to return the triumphant salutation of the stranger with smiles of admiration.

Long live the Emperor's sons!

What will be the influence upon the life of the Crown Prince by that of his father, the Kaiser? In conjunction with our own well beloved and respected President Roosevelt the latter is the one other nation builder upon whom the eyes of the civilized world are now focused. How strangely alike and yet unlike are these two young masterly statesmen and contemporary leaders! If one could photograph the electric flight through space of a blazing meteor; or anticipate the changes in each turn of a kaleidoscope; or pick up without breaking it into fragments a globe of mercury; or woo with a handful of bread crumbs a soaring eagle to descend to earth; one might be able to coolly analyze a man, who, like the Emperor, is soldier, sailor, orator, painter, poet, chaplain, diplomat and king.

It is impossible to interpret his eccentricities or to give the full measure of the man. That he is the most remarkable and interesting sovereign of his

(Continued on Page 38.)

California Lady Singing in the President's Church

BY MILLICENT GRACE FRANCK

HYMN

Rendered in Grace Memorial Church after an address delivered by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

O Thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by Thy side!

May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.



MILLICENT GRACE FRANCK.

It was while I was spending a year in Washington, D. C., that I had the pleasure of singing for several months in the choir of Grace Memorial Reformed Church. It is there President Roosevelt worships and the fact that he can nearly always be seen there on Sunday attracts immense crowds of people from all parts of the world, anxious to obtain a glimpse of the ruler of our land.

I shall never forget my first Sunday there. I had never seen the President and looked forward with a great deal of interest as well as anxiety to my first service.

After dressing myself with unusual care I walked down to the church, which was a modest little structure seating, perhaps, about a hundred persons, on Fifteenth street near O.

The sidewalks were well lined on both sides with large crowds of people eager to see the President. I noticed several cameras, although it is doubtful if their owners were able to use them, as the President always puts his arm over his face when he observes one pointed in his direction.

It was still a quarter of an hour before service began and the ushers were not admitting any but members and pewholders, as the outsiders would otherwise crowd in and fill the seats to the exclusion of the regular members.

The choir members were admitted by a small door in the rear of the church and I saw many envious glances cast in my direction as I walked in the church.

My seat in the choir I found was in the front row, and only a few feet away from the President's pew. Directly in front of his pew was that of the pastor, Dr. Schick.

As it was still early Miss Schick, who also sang in the choir, volunteered some interesting information regarding the President, and was just telling me to be sure and watch him at the close of the service when he always came forward to shake hands with her father, when she exclaimed, "Oh, here he is now!"

And sure enough down the aisle strode a medium-sized, robust looking gentleman holding in his hand a silk hat and closely followed by two little boys neatly dressed in blue sailor suits.

My heart gave a thump at the thought of the solo I was to sing but I did not have much time to think about it then for the service began and I was obliged to pay strict attention to that, as it was not at all familiar to me.

The prayers were very familiar to those of the Episcopal church, and when they came to the sentence: "Bless thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority." I could not resist the temptation to steal a look at the President, but all I could see was the top of his head as he bowed reverently over his prayer book.

During the sermon I had plenty of time to look at the President, and to say that I looked at him is expressing it mildly. I simply stared at him the whole time, but he was directly in front of me and it would have been

difficult to have looked anywhere else.

But to return to the singing. At the close of the sermon during the collection I was to sing my solo, and as the time drew near I felt myself growing exceedingly nervous, in fact I was quaking in my boots. I had sung a great many solos before in as many churches, but never had I stood and sung with the nation's chief executive only a few feet away from me and looking me right in the face. However the sermon was ended and the interlude to my song was starting so I was obliged to stand up and literally face the music.



GRACE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

My voice trembled somewhat in the first few measures but after that I recovered myself and actually found courage to look up during one of the interludes. To my great relief President Roosevelt was intently studying his prayer book and apparently paying no attention whatever to the singing. By the time the song was concluded I felt very brave and would not have minded doing it all over again.

Immediately after the benediction was pronounced, the President stepped forward and shook hands cordially with Dr. Schick, expressed his enjoyment of the service and walked briskly out of the church, closely followed by the two little boys, who had to almost run to keep up to their father.

No one left the church until the President had gone and many stood on the seats to obtain a better view of his features.

During the time I sang there, which was several months, the President only missed two morning services (he never came in the evening), and one of those was when he was called to Groton on account of the illness of his son, and the other was during the visit of Prince Henry.

Mrs. Roosevelt always attends the Episcopal church, but Miss Alice occasionally accompanied her father. I remember one Sunday she wore a pretty dress; it was navy blue velvet trimmed with a cream lace yoke, and her hat was navy blue velvet trimmed with long ostrich feathers. It was all quite simple but bore the stamp of Parisian art.

One thing the President used to do which pleased me immensely, and that was to pat Dr. Schick's little boy on the head every Sunday morning just as he entered his pew. The little fellow sat directly in front of the President and used to look so delighted and proud over the little attention.

A storm came up one Sunday morning during service and the carriage was sent for the President, but do you think he rode home in it? No, indeed, he put the little boys in and he himself walked.

The little brown church has been relegated to the rear now and in front of it stands a large handsome edifice capable of seating many hundreds of people. The attendance became so large that it was necessary to build a new church and this was dedicated on June 7, 1903, the President delivering an address at that time.

It was with regret that I severed my connection with Grace Memorial Reformed Church choir on my return to my home in California, for I found it very interesting singing in the President's Church.



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER.

A SCHOOL ACQUAINTANCE

BY BEATRICE YOUNG

Augusta had never cared much for boys, and, for that reason, perhaps, boys had cared a great deal for her. The boys in her class she denounced as silly. "They haven't any brains," she told her chum as they walked home from school one evening. "Oh, yes, I know they manage to pass in geometry and occasionally manage to translate a sentence of Cicero, but in other things they are like sticks. The only things they can talk about are football and the other fellows." They never read anything except what they have to at school, and don't know an author's name from a patent medicine man's and if you happen to use a quotation, though it be as old as the hills, or say something that you think may be considered funny, when you look at their faces you see blank, expressionless voids as far from understanding as the face of a clock."

Her chum laughed. "The poor boys," she said. "How can you think so badly of them when you know they love you so? You're a dreadful hypocrite, too, young lady, for I know the poor things have no idea you think them silly. You always treat them as if you thought them perfectly lovely."

"Nonsense. One has to be decent to them, of course. You can't very well tell them that they bore you to death, and I don't suppose it's their fault, anyway."

"But they're not all that way. There's Harry, for instance. You know he reads a great deal, and he knows authors as well as you do."

"Yes, he does; but what else does he do? He writes silly little love letters to Effie Gaskil that are enough to make you sick, and of course he doesn't mean a word of it. She sits behind me, you know, and she reads them in a stage whisper so that I am compelled to hear them, and then laughs. She knows they're not sincere, and the stuff she writes to him is something awful. I suppose there are some sensible boys in the world, but those in the junior class of the Grayville High School aren't that kind. Maybe they will change; I hope so. There are lots of nice men, and I suppose they were boys once. I like men, but deliver me from these silly boys. I'd rather have you, Mabs, than all the boys in the class."

Mabel bowed with mock gravity. "Thank you," she said. "I assure you I am much flattered at being preferred to the boys, especially since you have expressed your fondness for them in such glowing terms of —"

"Oh, be still," said Augusta, laughing. "Come in a minute, can't you? My pink dress from Frowley's came last night, and I know you want to see it." And the two girls went up the broad steps of the house where Augusta lived.

They were sixteen, yes, sweet sixteen if you like, with the careless grace of happy school girls. They had been boon companions ever since they were in the fifth grade, now nearly six years ago, and, what is strange, they had not had any of the petty disagreements common to schoolgirl friendships. They had never been "mad" but once, and that was when another girl's—hum—prevarications, had led to a misunderstanding. They had not spoken to each other for three days then, and afterwards each confessed that she had cried herself to sleep on each of the three nights. On the third day, however, Mabel had found out the true state of affairs, and had written a note of explanation and had thrown it up the aisle to Augusta when the teachers were not looking. She watched Augusta pick it up and read it, then saw her laugh, and the tears came to her eyes, for she thought that the laugh meant scorn of her explanation. She did not know that Augusta's eyes, too, were filled, and that she laughed simply to keep them from overflowing. But the note she threw back seemed entirely satisfactory. When Mabel had read it a dozen times and then put it carefully in the front of her shirt-waist, she glanced up and encountered Augusta's eyes. They both smiled, and Augusta turned around quickly, then both furtively used their handkerchiefs, and they have never been mad since.

The next day after the conversation about the boys it was discovered that there was a new boy in the class. His name was Donald Ellsworth, and he was the son of the new Grayville banker. Moreover it was unanimously voted by the girls at the first intermission, that he was decidedly handsome.

With this promising beginning, added to some other very engaging characteristics which he was found to

possess, it was not strange that before very long the new member of the class was a general favorite—with all but Augusta, who had not permitted him even to be introduced to her. The other girls thought this very strange, of course, and Mabel often questioned her about it. It was their topic of conversation one afternoon, between acts at the matinee.

"It is mean of you not to let him be introduced to you," said Mabel.

"Has he ever told you that he particularly desired it?"

"Oh, no, of course not. He never says anything, but I know he does. Yesterday, at intermission, when we were all sitting together in the corner he came up and joined in the talk and I saw him look at you. Of course he was expecting some of us to introduce him."

"Yes, I dare say he was wondering how any girl could live and not desire his acquaintance. That's what I object to in him. He's so everlastingly conceited."

"Well, why shouldn't he think well of himself? He's just what you said you would like; he reads a great deal,

over him that it's turned his head completely. If they had let him alone he would have been nice I admit, but as it is, he's too conceited for anything. He thinks all the girls in town are in love with him, and I mean to show him that there's at least one that isn't."

The curtain went up at this point, cutting short further conversation, and they did not refer to the subject again.

It seemed to Augusta that from this time on Donald Ellsworth was always putting himself in her way. Did she drop a book or a handkerchief on the way to recitation, he was always just behind her to pick it up for her; did she go to the library to consult its books for reference, he was always there, too; and once, when she was a moment too late for class, as she hurriedly pushed open the big swinging doors of the assembly room, she ran squarely against him coming in. She hastily stammered "Excuse me," and went on her way, but not before he had seen her flush deeply.

In the music class he sat across from her with the rest of the basses,

"No, I can't," she replied. "I don't know it, but Gussie does."

He turned to Augusta, looked inquiringly at her with rather a peculiar expression on his face, bowed, and stood waiting. She hesitated a moment, then put her hand on his arm and they began to dance. They had scarcely danced three measures, however, when the music stopped, the musicians having seen that the dance was not popular, whereupon he led her back to Mabel, bowed again, said "Thank you," and left her, without her having uttered a word. After that when she met him on the street she bowed, but as school was soon out and she went away for vacation, she did not have occasion to do so very many times.

When school opened the following autumn and the juniors of the past term were the seniors of the present, Donald Ellsworth was not in Grayville. His father was abroad, and Donald had gone with him. They came back in January, and as he had been studying during his trip, Donald was able, by taking examinations, to resume his place in his class. The seniors were all glad to have him back, (even Augusta, who told Mabel that she didn't miss him but she missed his voice), but he seemed a trifle changed.

"Yes," Augusta said one evening in answer to her friend's question, "I would like to know him now, but of course, Mabs, I can't tell him so. Traveling has done him good. He's more like a man, and he's not so conceited. Guess he has discovered that there are other people in the world as handsome as he is," and she went back to her studying.

Each year at the Grayville high school there were two prizes given for the best English compositions written by the graduates, for which any of them who chose could compete. This year about fifteen entered the contest, all having the same length of time and the same subject. Augusta was among the number. The manuscripts were numbered, sealed and sent to the judges, who would announce on commencement night which numbers had been considered the most deserving. The names of the writers, together with their numbers (which were known only to themselves), were put into separate envelopes to be opened by the judge after the prize-winning numbers were announced.

On commencement night thirty-two young graduates occupied the stage of the opera house, the girls in white carrying bunches of deep red carnations, the boys in black. After the address of the great professor from the great college, the songs, speeches, and the presentation of diplomas, the Reverend Doctor James Barrington came upon the stage to announce that he and his fellow judges had decided that the first prize for the English composition contest was won by number seven, and the second by number twelve.

As soon as he said "seven" Augusta turned pale, and she sat tightly clasping her flowers while the Reverend Doctor James Barrington tore open one envelope after another, looking for the name to which number seven belonged. He found it in the very last envelope then rose and announced that Miss Augusta Darrell was the winner of the first prize, and before he could go further the applause broke out all over the building, startling, indeed, among the graduates themselves. When it subsided he read the name of the other prize winner—but we are not interested in that.

As soon as the curtain went down there was great confusion on the stage, everybody crowding around the two fortunate ones with sincere congratulations. All the girls kissed Augusta and all the boys shook hands with her, seemingly as much pleased as if they had all won prizes, while Mabel fairly radiated with smiles.

When all the others had finished and the teachers had congratulated Augusta to their heart's content, Donald came, and holding out his hand to her, he asked:

"Will you allow ME to congratulate you?"

She gave him her hand and replied: "Most certainly—if you are really glad."

"I am, very glad," he told her, and then they looked at each other and laughed.

So that was how they got acquainted, which was quite five years ago, and you may think that there wasn't much to it, but the other day Donald went home and told his mother that he was the happiest man alive, and Augusta showed Mabel a lovely little diamond.



JULIA WARD HOWE.

MOST POPULAR CLUB WOMAN IN AMERICA.

and he's very witty and entertaining."

"Yes, I know. I've heard him talk to the other girls. And say, did I tell you what he did yesterday in English class? I wanted a certain quotation for my composition. It was one from Miles Standish, you know. 'Better be first,' he said, in a little Iberian village, than second in Rome.' Well, I just couldn't think what the word before village was. I thought of Italian and everything else, but I knew it wasn't right, so I turned around and asked Bess. She sat back of me, you know, and he, Mr. Donald, was across the aisle from her. Well, she couldn't think of it, either, so I turned around in despair, but he heard what I said, and he wrote the whole thing out on a piece of paper and gave it to Bess, and she, of course, gave it to me. I pretended to think she had remembered it (as if I wouldn't know it wasn't her writing) and thanked her for it, but really, I felt like a culprit."

"Well, you ought to. He's nice and I know you'd like him. All the rest of the girls do."

"A little too well, I think. The girls have petted him and made such a fuss

and the first time she heard him sing Augusta held her breath and listened. He had a wonderfully clear, melodious bass voice. Augusta sang alto. Every morning during music she heard him sing, sometimes herself keeping silent to listen, and when she sang, it seemed to her that he endeavored particularly to blend his voice with hers. She tried to rid herself of the feeling, but she could not, though he made no visible sign that such was the case, keeping his eyes steadfastly on the book.

It was the custom of the junior and senior classes to give a little dance on the last Friday evening of each month, just themselves and the teachers being present. At these affairs formality was, of a necessity, lacking, as everybody knew everybody else, and the last Friday was invariably hailed with delight. At one of these dances, toward the close of the year, the musicians played a dance which was not very well known in Grayville. Consequently there were few dancers. Mabel and Augusta were standing together when Donald approached them.

"Will you dance this?" he said to Mabel.

LET US HAVE PEACE—BY NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER

It was a night of eighteen hundred and long ago, and General and Mrs. Grant were holding, in the reception rooms of the White House, one of the most brilliant levees which marked the second administration of the then beloved and honored national president.

Amid the vast crowd awaiting an introduction to the distinguished host and hostess, was a Pennsylvania lad, just six years old (the son of the writer), in whose precocious imagination—which had been fed on war stories and the prowess of military heroes—the great "Gen'wal Grant" (as the boy called him) loomed up second only to the invisible Father of the Universe. The personal charms of the boy were so unusual and his glance so hungry, as it was directed to the spot where the President stood surrounded by the diplomatic corps, that "one in authority," taking the child's hand from that of his mother and asking his name, conducted him forward.

"Ah, my little man! What have you to say to me?" said the general, stooping to greet him in a most winning and fatherly fashion. "I writted you a letter and worked you a book mark, Gen'wal, and you never answered it," said the unabashed and delighted boy. "And what did you say, my son?" asked the equally pleased President. "I said 'Let us have peace,'" was the response.

A ripple of audible laughter was heard from among the throng in the immediate neighborhood of the two, for, at the time, those three words were as closely identified with their author, General Grant, as the phrase "a strenuous life" is to-day with President Roosevelt, or "a state of innocuous desuetude" with President Cleveland.

A shadow of exceeding thoughtfulness rested for a moment upon the strong, grave face of the president as, placing his hand upon the boy's head, he said slowly and impressively: "Peace is the watchword of heaven, and 'good will to men' the key by which alone we enter in its gates."

The incident was brief in its action; the impression made upon most of those who heard the words only momentary, but the great truth for which they stood is as solid as the foundation of the everlasting hills.

Could the cry at this hour of the universal heart of enlightened women be interpreted by that great body of rulers known as the European powers, it would be the earnest appeal, "Let Us Have Peace." Not that woman desires a condition of inaction, or is indifferent to the surging upheavals in the worlds of science, art and public industries, for she knows, full well, that lethargy and stagnation are the preludes to death; but as long as men fight for place and power, principle is thrust into the background, war continues and brute force too often triumphs over the right. The sequel is that hearts are broken,

homes destroyed, life endangered or ended, society demoralized, progress impeded, and "good will among men" an unattainable possession.



TYPICAL MACEDONIAN.

How two great nations were stirred and excited, but a year ago, by the abduction of Miss Stone, an American missionary, by Turkish brigands! How earnestly women plead and worked for her release be-

fore it was attained! How, a little later on, the news of the assassination of the king and the beautiful queen of Serbia shocked our sense of justice and for a time all thought was concentrated upon the unlicensed liberty of the Servian insurrectionists! To-day we are again confused and horrified; the former because the conflicting forces of Macedonians, Bulgarians, Albanians, Greeks and Turks are all seemingly fighting each other, and the latter, at the frightful atrocities and nameless horrors inflicted upon defenseless women and children. All this merciless devastation and inhuman butchery is wrought too in the name of the Christ whose mission to earth was to bring to it "Peace and Good Will."

Vienna is soon to be the place of a notable Congress. The Emperor of Austria, King Edward of England, the King of Greece and probably the Emperor William and the czar of Russia will participate in the conference. The main questions, doubtless, will be, "How shall Macedonia be freed from the Turkish yoke?" "How shall the Berlin treaty of 1878 be enforced?" "How shall we aid the two Christian powers who are now seeking to obtain the empire of the Turk, to baffle Russia's desire to do the same without that Ursa Major finding us out?" "Shall not we, the real powers, be compelled to find some means of restraining these inconceivable outrages, even if we have to resort to that last argument—force?"

And what part can the United States of America take in this condition of affairs? None. True, her magnificent warships will lie along the coast of Syria to give a feeling of safety to the Americans in Beirut or its vicinities, but she is not invited to the conference, nor dare she say with the other powers: "In the name of God and defenseless humanity, this state of affairs must cease."

The national law of non-intervention will restrain her from "speaking her mind" authoritatively. This minding of her own business may be, from a material view point, the best policy, but to many twentieth century men and women a better way has been revealed.

Mind is behind everything material which the human senses can discern, and its force, when rightly understood and applied, is quicker and keener in its operation than a shaft of lightning, and yet as gentle in its approach as are the dews of evening.

Thought travels more swiftly than light when borne on the wings of love. Let the one concentrated desire expressed by the American press and people be, "Let us have peace." Let that desire be as strong as our greatest strength, and as full of faith in the power of the Unseen as was that of Moses when he smote the rock at Horeb, and it will be more efficacious than Krupp guns or battering rams in bringing peace to the Balkans.



BULGARIAN LADIES.



MACEDONIAN LADIES.

MR. SIMPKINS' EXPERIENCE IN WASHING DISHES—By Millicent Grace Franck

This is the way it happened: Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins had company to dinner and as they remained during the evening Mrs. Simpkins did not wash the dishes, but left them until morning.

Monday morning, while preparing breakfast, Mrs. Simpkins cut her hand badly so Mr. Simpkins volunteered to wash the dishes. He never had washed dishes but he was sure he could.

"All I need is plenty of hot water and soap," he observed sagaciously, as his wife tied one of her large gingham aprons over his immaculate shirt front. "You need not put that thing on me, I am not going to throw the water all over everything as some careless people do; just fill the dishpan with hot water and I will begin operations."

Mrs. Simpkins did as she was told and her husband seized the dish cloth and plunged his hands in the pan.

"Great Heavens!" he yelled, "why didn't you tell me that water was boiling hot? Do you expect me to take the skin off my hands?"

"I thought you wanted it hot," said Mrs. Simpkins, as she rescued the dishcloth from a pan of milk into which Mr. Simpkins had thrown it in his excitement, "you can easily cool it by adding a little cold water."

A new dishcloth was secured and some cold water added to the contents of the dishpan, and Mr. Simpkins grabbed a pile of greasy plates, and was about to deposit them in the dishpan when, in some way, they slipped from his hands and fell in the water, splashing Mr. Simpkins' face, collar and necktie plentifully with the soapy mixture.

Mr. Simpkins muttered something that was not exactly a prayer as his wife carefully wiped the suds from his face.

Mr. Simpkins made another start and this time managed to get one plate washed, and was just about to take up another when it fell, this time breaking several other plates in its fall and wetting Mr. Simpkins' nicely polished boots.

By this time Mr. Simpkins was in a towering rage and his wife, almost afraid to speak, ventured to say: "Dear, never mind doing any more, I can easily finish now, my hand is much better, and you will be late to your office."

"Very well, madam, if you do not need my assistance I will go, but never, as long as you live, ask me to wash dishes for you again."

After Mr. Simpkins had gone Mrs. Simpkins restored order out of chaos, and proceeded to wash the dishes as well as she could with her disabled hand; but she has not been able yet to remember that she asked her husband to wash the dishes.

SAVED BY TELEPHONE BY ALICE KINGSBURY COOLEY

Ethel Lynton had been to the 'phone a dozen times within the hour, but the line was either busy, or the girl could not get Red 998. Now what should she do? It was past eight o'clock, and they would lose the first act even if he came immediately. But he, Mr. Campbell Graham, did not come immediately.

Miss Lynton was angry. She murmured: "I wished to see this play so much, had been anticipating the pleasure all the week; my pretty dress, too!" and for a moment she felt like having a good cry, but her better sense prevailed, and she removed her hat and cloak and sat down and tried to enjoy a recent novel.

Soon her mother came into the parlor, and seeing her, exclaimed:

"Why, Ethel, child, you will be too late for the play!"

"I can't help it, ma; I can't go without an escort."

"Why, I thought that Campbell—"

"He has not come, and I don't know what to think about it."

"Perhaps he is ill!"

"He could have phoned me. I have tried for an hour to speak to him, but couldn't get his number."

"How strange!" answered her mother, "but don't fret. Perhaps business delayed him; I know it does your father, sometimes." Then she left Ethel to her book. But Ethel did not read, she thought, at least for awhile. Gradually the words of the book arrested her attention, and, with a sigh of relief at throwing off a burden, she thought:

"Well, it can't be helped tonight, and I shall know tomorrow." Then she plunged into the book in earnest. After awhile her mother came and wished her good night, telling her not to stay up too late. Ethel promised, and went with her to her room. She soon returned to the cheerful fire and the book. In a short time she was completely absorbed in the story.

She had been reading for some time and her nerves were wrought up to the right pitch of enjoyment, when her telephone bell rang loudly; she sprang from her chair almost in terror. The clock struck sharply as she put the 'phone to her ear.

"Help! Help! Murder!" came in agonized tones from the phone, then a peculiar high-keyed voice answered:

"Not much my fine fellow; this must appear your—" The sentence was unfinished, but she could hear faint sounds of a scuffle, then a sudden noise like the report of a cannon followed by utter silence.

She called quickly through the 'phone:

"Is that you, Campbell?"

But no answer came. Again and again she called, but all was silent. Should she call up central and ask what was the matter, but what would they think? Then she thought she would wake her father, but feared he would laugh at her, and say it was some drunken row in a saloon that she had heard and that the 'phone rang by mistake.

"I'll try and not be so silly, and go to bed," she murmured; she did so, but not to sleep, for that agonized cry for help rang in her ears as soon as she closed her eyes, and banished slumber. At dawn she fell into a sleep of sheer exhaustion, and did not awake until the sun was shining in her face.

For a moment she thought she had had a horrible dream, but she soon remembered everything, and dressing hastily went to her mother and told her all about the terrible cry of murder she had heard, and how she was tempted to call her father and ask him to go and see if Campbell was in any danger, but her mother smiled and said:

"Most likely Mr. Graham was sound asleep, and you heard a party of brawlers at some saloon."

"I am very glad you think so. Yes, that was most likely it. Now, I'll eat breakfast, then take a walk."

As she ate she became more and more convinced that something was wrong with the man she loved, and was soon to marry. She said nothing more to her mother, but ate heartily thinking she would need all the strength possible for her purpose.

Breakfast over, Ethel kissed her mother, and started on her walk. She went directly to her father's place of business. He was surprised to see her so early, and when she told him what had occurred at the telephone, instead of laughing, he looked grave. After thinking a minute, he said:

"I have business at the bank this morning, so I will inquire at his window for Graham. Cheer up, little one, most likely he will be there himself as natural as ever. Now go home, and I will telephone you if I learn anything of importance." He took his hat, and walked with her to the car, then went hastily to the bank.

Immediately on his entrance he saw that something was wrong. Mr. Campbell Graham was not at his window, and there was an excitement about the place that could not be concealed. Knowing the young man slightly who was in Graham's place of teller, he inquired for him.

"There's rather bad news, Sir," the young man replied. "Mr. Graham and the cashier are both absent, and the bank has been robbed!"

Then he looked frightened at what he had revealed, and added: "But I should not have told, I—I—they might not like it—Please, sir, don't repeat it."

The bank robbed and Graham missing! Mr. Lynton staggered as if he had received a blow and left the bank without another word.

"The bank robbed and Graham missing!" he found himself repeating again and again as he mechanically walked toward his place of business. Campbell a thief! No; he would not, could not, believe it.

"I'll go to his room and find him ill, most likely—I'll brand them as liars!" he muttered almost savagely as he turned into the street in which Mr. Graham had his rooms.

Ethel had not gone home on the car, but had followed her father at a little distance as soon as he had left her. She had watched him come from the bank, and knew by his face that something was wrong. When she saw him going towards Campbell's rooms, she felt a sudden sinking of her heart; he must be ill! She would go there, too—who had a better right than his affianced wife?

Arriving at the great building, she waited until her father went up in the elevator, then she entered the next. She hid in the shadow as she saw her father

knocking at Campbell's door. But no answer was returned when he knocked louder and louder, and her heart sank deeper and deeper.

Mr. Lynton, failing to get an answer, summoned the janitor and requested him to open the door.

"That's something we don't like to do, Sir," replied the janitor, "without the tenant's permission."

Mr. Lynton was explaining to him about his fear that Mr. Graham was ill, when Ethel came from the shadow, and said:

"Please, sir, let us in, for I fear he needs immediate help." Her father was surprised at seeing her, and exclaimed:

"Ethel, this is very imprudent of you; I would have telephoned you immediately."

"Father, if he is ill, I am the one to nurse him. You forgot that we are to be married in a week."

"Look! Why the key is out! he cannot be in there!" cried the janitor.

"Please open the door!" almost commanded Ethel.

After hesitating a moment, the janitor did as he was requested.

The room was in darkness, as every blind was pulled down to the window sill. Mr. Lynton quickly raised one—the sun shone in a golden stream of light directly on an object on the floor that filled them all with horror—a man lay there, battered and bruised, in a pool of blood.

Ethel rushed to him, crying in heart-rending tones:

"Oh, Campbell, my love, my love! why did I not come in time to save you?"

She had taken his head in her lap, and was wiping the blood from his forehead with her handkerchief, when she suddenly exclaimed:

"It is not Campbell!"

"My God! it is the cashier of the bank! dead, and in Graham's room!" cried Mr. Lynton. The thought was too much for poor Ethel, and with a groan, she sank to the floor in a swoon.

When Miss Lynton awoke from her lethargy, she was in her own room, lying on a couch, with the doctor and her mother bending over her. Her mother's face was lit up with joy when Ethel opened her eyes, and she kissed her, murmuring a prayer of thanks.

Just then a newsboy shouted: "Here's the exter; all about the murder!" In a moment all the horror rushed back to Ethel's memory and she nearly lost consciousness again, but with an effort she struggled against it, and asked them to get her a paper. The doctor shook his head, but she said:

"I shall be worse kept in suspense and I am sure to know soon." So the doctor consented.

This is what the paper said: "A Terrible Murder. Bank Cashier Clarkson lured to his death in the rooms of Teller Graham and the bank robbed! Graham, suspected of the crime, is missing."

Then followed the details of the finding of Clarkson's body by Mr. Lynton and Mr. Graham's fiancée. But Ethel said:

"Campbell never committed that crime, nor robbed the bank. He has been used as a lure, and, perhaps he, too, has been murdered."

Several days passed and the murder and bank robbery, increased in mystery. No trace of Mr. Campbell Graham had been found, although the whole police force were looking for him and a large reward had been offered.

Ethel did not for a moment lose faith in her betrothed, and when his body was not found, she believed he was alive, but hidden somewhere and kept a prisoner. So she went each day to the office of the Chief of Police, also to that of the head detective, and offered her own money to aid the search, to no avail.

On the fifth day after the murder, when it had become an old story to all but those immediately concerned, Ethel was sitting gazing into the fire, thinking what she should do next, when the telephone bell rang loudly. She ran to it, her heart beating fast, a faint voice asked:

"Is this Ethel?"

"Oh God! it is Campbell's voice!" she cried. Then speaking into the telephone quickly: "Yes, yes, Campbell; it is Ethel."

"Come to me—quickly—I am dying in tower—at rooms—quick!" came from the 'phone. She answered:

"Keep up your courage, dear, I will come immediately." Then hastily putting on her hat and cloak and taking a bottle of cordial with her, she drove rapidly to his rooms and sought the janitor.

"Bring your keys and come with me quickly," she commanded, and the astonished man followed her without a word. She knew the tower, for she had been up there with Campbell and her father, one beautiful summer night to see the city, but few went there in winter, yet there was a phone placed there for the convenience of or by the whim of the owner. She hastened up the steep stairs, but not too fast; she must keep her strength for the sufferer, and knocked upon the door; a faint "Thank God," answered her. The janitor quickly turned the key, and they entered—there Campbell lay on the floor by the 'phone where he had fallen, white and haggard, like a man in death's agony. She rushed to him crying:

"Oh, my love; I know you are innocent!" Then she put the cordial to his lips and let him drink a little.

"Janitor, please telephone to my father, Mr. Lynton, Red 33, to come immediately; also to the President of the Central Bank," Ethel said. Then to Campbell, who was trying to speak, "No, not yet, dear, but let me untie those dreadful ropes that bind you so."

He was wound round and round with ropes from head to foot, one hand alone he had freed, also he had rushed the gag from his mouth, but it still hung around his neck. Before Ethel could untie the second knot, the president of the bank entered; the Chief of Police was with him, and both were armed. They started with amazement at the sight of the supposed murderer, lying there so ghastly white and helpless.

"I—I tried to prevent the murder, sir, but he—he—beat me—brutally—on the head—and—and—and left me here to die," murmured Mr. Graham in a voice that was almost gone.

"Starved," exclaimed the chief.

"Innocent," declared the president.

"Of course; no man could tie himself that way—

what would be his object to stay up here and starve to death? You had better let him get some strength before allowing him to tell his story, or he will die," added the chief of police. Here Mr. Lynton entered out of breath with his haste; he, too, started with horror at the sight.

"We must get him to the hospital quickly," said the chief of police, deftly untying the ropes that bound Campbell so tightly.

"No, no!" cried Ethel. "He shall be taken to our house, shall he not, father?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Lynton. "That is the place for him. I see he has nearly shared the fate of the cashier. We must nurse him back to health, and in the meantime try to find the would-be double murderer."

Ethel gave her betrothed a little more of the cordial, then a carriage was called, also a doctor, and between them all Campbell was borne down the steps of the tower, and placed in the elevator. The chief stopped a moment to speak to the janitor:

"See here, my man, don't you blab one word of this—not even to the newspapers, or we shall never find the real murderer."

The janitor answered a frightened "I—I won't, sir." Then he entered the carriage and drove with them to the house. Here they waited till Mr. Graham, with the doctor's help, was sufficiently revived to tell his story in feeble snatches. As there was a warrant out for his arrest, he would have to stand a preliminary trial, although the chief of police believed him innocent—so an officer was domiciled in the house until he was able to appear in court.

"The law's a queer thing, Miss," said the chief to Ethel, who had indignantly exclaimed against a policeman being in the house.

"Why, sir, you said yourself he was innocent," she cried.

"A person don't always have to be guilty to suffer, Miss. I'm not the judge. He's the one that will have to declare him innocent. I'll gladly do what I can to help him," he added, pleasantly.

But the president of the bank was a man of influence, and believing that Campbell Graham nearly lost his life in his service, went security for his appearance, so he was at liberty, and the policeman dismissed.

When the day for the trial came Campbell had recovered his strength sufficiently to attend. He and Mr. Lynton were on their way to the court room when they met a man face to face who started and turned pale at sight of them. Before he could recover himself, Mr. Graham seized his hands, and called to Mr. Lynton:

"Hold him! This is the murderer!"

The man struggled violently, but the chief of police, fortunately passing, took in the situation, slipped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists and hurried him to jail.

At the trial Mr. Graham was quickly declared "not guilty," and the man he had so cleverly captured stood in his place. Graham was the only witness against him. He told how this man had introduced himself to Mr. Clarkson and himself while he was on his way to Mr. Lynton's house, saying he was a detective, and if they would step up to Mr. Graham's room for a few moments, he would inform them of a plot to rob the bank that he had accidentally overheard, so that measures could be taken to prevent it.

Once in the room, without the least warning, this man had struck them both down with a weapon he had concealed under his coat.

"I was rendered unconscious," Mr. Graham said, "and when I recovered myself, that man was trying, with a revolver pressed to Mr. Clarkson's forehead, to compel him to give up the pass key to the bank, and the combination to the safe. Being at his lack, I crept to the phone without his seeing me, and getting my number unusually quick I called for help. I had time, as he waited to give Mr. Clarkson another blow to prevent him rising before he sprang at me, saying 'No you don't, my fine fellow! This must appear your—'"

Ethel, who was in the court-room, sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"That man is the murderer! I heard those words; they came through the telephone, and the voice was his."

A ripple of excitement stirred the spectators, but it was soon suppressed and Ethel warned not to interrupt the court.

"Then we struggled and falling against the telephone broke it. I was weak from loss of blood, so that he soon overpowered me, and placing a gag in my mouth, he bound me securely, leaving my feet only free. Mr. Clarkson was muttering in delirium, and it was the combination of the safe that he unconsciously revealed. That wretch then gave him his death blow, saying, 'dead men tell no tales,' then turning to me: 'I'll put you up in the tower and leave you there to die. They'll think you are the murderer and have absconded with the loot. I can go where I please, no one will suspect me.' Then he hurried me to the tower, and dealt me a terrible blow. I lost consciousness for the second time. When I came to, I was still gaged, and bound even more securely, neither hand nor foot being now free."

"How long I had been in the tower I could not tell, but I was weak, hungry and famished for water. At last I pushed the gag from my mouth and cried for help, but my voice was too weak to be heard. I must have lain thus helpless for days, getting weaker and weaker, when with the strength of despair, I loosened one hand, and thus I drew myself gradually to the telephone. With great difficulty I got to my feet and sent what I thought to be a dying message, and perhaps see my friends and denounce the murderer, that man."

He pointed a quivering finger at the cowering wretch, then sank to the floor in a state of collapse.

The jury was profoundly effected, and returned a verdict of "guilty" without leaving their seats, and the murderer was sent to the penitentiary for life.

Mr. Graham recovered rapidly, and was soon back in his old place in the bank with a generous increase of salary, and Ethel, as Mrs. Campbell, is a very happy woman, and blesses the telephone that saved her lover-husband's life.

MAN AND NATURE—By Lucy M. Johnson

While strolling along one day I scampered down the long ever descending galleries of earth, and by and by I came to a vast room with a dome like the arching sky, and on a great flower-tinted throne I saw a woman whom the world called Nature.

She was a princess, and came down from her tower, and took part in the beautiful and mysterious drama called Life. She showed me her beautiful works, and lo! I was amazed, became infatuated with them, and my whole soul longs for them. The attractions were numerous and beautiful. The little silver streams whispering words of comfort and peace. The beautiful flowers that bloom all day scenting the air with sweet perfume, they are the stars of the day as the real stars are of the night. The deep blue sky, that infinite meadow of heaven, with its tinted dome, makes us long for our higher home.

The stars, the angels' forget me nots, the germs of the sky, the traveler's guide, that shine forth in the night, decorating the sky, and making it one indescribable palace of wonder.

The moon, that it is thought has done something wrong in heaven, for God has hidden her face, sends forth a silver light, and her beams rest upon us, as they do upon the innocent. O, Luna, you are a scene of mental enjoyment to me. Twilight, that rosy flood that draws night's curtain and pins it with a star, is the heavenliest hour of heaven, that is worthy of that sweet hour of twilight, and on her virginal throat she wears for a gem the vesper star.

The all-beholding, ancient sun, that rollest above, shines with warmth and vigor, and his golden rays gladden us. The sun is the god of gladness, and loves to shine over his own lingering region. He is one unclouded blaze of living light. When he descends the mountain shadows kiss his glorious gulf. When setting he owns the hues of heaven, and being darkly shadowed from land and deep, he sinks to sleep behind the cliff.

The dark, blue ocean, that ever rolling, never ceasing, work of nature, that never sleeps, never rests, but tempests are its goal.

Along its long shores rapture is found; in its roar, music; and in its bubbles, joy. Monsters of the deep dwell therein.

The hills, old as the sun, vales lying in peacefulness, the pathless, venerable woods, where much pleasure is found.

The murmuring brook that flows along and seems to whisper "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." The rocks, insensible, and ages old, moss grown, and cities build, form the unyielding foundation on which the great superstructure rests, here and there protruding above the surface as cliffs of the sea, rocky ledges, or summits of hills or mountains.

Mountains, they are glorious things. If they did not exist, and the earth was a regular plain, instead of that beautiful variety of hills, mountains and valleys of verdant forests and refreshing streams, which delight the senses of man, a dismal sea would prevail and cover the whole globe. Mountains beautify this world and are essential to its existence. If they did not exist,

not only the animal, but the vegetable part of creation would perish for want of convenient humidity, were it not for their friendly assistance.

The animals which roam about, the superservency of them to God's government and use.

They sing to the skies, and shelter the earth below.

The birds, they seem to be the happiest of all things, and yet they have none of what we call comforts.

Their beautiful dress, their sweet musical voices, all conspire to assign

sweet notes a tie that binds to his heart some memory of the past.

When the clouds of winter are lowering, and have rolled them behind; and then when the spring comes, and the sun shines with warmth and vigor, and softens the breath of Heaven, wafts from flowery fields and leafy woods a pleasing fragrance, myriads of these lovely songsters come to cheer us with their welcome music.

Birds, as they gaily sail on the meadows, and dart like a meteor in pursuit of some flower, cast a halo of attraction around our lives, reminding us that they are God's heavenly little singing creatures.

Inventions of all kinds are planned by nature, but are worked by man.

Putting into the intellect and mind of human mortals, the thought to work great things, and make wonderful inventions, and make changes from time to time in this world of ours is wonderful.

If the ancients were to come to life again and see the improvements and changes that have occurred since their time, and even in our modern times, they probably would not think we were human, but witches or spirits of some kind.

Giving man understanding and free will, and a conscience to follow the light of his soul is nature's greatest gift.

The making of mortals to the image and likeness of the One who created them, is divine.

Surely, all these works seem imaginable, but no, they really exist, and we live among them and they are forever in our presence. He who made them made us, and why not love them the more. Man certainly does take a great interest in all of nature's work, unless his nature be much depraved.

God must have had a beautiful and good idea in designing this world so all things were placed so as the beauty and splendor of this universe with which we mingle might shine forth and delight the senses of man.

William Cullen Bryant, an American poet, says: "They are but solemn decorations of the great tomb of man."

The decorations of this world are grand, but supposedly nothing compared with the grandeur and magnificence of the Garden of Paradise which would have been our first and best home had Adam and Eve not sinned. That must have been beyond our imagination. Let us then ever admire, love and appreciate these wonderful and beautiful works of nature, and let them linger long and fondly within our hearts. All these works induce the mind to investigate the minute as well as the stupendous works of the great Creator; recognize his wisdom, power and goodness in the admirable structure and wonderful preservation of man.

All delightful objects that present themselves to us, every mountain that towers to the sky, every field that smiles with yellow grain, every bird that flutters through the air, every fish that swims, every flower that decorates the garden, every leaf that trembles in the breeze, every river that meanders through a valley, raises our minds to the first great Cause of all things, and leads us to say, "O, Lord, How manifold are Thy Works!"



IN THE HEART OF THE REDWOODS IN CALIFORNIA.

♦ Trees, with their gold and yellow leaves, are forever rustling in the sweet scented breeze, form a leafy curtain over, and they stand like the old Druids, while their echoing voices sigh words of pathos and sadness.

them a most prominent position in Nature's parterre. Birds should hold in our affections the foremost place.

What happy associations do we connect with them. Who that listens to their sweet voices, finds not in their



PRUNE ORCHARD AND PRUNE DRYING.



TYPICAL OAK TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD'S WORK

BY WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY.

Historians and sociologists agree that the civilization of any age or country is measured by the position of its women. It must therefore be conceded that the English-speaking people of the 20th century are more highly developed than any races of the past, despite the spasmodic epochs of freedom and brilliancy scattered throughout the ages.

The primitive past consigned woman to a place of inferiority because physical strength was the tribal ideal. As men gained higher and nobler conceptions of living, they developed their minds, but were so accustomed to regarding women as weaker, that they did not question their general inferiority, and used the ascendancy they themselves had gained by brute force, to hold women in a position of subjection. They did not educate them, because they were but groping at the value of education themselves.

The great need men felt for wives caused them to place a certain value upon women, but merely a sexual one. The original marriage was one of capture. The zest of the love chase aroused all of the masculine qualities, bravery, speed, love of triumph and possession. This idea has descended to modern people through centuries of modification, in the custom of men proposing marriage, and making all advances; women being valued as she attracts, yet eludes, and finally surrenders. The more ardent and difficult the pursuit, the more ecstasy in the final capture.

A vast ethical step was taken when marriage by capture was superseded by marriage by purchase.



In this second form, the man does not consider all women legitimate prey, but supposes them to have a money value, and pays the parent for the bride. This savage custom has elements of greater rationality than the French dower system, in which the father pays a dot to get rid of his daughter.

The inevitable third step came when civilized man considered woman free to dispose of herself, and humbly begged herself as a boon, and accepted her decision as final, even if it were dismissal. The old barbarities are perpetrated, however, in the senseless forms of the father (or any available male relative) "giving the bride away."

In the division of labor in the primitive industries, as well as in the simple social customs, the original functions of men and women may be studied. In the first periods of human living, the nomadic tribes had few allotments of separate tasks. In their wanderings, each probably did the work nearest him. As the warpath became a factor in life, interspersed by the chase, it was natural that men should pursue both, because of their physical strength, and that if food was to be raised, and garments constructed of skins, these tasks should fall to the women. Farming was woman's first anchorage. As the tribes became more peaceful, and men less occupied in militarism and protection, women were freed from the soil, and relegated to the hut. Cooking, fashioning garments, weaving baskets, and tending babies became their constant occupations. Great took place in the ideals of woman's work, along with a took place in the ideals of woman's work, along with a growth in sentiment, until at last they became (except in the peasant class) a dependent set of individuals, freed from nearly all labor, and set apart for the functions of sex—to charm, beguile and minister to men.

In feudal times, aristocratic ladies were set upon pedestals, and left there, idle and worthless, while men found their pleasure with the lower classes. A piece of embroidery was their sole allotment in the world's work.

In the middle ages, there came a time when men reacted from the debauchery and self-indulgence they had insisted upon, and turned with horror upon woman as the medium through which they had so long found sensual pleasure. Everything pertaining to the home and marriage was looked upon as sinful, and for the priestly classes, criminal, while it was allowed others as a concession to human frailty. Many men left wife and children, with no sense of responsibility and devoted themselves to penance in monasteries, so strong was the ascetic re-action. Chivalry, or delicate and distant attentions to the idle ladies, and adoring service without reward, had its place in man's spiritual development (although the continence toward the rich often was at the expense of the virtue of the poor), but it mitigated against a healthy life for women. The influence of the ideal of perfect leis-

ure and uselessness to be striven for by imitators of the great ladies vitiated life to this day.

The Renaissance brought a saner and loftier ideal, that of personal freedom, and an intense desire to develop one's talents. The Dark Ages had been fertilizing much seed that burst suddenly into blossom. Knighthood no longer was in flower, but individual genius and industrious labor never before was so prevalent. Women were rulers, professors, scholars, poets, and (especially in Italy) were recognized as vital factors in the making of civilization.

We have hurriedly reviewed the four phases of historical development, (1) physical; (2) ascetic; (3) chivalric; (4) individualistic. In all of these epochs, others may have existed (as many types of civilization exist side by side today) but all are bound to be weeded out eventually to make room for the highest. We can only study the highest one as it superseded the former one. "In days of old when knights were bold, and barons held their sway," all women were not upon pedestals, yet the dominant ideal was the chivalric segregation of women as a class too lofty to be associated with in the simple industries of life. This new reverence, albeit questionable from so many standpoints, must be reckoned with as a step in advance, when tracing the development in the status of women. Gentlemen who swore to die for ladies would have refused to allow them to have the simplest share in the industrial development of the world, yet until a high opinion of women was sustained, there was no possibility of subsequent opportunities for her development.

Coming down to recent centuries, and following the band of illustrious, intrepid, but poor pioneers, who founded American civilization, we find the women burdened by the manifold duties of primitive industries, and child-bearing. Without slaves, without servants, the Pilgrim mothers endured hardships which the well-to-do classes of Europe had outgrown. As prosperity dawned upon America, men no longer built their own houses and made their own shoes, but specialized their labor, and sought the



highest quality of work each was capable of doing.

And consistently, however, for many generations, they expected their wives to keep to the primitive industries which they themselves had outgrown. The women did their own cooking, baking, sewing, knitting, weaving, spinning, and slavishly ministered to the men and children. At last, the factory took all of the individual industry out of the household, and specialized laborers (men) such as the baker, the butcher, the tailor, the launderer, the mitten and stocking manufacturer, and also the dressmaker and the washwoman, left woman with little or no employment. Those of the middle classes occasionally do their own housework, but many of only average wealth have servants and nurse-maids to do the little labor of the average home, and tend the few children. Thus, except for the nominal functions of "overseeing the house," married women to day are practically a parasitic class.

But along with this usurpation by men of all those occupations once believed to be exclusively women's, has been a branching out of a few women (usually unmarried) into those trades and professions so long appropriated by men. Completely rounded human life has not yet been attained, although it has been more nearly approximated by men than by women, because the former have attended to the problems both of the personal life and the vocation, and usually solve them contemporaneously. They are husbands and fathers, co-operators in home-making, and also bread-winners, giving to society the equivalent of what they take from it. Men do not carry out sex-functions as a profession, as women have been required to do, but consider them incidental. To all of their other duties, men have added those of citizenship. It is not surprising that these are not always performed with conscientiousness and brilliancy.

Specialization is carried to such an extent, in the modern industries, that hundreds of choice foods are prepared in factories, and even fine cakes and salads, and cooked meats, are in groceries, so that the problem of housekeeping is marvelously simplified. The crowded condition of cities, and the desirability of being located centrally, have established the apartment house, which is co-operatively heated and

lighted, provided with janitor service, its provisions delivered, and its garbage carried away, with system and expedition, and scarcely a thought from the nominal housekeeper, who does even the ordering by telephone. In many cases, cafes of such excellence that many prefer them to the ordinary private table, are attached to the apartment house. Thus, modern inventions and improvements have made it possible for the modern woman to be utterly idle, whereas men labor more arduously, as the demands of a higher civilization seem to require a larger income.

Observing the phenomena of the idle woman, many would solve the problem by forcing femininity back into the primitive individual industries, at least as far as cooking and sewing are concerned; this course would seem about as intelligent as to insist that men who have become specialized as bankers, lawyers, etc., should become their own shoemakers, carpenters, etc. Many women are groping for employment when they join every variety of club, feeling that somehow they must do something intellectually profitable; those still more thoughtful welcome any opportunity, and intelligent direction, in the line of civic improvement, such as procuring public playgrounds, public baths, clean streets, properly lighted and ventilated schools, and those numerous sensible measures which are nearest home, and, therefore, least strenuously opposed as woman's work.

Not only is woman apparently freed from the industries, but the size of families is greatly reduced, so that a very few years of a woman's life are actually set aside for child-bearing and rearing, and with improvements in dress, in regard for hygiene, and an accession of common sense, infant mortality may be lessened, and thus there will be fewer needless births. The kindergarten has encroached upon the home until the child of three or four often is given over into the hands of a specialist, while college extends almost to the bridal altar, so that the mother (sigh as she may) has little of the actual care and company of her child.

Thus do we see in all but the poorer classes, a peculiar condition of living, men working slavishly to maintain a certain standard of luxury, the ideal of most being to attain to the class above them; too weary and busy for intellectual improvement, or civic activity, while their wives in the main, are indolent, extravagant, and unproductive—in their dress, a walking advertisement of the husband's earning capacity. Women rapidly are gaining upon men in education, girls predominate in High Schools, because "boys must leave school early and get to work," and women's literary clubs predominating, because men have no leisure by day, and are too tired in the evening to enjoy anything, much less make any intellectual effort. Yet the women who flock to clubs, who are learning to be valuable members of society, to speak in public far better than most men, to feel the stir of the civic conscience, to go forth and do for others, are not productive from the economical standpoint, but are essentially parasitic.

The number of dependent women has been reduced



with amazing rapidity during half a century. Generally speaking, widows and spinsters are independent, and many girls now earn their own living, relieve over-burdened fathers, and frequently pay board to them. Thus the parasites have been narrowed down to the class of married women, and the spirit of independence has encroached upon even their ranks. There is the old fallacy to be overcome that somehow a woman earns her board by living with a man—as if, forsooth, marriage were not the voluntary union of two loving souls—and the still more revolting idea that somehow women must be paid for motherhood, which is termed their business in life, as man's is laboring for money! So strong are these ideas ingrafted in the average mind that often it is difficult for wives to share the financial burdens of the family, even when they and the husbands desire it, and there exist no reasons for their being denied employment.

The only logical step in the present trend of civilization seems to be the industrialization of women. They must enter the arena, well-equipped and fairly paid according to their worth, without injustice on the one hand or sentimentality on the other, if progress is not to be retarded.

Idleness is not only waste in life, but is the parent of much evil. Woman's idleness leads them to grasp any activity to "kill time." Hence, whilst

(Continued on Page 31.)

GREAT DEEDS ACCOMPLISHED BY WOMEN

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER.

Often has it been told that women's mission in life is to be a good wife and mother, and that she should not strive after the unattainable, but keep within her sphere, fulfilling this her personal destiny in the world. But, sad to relate, through many causes, this happy domestic appointment is often defeated. There are many excellent women that are deprived of the privilege of ever being the helpmate of man, or acquiring to the crowning glory of motherhood. "But in spite of this relative mutilation in her lot, as a free individual she may direct her own career; her personal destiny may still be achieved."

Indeed, some women, as well as men, are occasionally born to greatness, which like genius (and they often mean the same) cannot be downed.

From the earliest ages of the world even when her position in life was little more than the slave of man, we find woman often rising to the occasion, performing wonderful acts of heroism and accomplishing great deeds. Sometimes where man has failed her finer perceptions and keener sense has brought about the desired result.

This was the case with the noble Judith in the Bible. When all seemed lost for the Jewish people, to save them "she braved all to gain all," courageously going to the tent of the tyrant Holophernes and with his own sword fearlessly striking off his head while he slept, thus ridding her nation of a cruel oppressor. An unwomanly but heroic act.

Cyrus, one of the greatest conquerors the world ever produced, met his first and last defeat at the hands of a female general, Queen Tomyris, head of a fierce nation of barbarians called the Massagetae. Against this warlike race the great Persian king marched at the head of an army of 200,000 men, expecting easy victory.

Tomyris, collecting her forces, attacked them with so much fury while in a narrow pass, that Cyrus, as well as the flower of his army, were slain.

There is an old Chinese tradition that tells how the women of the Celestial empire, becoming discontented with the unequal share accorded them in the government, arose in revolt against the injustice and tyranny of man. It is said that they showed so much tact and fought so bravely that the revolution very nearly overturned the whole Celestial government. They were finally subdued, but in order to prevent a recurrence of the danger, the emperor and his ministers decreed that henceforth the feet of the girls throughout China, should be bandaged in such a way as to prevent them growing, and thus put it out of their power ever again to take the field as warriors. This was the origin, says the fable, of the small feet of the women of China.

But though the Chinese have ever degraded their women, yet a woman rules, and wields unlimited power in China to-day. It is the Empress Dowager that really wears the crown there, and holds the reins of government. Cruel and unscrupulous as she is, yet all bow to her wisdom and greatness.

We all know that it was the keen judgment and generous assistance of Queen Isabella of Spain that enabled Columbus to sail to unknown seas and find a new world.

Many great deeds are recorded of this famous woman, but none nobler than her successful efforts to alleviate and soften the miseries of war. "She was the first who appointed regular military surgeons to attend the movements of the army, and be at hand on the field of battle. She also

provided spacious tents furnished with beds and all things requisite for the sick and wounded, which were called the 'Queen's Hospital.' So it was to the compassionate heart of this great woman directed by energy and wise judgment that the civilized world was first indebted for an expedient which has since saved so many lives and ac-

tained) and placing herself at the head, marched against the enemy and turned the tide of victory. In memory of the bravery of the Infanta foot-soldiers, so the story goes, were henceforth st-led infantry.

Familiar to us all is the history of the inspired Joan of Arc "the Maid of Orleans." This simple, uneducated

thusiastic courage succeeded in reviving the failing energy of the French soldiers. Important battles were won, the siege of Orleans raised, and Charles placed upon the throne of his ancestors. Thus it was that through the undaunted efforts of this brave young heroine the English were driven finally from France. But her career was short, turbulent and tragic. She was basely betrayed into the hands of the enemy, who showed her no mercy, and at the early age of nineteen she filled a martyr's grave. Her death will ever be a blot in the history of both England and France.

But all great deeds are not accomplished or fought on the battlefield. "The pen is mightier than the sword," and many reforms have been accomplished through the writings of both men and women.

"It was Harriet Beecher Stowe's power to stir a nation to its cruel wrongs against an enslaved race, thus eventually bringing about the abolition of slavery in America. The brutalities of child-life both in Old and New England were a crying evil sixty years ago. Not only Anthony Trollope and Richard Henry Dana, but also Harriet Martineau and Maria Edgeworth by their writings, helped to change these conditions."

Reading an account of the deplorable state of the female prisoners in Newgate, written by a woman, induced the benevolent Mrs. Fry to visit that abode of degradation. So terrible was the state of those unfortunate women crowded together in two wards, sent there for every gradation of crime, that she determined to devote her time and energy to the work of rescuing and alleviating their sufferings. The change she wrought by kindness and improved surroundings was marvelous and lasting. It has marked this noble woman as a great reformer and philanthropist.

Revered and honored also is the name of Florence Nightingale nursing the sick and wounded in Crimea.

Also Grace Darling rescuing the drowning passengers of the ill-fated vessel on the Rocky coast, near her lighthouse home.

Everywhere and in every walk of life we find noble women doing great and heroic deeds. A few weeks ago a band of humble sisters of the order of St. Frances arrived in San Francisco on their way to the leper island of Molakia. They were going to fill the empty places of those who at the first call went hither to help in the great work begun by the heroic priest, Father Damien, many of whom, like that martyr, have passed to their final reward.

Teaching and caring for the women and children in that plague-stricken land is to be also their life work. Like those who went before them they have "burned their ships behind them." Never again can they return to home or friends. And not on caparisoned steeds, not clad in gleaming armor, or decked with gilded trappings, not heralded by the sound of trumpets, or the thunder of cannon, do these glorious women go forth to battle and to victory. But upon the tablet of deathless fame angel hands will register the names of these, heaven's own heroines.

Innumerable are the examples of woman's heroic acts but no triumph greater than this. Thus the lowliest as well as the great powers of the earth can

"Do noble deeds, nor dream them all day long

And make life, death and the vast forever

One grand, sweet song."



SHE SAVED FRANCE.

complished so much toward alleviating the frightful evils of war."

From Spain also comes the origin of the word infantry, and through the bravery of a woman.

A Spanish Infanta, hearing that her father had been defeated by the Moors, raised a body of foot soldiers (as there were no horses to be ob-

peasant girl was the cause of a sudden and wonderful revolution in the affairs of France.

Hopeless indeed seemed the situation of Charles VII when Joan made her appearance unheralded and unknown. Gaining the consent of the king, she placed herself at the head of the troops and by her heroic and en-



TOO FINE FOR USE

BY SARAH BOYLE.



Utilize your faculties and possessions to the very best advantage. The old lady who took an inventory of her household belongings and resolved to dispose of her superabundance was wise. Stereopticon views were given to a school; illustrated scrap books to a children's hospital; an overstocked supply of bric-a-brac was lessened by gifts to homes lacking the ornamental; magazines and well read books found their way into homes where the sick and lonely were secluded. These things were not considered too valuable to give away. She did not anticipate the use of them for herself in the dim future. The put away treasures! How much sunshine and pleasure have been stowed away with them.

The pretty piece of painted china consigned to a remote corner of a high shelf, a fine bit of fancy work located at the bottom of a deep trunk, a fine old oil painting, covered with cheese cloth assigned to a dark dingy corner of an old attic, the richly brocaded furniture covered with home made contrivances for protection. Bring these articles out of their dreary isolation and make them agents for scattering pleasure and sunshine. Bring out the antique bit of silver from its hiding place. Give it a chance to reflect the sun's bright rays. The old teapot with its interesting history should be better known. The fine piece of needle work made by fingers which have long since lost their

cunning should be honored by constant service. Do not forget that moths corrupt, that thieves break through and steal and that fire consumes. The worthy housewife who stowed away everything new, bright and attractive for future use, must have received a lesson on the uncertainty of affairs when her home and hidden treasures were burned to the ground. We have all seen hoarded garments (that would be fixed someday) eaten into shreds by the dusk loving moth. A young girl had been given a real cashmere shawl, a "thing of beauty" which should have been a "joy for ever." A picture it was, with its wonderful array of colors and its fine texture. It should have been used as

a drapery if not worn, but it was folded away in tissue paper, put in a box and hid away.

Her daughter grew up and begged it as a wedding gift. "No," the mother said. "I will leave it to you when I die." Well, she died at last. The box was opened, the shawl lifted out. It fell into rags. The moths had done their work and all the beauty was wasted. The precious box of ointment used in the anointing of the Master has filled the world with its perfume ever since. No one has a thought too lofty, love too tender or a fancy too fine for the common every day uses of life.

LETHA SHREVE—By Honora Millet

Two men sat on one of the iron benches in Thorn-tree avenue, Reynold's Park, earnestly talking; one hissed his words through clenched teeth, and his hand descended heavily on the bench as if there was something beside the iron there. The other's face expressed sympathy and anxiety. "You are heated now," he said. "You will see things in a different light later."

"He is a traitor; a heartless scoundrel, and all eternity will not change my opinion of him one whit," was the wrathful retort.

"Perhaps you would better vent your wrath on the woman," said the other. "She is reported to be irresistibly charming. We are all liable to transient delusions; who knows but you yourself —"

The wrathful man drew himself up proudly. "The woman does not live who could turn me from Martha." He wheeled about and passed into the little foot-path that led from the shadow of the thorn-trees into the bright sunlight. As he did so, he saw with some surprise the figure of a woman clad in dull gray, sitting under a neighboring tree. She appeared to be busy with her own thoughts and was tracing letters in the sand with her parasol.

As the young man passed by, the woman looked up. It was a worn, old face that he saw, of ashen hue, with faded, expressionless eyes.

His companion did not observe her, for he was regarding his friend with increasing anxiety. He paused at the entrance to say earnestly, "Clarence, old boy, I believe Chester Brooks loves your sister. He is dazzled by this beauty. He will awake after a season."

"It will be too late," said Clarence, through his shut teeth.

When the two men were out of sight the woman in gray dropped her parasol. "We shall see," she muttered, searching the folds of her gown and bringing to light a tiny vial containing a white powder. "This to thee, proud Pharisee," she muttered, holding up the vial and regarding it with a smile that was crafty and exultant, then putting it to her lips.

She looked at the vial again as if to see how much she had taken, then hid it away. She unfolded a gray veil and tied it over her face, resumed her former position and began new patterns in the sand. Chester Brooks had left town immediately after breaking his engagement with Miriam Kathan. Nobody in Pixley had seen the woman who had stolen his heart from Miriam; they did not even know her name; they only knew what Chester had declared that she was "irresistably charming." He had met her at The Lakes during the summer.

The winter season opened gaily at Pixley; the first ball was a charity ball and invitations were lavishly scattered; everybody and all their friends were expected to be there. Clarence Kathan and his friend Phillip Moray were in attendance; he with his Martha, and the other with Miriam, his sister.

Late in the evening Clarence, finding his services not needed for a time, strolled into an inviting nook screened by greenery, and thought to make himself comfortable there until the ladies returned. As he stepped in he came face to face with a lady, a stranger, so wondrously beautiful that he stopped abruptly and stood mutely staring.

"I beg your pardon," said the lovely apparition, seeing that he was beyond the power of speech.

The sound of the woman's voice, rich and low like dreamy music, only increased the young man's helplessness. She smiled a bit. "I was tired," she said, "and I came here for a moment's rest; would you be so kind as to fetch me a glass of water?"

This question broke the trance that held Clarence, and he hastened to stammer, "Certainly, with pleasure," and vanished. He made all haste to return, believing that the woman would have disappeared before he reached the nook. But she was still there and Phillip Moray was introducing her to Miriam and Martha. "Miss Letha Shreve" was the name he caught. Then she was not a vision.

She gave him one dazzling glance for thanks as she took the glass from his hand, then he was led away by Martha and Miriam, who were ready for home. He gave Martha his arm absently, seeing nothing but faces of Letha Shreve, as one who has gazed on the sun sees nothing but suns. "What a gloriously beautiful woman!" exclaimed Clarence, as soon as they were seated in the carriage.

Phillip laughed easily; "so everyone says."

The laugh and the indifferent tone nettled Clarence; "You are so sluggish, Phil; nothing stirs your blood."

Phillip laughed again. "The sight of a beautiful woman does not harrow my feelings in the least."

"I should have been an artist," said Clarence. "A beautiful woman thrills me—then bethinking himself, he stole an arm about Martha and added, 'as would a beautiful statue or painting.'"

"She takes my eyes but not my heart," murmured Phillip.

"That's it, Phil," cried Clarence eagerly.

"But," said Phillip, slowly, with a

as the figure turned and swayed in the elusive glide waltz.

The closing ball of the season was to be the crowning event. "What will her costume be to-night, I wonder," mused Clarence. "Snowflakes or pansies or moonlight?" He only knew Letha's costumes by the colors.

While he watched, a figure floating in a pale green mist came that way. The face was white as chiseled marble, and the filagree coronet set with emeralds gleamed from the dark hair.

under the thorn trees, to-morrow at ten," she whispered in answer to the imploring look of her lover.

On the morrow the park was ablaze with diamonds, set in alabaster whiteness and radiating rainbow tints. As Clarence set his eager gaze down the avenue he saw a tall white figure standing as motionless as if it, too, were a creation of the night. The almost painful stillness was broken by the rattling icicles. Clarence sprang forward; "Letha!"

She had been looking up through the glittering vista over her head, now she lowered her eyes until they were level with his face, but she did not speak, did not smile.

"My beautiful one," cried Clarence, seizing and holding fast her hands, "to-day, you see, is as yesterday, and every to-morrow will be like to-day."

"Oh, foolish one," she answered him gently, "still dreaming."

"It is love," he whispered. "I never knew what love was until I met you."

"You love my beauty, not me."

She held up her hand to arrest his answer. "Could you love me if I were old and faded and clad in poverty's garb?"

"I could love you—" he bent as if to kiss her hand; she released the hand and he remained with bowed head awaiting her next words.

The prolonged silence caused him to raise his head at last; there stood before him a woman in a pale gray cloak; her face was thin and ghastly; her eyes lusterless. She sat down to trace letters in the ice with her umbrella.

Was this Letha? or had she spirited herself away while he stood there, waiting for her answer, and left this fate in her stead?

A corner of her grey cloak folded outward as she wrote, and Clarence noted with a shudder that it was white.

"Letha," he called, in agony of spirit, "come back."

The woman raised her ashen face and stretched out her hand; it held a sealed envelope. Clarence took it and read "Open to-night at midnight."

Like a flash came before him the memory of that other day when he had seen this same figure seated under the thorn-trees. Silently he left the park, wondering what it all meant. If he had not seen the sparkle of the serpent's eye in the ring that Letha always wore, he would have doubted still, and now he could only shudder.

At midnight he opened the envelope; it was very thin; it contained a slip of paper with a few words written on it; these were the words:

"The woman does not live who could turn me from Martha."

"Phillip," said Clarence two weeks later, "did you ever hear the name of Chester Brooks' enchantress?"

"No, but I can get it from Chester."

"Do," said Clarence.

The name came promptly; Phillip read it slowly: "Letha Shreve."

TO THE ESCHSCHOLTZIA

By Adelle Williams Wright.

Alone thou standest, without a mate,
Oh! glorious "Flower of the Golden State."

Fit emblem of her buried wealth,
Her sunbathed hills, her bounding health;

The mighty ocean stills her roar
And murmurs devotion along the shore—

Her waves kiss gently the sands they meet,

And kneel in homage at thy feet.

Within the cup of purest gold
How many lessons dost thou hold;

The laughing child, the man of care,
The joyous youth, the maiden fair,

May each some truth find there revealed,

That lies from other hearts concealed.

Thy treasured sunbeams seem collected
Only that they may be reflected;

And worldlings catch a glimpse of heaven

At sight of wealth so freely given;
While earth-bound eyes are raised again

When they look on gold without a stain.

The aimless traveler, wandering here
In vain unrest, from year to year,

Finds zeal and motive stir again
At Nature's lesson writ so plain:

The stranger, comes from far off lands,
With heart bowed down and empty hands,

Feels hope return and courage rise
As thy rich welcome meets his eyes;

While native sons where'er they roam
Hold thee as dear as thoughts of home.

And with full hearts and tear dimmed eyes—

'Neath midnight sun or tropic skies—
Of Nature's gifts, in joy or grief,

They hail the Golden Poppy, chief.



OUR CUP, WHICH COST AMERICA AND ENGLAND \$4,500,000.

significant glance at his friend," the head lies to the heart, sometimes."

"Only a shallow heart believes it," was Clarence's answer.

Clarence saw Letha Shreve frequently that winter. "It is not her features," he remarked to Phillip, "that makes her so dazzlingly beautiful, but a light that shines out."

"More likely it is her gowns," said Phillip. "The ladies say her gowns are poems."

Clarence's lip curled scornfully, and he puffed his cigar in silence, watching the Letha Shreve faces mount in the blue spirals.

He waited patiently his turn; "My beautiful one," he whispered, as his arm encircled the green mist.

Did she smile, or was it the gleam of the jewels set over her face?

"My beautiful one," he whispered again, leaning nearer.

She raised her long lashes that veiled the dark eyes scintillating like stars; "You are mad," she said.

"You are mine; mine forever," he whispered passionately.

"Hush," said the woman; "tomorrow you will curse this insane moment."

"Never; you are my soul's queen."

The waltz was ended. "In the park,

A Romance of the Latin Quarter—By J. M. Scanland

Signorina Ermenia Aldinia was one of the prettiest ladies in the Latin Quarter, and among her suitors were several young Italian swells whose fathers had grown rich since arriving as impoverished immigrants in San Francisco. Her skin was of that olive color peculiar to Southern Italy; her hair was as black as a crow's wing, and her eyes were of that kind that drive men crazy. Ermenia seemed to care nothing for any of these young men—her heart was elsewhere! Angelo Beppo was a handsome young man, though the son of a poor fisherman. At eventide he sat in his dormer window opposite to her cottage on Greenwich street, and played on his violin. His favorite air was "Heart Bowed Down," and he sang it with such sweet pathos that Ermenia interpreted his heart-sufferings as a message of love.

"I do wish that crazy Lupo would quit making that noise—it is every evening, and it is very tiresome," said Ermenia's mother.

"I think that is very sweet music; and such a voice!" replied Ermenia.

"Of course! Since you like Lupo! You may as well dismiss him from your mind, my daughter. There are several rich young men who adore you, and why do you wish to marry that fisherman?" exclaimed the mother, sneeringly, forgetful that her husband made his fortune in that business.

Ermenia's parents had decided that she should marry Arturo Beppo, whose father had made a fortune in the manufacture of macaroni, and lived in a beautiful villa on the northern slope of Telegraph Hill, overlooking San Francisco bay. But Ermenia cared nothing for riches, a villa, nor Arturo—she would prefer Angelo's love in a fisherman's hut.

During one of those family "scenes" Ermenia was told by her parents that she should marry Arturo Beppo, and no one else. Her pleadings that she did not love him were of no avail, and the mention of Lupo's name only enraged the determined parents. As her angry father left the room Ermenia fell to the floor fainting. But that had no effect upon her mother—she had done that herself when arguments and pleadings failed.

That night when Lupo appeared at his dormer window and began to pour out his heart in song, he saw the shutters of Ermenia's window partly open, and in the moonlight a pretty figure appeared, with a white handkerchief fluttering in her hand. Lupo understood, and, leaving his light burning, immediately appeared under her window and found a note. In this he read that her parents had decided that she should marry his rival, and that he must forget her. He knew she did not mean it, and began to sing one of those old ballads relating how a gallant lover and his sweetheart eloped. Again the shutter partly opened, and he saw the tiny hand flutter a handkerchief. The note read, "At nine o'clock tomorrow, at the corner, near the Cathedral."

Lupo had often stood at that corner on Sundays, waiting anxiously to see her as she came to services.

"This is the last time we are to meet, Signor Lupo; and it is to tell you this, that I appointed this meeting," said Ermenia, endeavoring to appear formal.

"Why do you speak so coldly, Ermenia? Have you forgotten that we are—"

"No! But it cannot take place! My parents have said that I must marry Signor Beppo!"

"If you love him, and do not love me, then I release you from our engagement. But if you do not want to marry him, I can find a way. Did you not listen to the words of my song, my Signorina?"

"Let us separate. I see Signora Uberto looking out of her window."

"Be ready at 12 o'clock tonight, my dear Ermenia," said Lupo, in a significant and pleading tone, as he tipped his hat and walked away.

Lupo had finished his ballad as the Cathedral clock struck midnight. He looked across the narrow street, and behind the partly opened shutters he saw Ermenia. He made a downward movement with his hand, which she saw through the moonlight. In a moment he was under her window, and in another moment the lovers were walking toward the Cathedral.

"We can pledge our love before the Virgin Mary, as they do in Italy, when the parents object?" said Lupo, half-questioning, and in an appealing tone.

"That would not be according to the Church rules."

"True, but then you could marry no one else, and your parents and the Church, too, would consent, after awhile, maybe!"

By means of a ladder found in the

garden the lovers entered the Church through the window, and kneeling before the Virgin Mary, exchanged rings, and vowed to be husband and wife to each other, as eloping lovers do in Italy, and which ceremonial is regarded as binding in a worldly sense, but not so by the Church. They decided upon keeping the midnight marriage a secret, and Lupo kissed his bride good night at her door.

In a few days the banns of marriage between Signor Beppo and Signorina Aldinia were published. In vain did Ermenia plead with her parents. She feared to tell of the marriage, for it had not been blessed by the priest, though she thought she saw the Virgin Mary smile in approval. Lupo had been sent by his father to the fishing village in South San Francisco, and she knew not what to do. "If he were here, he would carry me away, and we could be happy!" she said to herself; "but, as he is not, and before I will marry that Beppo, I'll—" and she raised her

She thought she saw a faint smile on the pale face of Ermenia. Again there was a smile, and with frightened look she directed the attention of her husband. The eyes seemed to slightly open, and each one in the room looked at the other, but no one spoke. Next, the lips were seen to move, and with a scream the ladies ran from the room. The supposed corpse, now resuscitated, sat up in the bed. The frightened father bounded out of the room, with Ermenia calling to him, "Be not afraid, father!"

The people deserted the house, and fled to the Church, some to relate to the priest the mystery, and all to pray.

Hearing the commotion and seeing the hasty flight, Lupo soon appeared at the door of his maiden wife. He excused himself and turned to leave, when she beckoned to him. In a few words she explained all.

"Then let us run away again!" suggested Lupo.

Aldinia house crossed himself, and timid boys usually crossed to the other side of the street.

In a few months, when the excitement had somewhat subsided, Signora Aldinia received this note from San Rafael, that haven of lovers:

"My Dear Mama—I did not tell you that Angelo and myself were married one night in the Cathedral, kneeling before the Virgin Mary, as they do in our own Italy. That is why I don't not marry Beppo, and did what I did. If you will forgive us, and give your consent, and papa's, we'll come home and marry in our Church, for we've already been married in the Protestant Church."

"YOUR ERMENTIA."

The bans were published, the priest blessed the marriage and the Latin Quarter had another sensation.

HOW THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN LIVES.

The Empress "exercises in the saddle within the palace grounds, and drives in a brougham with half drawn curtains, her men on the box wearing a dark blue livery with red cords and facings, silver buttons and cocked hats. At indoor state ceremonies, low bodice and court trains are de rigueur, and the Empress wears a tiara, riviére, and innumerable ornaments in diamonds. She has established a new order with cordon and jewelled star, which has been given to many of the ladies of the court."

The inner life of the Palace is to outsiders a sealed book. We read that the ladies have a large space set apart for them—the wife and each concubine having five or six rooms. Each has also female attendants of a certain rank to wait upon her. These again have their servants, and these also who wait upon them; so that they form as it were, a community of several families. They may either visit one another or live apart, as they please.

It is said that the Emperor holds the Empress in great esteem, and constantly consults her on affairs of importance, and that her advice is generally sound and patriotic.

THE MAGIC ROSE.

Gather your rose on the 27th of June, and let it be full blown and as bright a red as you can get; pluck it between the hours of three and four in the morning, take care to have no witness of the transaction; convey it to your chambers and hold it over a chafing dish, or any convenient utensil for the purpose, in which there is charcoal and sulphur of brimstone; hold your rose over the smoke about five minutes, and you will see it have a wonderful effect on the flower. Before the rose gets the least cool put it in a sheet of writing paper on which is written your own name and that of the young man you love best; also the date of the year and the name of the morning star that has the ascendancy at that time; fold it up and seal it neatly with three separate seals, then run and bury the parcel at the foot of the tree from which you gathered the flower, let it remain untouched until the 6th of July, take it up at midnight, go to bed and place it under your pillow, and you will have a singular and most eventful dream before morning, or at least before your usual time of rising. You must keep the rose under your pillow three nights without spoiling the charm; when you have done with the rose and paper, be sure to burn them.

MIDSUMMER-DAY CHARM,

To Know Your Husband's Trade.

Exactly at twelve on Midsummer-day place a bowl of water in the sun, pour in some boiling pewter as the clock is striking, saying thus:—

"Here I try a potent spell,
Queen of love, and June tell,
In kind union unto me
What my husband is to be.
This the day, and this the hour,
When it seems you have the power,
For to be a maiden's friend,
So, good ladies, condescend."

A tobacco-pipe full is enough. When the pewter is cold, take it out of the water, and drain it dry in a cloth, and you will find the emblems of your future husband's trade quite plain. If more than one, you will marry twice; if confused and no emblems, you will never marry; a coach shows a gentleman for you.



stiletto. Its gleaming blade sent a thrill through her body, and she replaced it in her bureau. She knelt before a Crucifix in prayer, and, rising, turned on the gas, and went to bed.

Next morning the Latin Quarter was in a fever of excitement. "Why did she commit suicide?" every one asked, but no one answered. "And such a fine match it was, too!" said the women. Then they reasoned that as no motive was known, the death was accidental.

For twenty-four hours the body lay without showing the least sign of life, so far as the medico knew. He did not understand the tests of proving that life was extinct, and with a knowing look pronounced Ermenia dead.

On the evening before the time appointed for the funeral services, Lupo returned. From his dormer window the strains of that lover's ballad floated across the street. The parents and friends at the bedside of Ermenia were much annoyed at this seeming gaiety. In a moment the mother was startled.

Ermenia shook her head, but looked lovingly into his eyes.

"We are married, according to the lovers' law of Italy. We have no time to lose. Come, my Ermenia, let us go!"

When the frightened household returned they were further mystified at the disappearance of the supposed corpse. Again they fled from the room—why, they did not know. The parents were too much frightened to weep, and could only say, as they crossed themselves at each word, that the corpse lay upon the bed, opened its eyes, and sat up, and now was not there. This, every one could see, and the disappearance of the body would convince the most sceptical that what they had seen was true. The dead had come to life and had disappeared! Was it a miracle?

The superstitious people of the Latin Quarter related to each other for the hundredth time how the dead had come to life and disappeared. It was surely a miracle! Every one passing the

UP JACOB'S LADDER—By Elec Bruce

On the flagstones beneath the side entrance arch of the Union Depot you will see them, two small chalked rings, circumference of a silver dollar and two feet apart; that's where the boys marked Teddy's stand. The circles are well described; they were drawn round the ends of his crutches.

Fog, frost, rain or shine, he was always there, occupying his circles and whispering: "Pencils and matches, matches and pencils."

He did well, too, but he never seemed to get the benefit of his takings; he was always in rags and cold and shivering, and he would never tell why.

Bags the shoe-black hung his coat over Teddy when he arrived in the mornings. Bags had plenty of invigorating work to do, and his rough, boyish sympathy was genuine; even when zero nippers attacked his extremities, he never offered to remove the wrap to cover his own ragged shirt. He preferred to dance and sing. Singing, especially, was his strong point, and around the arch stands the dealers in small wares objected, but Teddy liked it and that settled it. His great hollow, red-rimmed eyes would brighten when Bags displayed his yellow teeth and sang till B. Sharp came up for a shine.

B. Sharp was an Archer, a well-groomed gent in Wall street styles, with a silk hat and a cigar. He came through the archway every morning to catch the 7:45 suburban, hence the name. On Teddy's behalf Bags had instituted the now ancient order of "Archers," and he polished their blacks and tans and solicited subscriptions for the cripple's fortunes, whilst incidentally he increased his own.

About this order of Archers Bags would tell you, but it's B. Sharp, and Bags, and Teddy, and Teddy's good angel we're after.

There's a Jacob's ladder away out west among the Denver Italians. It's a long, rickety, sky-high approach to the back apartments of Capolungo flats. Queen Ann, once upon a time, Mary Ann now. The ashpile and the free dump was situated near, and foul odors lurk in the prairie air. Here Carevelli and Company get down upon their knees and scrape from morn till night to fill their sacks.

Before he took to the Arch and matches and pencils, Teddy had been employed with the company. Rags and bottles and bones gave him his daily bread. His mother made soup from the bones sometimes, yes, and Bags will tell you it was bully with toast, and turnips, and butter. Of course the Arch was better. Somehow Teddy's leg was getting thinner, and he couldn't stoop or carry heavy loads any more, so Bags suggested the change and interested B. Sharp.

When darkness began to creep down, Teddy hobbled home. It was late before he got there, and he always rested before he attempted the ladder. No one ever came out to help him up; Bags didn't quit until ten o'clock, and opposite on the heap, Carevelli sat still, watching the boy's painful efforts. Not that he didn't sympathize, no, not that, for Carevelli's heart was big if his skin was hard and shriveled. He was afraid to ask Teddy, he had noticed how independent the lad was, and he forbore. Teddy's trouble was hip joint disease. It had been aggravated by a fall down Jacob's ladder, and Carevelli shook his head and fumbled at his golden earnings till the heavy, paint-blistered door swung closed. Then he felt relieved.

Five years of suffering, the dull, ever present ache, and poor Teddy wasted. His eyes grew bigger and grayer, and a deepening shadow gathered round them. The little color in his cheeks faded and fizzled out in tiny crimson spots. His shoulders fell forward, and the blue veins showed clearer on the waxen hands that held the crutches. "Matches and pencils" died away to a scarcely audible whisper. Lines of pain crept into his wizened face, crushing out the struggling smiles of hope. It was then the good angel hovered near.

Gertrude Mansel was a stenographer, and a recent addition to the Archers. Golden-haired, blue-eyed, sound of limb, she was the kind that soothes, a sister to her brothers. Bags called her "Sympathy in the Flesh." He had seen "Sympathy" exhibited in a dry goods store; it was great, and she was the nearest approach to the picture he had ever seen. B. Sharp was good, too. He smoked and bought matches and swore at them afterwards, for they always went out before the brimstone turned black. Gertrude Mansel had no use for matches, but she bought them, and, strange to say, proud, independent Teddy took them back from her to sell again. If it had been pencils, he wouldn't have

taken them back; he knew she used them, but she always said, "It's for matches, Teddy," and he believed her.

It was Christmas eve, and Miss Mansel was returning earlier from her dreary rounds of toil. Suddenly, as she passed through the arch, the lights went up, displaying a black and soundless heap in the corner. Two crutches lay beside it, and beyond, a row of brushes, rags and polish tins were scattered on the paving stones. "Teddy! Bags! Where is Bags?" she muttered, her hand pressed against her heart.

Outside the muffled sound of hoofs and rubber tires, a clanging bell, and the ambulance drew up.

"Please take 'im to Jacob's ladder, not to the hospital, Mister; will you?"

It was Bags' voice, and there was a rare pleading in it.

"But he's a dving, boy."

In the surgeon's arms the white face twitched and he muttered wearily, "yes, ma'am, late."

A few steps below, the good angel heard and there was a smother at her heart.

Inside, Teddy's secret was unlocked. Silently they laid him beside the bed-ridden mother whose sole support he had been these five long years.

"Workhouse, Teddy, workhouse," she screamed when she saw his face.

He seemed to understand; a quiver of pain contracted his bloodless lips and his eyes opened wide. A glance so full of yearning swept the room and rested on a photograph on the mantel. Quick to understand Miss Mansel rose to get it, and as she lifted the broken frame and gazed at the smiling face, something snapped within her.

"Who is it?" she gasped.

brother Archer on the train next morning.

"What you know, Ben?"

"What?"

"Teddy's dead."

"No!"

"Yes, and here's a letter for you," said Charlie, handing over a dirty, black-edged note.

With trembling fingers Sharp tore it open and read:

"Mister Sharp: Sir—Ted is dead, an' me an' Missus Mansel 'ull be splintered fore his ma goes to the Workhouse. BAGS."

"Miss Mansel," muttered Sharp, incredulously. No, he didn't understand.

"When he reached his office, however, all was made plain. Her letter, specially delivered, lay on his desk. In it she said "no" to a question he had asked her, and she begged leave to resign her position as his stenographer. "If you want to know why," she ended abruptly, "go up Jacob's ladder."

TWO THANKSGIVING DINNERS

BY MILLICENT GRACE FRANCK.

Oh, but it was a cheering sight to see Mrs. Brown's well-spread table,—its great turkey browned to perfection, the clear, beautiful mounds of jelly, the various vegetables, the chicken pie, and then for dessert the smoking plum-pudding, the delicious mince and pumpkin pies, and last of all, that which pleased the children most, ice cream accompanied by chocolate and sponge cake with lots of nuts, candy, and raisins. No wonder one little grandchild said she wished dessert came first, for she felt unable to eat her share; but grandma told her to put plenty of goodies in her pocket for future use, which she promptly did.

After dinner was over, what fun they had playing games, and in the evening some of the neighbors came in, and, after singing songs and telling stories, they finished with a little impromptu dancing.

The next day things were all in a clutter; but Mrs. Brown was strong and able in spite of her sixty years, and by noon the house was in order and a very good dinner from the remains of yesterday smoking on the table.

"Mother," said Father Brown, as he entered the house, "can't you fix up a basket of good things for that family down by the creek? I've just found out from one of the children that they didn't have any Thanksgiving dinner at their house."

"Why, John, you don't tell me!" said Mrs. Brown as she bustled into her pantry and came out with a half a chicken pie and a plate of cold turkey, which she packed neatly in a large basket, also adding a mince pie, a big slice of plum pudding, and candy and nuts to fill up the cracks. Then she went up in the attic and brought down some warm woolen underwear and some of the children's outgrown garments. These she rolled up in a bundle, and, taking up both basket and bundle, Mr. Brown went away on his errand of kindness. When he returned, his eyes looked suspiciously moist, and he said:

"Well, wife, you can't imagine how we cheered up those poor folks down there. I had no idea they were so destitute. All they had in the house to eat was a little rice and a few potatoes. The husband has been sick and unable to work for several months, and his wife has had her hands full trying to nurse him and care for her five children."

"The oldest child is a smart-looking boy, fourteen years old. I am sure I can get him work down at George's grocery, as he asked me only yesterday if I knew where he could get a boy. He said he would pay five dollars a week, to begin with, and as soon as I eat my dinner, I'll go down and see him."

"That I would, husband," said Mrs. Brown, "and don't you think you better send up our good Dr. Peabody to see the man? I am sure he can help him."

"You're right, wife. He can help him if any one can, and they haven't had a doctor at all, as they had no money to pay one."

"Some way, John, this dinner tastes better to me to-day than it did yesterday."

"Why, Mary, don't you know why? It is because we shared it with our neighbor."



SPIRIT OF CONFEDERACY

"No matter—up Jacob's ladder—aw please."

"Yes, take him there and I'll go with him, sir."

Gertrude Mansel was speaking for Bags. Poor Bags, he had come to the end of his tether. Sobs choked words, and the tears glistened like diamonds in his eyes, and rolled down his grimy cheeks till he sucked them in with his tongue.

And up Jacob's ladder they carried him. Carevelli saw and rose from the heap. Stuffing his pipe in his pocket he came forward doubtfully to offer his assistance, but in vain.

"Teddy, is that you? You're late to-night, Ted."

"It's B. Sharp," cried Bags from behind; "Aye, B. Sharp; that's 'im, sure."

The suffering mother rose on her elbow and looked at the picture.

It's Teddy's father, Miss. Don't blame the boy, Miss. You've always thought well of him—it would be a pity—Me an' Sharp was to blame; he —"

But the Christmas bells were ringing when Gertrude opened her eyes again.

"I missed the little devils, Charlie I had presents for both of them." That was B. Sharp's greeting to a



NATIVE DAUGHTERS GOLDEN WEST

BY ELIZA D. KEITH, PAST GRAND PRESIDENT.



The ritual of the order of the Native Daughters of the Golden West was written by Minnie Gunzendorfer, member of Sansloui Parlor No. 96, San Francisco. It is distinctly Californian, breathing strains of the loftiest patriotism, and inculcating a devotion to California and inspiring all with a desire to know more of the history of our beloved State.

It was accepted at Woodland in 1898, and to Grand President Laura H. Mills fell the duty of introducing it to the Parlors, and of drilling them in its floor work. Well did she perform the task, laying the foundation hard and firm for those who have come after her. The work of each Grand President should be a connecting link between that of those who have preceded her in the office—and of those who are to follow.

To Lena H. Mills the Order also owes Pioneer Day and Memorial Day. It is with feelings of gratitude that I recall the fact that early in my term as Grand President, I received a letter from Past Grand President Mills calling my attention to the resolution by which her suggestion to observe Sept. 9th as a day for honoring the Pioneers had been adopted at her Grand Parlor in Stockton, 1899. I was only too happy to invite the Parlors to observe the day with appropriate ceremonies. Had it not been for Lena H. Mills' letter, in all probability the season, as heretofore would have slipped by without the Order's general observance. Last year in recognition of Mrs. Mills as the originator of the Native Daughters Memorial Day, La Estrella Parlor, No. 89, N. D. G. W., of San Francisco, invited Mrs. Mills to deliver the eulogy in the Parlor's observance of the day, but to the great disappointment of her friends, Mrs. Mills was obliged to refuse on the grounds of ill health.

One of the first to recognize the possibilities of our ritual as a basis for the study of California History was Mary E. Tillman of Minerva Parlor No. 2—also a Past President of the Order. She was insistent in urging the San Francisco Parlors to make a systematic study of the historical references of the ritual.

Amapola Parlor No. 80 of Sutter Creek, under the able leadership of Laura Frakes, now Grand Secretary, long before the present ritual was written, had done original intellectual work, as the records of their Parlor will show. But to Cora B. Sifford of Ventura Parlor—now a Past Grand President, is due the credit of so arranging the study of the ritual that any Parlor in the Order could follow along the same lines and achieve like results. At my request Mrs. Sifford prepared the outline for my first report of the Historical Landmarks Committee given to the Grand Parlor 1902—and which I amplified and sent out during my term as Grand President under the caption of "The Sifford Study of the Ritual and Outlines of California History." This was issued in a pamphlet, and distributed throughout the Parlors. The school teachers in our Order are invited now by me as chairman of the Committee on Publicity, Promotion and Historical Interests, to apply to the Grand Secretary for copies of the Outlines of California History and to follow its suggestions in their schools. One of the most satisfactory features of my administration was the support received from the fellow workers of our own profession. Their letters, some of which appear in the proceedings of 1903, proclaim a lively and a loyal interest in this branch of our work.

It will awaken a feeling of interest and sympathy throughout the Order to learn that Past Grand President Mariana Bertola has been very ill at the Children's Hospital, having undergone a capital operation. Dr. Bertola was much beloved as Grand President. During her term as chief officer of our Order—and through her efforts, the American flag was placed in the lodge room of every subordinate Parlor. Dr. Bertola was the successful introducer of a Flag Day resolution in the Grand Parlor, San Francisco, 1902. The adoption of this resolution was doubly a triumph since a similar one had been introduced by the delegates of Amapola Parlor at Woodland, 1898, and had been killed by the very influences which later made possible the adoption of Dr. Bertola's Flag Day proposition.

Dr. Bertola is a member of the Native Daugh-

may, we all hope soon to hear of Dr. Bertola's complete recovery and her restoration to her profession and her friends.

Our worthy Grand President Finkeldey is making a record-breaking tour over the State. It is certain that she will carry to a successful conclusion her intention of visiting all the Parlors of the Order before the first of January, 1904. This is an ideal plan for a Grand President to execute. At the beginning of her term she becomes acquainted with the Parlors, their needs, and their members. She imparts to them the necessary instruction, and before the close of the first term the Order is in sympathy with the Grand President and her ideas and has definite objects in view.

The last Grand Parlor authorized the Grand President and the Grand Secretary to have circulars and notices printed and also gave the Grand President permission to have her decisions printed in her home town for distribution to the Order. The appearance of a Grand President's decision is always of moment to the subordinate Parlors. It has an educational value and helps other Parlors settle their own difficulties without appeal to the Grand President.

The last Grand Parlor also decided that the decisions of the Grand President were to be kept on file in the Grand Secretary's office as a matter of reference. The wisdom of this is apparent at a glance.

It is a pleasure to know that other Orders and other interests than our own, honor our members. Our dear little Past Grand President Ema Gett's work as a Native Daughter in Sacramento enriched the Order by two new Parlors—La Bandera and Sutter Parlors. Her term was marked by great progress in the Order. Her personal efforts, together with the great Native Daughter petition to the Legislature helped pass the bill by which the Great Basin was saved to the State and to posterity.

The Grand Parlor at Sacramento—over which Grand President Gett presided with tact, dignity and parliamentary skill will long be remembered as one of the pleasantest, most effective—and from the spectacular standpoint, of beauty of evolution and floor work in the great Senate chamber of the State Capital, as the most beautiful ever held.

Not only as Grand President has Ema Gett demonstrated her ability and executive skill, but as an Eastern Star matron, was she equally successful. Prior to the meeting of the Grand Chapter O. E. S., in Sacramento—a very strong effort was made to induce Mrs.

Gett to become a candidate for the office of Grand Matron. But Mrs. Gett firmly, yet courteously refused the proffered honor.

Arbor Day was adopted as one of the Native Daughters of the Golden West special days, and various Parlors are taking interest in the plan to plant a Parlor tree. The members of Reichling Parlor—Fortuna, in Humboldt county, promised me they certainly would plant a tree—and name it Reichling in honor of their Parlor and the worthy founder of our Order.

Arcata, in the same county, is the proud possessor of Winona Parlor—an organization that has already proven itself wide-awake and up-to-date. That Parlor



ELIZA D. KEITH, PAST GRAND PRESIDENT.

ters' Board of Relief, and one of the most arduous workers in support of the "Native Daughters' Home." While there are many, myself among the number, who cannot support the views held by the advocates of the Home as its connection with the Order—yet we cannot but admire the devotion of these members of our Order to their project. We feel that the time is coming when these contradictory conditions will not exist. We are glad to think it may be through the conscientious efforts of our worthy Grand President that the Home will come under the jurisdiction of the Order—and be indeed a monument to our generosity and our fraternity.

Therefore be our differences of opinion what they

promised me that a tree should be planted in their park. Last week Margaret Richards of Winona was in San Francisco to purchase a tree for the Parlor in observance of Arbor Day. By the next Grand Parlor I hope to have a long list of Parlors that have planted trees during this year. Will all the Parlors accept this as a preliminary notice that records of the observance of special days, of any study of California History, of any effort along the lines of preserving historical land marks, should be sent to the Grand Secretary, office 743 Stockton street, San Francisco. Grand Secretary Frakes will receive all such data and turn it over to the proper committee.

A question has arisen—for whom should the trees be planted? Certainly posterity, more than we, will reap the benefit. In whose honor should these memorial trees be planted? Some one has said "The Native Daughters should plant trees to the Pioneers and not to themselves." While it is true that one of the primary objects of our organization is to honor the Pioneers, that clause and its enforcement carry no obligation to ignore ourselves as an organization. We should, we do honor the Pioneers; we are under equal obligations as to ourselves. Self-respect is quite as ennobling as hero worship. It is right and proper that N. D. G. W. Parlors should plant trees to perpetuate their memory. Moreover, are not we of to-day those who will be pioneers when to-morrow is lost in yesterday?

Joaquin Parlor No. 5, of Stockton, has the honor of being the first one to take part as a Native Daughter side of the avenue, the Sons the opposite. This was done in response to the initiation of the San Joaquin Valley Association. To the N. D. G. W. and the N. S. G. W. of Stockton was committed the task of ennobling the road to Lodi. The Daughters took one side of the avenue, the sons the opposite. This road is therefore dedicated to the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, and with an appreciation of their opportunity to honor their own, both organizations named trees after leading members of their Orders. Joaquin Parlor No. 5, N. D. G. W. planted trees to Past Presidents Carrie Roesch Dunham, and Lena Hilke Mills, both members of Joaquin Parlor,—to Grand President Eliza D. Keith, to Grand Secretary Laura J. Frakes. Who could question, the patriotism, or the loyalty of Joaquin Parlor in this act?

Tejon Parlor No. 136 in Bakersfield held an Arbor Day—and planted trees not only to the Native Daughters, but to Mrs. Ellen Baker Tracy, the pioneer woman of Bakersfield, for whom the city was named.

Keith Parlor No. 137, N. D. G. W., San Francisco, was the first Parlor to plant a tree in California as a Memorial tree for its own organization. It is in Golden Gate Park, most appropriately placed near the site of the old '49 Mining Camp of the California Mid-Winter Exposition.

It is a fact not generally known that nowhere on the peninsula of San Francisco, is the soil more than twelve feet in depth. Below that is sand. Trees that are planted in Golden Gate Park require an enrich-

ment of the soil. Fifty cubic yards of good earth at a cost of fifty dollars, must be placed in the ground, for the nutriment of the tree. Gifford Pinchot, the eminent forester who has been in California in connection with the reservation of forest lands—states that with such preparation and provision for its growth a tree will live indefinitely other conditions being favorable.



MISS ALICE M. FRAZIER.

The Daughters of California Pioneers at their meeting in October voted to purchase the fifty cubic yards of earth—and to make all arrangements for planting a tree in Golden Gate Park, to the Society of the Daughters of California. Eliza D. Keith, Past

Grand President N. D. G. W., Mrs. H. P. Tricon, Secretary of the State Floral society are the members who have the matter in charge. This action on the part of the "California Daughters," is a direct result of Native Daughters' effort. Miss Lucy F. Adams, the President, is also a Native Daughter, a member of my own Parlor—Alta No. 3.

It is a satisfaction to think that the N. D. G. W. were among the first to respond to the Examiner's appeal for contribution to its Landmarks Fund. At the time of the Grand Parlor I received a telegram from Mr. Dent H. Roberts, stating that thirty-seven Parlors had contributed to this Examiner fund. The N. D. G. W. had the honor of contributing more generously and through more subordinate branches than any other organization.

Readers of the Examiner must remember the account of an attempt on the part of some young women of San Rafael to steal one of the old Mission relics—one of the Mission bells—from the lumber room of the old Mission of Buenaventura and how their attempt happily was frustrated by the prompt action of some of the Native Daughters of Buena Ventura Parlor. This is the home town of Past Grand President Cora B. Sifford, whose resolution calling upon the Grand Parlor to endorse the work of the Examiner in preserving the historic landmarks of California, was unanimously adopted.

At the Grand Parlor in San Francisco, 1902, there were adopted resolutions introduced by Grand Vice President Eliza D. Keith, and endorsed by Past Grand President Lena H. Mills, that records should be kept of all California born children of Native Daughters and that once a year—these children should be given a birthday party by the Parlor. During my administration I attended the Birthday Parties given by La Estrella Parlor No. 89, Minerva Parlor No. 2, Orinda Parlor No. 56, La Vespero Parlor No. 118, and Yosemite Parlor No. 83, who held very successful social functions. Full directions as to the proper manner of keeping the birth book were issued on one of the circulars of last year—and will appear in the Manual of Instructions to be published after the appearance of the Proceedings.

It is to be hoped that this year more Parlors will entertain the second generation within their halls. A full account of the Birthday Parties should be sent to the Grand Secretary.

PROPOSED N. S. G. W. HOSPITAL.

A prominent Native Son confided to me his hope that the Order N. S. G. W. at some time in the near future would build and equip a hospital that should be an honor to the fraternity. I trust that that project may materialize at no distant date, and that the loyal, generous, benevolent Native Daughter Parlors would endow one bed, perhaps more than one bed, in that hospital for Native Daughters in turn—the highest form of fraternal charity.



A GROUP OF PROMINENT NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF THE GOLDEN WEST.



Groups of Prominent Native Daughters of the Golden West



OLLALIE, THE WHITE MAN'S BRIDE - By Knowland Thompson

The evening sun was setting. It alights a fire in the western sky whose flames of red and yellow rise far above the rounded hills. A streak of light as the path of the setting sun, or a way from earth to heaven, stretches from zenith to horizon and is lost in their burning. Their glory is reflected in the surface of the deeply flowing river. A bird's lone note calls to a distant mate, while night softly and dimly shadows the river's valley.

A dusky Indian maiden, beautiful in her darkness, waits for her lover. He comes. 'Tis not a swarthy brave, or mighty chief that thus does greet her, but a soldier boy in suit of blue, and the maid is the grandchild of the great Wyanoshot, chief of the Menominees.

War has been and war has ended, yet his company lingers lest another outbreak come.

He greets her. The light of a great love is in his eyes: a smile of purest welcome on her lips. Hand in hand they stand at the water's edge and gaze into its depths, yet the Great River Spirit, silent and mystical, moves on, revealing nought of their future.

"Love, will you come?" he whispers, "Yonder," pointing to the long row of dimly seen tents, "will be our lodge, and you shall be my bride. My bride."

'Tis a tale he oft has told before, a question oft has asked, and she has listened as a maiden may, but knowing well the law of her people and her caste, has said "No," as a maiden can. But tonight the breath of love is in the summer air; it throbs and pulses in her veins. She thinks of each bird with its mate, each dove with its lover. Why not she? The smoke hangs heavy and low over the Indian teepees, brooding disaster and ruin, but she softly whispers, "Yes."

Two days pass and on the third before the army

chaplain they stand, and the sun as it burns its long way to the western sky gleams upon a lodge that shines whiter than the rest, and its evening rays in setting mingle with the circling smoke that rises gently upward and tells of a new home and a new hope.

A year passes. The regiment still remains, and one sunny morning a wee baby girl opens her dark eyes of the world and little knows or thinks that the grandchild of the great Wyanoshot is under a ban from her people, that her own life, though born in purest love, is under a shadow, but warmly and tenderly lays in the dark arms that enfold her.

Another year passes and such a baby! Soldier, captain and general pay her homage, and many are the loving words and soft caresses she receives in memory of other babes far distant. Yes, life is sweet and babyhood is sweetest, but what is this commotion in camp? With mingled joy and fear the dark mother catches her babe to her breast—have moving orders come or is there a fresh outbreak by her people, yet not her people!

Alas for the Indian mother! Marching orders have been given and tomorrow's sun will see a deserted village and a ruined home.

Before break of another day the camp is astir. A brave soldier with lips compressed by will, but eyes that tell their tale hends above his Indian wife. "Love, soon will I come again," he whispers, "oh, soon will I come again! Could you but go with me."

Sadly she shakes her head. It can not be. The voice of the Great Spirit whispers "be brave," and, true to the warrior blood that flows in her veins, she is; though the fate before her, the decree of generations sips her life blood, but what is that to losing him? She is brave, and he knows not what she could have told him.

Soon, with the beat of the drum, he marches away, and its last notes are faintly echoed through the valley and lost. The tramp of feet is heard no more; the dust is gone.

But what moves over the hill from the Indian village? 'Tis not the soldiers returning, for this is a disorganized band of warriors, women and children.

They pause, while the chief slowly advances to the lone teepee. "Come forth," he calls. She comes, her child in her arms, her dark hair about her. She kneels before him, but well she knows, in vain; she has broken the law of her people; she has been the wife of a white man, the mother of a white man's child. She has married beneath her; she is not married, the medicine man did not bless her; she is disgraced; she is an adulteress; only death can remove the stain.

The smoke rises from the teepee, but not from its peaceful hearth. The teepee is in ruins.

She gives it one look, then turns to meet her fate. "Oh, that he may never know," she whispers. "Great Spirit preserve him!"

The rocks rain thick and fast around her. She falls torn and bleeding; she is dead. Then with reverent hands they lay her in the old burying ground by the river, her child beside her. Death is a great avenger—it had absolved her.

At sunset the roar of guns and the cries of angry red men sound over the far distant hills and tell of battle, and the moon as it illumines the east tenderly kisses a dying man. A poisoned arrow is near his heart. "Oh that she may never know," he murmurs.

Then came death; but with a smile upon his lips.

The great spirit had been kind and had answered, for 'twas not that Death that avenges, but sweet Death that unites.



INDIAN HUSBAND AND WIFE ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

CUPID INTERVENES - By Henrietta R. Hinckley

Eleanor Bradley sat at the breakfast table gazing through indignant tears at the chair opposite. It was only an inoffensive, modern, dining-room chair, but Eleanor's brown eyes flashed angrily at its smooth straight back, against which her husband had leaned only a few moments before. When he vacated it he had left the room without kissing her good bye, slamming the door behind him.

What had they quarreled about? Such a trifle, but one word led to another, until he had said things she was sure she could never forgive.

She hastily left the room, lest the servant who came to clear the table should see her tears. In the refuge of her own room she cried and sobbed for an hour.

Then indignation took the place of sorrow and she resolved to resent such treatment in a manner that would bring repentance and dismay to the offending one. He should receive severe punishment for daring to call her selfish and frivolous; she, who had been the petted, idolized darling of indulgent parents; who had never before been crossed in her slightest wish or whim. She would go back to that home before his return; he should never have another chance to call her selfish and frivolous.

With tears still coursing down her cheeks, Eleanor began her preparations. She resolved not to take anything her husband had ever given her, and commenced a feverish hunt for the remnants of her trousseau, which hung far back in the spacious closet. She pushed her way past the pretty lavender evening dress which she had never yet worn; of course she never should now. And Eleanor gave a pitiful little sob of self-pity. There were dainty, negligee morning costumes and stylish street attire, but she brushed them all aside; her husband had bought these.

Way back in the farthest end of the closet she found one of her wedding dresses. A very pretty and stylish garment it had been a year ago, but now, the sleeves were too small and the skirt did not flare. She would look ridiculous in that, so she put it away again.

Next she brought to light a gray silk and fell to sobbing over it. It was the traveling dress in which she had left her home, such a happy bride, only one short year ago.

She smoothed its silken folds and recalled the adoring gaze of her young husband as he met her at the foot of the stairs and told her she looked like an angel. No, she could not array herself again in its soft folds, it brought back the past too vividly, and she hung it back by the side of the other and turned away.

Passing in front of her dressing table she gazed wistfully at the profusion of silver and cut glass with which it was laden, all gifts from a loving husband; she would take none of these. They should remind him of her. Perhaps, when he saw these pretty familiar objects which she had used daily, he would regret his harsh words and wish he could recall them, and Eleanor cried anew at the pathetic picture she had constructed.

There did not seem to be much to pack, as she had made up her mind to take nothing her husband had given her, so she concluded to write him a farewell letter to be pinned on his pillow where he would find it when he came in search of her. It would be dark and silent then, only a pitiful little note in place of former light and love. Oh, he would be sorry, she knew he would. But it would be too late then, she would be gone. And Eleanor wept again as she fancied her husband's grief and repentance.

She wondered if he would come after her. Of course he would; there was not much doubt in her mind about that.

If he did, she should refuse to see him. Then, if he persisted, she would grant him an interview, but she would be very cold and distant.

Then she began her letter—"My Darling Harry"—but tore it up impatiently and started another more formal. She wrote quite a number of them, each one more pathetic and heart-rending than the former. She wept in pity for herself as she wrote them, and in pity for poor Harry when he should have found her letter.

She had just commenced her seventh farewell, when the servant knocked at the door. Eleanor dried her tears and opened the door reluctantly. As she did so she was greeted by the fragrance of violets, and opening the box the maid handed her, she gave a cry of delight at the big bunch of violets displayed to view.

"Dear Harry," she cried, the smiles scattering the tear drops as sunshine scatters the dew.

Nestled in the fragrant bunch was a little note, which read as follows:

"My Precious Darling—I send you a peace offering. I was a brute this morning, forgive me. I have tickets for the opera this evening and we will have a jolly little supper at Delmonico's afterward. Your adoring husband, HARRY."

"What a precious old darling he is," exclaimed Eleanor, raptuously. "I will wear the lavender crepe with violets in my hair."

Catching sight of the letters scattered upon the table, she gathered them up hastily and tore them into shreds, exclaiming, "What a little fool I was."

MY STRANGEST CASE—By N. K. Slater

"Posy's in danger! Posy's in danger!"

The voice of my dream was that of Joe Ashburne. His tall, gaunt form, clad in the rough costume of the plains, was stalking over the dry, desolate desert toward S—.

"Watch out for Posy!"—and the sentence was repeated as the spirit walked, sometimes over the trail, sometimes aside, regardless of the cacti and the trackless way. All through those miles I kept pace with the spirit, but by what means of locomotion my dream did not tell me. When we came within half a mile of S— it raised its long, muscular finger, that characteristic gesture of Joe Ashburne's, and pointing to where Seville Place stood isolated and ghastly in the moonlight, he said:

"Posy'll need you; look out fer—" and the unfinished sentence ended in a supernatural hiss that traveled far across the distant foothills and echoed back from the fastnesses of the mountains beyond.

It was indeed an uncanny dream, but with it began my strangest case. I was so impressed that my sleep was fitful for the rest of that night, but if Joe Ashburne in spirit land had any designs upon my movements he accomplished his purpose. Next day I made a long delayed visit to the residence of the late ranchman to inspect his will.

In 1887 I was a struggling young lawyer not long out of school, and destiny seemed to direct me to this little western town of S—. About three months after I came I made the acquaintance of Joe Ashburne. I had heard of him as a rough, eccentric fellow whom even the greasers feared and respected, yet he had always a good word and open hand toward all the deserving. Several years before the completion of the Santa Fe he had come in over the old trail, deserted the companions with whom he had started for the coast, and settled on a little oasis in the desert several miles from what is now S—.

Now you know all that any of us know of Joe Ashburne's early story. He started his ranch, gathered men around him, began the cattle business and made money at every stroke until, locally, he acquired the name of "Money Joe." The juveniles had a story high in favor among themselves—and I'm not sure but some of their elders believed it—that he had a secret store-room in his ranch house where he kept his money. I said "little oasis." Well, it was little compared with the trackless wastes that stretch on and on through the west like useless strips forgotten in the last touches of the great God's creation, but it was large enough for the immense herds to thrive and multiply adding thousands yearly to the fortune of Joe Ashburne.

About a year before I came to S—. Joe had gone away on one of his rare trips and when he returned he had brought with him a pretty young wife. The townspeople knew little of her, but soon afterward Joe built for her that handsome, large house just outside the town. It was said that Joe had bought everything that money could buy to make a beautiful home for his bride. He was always lavish with his money—it was one of his distinguishing traits.

One morning Joe walked into my office and sat down. At that time I may have had an exaggerated idea of my usefulness, and I greeted him with:

"Good morning, Mr. Ashburne. What can I do for you?"

"Name's Joe," he replied. "Can't do nothin' for me. Don't need no law," and he glanced significantly at the shining revolvers in his belt. "But," he continued after a little hesitation, "Posy might need you when I go out over the new trail."

Now I had no idea who Posy was, but I silently waited Joe Ashburne's time. It happened to be the tack that suited him, and after looking at me sharply for a second or two with that expression that so often inspired fear, he said:

"Posy's my wife."

"Oh! I see, Mr.—Joe," I answered, "and if I can ever be of any service to your wife I shall be glad to do what I can."

Again he looked at me searchingly, and after deliberation, remarked:

"Little-son, I believe you're a pretty straight sort." At college I had always been rather squeamish about my name, Little-son, being pronounced without the accent on the second syllable, for in those days the pride of name and family was strong within me, but here in the wild, free bigness of the west one acquires indifference or contempt for much that is little and immaterial. Ashburne always insisted on calling me Little-son—speaking it as if it were two words.

After that he dropped in to see me occasionally, never staying long, saying little, but apparently giving

me a strengthening place in his crude but sound regard. One morning he took me out to Saville Place, a fanciful name which was "one o' Posy's notions," he said. As we went up into the broad, shaded porch some one arose and came to meet us and Joe said:

"Little-son, this is Posy."

I was astonished and confused by the vision before me, but I collected my wits enough to say:

"I am glad to see you, Mrs. Ashburne."

"I am pleased that you came out to see us, Mr. Little-son," and the sweet voice, beautiful eyes, and graceful figure of the slight, girlish-looking woman before me impressed me as a rare flower might have done springing up suddenly in these forsaken deserts.

We did not stay long but rode out to the ranch on some business of Ashburne's. Just as we started, with his characteristic gesture he pointed over his shoulder at his wife and said:

"Name's Carmen; I call her Posy."

Our conversation was in laconics, and throughout our ride there and back I was thinking of the sweet

face of Carmen Ashburne, of her beautiful eyes that should have worn a happier look, and of the adoration in Joe's eyes when he looked at his Posy, the flower he had brought to these lonely wastes.

I saw her but rarely, but each time she had that phemy—and the ready help he always gave the needy.

At his death the widow, with the untrammelled idea of justice in the west, took possession of the property without question or legal procedure of any sort. One day she sent me a letter found among Joe's effects, which apprised me of the existence and whereabouts of a will. The letter was unique and awakened my interest in the will, but what is unique in the east rapidly loses flavor out here, and, as some absorbing interest came up just then and Mrs. Ashburne seemed secure in her possession, the matter slipped my mind until it was recalled by my strange dream.

Next morning I examined the will with fresh in-winning smile, self-possessed simplicity of manner, and naive trick of speech I had admired in our first meeting.

One evening two years after my visit to the ranch the little town was alive with the news of Joe Ashburne's death. He had indeed gone "over the new trail." For sometime he had been subject to severe attacks of heart disease, but he had said:

"No use sayin' anything. Might worry Posy."

I felt a sincere sorrow for the rough man who had been so feared and loved; the man whose one look would compel obedience from his most stalwart hireling, but whose muscular hands, hopelessly browned by the intensity of arid suns, had never forgotten to pick the rare wild flowers for Posy. Possibly the townspeople recognized the least of his virtues when they spoke of his regard for all things religious—a regard often aggressively displayed against blasphemy. It was clearly, characteristically expressed, the name of Posy appearing much more often than that of Carmen. A surprise awaited me in finding my own name mentioned. Everything was left to Mrs. Ashburne on condition that she did not marry again, in which event she was to consult me as to her choice. If she failed to do this half of the great Ashburne fortune was to go to S—; if she consulted me and acted according to my advice, one-half of Joe's fortune was to come to me, but if she married against my judgment, three-fourths of the fortune was to come to me.

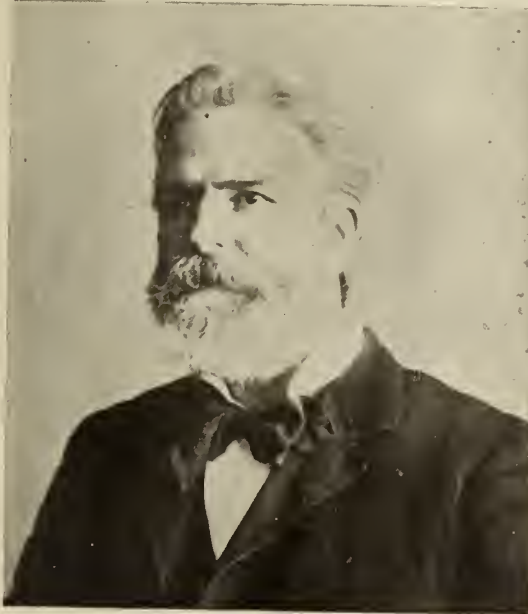
It was a strange provision and I was amazed, not only at the confidence reposed in my judgment, but at the seeming lack of trust in Mrs. Ashburne's wisdom. It was so at variance with his worshipful chivalry—I, too, used to think that the flower-emotions of the soul belonged to us who call ourselves educated, but I have discovered that in some guise the roughest souls run the whole emotional gamut. Poor little Carmen! It was hard to be bidden to consult me in the life-transaction so dear to a woman's heart—doubly so to her, for I felt that the great possibilities of her love had been only discovered to her by her marriage with Joe Ashburne.

There was no immediate prospect of need for my service, so I concluded to make no mention of the will unless there was demand. A year passed and there came to S—, a handsome, blonde fellow from the east who had a pleasing manner and seemed to have plenty of money. He was supposed to be looking for paying investments. He met Carmen Ashburne, was impressed by her beauty, and ere long there was a rumor of their engagement. I knew Burton but little, but that little I did not like, so I wrote to his eastern references and found that they knew no such man. He was an adventurer, and I believe Joe Ashburne foresaw some such contingency when he put that clause in his will. In the meantime some business arrangements and a further examination of the will had taken me frequently to Saville Place, and a better acquaintance had confirmed my first impression of Carmen Ashburne.

After a time as the rumor of the engagement grew stronger, I felt it my duty, though I was confident no engagement existed, to tell her of the will, its peculiar provisions, and the result of her marriage—unalterable, no matter whom she married. I added that under the circumstances I could not conscientiously advise her to marry any man, though he loved her with all his soul. I had made myself clear, more by my face and tone of voice than by my words. She fully understood and sweetly replied:

"I will marry against your advice, for I—" but the rest of her remark is not necessary to the story.

"Oh, yes, she married and willingly forfeited three-fourths of the great fortune, but I believe Joe Ashburne was satisfied for his ghost has never since haunted my dreams. She married me."



CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

A PRAYER

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wide world as a rock;
But my spirit, prompt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.

Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.

Let me also cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On their way and be their best.

—Chas. Edwin Markham.

OUR LITTLE WORRIES

BY ALICE A. HARRISON.

Some little worries must belong

To you, to me, to every one.

And oft they seem so big and strong,

They leave true happiness to none.

And if you listen to their call

They'll make your life seem dark and drear,

They'll cause your tears to freely fall,

They'll hide life's happy, hearty cheer.

But never mind them, at them laugh;

They are not worth much care or thought;

And you will find them less by half,

Or very often come to naught.

ENJOYING HIMSELF

A fond mother sent her small boy into the country and after a week of anxiety received the following letter:

"I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, the boat tipped over and a man got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothin' for a long while."

"The other boy has to be buried when they find him. His mother came from her home, and she cried all the time. A horse kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for mendin' my head. It was broken a bit."

"We are going to set a barn on fire tonight, and I am not your son if we don't have some real fun. I lost my watch, and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some snakes and a toad, and I shall bring home a tame crow if I can get 'em in my trunk."

THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMAN'S CLUBS

BY MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE.
FIRST VICE PRESIDENT

"One as the sea, but many as its waves;"

Central as the Sun, divergent as its rays;

Separated fingers—inseparable hand;

Mountain, valley, meadow—one united land;

A million burning thoughts from one common mind—

A million earnest women—One Woman-kind!

A thousand zealous clubs, in every land and nation

Bind the world together in One General Federation.

CLARA B. BURDETTE.

"Sunnycrest," Pasadena.

Prominent Ladies



MRS. ERNEST DAVID PORTER.



MRS. F. VAN DYKE BANGS.



MRS. SUSAN T. MILLS.



MRS. W. T. CROSTWAITE.



MRS. DR. A.

of the Pacific Coast



MRS. HENRY WETHERBEE.



MARY P. TRAVERS.



MISS ESTELLE KLEEMAN.



MISS BEATRICE MARR.



MRS. ISAAC L. REQUA.

SEASONABLE HINTS ON FASHIONS—By Kate Clyde

Speaks of the Modes of the Moment and Gives Some Valuable Hints on the Remodeling of Gowns—She Also Chides Her Sisters for Their Rudeness.

The fashions of the coming winter will certainly be charming—nothing stiff nothing skimpy; only graceful, trailing, draped effects and the frou frou of daintily full skirts. And these styles are almost equally becoming to the short and the tall, for length of line is aimed at continually, and the long sleeve and skirt draperies give an air of dignity and beautiful proportion. The day of stiffening is certainly past. No longer does it distend sleeves or make the lower edge of a skirt stick out in ungainly fashion. Even in collars it is frequently left out altogether, and it is considered rather smart than otherwise to let one's muslin collar wilt down to a mere band of instead of trying to hold up with a ribbon wound twice around the neck and other contrivances.

The number of restaurant gowns which will be without collars this winter will far exceed those which have collars. There will be a return also to the elbow sleeve; not the skimpy affair, but a full puff starting from a fitted shoulder piece and ending in long scarflike draperies reaching to the knees.

REMODELING A GOWN.

The old-fashioned tight fitting lace gown with elbow sleeves may easily be remodeled so that it will look very charming, and as this is the time of the year for rearranging one's old gowns let me tell you how to do it. Let us suppose the waist to be made with a blouse hooking under the left arm and on the shoulder. First remove the high collar and finish the neck opening with a narrow velvet ribbon, the edge of which just shows in irregular lines. This would be very smart of turquoise blue velvet, and the plain blouse might be made much handsomer if cut turquoise heads were spangled over it back and front to stimulate a pointed yoke effect. If the effect is still to flat and plain a trail of artificial pale blue flowers can be fastened lightly over the left side. Next take the sleeves. They should be cut off to make pointed caps. Buy a three yard lace scarf to match the lace of your gown and use the two ornate ends to form long hanging ends to the short sleeves, while the remainder is draped into a full effect, caught here and there below the tight fitting upper cap. The wide belt, or I should say girdle, is another feature of the fall styles. It is made of panne or flowered silk and gives an agreeable touch to the full waist and loose hanging little jackets. It is cut on the bias and laid on a boned foundation. The lines of some of the new gowns show a variation in the belt line from the high in the back and low in the front effect to which we have so long been used. One French dinner gown recently seen in a Broadway play is made of white mousseline de soie scattered with a design of jeweled butterflies. The belt is of wide gilt ribbon, which is wound around twice, coming well up in front under the bust after the empire fashion.

HATS ARE LARGER.

To go with all this extra fullness hats are growing, not in width—that could hardly be—but in height. The crowns are becoming very marked, as if to atone for the simplicity of the trimmings. Some of these new hats resemble very much the directoire shapes seen in old French pictures. They are trimmed with wide sash ribbon and a very fancy buckle.

It is a thousand pities that girls don't realize more what it means to them to cultivate even their small talents. The average girl makes the fatal mistake of looking out for clothes and of leaving the rest to look out for itself. Consequently she generally ruins her family by her frantic efforts to provide herself with a new hat every ten days or so, and her collection of gowns and even of ribbons is worth looking at. But, alas, when she is in society she is a mere dress figure; that is all. She cannot do anything in entertaining, not even in nine cases out of ten talk in an interesting manner, once you get her off the subject of dress and her own self. Her very extravagance in dress frightens the men she might otherwise attract, and her stupidity and lack of accomplishments bore them stiff. In the end she gains nothing but a lot of dressmakers' bills and a collection of out of style garments.

The wise girl, on the other hand, surveys herself and thinks, "Now, what can I do to repay the kindnesses of others and to give them pleasure?" an unselfish thought which brings its own reward. If the girl can sing, so much the better for her; but let her learn some songs which she can sing without effort and without (oh, worse than nothing!) making a fuss over them. People at a little evening gathering do not care to hear your rendition of grand opera, but they are, oh, so grateful for a cheerful little song which comes without any effort. If you have no voice perhaps you can whistle. I know a very pretty little southern girl who has cultivated this apparently small gift till it has brought her many friends and

trimmings in ornaments, shoulder-pieces and other forms have been shown.

Appliques of wool embroideries, and particularly of silk, whether upon muslin grounds or in more richly and heavily embroidered effects, seem to be the high favorites for general use, often combined with silk, wool, lace or more delicate fabrics. Colored richly embroidered passementeries in rough and foliage effects, as well as the varied floral and fruit designs in art nouveau and their conventional forms have been manufactured on this side.

FRINGES AND FURS.

Fringes are indicated in the cape and stole ideas, and there are many new frisee colors which simulate the astrakhan furs made both in plain and ermine forms.

Altogether, the trimming tendencies are toward a great variety of form; no one idea is indicated as especially desirable. But amid the wide diversity each form must of necessity be tasteful, chaste and particularly good in itself.

Many stoles, shoulder capes and similar articles of dress trimming in separate pieces are again being brought forward, and all show entirely upon new lines. Dressmakers, merchants and the consumers themselves are all heartily interested in novelties of this type.



good times, not to speak of much pleasure in her own home circle. If you can't do anything else perhaps you can talk agreeably, tell wittily little stories and bonmots. This is an art which can be cultivated and which is much appreciated; in other words, think of others and you will be appreciated. Sit like an idol on your throne and think of yourself and no one will bother to interrupt your meditations.

EXTREME NOVELTIES.

As extreme novelties, indicating the general taste which is to follow, very many brilliant-colored Serbian, Bulgarian and Oriental crocheted passementeries have been produced. These extreme types are indicative of what is to follow in a more modified form for popular wear. Many braided, passementiered, crocheted and embroidered

The taffeta and chiffon wraps are the novelties of the season, quite unlike any wraps of last year and possessing a most delightful individuality. Or the picturesque order, of course, but then that is in keeping with the fashions of the year, and, oddly enough, these can be worn with gowns of any kind. Pinked ruchings and ruffles trim the taffeta wraps, which at first glance seem to be merely straight, wide scarfs, and which in most instances are shaped so that they are wider in the middle than at the end. In black, white or green, old fashioned colors, they are made, but all are on the same scarf order.

In chiffon they are much more elaborate, with rows of shirings and puffings and bordered with lace ruffles over chiffon. White is the smart color for the chiffon, but there are some

made of pale blue or pink that are most attractive and trimmed with yellowish lace. In marabout or ostrich feathers and in narrow ruffles of lace edged, but sewed on a broad, flat scarf, are many most becoming wraps. The feather ones in white or all the lighter shades of color have quite a little warmth about them, and yet are far lighter and cooler than the ostrich or cock's feather boas.

WINTER SHIRTTWAIST.

"That simple little waist seven dollars!" the careful shopper exclaimed incredulously. "Why, it is made of medium grade flannel and quite untrimmed."

This is, indeed, the only virtue of many of the fall shirtwaists, especially as regards light-weight flannels. It is on their cut that they must rely for smartness.

Yet there is something irresistible about their simplicity. Take a shirtwaist of blue and white striped wash flannel, the product of a noted shirtmaker, as example. The slight fullness in the front is gathered smoothly into the neckband. The box plait down the front is as simple as a neatly stitched inch and a half box plait can be. So are the pearl buttons with which it is garnished. They are only a half inch in diameter, and are uncarved. The sleeves have little fullness at the armhole, and the puff below the elbow is gathered into a three-inch wide cuff, fastened with two pearl buttons.

The man shirtmaker can rejoice in his creation. He can also rejoice in the trend of the fall fashions, for much of the shirtwaist trade will be diverted into his hands. He alone seems to be able to cope successfully with the English linen suitings, which promise to be worn all winter.

A smart shirtwaist is of English vesting in a tinygun metal check striping a white background. The front is laid in two-inch wide stitched box-plaits set at intervals of an inch or so apart. Clumsiness is prevented and an irregular pointed yoke is simulated by drawing the box plaits close together over the chest and covering the seams with narrow stitched bands. The bands are of uneven lengths and each pointed end is finished by a pearl button.

The sleeves fit the arm comfortably, until they puff out just above the wrist.

They have plain three-inch cuffs fastened by the same pearl buttons. The stock is of the vesting material and is made after a popular model. The collar and the tabs which extend down the front are all in one piece. It takes careful cutting to make this variety of stock conform readily to the curves of the throat.

Many of the new shirtwaists have the cuff arranged so that links can be used instead of buttons. If millady has had several pairs of odd cuff links laid away during their hour of unpopularity she can now bring them out once more.

Black embroidery on white is extremely fashionable, providing the contrasts are not too startling.

A dainty white waist follows after this dictum. It is of fine French flannel and is perhaps too elaborate to come under the head of a shirtwaist. It is cut after a shirtwaist model, however, except that it has a deep cuff. The sleeves are laid in wide plaits as far down as the elbow. Each plait is

ornamented with a slender line of black and white silk embroidery and the end of each is marked by an inch wide medallion, also embroidery in black and white silk. The same embroidery trims the box plait down the front of the waist, and a line of medallions run across, just below the bust line. But the waist does not depend on embroidery alone for its ornamentation. The high stock collar is a combination of embroidered white flannel and white lace. Lace is also applied to form a shallow rounding yoke, which extends slightly over the sleeves and cuffs are covered with it.

Brimful of brightness is the fall and winter millinery. A veritable studio of artistic ideas, in pretty hats and bonnets. There's a bit of Paris, a suggestion of London, and all of the ideas of our own country together, forming an artistic scene of pretty millinery.

To a woman who has not much money to spend upon clothes, the hat, gloves and shoes are of the first importance. With these of fine quality, a gown can be of moderately cheap material, and yet the effect will be the same as that of a finely dressed woman.

SEASONABLE STYLES

The gown of blue serge or cloth, the bolero is composed of many bands of the cloth, some finished at the ends with buttons, and is trimmed with colored galloon, of a sort of basket or matting weave. The collar and cuffs are of ermine, the cravat of black satin, and the draped girdle of blue velvet. The skirt, of walking length, is plaited all round to a plain hip yoke. The gown is of gray cloth. The bolero and odd sleeves, loose on the outside, are trimmed with embroidery and passementerie buttons and bordered with a band of cloth in another shade. The waistcoat is of white cloth embroidered in colors. The blouse front of white silk, and the collar and girdle are of black satin. The plaited skirt has a hip yoke which extends to the hem in front, forming a tablier. The rese of the skirt is encircled near the bottom with stitched bands of the cloth. The little sleeve caps are also stitched.

ELABORATE IMPORTED GOWN.

An imported gown of reseda velvet has the skirt trimmed with bands of broadcloth in the same shade. The blouse bodice has a trimming of Persian embroidery, and it is made to close on the left side. It is shirred over the shoulders, the shirring extending to the sleeves, which are very full. The yoke and the undersleeves are of white lace over pale green silk, and the top of the collar is of the same.

FOR A KNOCKABOUT SUIT.

A coarse scouring serge, in ivory white or navy blue, is the leading fabric for the useful knockabout suit. The skirt is invariably fashioned of serviceable walking length, while the corsage takes, as a general rule, a bolero movement, though many most successful costumes are completed by blouses Russian or sailor bodices.

GIRLS' DRESSES AND COATS

No. 800. Girls' dress, made of fancy Scotch plaid; yoke, revers, cuffs and belt of cashmere to match; trimmed with several rows of soutache braid; lined throughout.

No. 801. Girls' dress of fancy checks; yoke, ruffles and cuffs of cashmere to match; finished with fancy braid; front trimmed with lace insertion and ribbon.

No. 802. Girls' cashmere; tucked yoke; ruffles front and back, trimmed with silk braid and fancy buttons.

805

800

803

301

802

804

No. 803. Girls' box coat, made of all-wool kersey; turn-down collar; buttoned to the neck; double breasted; six fancy buttons; large bishop sleeves; turn-back cuffs; collar and entire edge of garment stitched with

four rows of tailor stitching.

No. 804. Girls' three-quarter coat, double-breasted; fancy buttons; collar and pocket flaps inlaid with velvet; turn-back cuffs; notch collar; box back.

No. 805. Girls' kersey coat; three-quarter length; double-breasted; six fancy buttons; circular cape from shoulders trimmed with silk velvet and goods of the same material; collar and turn-back cuffs inlaid with velvet; very large bishop sleeves; two pockets; loose box back.



LADIES' STYLISH SKIRTS.

No. 300. Ladies' walking skirt, seven-gored with six pleats running entire length of skirt, also pleat on each seam, kilt effect at bottom, made with yoke running round hips, top of yoke finished with fancy covered buttons, finished seams.

No. 301. Ladies' dress skirt, all-wool cheviot, unlined, seven gores, bands running almost full length of skirt to within six inches of bottom, bottom of bands finished with two fancy covered ring ornaments, five bands running round skirt to front gore.

No. 302. Ladies' walking skirt, trimmed with broad bands, forming scallop effect on each side of skirt at bottom with many rows of stitching, trimmed with silk-covered buttons.

No. 303. Ladies' cheviot dress skirt, seven gores, trimmed with six stitched taffeta bands two inches wide running down each seam to the top of pleats, forming graduated kilt effect, bottom of each taffeta strip finished with silk buttons and tassels, two-inch hem at the bottom, finished silk-covered rings, finished seams, percaline drop skirt with accordion pleated flounce, finished at bottom with two-inch hem.



STOLES AND CAPES

Nothing in the whole range of feminine raiment appeals with more direct force to the heart of a refined woman than dainty, elegant neckwear. The shops are exhibiting varied high-class lines of these important accessories—a view of which could not fail to make any woman covet a specimen of each.

Probably the most popular of the many styles are the lace stole and canes which come in Arabian Brussels silk renaissance, Irish crochet and other laces, in white or champagne color, and show novel patterns and designs. There are also black lace stoles and capes, some of which are in taffeta appliques on fancy net, with a border of hand-knotted fringe.

A pretty novelty in capes is of renaissance lace, made with a fine cotton lace braid, champagne color, which has a silk picot edge, same color joined in the elaborate design with heavy silk threads.

Lovers of old Spanish lace will be glad to hear of a return to favor of the Spanish lace scarf, which appear in both black and white and in various widths and designs.

304

303

301

300

302

Newest Novelties in Ladies' Neckwear



1511



1512



1513



1514

No. 1401. Liberty silk cape effect ruff with stole ends, trimmed with fancy ribbon, same on ends.

No. 1402. Pleated silk cape effect neck ruff with long stole ends, all trimmed with Juby ribbon.

No. 1403. Heavy taffeta silk ruff with stole ends, having nine silk medallions, edged with Juby ribbon, pleating or Liberty silk edged with same trimming.

No. 1404. Renaissance stole collar, all hand-made, Arabian shade.

No. 1405. Black and white Oxford stock with two long tabs, trimmed with jet passementerie and eight small rings, collar trimmed with fancy faggot stitching and small rings, edged with white only.

No. 1406. Pique stock with two pointed tabs, edged with fine embroidery insertion, trimmed with embroidery medallion, in solid white.

No. 1407. Taffeta silk stock with pointed tab and black and white trimming to bind, black and white passementerie and drops.

No. 1408. Pique stock with two embroidery medallions, with one row of fine embroidery insertion and French hand-made knots.

No. 1409. Wash collar, made of rows of faggot stitching and binding, large medallions in center, two hand-made spiders in collar and one in tab; entirely new design.

No. 1410. Barathean silk stock with fold collar and three tabs, trimmed with five satin-covered buttons and edged with colored silk binding.

This season's variety of neckwear in dainty stocks and ties is simply endless. These are the neatest of sets in real hand-made Duchess lace, turnover collars and cuffs; also stocks with tabs and round collars. There are stocks of graceful crepe de chine in a variety of colors, with graceful pelisse tab, over which is a novel embroidered turnover in butterfly shape embroidered stocks on taffeta or peau de cygne Persian effects, some of which have very long tabs and rich designs, outlined with gold threads; hand embroidered figure stocks; beautiful round and sailor collars of fine

No. 1411. Taffeta silk stock with fancy tab, made of silk rings and faggot stitching, insertion of faggot stitch in collar, covered with hand-sewn beads.

No. 1412. Venetian lace collar in turn-over effect, having three fancy pointed tabs.

No. 1413. White Venetian lace stock collar with long tab, in new and stylish designs.

No. 1414. Peau de Soie stock with two tabs, trimmed with fancy lace medallions and hand-made French knots, all edged with colored silk binding and faggot stitching.

No. 1415. Taffeta silk stock with wide tab, made of five rows of faggot stitching, trimmed with two silk me-

figure or handkerchief linen embroidered with French hand-work in elaborate designs.

These are also neat tailor stocks and ties ready to wear, adjusted by two clasps at the back. Another very handsome line is a variety of scarfs in crinkled crepe with Marabout fringes; in mousseline de soire with self-colored fancy dots; in chiffon with hand-colored floral designs, outlined with a line of white chain stitching.

These are a few of the many attractive styles for the season, of which limited space forbids a further description.

dallions, and all covered with hand-sewn beads.

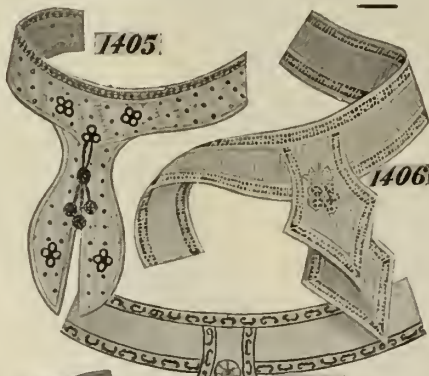
No. 1416. Barathean silk stock with two tabs, trimmed with large silk ring and Venetian lace medallions and six small satin buttons.

No. 1417. Stock made of a plain and fancy faggot stitch and rows of binding, two tabs also of plain and fancy faggot stitch.

No. 1501. Venetian lace stock collar with tab to match, trimmed with silk binding and also edged with same.

No. 1502. Pique stock, binding attached with faggot stitch, tab attached same way and having a diamond-shaped medallion in center.

No. 1503. Stock collar, made of fancy figured Oxford cloth, double tab.



1405



1406



1407



1408



1409



1410



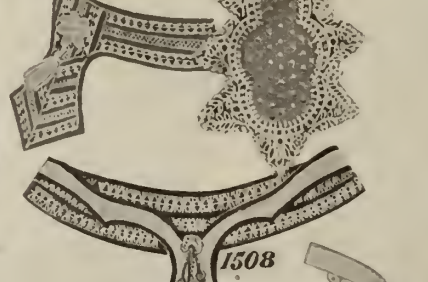
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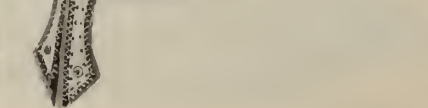
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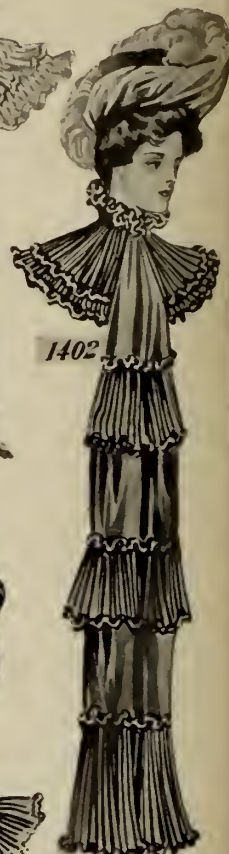
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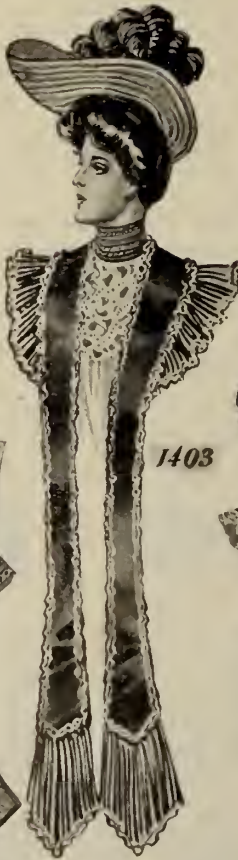
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1401



1402



1403



1404

trimmed with faggot stitch and two pearl buttons.

No. 1504. Stock made of a plain and fancy faggot stitch and rows of binding, two tabs also of plain and fancy faggot stitch.

No. 1505. Taffeta silk and Venetian lace stock with two pointed and one lace stock with two pointed and one wide tab, trimmed with two fine medallions, with hand-sewn beads.

No. 1506. Taffeta silk stock with insertion of Venetian lace, long tabs made out of the same lace and taffeta silk, covered with hand-sewn, cut steel beads.

No. 1507. Taffeta silk stock with tab, trimmed with silk passementerie, covered with hand-sewn beads, having three rows of faggot stitching.

No. 1508. Heavy Oxford basket weave material, collar made of fancy faggot stitch trimmed with passementerie and rings.

No. 1509. A hand-made sheer lawn turnover collar, trimmed with Battenberg lace, the tab of same lace with fine fold in fleur de lls design.

No. 1510. Taffeta silk, faggot stitch stock with two long tabs, trimmed with faggot stitching, silk rings, all covered with hand-sewn beads.

No. 1511. Venetian lace collar, large size, imitation hand crochet effect.

No. 1512. Large Renaissance lace hand-made stole collar, long wide collar, in Arabian color.

No. 1513. A hand-made Renaissance collar in Arabian shade.

No. 1514. Large size Venetian lace collar, in new and pleasing design.

Latest Styles in Fall and Winter Millinery

The very high crown which has been talked of so extensively this season is mostly seen only on picture hats, very few of them being actually worn, and the great majority of the best dressers are now wearing the medium and bell crown, the brim of which has a decided upward curve. Toques, turbans and bonnets are also in good demand. For the smaller shapes, ombre-effect braids are much used. The season opened with taffeta velvet and plush much in favor, but later, chenille in different mixtures and color effects, such as chenille and ramie and wide brims with high side effects, are in demand.

For the higher priced hats a combination of roses and ostrich feathers is in high favor. Other artificial flowers such as camellias and foliage are also good. Buckles are used to some extent but milliners are inclined to frown on other ornament.

Large birds trimmed in flat effects, wings and also small birds grouped together find favor. Ribbons are used and while still popular are not considered so good as last season. Shirred or corded velvet is used for wide brim hats and plain colored taffeta hats trimmed with roses and plumes are a novelty of the season.

Among the Parisian models shown by one of our leading stores is a high crown chenille hat with nice rolling brim faced with velvet. It is trimmed with a long ostrich plume, which comes from under a square steel buckle, and extends over the brim on the left side. Another was of iron gray velvet trimmed with plumes, and the edge of the brim was faced with folds of ribbon shading from the darkest to the richest tones of gray.

As for colors, the extreme shades are plum and Bordeaux, while the popular shades are mole gray, brown, castor blue, ombri and the prune shades. Of course, black is essential and always holds its own, although the tendency is towards colors.

No. 1000. Very dressy hand-made hat of black velveta, crown and facing of mohair felt, trimmed with two 14-inch ostrich plumes, fastened with steel crescents.

No. 1001. Hat for miss, of lustrous beaver, fully trimmed in silk and pretty wings fastened with steel buckles.

No. 1002. Very genteel hat of good quality black velvet, brim of hat formed of folds of tucked chiffon, best quality, also edge of crown trimmed with stylish black wings and knot of chiffon.

No. 1003. Pretty hand-made hat with crown formed of velveta, faced in pretty worsted braid, trimmed with soft quill and steel buckle; one of the season's newest patterns.

No. 1004. Very swell hand-made



hat of good quality black velvet, shower of spangles form facing, tucked chiffon on edge of brim, spangle band around side of crown, trimmed with 22-inch plume.

No. 1005. Hat suitable for young lady, of velveta and mohair felt, machine stitched bow of same, fastened with steel buckle and fancy feather effect, soft roll of velvet on edge.

No. 1006. Simply trimmed hat for

child of mohair felt, full bow of silk, also steel ornament.

No. 1007. Hand-made hat of draped velvet, faced with pretty braid, trimmed with two steel buckles and fancy feather effect.

No. 1008. Very dressy, hand-made, ready-to-wear hat, of chenille braid and zibelline felt, trimmed with rosette of same and two quills.

No. 1009. Very dressy turban with

rim in beaver effect, straps of mohair felt interwoven form crown, two good quills form trimming.

No. 1010. Handsome hand-made chenille turban, military effect, feather pon-pon.

No. 1011. Ready-to-wear rolled rim sailor with machine stitched brim, trimmed with pretty quill, bound in contrasting color.

No. 1012. Simply trimmed dressy hand-made hat.

No. 1100. Hand-made velvet hat, in one of this season's newest shapes, high crown, made of velvet and cut felt, trimmed with three ostrich tips, silk and steel buckle.

No. 1101. Hand-made hat of mohair felt with velvet puff on edge, felt rosette with steel buckle and two quills.

No. 1102. Handsome velvet hat, folds of chiffon on edge, spangle jet crown, 15-inch black ostrich plume, finished with velvet and steel ornament.

No. 1103. Hat made of mohair felt bound with velvet, stitched bow to match; very dressy hat for miss.

No. 1104. Hand-made hat of mohair felt with seven tucks on brim, straps of mohair and quill trimming.

No. 1105. Fine felt roller-rim sailor, bound with Persian braid in two-tone effect, long curled quill around crown.

No. 1106. English walking hat of mohair felt, trimmed with felt quill to correspond.

No. 1107. Finely made velvet hat of horsehair and chenille braid forming edge, trimmed with long coque plume, finished with steel ornament and plume, painted velvet crown; hat all black, with black and white crown.

No. 1108. Very dressy ready-to-wear hat, trimming formed of two-tone felt braid effect, bound with silk braid, rosette.

No. 1109. Stylish continental-shaped hat of fine two-tone felt, bound in Panne velvet, military effect in trimming of feather and jet ornament.

No. 1110. This season's best shape in a hand-made hat of good quality velveteen, edge finished with two rows of mohair braid, edged with spangles, felt facing.

No. 1111. Lustrous beaver hat, in ermine effect of best quality, for child, rolled rim, trimmed with silk ribbon streamers.

No. 1112. Very swell effect Panne velvet hat with bell crown, top of rim of fine spangles and chenille, shirrings of velvet form edge, 13-inch ostrich plume, fine steel ornament.



New Fad for the Hair

The mischief with hair nowadays is caused by the extravagant use of combs, big pins, daggers and jeweled ornaments.

Nineteen heads out of 20, so the doctors tell us, need rest from too much combing and arranging. When hair is thin, dry, fading or falling, it needs rest.

It is obvious that a girl cannot go around like a mermaid or the Lady of Shalott, with flowing tresses. Fascinating as she might look, it would not be convenient or proper. The solution of the problem, therefore, lies in the adoption of caps, for the morning hours at least. Caps will not prevent hair from turning gray, neither will they keep it from falling out, but their use allows the hair to be lightly gathered up, without tight twisting or braiding, or much pinning.

Mass the hair loosely, put in a pin



or two, and cover the becoming disorder with a coquettish cap—a Charlotte Corday, a Martha Curtis mob, a Puritan natch, or a bit of sheerest lawn. Whatever its style, it will be found a charming frame for a piquant face.

Even let the hair hang loose, but, for a touch of femininity, spread over the crown of the head a bit of net or a Queen Adelaide kerchief. Tulle, chiffon and the crispest Swiss are most called into requisition for cap-building. In shapes, caps are rivals of those worn nearly a century ago, when ringlets were in vogue and could not always be coaxed into proper shape for the breakfast table. The crisp and becoming cap was then adopted for the morning hours. For a different reason, it is now increasingly the mode for the breakfast toilet.

The morning toilet of the hair should be made with a large, broad-toothed comb, used for merely straightening the tresses. The scalp, if possible, should not be touched. If the hair is falling badly, not even the comb should be used. The locks are massed upon the top of the head, a broad bone hairpin is run through them, and the becoming cap is placed over all.

For the few hours of afternoon and evening the hair may be dressed as elaborately as fashion or fancy dictate.

Some women wear a cap at night, but it must be of silk. A silk handkerchief, knotted at the four corners, is sometimes the most convenient arrangement. The silk, these devotees of the night cap say, creates gloss or polish by communicating electricity in the hair.

The wearing of caps solves another long-ignored problem. The pompadour style of hair dressing, the doctors are telling us, causes nervous prostration. At least, they say that any style of coiffure that injures the roots of the hair irritates the nerves, and that whatever irritates the nerves induces nervous prostration.

At least a woman will not acknowledge it, except to herself, she knows that a stiff pompadour hurts for days before she becomes accustomed to wearing it. She knows what relief it is, even after she became inured to it, to remove the "rat," brush her hair softly back as nature had intended, and let it hang loosely about her shoulders.

The pompadour, in various forms, has been in vogue for more than ten years. First, the hair was cut short, as it for the old fashioned "frizzes," and combed at right angles to the head. Every young woman who wore her hair thus exchanged confidences with her friends about how it hurt. In time, the pain disappeared, as the pain of the Chinese child's tortured feet disappears.

Then came a new form of the pompadour, and with it the "rat." The pompadour to be conventional and correct, must be drawn over a "rat," and it

must be drawn tightly to properly outline the "rat." The result, according to some authorities, is nervous prostration.

The hair, drawn away from the face in a direction opposite from that which nature intended, irritates the nerves of the scalp, and, by reflex action, affects the entire nervous system by straining the muscles.

The muscles at the top and front part of the head are most obstinate. Those at the back are much more pliable and lend themselves easily to manipulation. The roots of the hair are not set vertically, but at a slight slant in the head. The parts of the roots which reach the surface point slightly to either side, indicating that nature designed that the hair should be parted at the middle, instead of brushed back from the forehead.

It is noteworthy that the great spread of nervous prostration among women has taken place in the past ten years, and so contemporaneous with the rise and sway of the pompadour.

"Sixty percent of our women are neurasthenics," said a doctor three years ago. Since that time the number has increased to 75 per cent. It may be noted that 75 per cent of the women of America have worn pompadours for a part, at least, of the past three years.

Hair specialists, therefore, make a plea for hair worn loosely. "There should be few 'hair pins' they tell us. They should be used sparingly, for they irritate the sensitive nerves of the scalp. If there must be a pompadour, wear it loosely, discard the 'rat,' and for some hours daily discard a coiffure altogether in favor of a cap."

The question arises in this connection, Why don't women wear caps or headdresses? They are coquettish and make a pretty woman irresistibly fascinating and a plain woman charming. In the Middle Ages they knew how to embody all the mystery and delicate charm of maidenhood in a filmy bit of lace and a string of pearls. Of late we have had the fashion of putting a bit of ribbon about the hair in the fashion of a fillet.

In classic times a veil over the head was the mark of a well-to-do matron.

At one time a cap or coverchief was so arranged as to make a triangle of the face, after the manner of the mail coif of the knights. Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII, wore one of these angular headdresses from which her hair fell unconfined over her shoulders. A widow wore a distinctive cap—a wimple, with lappets.

The fashion of nets of gold or silver,



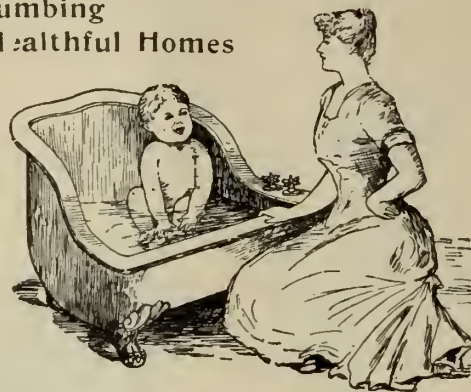
filagree, which prevailed in the 13th century, was charming.

We read that Queen Philippa wore her hair confined in a resticulated covering of goldsmith's work. Queen Joanna of Navarre, wore a net of fret work, from which hung a light veil. At this time the hair was sometimes worn partly in a net and partly falling over the shoulders.

Extravagances in the headgear were not restricted to the fashions of one sex alone; fanciful caps were also worn by men.

From caps to elaborate headdresses was but a step. During the first year of the French Revolution coiffures were monumental, and women were frequently seen with their hair dressed a la Victoire, a la Bastille, or a la Nation. But the subsequent reign of terror was too awful, too absorbing, to leave much thought to vanity in hair-dressing, and women again returned to the fashion of wearing caps. The Charlotte Corday is a specimen of the revolutionary "liberty cap."

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Questions and Answers

Mrs. M.—My hair, which was once naturally curly, is growing straight and dark. What do you recommend me to do to restore it, as curly hair was becoming to me.

I have never before heard of curly hair becoming straight, and would not know what to advise. As a rule curly hair remains curly to the last hair. It is barely possible that you have let your hair become oily and heavy, which would account for its growing straight and dark. In that case, shampoo it with kitchen soap and hot water. Its curl should be restored.

Miss A.—Please give me a curling fluid which will surely make straight hair curly.

There is only one curling fluid which will do this, and it is the curling substance which is employed upon the skins of animals to make the hair curl. It is harmful, however, so harmful to the hair that I do not want to give its ingredients.

W. D.—Is there a simple curling lotion for the hair?

Shampoo the hair, wet it with spirits of cologne diluted with water. Roll in metal curlers, and, when quite dry, press with a warm iron, letting the iron remain upon the curls until the hair is perfectly dry. This may take as long as eighty seconds.

Miss H.—How can I bleach my hands? They are tanned black by the summer sun.

There is nothing that bleaches the hands as quickly as soap and water. Immerse the hands in hot water, made soapy with a thick soap jelly, and hold them in the water fifteen minutes at a time, if possible.

Mrs. Stone.—Kindly give me a face cream that will remove spots from the face and roughness.

Take of the oil of sweet almonds a tablespoonful and the same quantity

each of mutton tallow and spermaceti. Heat together, and as the mixture cools beat into the mass ten drops of rose geranium and enough almond oil to make the mass creamy, if it is not too heavy.

Miss D.—I succeeded in taking the blackheads out of my skin, but I have a great many pimples. What would you advise?

Eat a great deal of fruit every night before you go to bed. The best fruit is cooked fruit, prunes or apples, or stewed peaches. But try to eat them without sugar, as sugar may upset your stomach, taken in quantity in this manner.

Dear Minerva—I write you these few lines to ask your kind assistance. You seem always to give such cheerful advice to everyone that I am sure you will give me some. I am in love with a dark complexioned young man, which makes all my young companions jealous because he favors me. And just for spite to keep me from having his company, they are always getting up parties and picnics to which they invite him, without inviting me. I think this is real mean, and it just almost makes me cry. I don't want to tell the young man the reason why they don't invite me, because I hate to be a tell-tale. Tell me, dear Madam, how to get the best of these jealous girls.

Dear Child—Your companions are certainly in no sense ladies, and act in a cruel and contemptible way. But cheer up. You must not let those girls do all the inviting themselves. Why not get in with another set of girls with nobler hearts and invite the young man to parties and picnics of your own. If, as you say, the young man prefers you, he will rather attend the gatherings where you are present than those of the girls who are guilty of the most detestable of all passions—jealousy.

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THE SCOURGE OF THE AGE

BY J. K. SPENCER.

What is it? War, pestilence, the mad rush for gold, the unholy thirst for power, are these singly or combined the scourge of the twentieth century? No. Bad as their influence is over the moral development of nations and races a certain physical ill is far worse because of its rapid increase and almost certain death to the possessor unless properly handled.

Cancer, that mysterious malady of which 175,000 people in Europe die annually and more than half as many more in the two Americas, is the dreadful scourge. In San Francisco and in the State of California there are only four or five diseases which exceed cancer in the number of their victims, and of all females who die at or about forty years of age, nearly one-half have cancerous germs in their bodies at death, while of males only one-eighth are thus diseased.

To show that these statistics are reliable many quotations from the most undoubted authority could be given, were it necessary. There are few, if any, among the readers of this Magazine, who do not number among their relatives or friends some victim of the fatal knife of the surgeon in his effort to "cure cancer." One can safely say that eighty out of one hundred operations prove useless, the disease returning in twelve months or

less. Is there no hope for the unhappy victims? Must she or he linger in hopelessness and torture until merciful death releases the soul from its diseased tabernacle?

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RECIPES FOR THE GOLDEN QUINCE

This being the season of the quince we thought it best to give our readers a few recipes, and explain to the housewives the best and easiest way to make preserves of this most delicious fruit.

While the quince in its natural state is not an edible fruit, it lends itself to a number of appetizing preserves and relishes.

Do not try to preserve quinces until they begin to turn yellow. If frost threatens they may be gathered and laid aside to ripen.

Preserved Quinces.—When all are uniformly yellow and ready to cut up, rub off the fur with a crash towel, pare, core and quarter, dropping the pieces into cold water to prevent discoloration. Save all the good parings and cores in a separate vessel for making jelly.

Put two layers of the quince quarters into a preserving kettle, cover with cold water and cook over a slow fire until the fruit is tender. Never make the mistake of boiling quinces in syrup before boiling them tender in water, as sugar will harden uncooked quinces. When the quinces are tender enough to pierce easily with a fork, skim them out and lay on a flat dish to cool. Repeat this process until all the quinces are cooked. Strain the water in which the quinces have been boiled, and to each pint of juice allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Boil gently for ten minutes and then put in as many quinces as the syrup will cover. Simmer gently about half an hour, or until the quinces turn a rich red. Lift out with a silver spoon and drop piece by piece into wide-mouthed glass cans. Set in a basin of hot water to prevent their breaking. Let the syrup boil a little longer, then pour over the fruit until the juice runs down the side of the can, and seal.

Quince With Sweet Apple.—Sweet apples may be used with quinces, and it will give a pleasant flavor, but the apples must be removed from the kettle at least ten minutes before the quinces, as they do not require so long a time to cook.

Use one-third of quartered apples to two-thirds of quinces. Put the quinces and apples in alternate layers in the cans, pour the boiling syrup over all, and seal.

Quince With Strawberry Tomatoes.—Cut the prepared quinces in dice and cook them in cold water until tender. Weigh out the same amount of sliced strawberry tomatoes. Make a syrup, allowing three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and cook the fruit in it until tender. Skim out into jars, boil the syrup ten minutes longer, fill the jars, and seal.

Quince Jelly.—In making the quince jelly cover the cores, parings and as many quinces, cut in small pieces as you may desire, with cold water, and simmer slowly for several hours, adding more water as it cooks away. While the use of the seeds darkens the jelly, they contain such an amount of the pectose or jellying substance that most housekeepers prefer to use them with the cores and skin. When reduced to pulp, pour into a flannel bag and let it drip over night. In the morning boil the juice twenty minutes.

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skim thoroughly, add an equal weight of sugar, which has been heated in the oven, and boil until it jellies when dropped on a cool plate. Turn into glasses and cover with paraffine.

Quince Marmalade.—Put the cooked pulp through a puree sieve, and allow three-fourths of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit. Boil, stirring almost constantly until smooth and firm. Put in jars, cover with paraffine, and keep in a dry place.

Quince Cordial.—Select ripe, sound quinces, rub off the fur and cut in small pieces. Pour just enough cold water over them to cover, then simmer until the pulp is soft. Strain off all the juice that will drip through a coarse muslin cloth, but do not press, as the pulp left can be utilized for marmalade. Measure the juice, and allow a cup of sugar to each pint of juice. Some cooks add one or two cracked peach kernels or a spice of clove to this cordial but the flavor is excellent without any addition. Cook ten or fifteen minutes, then add two-thirds of a pint of brandy for every pint of syrup. Pour into a stone jar, let it stand for a week and then bottle. This will be read for use in two months, but is far better at the end of a year.

Quince Cheese.—This is a simple marmalade, boiled down very thick and packed in the thick cheese pots. This can be turned out and sliced like cheese, and is excellent for the lunch basket.

Jellied Quince and Apple.—To one pound of sour apple and quince—less quince than apple—allow three-fourths of a pound of sugar. Then proceed as with plain quince jelly.

Baked Quinces.—Baked quinces are wholesome and delicious. Core and pare them and put them in a deep earthen dish. Fill the cavities with sugar and a little grated lemon rind. Add water in abundance, as the quince is a very dry fruit. Cover closely and bake in a moderate oven until tender and a fine red. Serve cold with whipped cream.

Baked quinces and apples may also be used in combination, baking until very soft, or cored apples may be stuffed with bits of quince cooked tender and then baked with plenty of water in the baking dish.

The Quince Medicinally.—Medicinally the juice of the quince is said to stop the persistent hiccoughs when all else fails.

Quince With Molasses ("Grandmother's Way").—Pare and halve the quinces, removing the cores. Roll the parings in new cider until tender, and strain the cider. For five pounds of quinces take a quart of nice molasses, a pound of brown sugar, and the cider in which the parings have been boiled. Add the whites of two eggs, boil, remove from the fire and skim. Continue to boil and skim until clear, then take off the fire. When cool put in the quinces and boil them until tender. If there is not syrup enough to more than cover them, add more cider. Orange peel or a few slips of nice green ginger boiled in the syrup, gives them a good flavor.

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MR. THOMPSONS TEACHES THE MISSION CLASS

BY MISS MARGARITTE MOORE.

"Dear me, said Mrs. Thompsons, "I know the poor children mean no harm and that they act the way they do because of their home training, but sometimes they are dreadfully trying."

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Thompsons. "A woman makes a mountain out of a molehill. It's the easiest thing in the world to handle children. All that is requisite is a little tact and patience. Look here. You let me teach that mission class of yours. I'll have them so that by the time I get through with 'em they'll come up and eat out of your hand. You are an estimable woman, Mrs. Thompsons, but you lack the qualifications absolutely necessary for a mission teacher. To-night at the school I wish you to sit in the background and observe how a mission class should be handled."

Mr. Thompsons put on his hat and walked with his wife over to the school, which was already in session. She pointed out her class to Mr. Thompsons, and then disappeared behind a convenient pillar in the room, while her liege advanced cautiously upon the class.

As Mr. Thompsons greeted the class he was received with tumultuous shouts of "Hello, whiskers," "Wee-ee-ee," "Gee, but I'll bet the wind likes to see you."

Mr. Thompsons sat down in the teacher's chair and waved his hand in an impressive manner.

"Dear little children," he began.

"Ah, cut out de 'dear kid' bizness," put in one of the class. "We're de nice loidy wot teaches us. We don't want no members of the Gote Club comin' round and runnin' us."

"I'm to be your teacher to-night," said Mr. Thompsons. "My wife wisenes me to teach you this evening." "Not fer my money," said the biggest of the boys. "I'm going to strike. We're union in dis class and' we don't stand for no scabs breakin' in."

"But," expostulated Mr. Thompsons, "I am not going to take the class for all time. I am merely to teach you for to-night. I am not a regular teacher in mission schools."

The big boy said something to the class and all the boys immediately began singing.

"He don't belong to th' regerlers

He's only a volunteer."

"That will do, young gentlemen," said Mr. Thompsons, with dignity, and at the same time glancing apprehensively at the pillar behind which his wife was seated. "I wish to teach you this evening. I do not

believe you are being properly trained, and I will make your lesson this evening one of true value and one which you will long remember."

"You'll have to show us," said the big boy, sitting down. "Git bissey."

"Now, young gentlemen, before taking up the regular work of the evening let us have a little round table and discuss subjects of general interest. If any of you should like some subject explained you will please state it. Think of something which you would like to have delineated."

The big boy bobbed up. "How do you make a Maltese cross?" he asked.

Mr. Thompsons turned to the black board and work-



ed five minutes drawing with colored chalk while the class whistled and threw paper wads.

"There," said Mr. Thompsons finally, as he waved his hand at the board, "there is the way to make a Maltese cross."

"Now it ain't," said the big boy. "You pull its tail; that's the way."

"Such levity should be out of place here," said Mr. Thompsons, turning pink. "Is there any other question, and this time I should like a sensible query."

Mr. Thompsons paused while he dug a paper wad out of his ear. He endeavored to suppress his rising

wrath, and when he was sure he was quite calm he said: "I will now tell you an interesting story. I know boys like stories, and I expect that you will pay careful attention."

The class grew quiet, and Mr. Thompsons, rejoicing at his little stroke of diplomacy, began his story: "You know, boys, that the highest position to which the American youth can aspire is that of President of the United States—"

"Ah, I'd sooner be a alderman," said the big boy. "De alderman in our ward's got a snap and he owns tree saloons."

"I shall ask you to preserve quiet," resumed Mr. Thompsons. "There was once a poor boy that lived on a farm—"

"Gee, I was on a farm oncet," said the smallest boy. "Dey had a cow dere what giv buttermilk."

"This boy I am speaking of," resumed Mr. Thompsons, "was determined to become great, and he hewed rails and worked with his big, honest hands until he became the greatest man in the country. Do you know who he was?"

"Jim Jeffries," yelled the big boy.

"Will you please leave this room at once?" demanded Mr. Thompsons.

"Chase yerself," replied the big boy, politely; "I've got a license to stay here. I don't see any medals on you."

Mr. Thompsons jumped up and seized the big boy by the collar and started for the door. Immediately the rest of the class landed on him.

There was a scuffle and a heavy fall, and the mission school was thrown into disorder by seeing the banner class piling on top of a tall man with whiskers who was on the floor, wildly bawling: "Take 'em off; take 'em off. They've stabbed me."

A moment later the class had hurriedly jumped back to their seats. Mrs. Thompsons had appeared.

"Say," said the big boy apologetically as he wiped off his face, "we're sorry, mum, that we got inter trouble and disgraced the class, but we couldn't stand fer that guy fer a minute. He's a bum teacher, he is. You're all right, and de gang's wid you, but no geeser like dat can butt in on us."

Mrs. Thompsons smiled grimly as she restored order, and Mr. Thompsons stood out in the hall and pulled pins out of his legs and wondered if he ought to swear out warrants for the young ruffians who had upset his theories on how to teach a mission class.

MOTHER'S STORY

BY GRACE DURKEN.

Eva and Kate were both fond of stories, and one day they came in the house tired of playing and said to their mother, who was sitting in a rocking chair reading, "Mamma, please tell us a story."

"Well, my dears, what would you like me to tell you about?" exclaimed the mother.

"About when you was a little girl," exclaimed Eva.

"All right, sit down and I will begin," she said.

"Until I was nine years old I knew no sorrow or care. I lived in a beautiful house in the midst of a lawn, I had servants to wait upon me and was very happy. But as the old saying is, 'Tis a long path that has no turn,' things changed, changed greatly indeed. There were four in our family, mother, father, brother and myself. My father owned mines and invested the greater part of his money in stocks, and he was getting richer every day. But we may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow; so it was. He came home one night and told us he was ruined in business, and we must go to live in smaller apartments, as he could not afford the luxuries we now enjoyed. So it happened that two days later we found ourselves in two small, dingy rooms, forsaken by our friends, servants and every one of our former acquaintances.



"Father had no work to do, but at last succeeded in getting a job at attending to the stable of our former residence, while mother stayed home and cooked, washed and did all the house-work."

But misfortune seemed to follow us everywhere, for father was brought to us one night, dying from a kick he had received from a horse he had been training.

"After he was dead, mother took in washing, but as her strength was rapidly failing, she took in sewing, but even this did not agree with her, and she grew thin and pale and at last followed father to the grave."

"Then we two were left alone to fight our battles. Brother got a job as errand boy, while I succeeded in getting a place at last in a large house to do the errands also."

"There were four children in the family, the oldest being a boy of eighteen. I was then sixteen."

"We became very much attached to each other, and took long walks together. He proposed to me and I accepted and at last we were married."

"Do you know who that man is?" asked the mother when she finished.

"Our dear papa," answered the children.

EASTERN QUESTION AND UNCLE SAM—TOLD IN NURSERY RHYMES

A stands for Asia, land of plague, famine and strife.

B stands for Boxer, wielding murderous knife.

C stands for China, where there's trouble galore.

D for Designing Dowager who would reign evermore.

E stands for Europe, where they've watched her sly game.

F for five Foreign Powers' big indemnity claim.

G stands for Germany, that bossed the whole job.

H for Hongkong, there met a riotous mob.

I stands for Ito, Japan's great man of wise discretion.

J for the little Japs, famed for bravery and progression.

K for Kwang-Su, the name of China's young emperor.

L for Li Hung Chang, great diplomat and ambassador.

M for murdered Missionaries, for which China paid dear.

N for each Nation's demands bringing consternation and fear.

O stands for "Open Door," about which there's endless discussion.

P for the Philippines, scene of the late Spanish expulsion.

Q for the Queen's squadron, sunk by Dewey's brave men.

R for the rash Rebellion, formed in Aguinaldo's wild glenn.

S for Spanish surrender, fixed by brave Father Mc.

T for treacherous Tagalos, both truth and honor they lack.

U for Uncle Sam's army and navy, first on the earth.

V for their victories and valiant deeds, of which there's no dearth.

W for Washington, 'tis Freedom's capitol, but Royalty's grave.

X for (X)ex-rebels, now honored and loved as patriot brave.

Y for Young America that's reached though not two centuries old

Z—Zenith of power and fame "to have and to hold."

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ORIGINAL COOKING
BY
ELNORA LUCAS

THE MAKING OF SOUPS

To spend money judiciously and get all it brings requires not a little experience. A housewife who is a skillful cook will provide a better table than a woman who is not, and, paradoxical as it may sound, the most extravagant living is cheap food. A meal of the cheapest food is very apt to be one of some poor quality of provisions, and a steady diet of such food will lessen the snap and vigor and render one unfit in mind and body for work. True economy means the purchase and the best use of the best articles, not necessarily expensive ones, and it means that certain materials being on hand it is the duty of the cook to produce the full value of these materials in her skillful result. It means the studying of appropriate flavors for each dish contrived, and it means buying with a view to variety of combination and the study of making the simplest dish palatable and nourishing.

A century ago Count Rumford found that the "richness or quality of a soup depended more upon the art and skill of the cook than upon the amount of the sums laid out in the market." This truth is as axiomatic to-day as it was then: the labor of making a soup is but trifling, but the knowledge of how to combine and produce effect, in taste, in quality, in consistency, is something that requires thought and skill.

The one point to be remembered in making soups is to so proportion the several ingredients that the flavor of one shall not predominate over that of another, and that all the articles of which it is composed shall form an agreeable whole. Lean, juicy, fresh meat is best for soups. An economical cook will save, as basis for soups, the liquor in which meat has been boiled; for example, leg of mutton liquor may be easily converted into a barley soup. Delicious soups, fragrant, palatable and nourishing, can be made from the bones and trimmings of meat with very little additional cost. Nor is the trouble involved as much as is generally supposed. The bone of a porterhouse steak, cooked rare, with its usually uneaten end, makes good soup material. So does the carcass of a chicken from which the flesh has been cut as clean as the carver is able. The bones from roast beef, chops, ham or game are all equally agreeable. It is not necessary to use one variety at a time; two or more in combination will give a more savory soup. To make soup from these left-overs, put them into a sauce pan, one with a tight-fitting lid. For every pound of meat add a pint and a half of cold water, and let it come to a boil very slowly, then draw the kettle to the back of the stove and let it simmer for from two to four hours. This long slow simmering is more than half the secret of extracting the soluble properties of meat and bones, which should always form a component part of the soup. They are composed of an earthy substance, to which they owe their solidity of gelatine and a fatty fluid, something like marrow. Now we know that gelatine is the most nutritious portion of the stock. When there is an abundance of it it causes the stock, when cold, to become like jelly, and two ounces of bones contain as much gelatine as one pound of meat, but in them this is so incased in the earthy substance that boiling water can dissolve only the surface of whole bones. By breaking them, however, the surfaces are multiplied. An hour before the soup is wanted add the vegetables. This is another secret of savory soup, adding the vegetables during the last hour of cooking their fresh flavor is not destroyed. To four quarts of water add two carrots, two turnips and a bouquet of herbs. To make the bouquet, wash four large sprays of parsley, lay them close together on the table, place upon them a sprig of thyme and a sprig of summer savory, two small

leeks, three cloves, two bay leaves, a small red pepper pod and three large outer stalks of celery with the green leaves; fold the parsley around the herbs and spices and tie tightly with a piece of white thread. Drop this into the stock pot, add a heaping tablespoon of salt and continue the gentle simmering for one hour. When the soup is done, strain, remove the fat and serve. Thickenings can be added, such as rice, macaroni, sago and so on. To make soup from fresh meat proceed exactly in the same manner with the exception of skimming. The soup made from meat that has been cooked requires no skimming, for the reason that the coagulation of the albumen of the meat has taken place; but in uncooked meat the albumen will first dissolve, afterward coagulate; and as it is in this state lighter than liquid, it will rise to the surface, bringing with it all its impurities. In this state cooks call it the "scum." This must be carefully removed, or the soup will not be clear.

The clever housewife will vary her soups according to the character of the dinner. If the dinner has several courses, a very clear soup like the foregoing is the acceptable one, for the reason that a heavy soup will so far clog the appetite as to render the palate indifferent to the following dishes, while a clear soup stimulates the appetite and clears the palate for the enjoyment of the succeeding solids.

Cream soups and purees are enjoyable and justly popular. With a slice of whole wheat bread and a little fruit or a simple pudding, they make a palatable luncheon, especially nutritious for children and brain workers. These light, creamy soups may be a prelude to a simple dinner, as they are very hearty.

Cream of Celery.—Wash the outer stalks of a head of celery and cut them small. The inner blanched stalks will give a good salad. Cover with a quart of water, add a slice of onion, a spray of parsley and cook half an hour. Press through a sieve, mashing the celery to press as much through as possible. Return to the fire, let it come to a boil, add a heaping teaspoon of salt and half a teaspoon of pepper, also a pint of hot milk. It is now ready for the liaison of eggs, the crowning grace, which the French chef gives to his purees. Beat the yolks of two eggs, add half a cup of milk. Lift the soup to the back of the stove, add the eggs, stir and serve at once. Do not allow to boil after the eggs are added, or the soup will curdle. In place of the liaison of eggs a thickening of flour may be added. Rub a tablespoon of butter into a tablespoon of flour, add to it a little of the hot soup, then stir all into the soup. Boil five minutes and serve. All kinds of vegetables may be used in these delicious purees.

Mock Bisque Soup.—Cook a quart of canned tomatoes with a tablespoon of sugar and an onion cut in slices for ten minutes, pass through a sieve, add half a teaspoon of soda. Heat a pint of milk, add a tablespoon of butter rolled in flour, let boil five minutes, combine the two mixtures and add a teaspoon of salt and a dash of cayenne. Serve hot with toasted crackers.

Puree of Lentils.—Soak half a pint of lentils or dried split peas over night in cold water, wash thoroughly. Cover with one quart and a half of cold water, add a small carrot, a spray of parsley, a slice of onion and a stalk of celery. Simmer one hour. Press the lentils through a sieve and return to the fire, add a teaspoon of salt and a dash of cayenne. Cream a tablespoon each of flour and butter, add to the hot soup, boil five minutes and serve. A cup of tomatoes may be added just before serving.



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WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD'S WORK

(Continued From Page 10.)

lessons and many useless clubs, consuming days and weeks, incessant fancy work, accompanied by the gossip of an idle mind, and endless receptions and teas, which have neither the merit of originality, nor the result of giving pleasure.

Working against constant opposition, women have increased the number of industries open to them, during one century in America, from 7 to 371. They fill acceptably numerous amazing occupations, such as that of pilot, letter-carrier, sheriff, etc., and meritoriously, many political offices, such as city clerk and commissioner of the court of claims. It is but puerile for society to follow up each individual woman with detective-suspicion, to see if some family is being neglected. It seldom is; for fidelity and conscientiousness exhibited in one department of life, usually are conspicuous in every one. In any case, a woman is an individual (not an adjunct) responsible to society, only as a man is, and the assumption of the past is false that men must guard the race, lest it be neglected and perish. There is no reason to doubt that women are at least equally anxious with men that the world be a good one. The problem of the careful reproduction of the species is as much their concern as men's—nay, more, because the burden falls more heavily upon them; and also, the affairs of city, state and nation, are their concern as fast as they become educated into a sense of civic responsibility, a sense in which most men are still deficient.

So strongly has the pseudo sentiment of the past governed modern minds that few people can think clearly upon woman's place in society. Yet, every step toward justice granted women by men today is an example of a higher chivalry than the knights of old ever dreamed of! Men have believed from the Middle Ages that they were worshipping motherhood, when they merely worshipped their own agreeable sensations. How were mothers treated who were not wives? Their maternity wrought for them no reverence, no compassion—they were reviled by the very men who were the fathers of their children. Unlegalized motherhood was the depth of disgrace.

Men also have firmly believed they were reverencing the Home, when the really were delighting in good beds and fine cooking. A loftier ideal has come over the spirit of our dreams, however, and we are learning to say "Home is where the heart is," and are considering that home-making is not synonymous with or even dependent upon housekeeping, and depends for its success upon husband as well as wife.

This is the factory epoch. Inventions cause the world to whirl along, busying thousands of people, and woman sits looking back upon an active past, toward an idle future, unless she enters the arena, and finds new occupations. She has but two alternatives; either to be idly supported, or to follow her

tasks out into the world! If she follow the former, she will make little progress, with empty mind, and will find her dearly-bought education of little value. That men sanction or urge this idleness is no excuse for it. She will occupy much the position of a "mistress," being willingly supported by a man, because she pleases and charms; if she accept this degrading position, she can scarcely complain if he, wearying of her, feels little responsibility as a husband.

To-day one in five women are working for a living. Most of the others are economically valueless. No one objects to allowing women to take in washing, scrub floors, or work in factories. It is only when they are capable of, and ask for positions of honor and high salary, that a sensation is caused, and they are reminded of their "sphere." A woman physician has a hard time; a scrub woman is paid gladly, and never questioned as to the whereabouts of her children.

It is to be expected that in the transitional period, there will be many mal-adjustments, but from personal observation, one is amazed that there are so few. Women always will tend to selected industries. They will find certain physical limitations, yet these will be more than compensated for by their endurance, patience, and tenacity of life.

Trade unions have come to recognize that the danger of woman's competition is not in the fact of her labor (for every woman wage-earner lightens the burden of some man) but in her being underpaid, and so these generally demand equal wages for equal work.

We can know nothing of the results of a free social order until the experiment is tried of having all professions, even to the highest, open unrestrictedly, to all women, married or single. All that the most advanced ask is a free field and no favors. It is presumed that men have not withheld equal opportunities for women for centuries because they feared competition.

The greatest bar to woman's effective work is its temporary character. Too often both the thoroughness of preparation, and the quality of labor are lessened because she believes her profession only a temporary occupation, tiding over from school to matrimony. Society would not desire incompetent work, nor would it exact that women remain single; therefore, the only logical solution would be for them

to continue their profession in matrimony. If this become the ideal, women naturally would choose those occupations which are adaptable to married life.

A new society in which women shall share the economic pre-supposes a capable domestic class, and this is a possibility, if the position of household laborer is dignified and well-paid. With a double income, families easily could pay for skilled domestic labor, the product of the manual training schools already turning out excellent cooks. Those women whose tastes and abilities fit them for high grades of labor could as easily turn over their household work to those who enjoy and do well such tasks, as men who are naturally in professions turn over their gardening and office work to others, but in both cases, the only method of securing competent help is to pay well, and assign a certain dignity to crude labor.

If women are not to be breadwinners, their only hope is to utilize their time in social usefulness. We have but caught the vision of social service. Women cannot be accused of being in reforms for emolument (as politicians are) and they can carry housekeeping into the streets, and make political economy indeed the law of the city household.

The ideals of future women must be physical, moral and intellectual perfection. They should regard virtue, not innocence. They must include careful matrimonial selection, conscious motherhood, not blind obedience to cosmic forces. Women must be strong enough to live without love, if love does not present itself as compatible with the highest social ideals. They must not consider negation the highest feminine achievement, but feel their responsibility to society, and demand opportunity for fitting themselves for useful citizenship. Whether or not, woman becomes a member of the productive community, she must have a voice in the choosing of public officials, and must no longer be governed without her consent, or taxed without representation. Whether demanded by her or thrust upon her, this must be, if democracy is to prevail.

Intellectuality among men is decreasing, among women, increasing. Already it is the condition in the average family that the wife attends lectures, concerts, clubs, reads magazines and books, while the husband is chained to business interests. The final outcome of this constantly separating of intellectual activities is alarming to contemplate. For the men's sake, that they may have leisure for culture, as well as for the woman's, that they may develop civic responsibility, men's economic burdens should be lightened. Once women bore more than their share of life's activities; now they do not bear enough. When there shall be a re-adjustment of financial labor, as well as co-operation in civic work, then and only then shall we have a united man and woman, and such quality of offspring as the world has never known.



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ETIQUETTE OF WEDDINGS

ASKING PAPA.

Everyone feels sympathy with the young man who is in the difficult and disagreeable position described in the above heading. He is one of the favorite battle-horses of the novelist, one of the chosen subjects for the artist. Scarcely a novel is written without the introduction of this incident, scarcely a year passes without at least one illustration of it on the walls of the Academy. We all know the details of it by heart. There stands the young man, nervous and shy, with a sorrowful sense of all his shortcomings and the general haziness of his financial prospects. The income, which appeared so good when he was on the doorstep, shrinks into insignificance as he opens the study door: the "expectations," which seemed so certain as he trotted up the avenue, seem to shrink into the merest chance as he meets the eye of his possible father-in-law. The father, on his side, does nothing whatever to help him. He looks particularly doubtful and forbidding, and, seated in his enormous study-chair, he appears doubly imposing. The apartment in which the interview is held is of itself sufficient to strike awe into the heart of the beholder—the serried ranks of dull-colored hooks, the marble busts on the mantelpiece and bookcase, and the sombre hues of the draperies, are unspeakably chilling and depressing. The young man's condition is truly pitiable. Only the day before he has proposed to the young lady, and carried everything before him by the vehemence of his passion. Mutual assurances of love have been exchanged, vows of faithfulness promised, and all monetary considerations thrown aside as of no account. Now comes the appalling after-thought—papa has to be asked, and all the moral courage possessed by the young man (seldom a very considerable factor in a male character) shrinks away into the soles of his boots.

In old times, the ordeal must have been doubly trying, as it had to be the first stage in the proceedings. The young man had not, as now, the comfortable remembrance of his interview with the young lady to keep him up. Now it is not necessary for the lover to apply first to the father, and it does seem rather foolish to do so, with the chance of a refusal afterward from the young lady. There is one exception, however, to this rule, and that is, when the circumstances of the couple are strikingly unequal—if the young lady were an heiress and the young man had very small means, it would be only honorable in him to speak to the father first.

This terrible business of "asking papa" is sometimes got over in writing; but it is not so advisable as speaking. It is far more easy to refuse a suppliant who writes than one who sneaks; so that, however trying an interview may be, it is better to make up your mind to go through with it. If circumstances compel the lover to write, he should bear in mind that his letter ought to treat of two points—first, his regard for the lady, and secondly the circumstances which warrant him in seeking to make her his wife.

So much depends on the relative position of the parties, that no form of words can be given to meet the case; but, bearing in mind the points stated in view, the lover would dwell briefly on the strength of his attachment, and then state in general terms the nature of his position, and the grounds on which he felt justified in asking the parents' consent. How far a parent is justified in withholding that consent is a debatable question. It is natural that he should desire that his children be well settled in life, and that he should not wish his daughter to marry into a less comfortable style of living than that in which she has been brought up. At the same time, we may remember that man does not live by bread alone, and that the most luxurious life with a man who was distasteful to her could never make up to a woman for the happiness she might have experienced in a marriage of affection. People marry for themselves, and not for their relations; and Nature is generally right in her selection. There never was a marriage that gave perfect satisfaction to the families of both parties. Mamma will think her boy could have done better; papa will think his daughter might have made a better choice. Some force stronger than any feeling of family affection draws the two people together. Yesterday strangers, to-day they are all the world to one another, and there is no other living creature who comes first to them. Very often this force would seem to be largely the result of contrast, the one character containing some particular element which is missing in the other. The ultra-refined character may improve through the companionship of a stronger nature, just as roses sometimes flourish better when they are in the neighborhood of garlic.

ENGAGED.

We will hope that the father alluded to in the last page has given his consent, that the course of true love is running with a fair amount of smoothness, and that all is going as merrily as the proverbial marriage-bell. The young couple now enter into quite a different kind of life, pre-occupied in one another, and caring little for any gaiety which they cannot share together. The life is a fuller one than they have known before, but neither so careless nor so free.

Life is not entirely honey to the engaged girl. She is always anxious that every one shall like her lover, and alarmed lest he should not say or do the right thing. Some of her old friends are jealous, and tell her that she has no thoughts for them now that she has this new interest in her life. However little tact a man may have been dowered with by Nature, he should study to be considerate for the sake of his lady-love, and remember that when he pleases her friend he pleases her.

An engagement is preceeded by the introduction of the suitor to the ladies' relatives, after which the lady is introduced to his family. The latter makes the first calls on the friends of the lady accepting.

A young lady does not make any formal announcement of her engagement. The fact may be mentioned casually to a few old friends of the family. The news is precisely of that order which is certain to disseminate itself without much exertion on the part of the parties concerned.

When the gentleman's offer is accepted, it is customary for him to give the lady what is called an "engagement ring." In our grandmother's days this custom was not considered so important, but now-a-days no young lady would consider herself engaged unless she were the possessor of a ring of this character. The engagement ring is invariably worn on the third finger of the left hand, probably on account of the superstition which tells us that there is a vein connected with that finger which flows straight to the heart. Whether this be a physiological fact or no, we will not pretend to say, but this is the reason old wives give us the choice of this particular finger for the purpose.

Sometime ago it used to be the fashion to have the stones in an engagement ring so selected that the initial letter of the jewels form the Christian name of the betrothed. At present we prefer a plainer mixture of stones. Sometimes a bangle is preferred to a ring, with some tender phrase engraved on the inner side. A little time ago it was the fashion to have the bangle locked or soldered on the arm, so that it could never come off. An accident on the ice, where a young lady's arm swelled so frightfully that the manacle had to be actually sawn off by the locksmith, put an end to this intensely foolish custom.

It is often said that engaged couples spoil any party they go to, and I fear that engaged people in general have given encouragement to that idea. They are so completely absorbed in one another that they do not care for the company of others, and are only too apt to look on the world as a place which exists exclusively for their benefit. It is not good taste to be too exclusive in company, but it is just as bad to put on a pretended air of indifference. Engaged people must try to behave like ordinary beings, and take a little interest in what goes on around them. Indifferent, they cannot really appear, however much they try; for there is a great deal of truth in the Italian proverb which defines love and a cough as the two things which cannot be hid.

BREAKING OFF AN ENGAGEMENT.

Sometimes it will happen that an engagement has to be broken off.

This is always a most distressing thing. An engagement is a serious tie, and ought not to be lightly severed. Still, circumstances will occur which render this course indispensable.

They may be of a pecuniary family nature, but very often an engagement is broken off because the consenting parties find, on closer acquaintance, that they are mutually unsuitable to one another. In that case, it is better to break the compact than to enter into a more serious one—that of marriage—with the knowledge that only unhappiness can attend it.

It is the part of the lady to break off an engagement, and if she feels unhappiness is compromised, the course is a wise, though painful one.

It is more dignified to break off an engagement by letter.

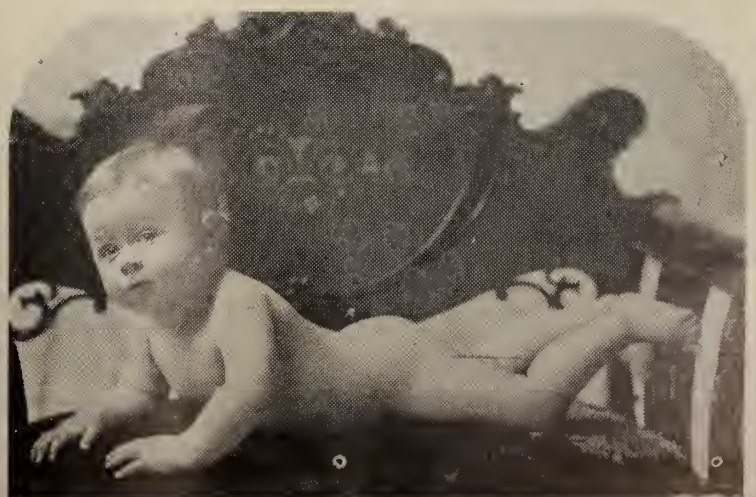
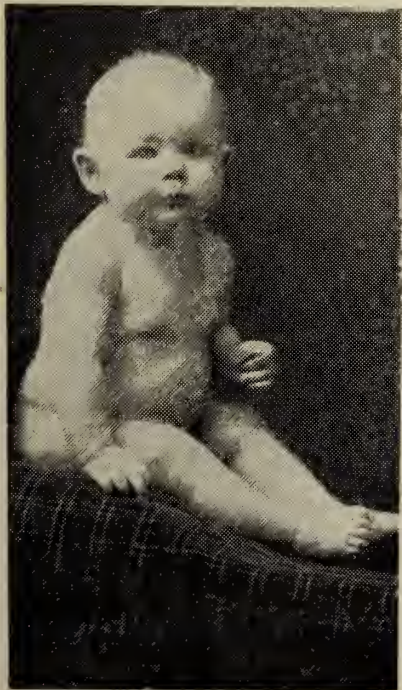
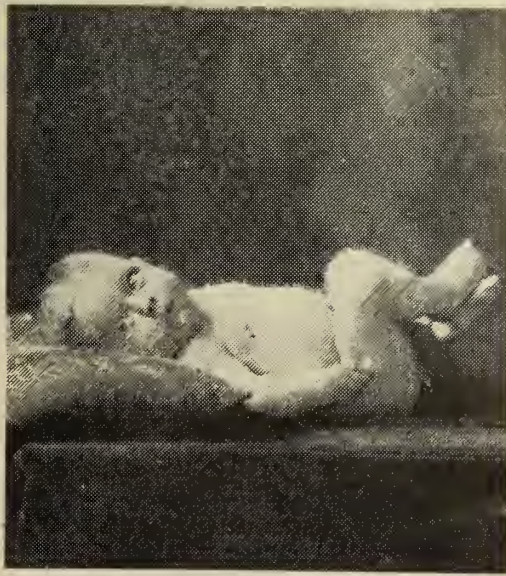
This should be accompanied by anything in the way of a portrait, letters, or gifts, which may have been received during the engagement.

When the letter is acknowledged, a similar return of the exchanged letters and presents should take place.

(To be continued in next number.)

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MODERN ETIQUETTE FOR ALL OCCASIONS

The question of introductions is one of the most difficult problems of social life.

Only long experience can tell a hostess when to introduce, and when to leave it alone. She should never introduce any two friends unless she is absolutely certain that the desire for it is mutual. There is not the least occasion to introduce two visitors to one another, merely because they happen to call on the same day. But supposing that no just cause or impediment exists, it is generally more agreeable to make people acquainted. This is not, however, necessarily done by a formal introduction. By mentioning the name in the course of conversation, the hostess can easily draw two visitors into conversation, without the formality of a strict introduction. "As I was saying to Mrs. Smith just now," is sufficient, or "Mrs. Jones can tell you all about that."

In places where no man servant is kept, the parlor maid brings in afternoon tea. The lady of the house pours out the tea, and hands it herself to her guests; though if there are any young girls in the family they should relieve their mother of the latter duty. It is not necessary to have more than two species of edibles to offer. This is, however, a matter in which nearly every house has its own custom. Home-made afternoon tea-cakes are always popular, but you require a cook who can turn them out creditably. Many fashionable people convert the simple meal into a very costly business, giving anchovy sandwiches and pate de foie gras, and every description of bonbons and crystallized fruit.

Many fanciful looking tables are sold for afternoon tea, the most convenient kind having shelves underneath for the purpose of holding cake and bread and butter. A snowy cloth is almost essential, and makes a pleasant spot of lightness in the center of a room. An afternoon tea-cloth cannot be too delicate and dainty. Some of the prettiest are entirely white, with a border of lace, a pattern being made in the German fashion, by drawing out the threads of the material. Others are embroidered in Saxony work, in china-blue or old gold, and supposing that anything more substantial than cake is to be given, serviettes, embroidered to match the tea cloth, are furnished for the use of the guests. But we think it is better for the mistress of a small establishment not to attempt anything too elaborate with regard to afternoon tea; the fashion of having so many refreshments served at it only belongs to the ultra-fashionable folk, whose dinner hour does not occur till nine.

AFTERNOON CALLS.

The etiquette of visiting has been entirely revolutionized by the fashion of afternoon At Homes. At one time ladies used to spend weary afternoons driving about paying calls, very often finding on their return that the people they went to visit had been calling upon them. They might keep up a lengthy acquaintance with a friend by this means without ever seeing more of her than her name on her visiting-card. It was clearly impossible to quarrel under these circumstances, but this was the solitary advantage which belonged to the system.

Visiting is now a far pleasanter thing. The certainty that you will find your friend at home, ready and pleased to receive you, with the cup which cheers but does not inebriate at hand, is a consolation which upholds you in a resolution to pay a call at the most unget-at-able part of town.

With the invention of afternoon At Homes several innovations of etiquette have occurred. The calling hours have been very much extended; for, whereas at one time they used to cease at 5, at present one may call at almost any time between three and seven. The fashion of card-leaving is also entirely altered. In former days one sent in one's card before entering the room, but now that one knows that the lady of the house is at home, there is no longer any occasion for the continuance of this custom. Cards are left at the end of the visit, when you lay them on the hall table as you take your departure. The number of cards left depends on your own circumstances of life and

those of the lady you visit. If you are both married, you leave one of your own cards and two of your husband's, but if you are calling on a single lady you only leave your own. You must always leave your card on the occasion of a first call, as your At Home day is written on it. Afterwards you leave your husband's card, but never your own, unless the lady is out. A very young lady does not require visiting cards, her name being either printed or written on that of her mother's. Turning down a card at the corner used once to imply that the card was left for the whole family, it is now supposed to show that the card was left by yourself, and not in any other manner. You would not, of course, turn down a card unless the hostess happened to be out. Otherwise it is clearly an absurdity, as your friend cannot help knowing you have called after she has seen you.

When you have once been made acquainted with your friend's At Home day you should not call at any other time unless you are on very great terms of intimacy. Nobody likes to be taken at a disadvantage, and besides, if a person gives up one day in the week for the benefit of her friends, it is clearly a little unfair to infringe upon her leisure upon other days. Whether your hostess is rich or poor, you may depend she would rather see you on the day she has appointed.

You may dress a little more smartly for visiting than you would for a walk. Be sure that the servant catches your name upon your arrival; it is very awkward to enter a room preceded by a mispronunciation of your surname. Enter the room with an erect carriage and air of composure. Nothing is worse form than to come in nervously, as though you were not sure that you were welcome. Enter into conversation with your hostess at once; however full the room may be, it is quite correct that she should pay you the most attention, as you are the new-comer. If any other visitors leave, you should suspend your conversation. If you have been talking to them, you should bow as they leave the room.

Beware that your visit does not degenerate into a visitation. People who sit out two or three sets of callers are always considered bores. Do not, however, rise to take leave directly that another visitor appears. To do so is embarrassing to your hostess, who is taken up with welcoming the new-comers. Remain a few moments until they are comfortably seated, then rise and take leave, bowing to the strangers as you leave the room.

Ceremonial visits are made on the next At Home day after a ball, when you should not fail to express a hope that the mistress of the house was not too fatigued after her exertions. After a dinner, you should call within a week, and the same applies to nearly every other form of entertainment. When a stranger calls for the first time, you ought to return the call in about a week; a long delay in returning a first visit is considered equivalent to an unwillingness to accept the acquaintance. If there has been any unavoidable hindrance it should be mentioned and apologized for.

Some people are possessed of so extraordinary a turn of mind that they will arrive with unfailing regularity at a house on every successive At Home day. They probably find their time hang heavily on their hands, and are glad to while away an afternoon in a friend's drawing-room. Such conduct cannot be anything but trying to the lady of the house, and it is to be hoped there are not many who indulge in it.

Some ladies have to perfection the art of paying a visit. They are bright and agreeable, and full of small talk, they come into a room like a sunbeam, and are sensibly missed when they leave it. They do not enter into a long monologue about their domestic affairs, but have a few words to say about all the current topics of the day. If the hostess is busy with the reception of other callers, their bright, pleasant talk will entertain the people who are sitting near them. Such people as these are delightful visitors, and a help instead of a hindrance to the lady whom they visit.

(To be continued in next number.)



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**OPPORTUNITY**

BY NITA WRIGHT CARROLL.

When I was a child I was frequently reminded that opportunity was a wily creature much resembling a great spider, only it had a long black tail, they said, and never was sighted but once in one's lifetime, at which time it whisked by with such marvelous, unbelievable rapidity that one had to scramble with all speed and inspiration to catch it by the tail as it flew aloft, for if it succeeded in escaping we were lost, as it never returned.

Have also heard expressions amounting to the same thing after having grown up. It is almost beyond belief that a person can be found who really believes in scarcity of opportunity.

From the first moment of conception which is the prophecy of our lives till the last hour which shall end its story, is it redolent of fortune's chances. Every sun rises with its effervescing beams. Every gray or rainy day with its corresponding clouds and changing moods—yes, every hour is rich with opportunity.

Only it remains with us whether or not we are quick to recognize and grasp its tail as it comes our way, although there is always a time in the life of each individual when he or she seems the especially chosen one. Already we can see Fortuna hurrying through the distance, robed in such transcendent brilliancy, it has fairly paralyzed our vision. She carries a wand whose magic touch bestows riches, power, fame and glory. We are sure she is floating straight toward us; that she has divined our dream's creation and is hastening to fulfill its destiny. And we await her arrival with such impatience and ecstatic frenzy as was never before experienced by mortal.

Such are the aspirations borne in the realms of youth and unexpanded ability.

But it often happens that many stop right there, instead of progressing, they have been so blinded by this illusory goddess they have allowed her to steal their common sense, or rather they have hypnotized themselves. Instead of taking advantage of humble conditions, no doubt they are still waiting for that wonderful wand with its magical causation.

After a while the drifting process sets in, slowly and imperceptibly drifting, until they have swelled the sea of human hearts that are wrecked on the shores of the yesterday. And it seems an impossibility to penetrate the wall which such people have built around themselves, in order to cast a few rays of hope and enlightenment. "Things never come right with me," they say. "Many of my friends have succeeded nobly who never had a quarter of the talent I had." They deplore their failures and losses as if the very elements had conspired to crush them.

The most sorrowful failures I have known are those whose lives have been marked by indecision, journeying about, first at one vocation, then another, and masters of nothing, the dying embers of scattered force.

Now, we are the products of our thoughts and deeds, and are surrounded by an atmosphere of our own making. And to denounce and censure fate is to place one's self beyond the silver summons of ambition and activity.

Every condition through which we pass is intended to teach us the lesson of independence; to make us strong, and when we have learned it we are ready for something better. All is for our good, even if it is hard to believe sometimes, but we are enabled to realize it afterwards, also to be grateful.

We are all enjoying a niche in the temple of fame and prosperity according to our worth; if it be a lofty one, it is because we have earned it; if it is ignoble and obscure, it is because we have failed to progress with the spirit of our time. And as we review our life's chapter, the passages that contain the richest coloring are those that have called forth the best that was in us, of courage, patience and strength.

It is the monotony, misdirected will and wasted energies that make us old long before the time which should be our brightest and most useful part of life. In fact, it is the ruts that kill.

An example of noble and illustrious career is that of the eminent statesman, Alexander Hamilton. Obscurity of birth and unhappy childhood, cast among strangers, yet at the age of fourteen he had entire charge of a large mercantile house. By power of concentration he made opportunities where apparently there were none. Nor was it many years after that he performed the deeds which shall glorify his name as long as Columbia exists. "Ah! but this little East Indian was a genius!" perhaps you may exclaim. Yes and we are all geniuses in our own peculiar way. Let us not despair. It is only a matter of developing the great possibilities that lie sleeping within. Those who would be great must be willing to work. And it is well to remember, above all, that the world cannot possibly esteem us more than the value which we place upon ourselves.

It may be true that times are not what they were, which we doubt, but the earth is as fair, the skies still reflect their mellow lights, and hearts are as true, perhaps truer, for although we are passing through an epoch of change, it is one of progression and of deeper conception of humanity with its frailties and lovable floodgates of impulse.

Hints for Young Ladies

It is very bad taste for a woman of whatever age, to assert that she cannot get on in ladies' society. Really nice women have the interests of their own sex thoroughly at heart, and find that many of their happiest moments proceed from the enjoyment of a true and lasting friendship with some one of her own sex. On the other hand, it is bad style to be rude and flippant with men, as some young ladies appear to consider to be correct. Very young men are often far from over-confident in society, and it is bad taste on a girl's part to make them feel awkward and ill at ease.

Young ladies should be careful not to accept gifts from gentlemen; gloves are allowable when they are the result of a bet, but otherwise it would be wrong to accept them. A young lady may always accept flowers or books—nearly all courtships begin with lending books—but she must not accept valuable jewels from any other than her fiancé.

Marriage being an engagement for life, a woman will do well to consider it very seriously before she

makes up her mind. It is a serious step for a man too; so it is very wrong for a girl deliberately to encourage a man whom she does not mean to accept. The creed of the coquette is that even if you intend to accept a man you should never give him his answer at once—always tell him that you want a day to think of it, by way of keeping him humble. This may be in a way a very excellent piece of advice, but we would not advise our readers to follow it. The woman who would deliberately plan to keep a man in suspense would not be so loveable a creature as the frank and gentle girl who says her "yes" or "no" without either guile or reservation.

Sometimes it will happen that a man will propose, in spite of having been given all possible discouragement. In this case, the lady must refuse with all possible courtesy and kindness, being careful, however, that this kindness does not lead him to entertain any false hopes. Perfect silence must be maintained afterward by the lady with regard to the occurrence; boasting of proposals is a savage custom, akin to wearing scalp.

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THE CASCADES.

The focal point of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is a composition made up of three big cascades, the largest in the world; the Colonnade of States, an ornamental screen of Ionic columns forming a background for fourteen statues each symbolical of one of the states or territories in the purchase; three highly ornate buildings, including Festival Hall in the center and two ornate restaurant pavilions at either end. Added to this and filling in the picture are lawns, gardens, flower beds, trees, vases, walks and approaches.

No decorative feature of the Exposition has attracted so much attention throughout the world as the Cascade Gardens, nor does any other portion of the Fair approach it in grandeur. The dome of the Festival Hall, in the center of the peristyle, is much larger than that of St. Peter's, in Rome. It was designed by Cass Gilbert, of New York. Restaurant pavilions, peristyle and cascades and the general scheme of the Grand Basin was done by Mr. E. L. Masqueray, chief of design of the Exposition.

The statues which will ornament the approaches to the cascades will represent famous characters in American history. Marquette, Joliet, Lewis and Clarke, De Soto and Laclède will appear in the approach to the eastern cascade. Keokuk, Robert Livingston, James Monroe, Franklin, Hamilton, Narvaez Boone and Sitting Bull appear in the approach to the western cascade. These side cascades symbolize the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

On the center fountain at the head of the main cascade, in front of Festival Hall, will appear a gigantic statue of Liberty raising the veil of Ignorance and protecting Truth and Justice. The entire stretch of the gardens will be 1,900 feet wide by 1,100 feet in depth as they recede from the edge of the Grand Basin. The main or center cascade is 290 feet long and the two side cascades each 300 feet long. The approaches to each cascade will be each 390 feet long. The paths beside the Grand Basin will be 50 feet wide.

Sculpture for the main cascade will be designed by H. H. McNeil, and that for the side cascades by Isadore Konti. The open space between the cascades will be parked in lawn with borders of flowers, which will change with the seasons during the Exposition period. Jets of water along the sides of the cascades will be thrown 100 feet. Under the main cascade where the water takes its deepest plunge will be a subterranean grotto, beautifully lighted, supplying a view of the tumbling waters of the cascade through three big arched openings. Here refreshments will be served amid the coolness induced by the curtain or veil of water which forms one side of the grotto.

Festival Hall at the head of the center cascade will be the largest auditorium on the Exposition grounds. It will seat 3,500 persons and contain the largest organ on earth.

MACHINERY BUILDING.

The Machinery Building will cost about \$500,000. The building's main dimensions are 525 feet by 1,000 feet. It is served by a gigantic traveling crane, and by two tracks of railway running through the buildings from east to west.

The ground allotted for the building is of peculiar shape, viz., a large parallelogram with a huge cornerpiece cut out of the southeast angle. Widmann, Walsh & Boisselier, of St.

Louis, the architects, have furnished the following statement in regard to the structure:

"In a building of this immense magnitude it behooves the designer to apply symmetrical treatment whenever feasible, and we have, therefore, designed the four facades subservient to this principle. In the south front towards the hill, the main entrance shows a triple arcade with flanking pavilions in the center. The north front of 1,000 feet has an arcade of seven arches as a center feature. The two axes of these central features are 160 feet apart, and in our grand plan we have formed on each of these axes a cross-aisle and nave of eighty feet in width. These two aisles are connected by a lower room, with lantern light above.

"The east facade shows a comparatively low building centered by two gables and smaller entrance feature. The re-entering angle on the south-west corner is very interesting in its development. The other corner features are each made with a triumphal arch entrance taken from the principal motif, with two of the principal pavilions in the line of the facades. As a land mark we have used two large towers, raised in the center of



MACHINERY BUILDING.

the immense main aisle of the structure, and immediately back of the large arcade feature of the north facade. The towers are safely built upon massive piers, and form a magnificent corner turning feature in the general complex of Exposition buildings, the Machinery Building being the end one of the main group.

"The plan has been arranged with special reference to the admission of daylight, which enters, through clerestory windows, all the principal aisles. These windows afford ample ventilation, and are intended to be readily accessible for opening.

"The axial measurement of unit in the building is 20 feet, and the width of the various aisles are multiples of this unit, being 40, 60 and 80 feet wide respectively. The main aisles are 65 feet in height, and the secondary aisles 30 feet, affording an abundance of clerestory light. The construction of the building is of the simplest and least expensive kind, and is to be covered on the outer side with staff, with enriched spandrels and other ornamental features, and surmounted by occasional sculpture groups where desired."

This building houses the Exposition power plant, the largest power plant ever shown as an exhibit, and just

west of it is the boiler house. The structure was erected by the Smith & Eastman Co.

The Machinery Building will contain exhibits collected by the Department of Machinery, of which Mr. Thomas Moore is the chief.

U. S. GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

The United States Government Building, designed by James Knox Taylor, Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department, will be situated on the high ground to the southeast of the Mines and Metallurgy Building, and at the head of the Grand Avenue between that building and the Liberal Arts Building. The approaches will be of a monumental character, in keeping with the building itself. Access to the central pavilion will be by a great flight of steps 100 feet wide adorned with statues. A platform 45 feet by 125 feet, with an exedra at either end, will be situated in the center of the flight. Two smaller flights 50 feet wide, also adorned with statues, will give access to the end pavilion. Ramps 30 feet wide of a gentle incline will lead from the lower level of the Exposition grounds to the level of the Government Building.



MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

ing to the central pavilion will consist of free standing Ionic columns, while those of the end pavilions will be 'in Antis.' The center of the building will be surmounted by a dome 100 feet in diameter, similar in general character to the dome of the Pantheon at Rome. The top of the quadriga which surmounts it will be 175 feet above the ground. Ample opportunities will be offered by the designer for sculptural adornment. The sculpture will be symbolical of the Republic and the Arts of Peace. In general character the sculpture will be more restrained than has been the custom with exposition work, violent action not being considered appropriate for plastic representation.

"The material used will be staff. The building in general will be white, with strong color treatment on the interior walls of the pavilions and colonnades. In plan the building will be rectangular with the projecting pavilions, already described, at either end. The interior floor area will be 175 feet by 724 feet entirely free of columns, the roof being carried with steel trusses 175 feet in span, 70 feet high and 35 feet apart. There will be no skylights, as the building will be lighted entirely by clear stories. The end facades will contain one central portico and will be 250 feet long.

"On the longitudinal axis of the Government Building to the southwest will be situated the building for the United States Fish Commission. It will be square in plan 135 feet by 135 feet and in general character will harmonize with its large neighbors."

MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

The Manufactures Building, designed by Carrere & Hastings, of New York, is one of the leading structures in the big Exposition picture. It is located symmetrically with the Varied Industries Building, and both are in the first view of the picture of lagoons, cascades and hanging gardens which the visitor gets as he enters the grounds by the main entrance. Isaac S. Taylor, Chairman of the Commission of Architects for the St. Louis World's Fair, writes as follows about the Manufactures Building:

"It is a noble composition developed in the Corinthian order of architecture. It lies in the main picture, being one of the buildings on the entrance to the main boulevard or central spacing. The structure has a northern frontage of 1,200 feet, with a depth of 525 feet on the main boulevard. The architects have designed noble and imposing entrances at the centers of the main facades. A triumphal arch motive is designed at the entrance at the center angle of the north front.

"The architects have arranged corner entrances into this building. Entrances at the corners of buildings are difficult to so design as to be in perfect harmony with the architecture of the building in general. Without skillful treatment such entrances would not be acceptable from an artistic standpoint, but such entrances as Carrere & Hastings supply will please both the layman and the expert. Graceful groups of sculpture will ornament and accentuate the four main entrances on the sides.

"The architects have developed a most skillful arrangement of the roof lines. They give light and ventilation, and at the same time avoid the extensive and troublesome skylights frequently used on structures of this kind. The design of the facades of

(Continued on Page 38.)



U. S. GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



ART BUILDING.



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THE GRUMBLER

BY JULIA CALDWELL HALE.

Some specimens of the masculine portion of humanity evidently seem to consider it the proper thing to grumble and sneer at the feminine element. Why they thus deem it their duty is beyond any woman's comprehension. They often indulge their grumbling propensities by sneering at the style of dress worn by the other sex. They are not in the habit of paying so much attention to their own mode of dressing. No, indeed; but because Miss Shoddy's walking dress is rather short, as perhaps the fashion demands, these intelligent male specimens immediately conclude that it is for the purpose of displaying their pretty feet. If Mrs. Grundy chooses to indulge in a train, they wonder why on earth that woman is so fond of acting as street sweeper. And so it goes; no fashion was ever known to suit the fastidious taste of the chronic grumbler. I suppose he thinks it his sole privilege to grumble. He very often anxiously inquires of his lady friends why it is that his countrywomen are so willing to compete with the feminine almond-eyed celestials from the "Glowery Kingdom" in deforming their feet by the silly process of wearing tight shoes; he doesn't think it necessary to inform anyone that he, himself, habitually wears boots that are a size smaller than nature intended him to wear.

As for the minor matters of lacing, powdering, painting, and wearing false hair, he is shocked at the mere mention of such foolishness; and devotedly thanks heaven that his sister or wife never was guilty of such folly; all of which shows that he is extremely ignorant of the hidden mysteries of the female toilet. He discourses eloquently of the danger incurred by the practice of wearing hair that originally grew upon the head of somebody

else; speaks of the complexions ruined by powdering and painting; whereas if fashion imperatively demanded that men should go and do likewise, he would be the first to obey her dictates. He laughs at Sarah when she stops to put on her hat before the mirror, and waxes wrath and indignation because it takes Mary so long to get ready for church, and audibly inquires of the air (for he never seems to require a human auditor on such occasions) why it is that women are always so slow, when it is well known that he commenced his preparations an hour before Mary, who had some work to perform previously.

Then the grumbler is never satisfied with the domestic concerns of his home. He grumbles and growls at Mrs. Spilkins because the coffee is not exactly to his taste or says that the steak is not fit for a cannibal to eat; and ends by boxing Johnny's ears because that young hopeful is in rather too merry a mood to suit the august head of the house. Of course Mrs. Spilkins is greatly edified by these proceedings, and when the liege lord and master finally departs with a vigorous slam of the door to indicate his frame of mind, she is in a very fit state to perform the duties of the day. You would never guess, however, from Mr. Spilkin's benign countenance, if a friend happen to greet him five minutes later, that he had left a wretched household behind him.

Heaven pity the many poor Mrs. Spilkins in this world, for their lot is indeed miserable. And as for the grumbler, Mr. Spilkins, it would be a blessing in disguise for them if they were all compelled to live in some desert quite away from their suffering families, until they could learn to appreciate the comforts and blessings of their homes.

Louisiana Purchase Exposition

(Continued From Page 37.)

the building employs the open colonnade treatment, which is very acceptable in a climate like that of St. Louis. This affords both a passageway for visitors and offers the shadow relief that will enhance the beauty of the design.

"The interior of the building has been laid out with courts of simple and pleasing proportions, with sufficient decoration to break the monotony of the walls. Opportunity for mural decoration is given on the outside walls back of the column treatment."

The cost of the building is \$850,000. Its builder is Jno. J. Dunnivant & Co., which firm also built the Education Building.

The building will house exhibits of manufactures and manufacturing processes. Milan H. Hulbert, Chief of the Department of Manufactures, is in charge of the exhibits to go inside of this structure.

THE ART PALACE.

The Art Palace, now well on the way toward completion, differs in one important essential from the art buildings at Chicago and those at Paris. All the exhibits will be installed upon one floor—there will be no unstar galleries, no long staircases to ascend and descend. The authorities of the department demanded the observation of four conditions in the planning of the Art Palace: First, that the galleries should be adequately lighted; second, that they should be well ventilated; third, that the buildings should be so arranged as to afford the free circulation of large numbers, and, fourth, that the

hens of visitors without danger of structures should be fireproof. It is sincerely hoped that the architects to whom the task of designing the buildings was entrusted, will accomplish these desired results.

The Art Palace is located upon a hill south of the main group of exhibit buildings, and is entirely isolated from other exhibition structures. It consists of four pavilions, the aggregate length of the front of which is 830 feet, and the depth 450 feet. The central structure is of brick and stone, and is permanent. The two side pavilions, which are temporary structures, are of brick with decorative details in staff. In the rear of the Art Palace, provision is made for an elaborate system of decorative gardens, with fountains, flowers and ornamental shrubbery. A special pavilion is provided for sculpture. Certain pieces of statuary appropriate to the position will be installed outdoors. In the immediate neighborhood of the Art Palace many large forest trees have been left standing, which will add much to the beauty of the general effect. The Art Palace contains one hundred and thirty-four sky-lighted galleries, a large court for the exhibition of sculpture, and a number of side-lighted galleries especially well adapted for the exhibition of works belonging to certain groups of the classification. For sculptural decoration as applied to architecture, there are special galleries opening into the sculpture court of the central pavilion, so that these exhibits, closely related both to sculpture and architecture, may be installed, practically, with both.

Our Expected Royal Guest

(Continued from page 4.)

most remarkable and interesting sovereign of his time and no one denies. He is a modern man and a product of an educational system that which there could not, for him, have been created a better, for he had four years of hard school life and strict discipline, elbow to elbow with the average German school boy. His training has made it easy for him to grasp the problems that come up each day for solution. He is the most brilliant young soldier in Germany and passionately devoted to the traditions of his house and nation. Among the 48,000,000 of restless Teutons over whom he rules he is admired, loved and trusted. His accurate knowledge of American affairs and the history of our country, as well as his sympathy with the animus of the United States is without precedent in a foreign monarch. He has a most restless activity but his moving prin-

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Haunted House of the Latin Quarter

BY J. M. SCANLAND.

On the corner of Kearny and Broadway streets stands a two-story frame rookery, dilapidated, weather-beaten, and untenanted. It is perhaps one of the oldest buildings in San Francisco, and for many years has had no tenant. It has the bad reputation of being haunted, and for that reason the boys of the Latin quarter feel called upon to shy rocks at it as they pass on the opposite side. All the window panes are broken, and the shutters swing upon their hinges, giving a creaking sound on windy nights. Its ghostly reputation is founded upon a double murder and suicide committed there about a quarter of a century ago. An Italian suspected his wife, and pretending to leave the house, stealthily came up stairs as soon as the suspected "friend of the family" appeared. He listened at the door a moment, and then forced an entrance through a window. With his stiletto he stabbed to death his false friend; killed his wife as she implored mercy upon her knees, and then turned the same bloody weapon upon his own breast.

I do not believe in the appearance of supernatural objects, or ghosts. And while I firmly believe that everything that seems to be supernatural can be clearly explained, I have sometimes felt "shaky" at some of the objects I have seen. An acquaintance who had seen a woman in white standing at a window in this rookery, proposed that we should investigate the matter. He had not only seen the woman, but also her husband with his bloody dagger standing behind her as if in the act of striking. I reasoned that one could easily imagine this after hearing the story of the crime. Superstitious Mexicans and Italians of Telegraph Hill saw one or the other, and sometimes both, every night they passed, and in the day they always crossed themselves. I stood upon the opposite side on dark nights, and on moonlight nights, but the ghosts failed to walk for me. However, I heard noises, which may have been the creaking of the window shutters, and there were groans, which I could not account for, as the house was untenanted.

I consented to make the investigation with my friend, and one dark night about midnight, the most suitable hour for ghosts, it is believed, we entered the rookery. Each had a revolver and a dagger, and though I had no faith in the effects of bullets and stabs upon an unearthly object, yet, I felt a little safer at being armed. We stood opposite; the ghost was not in the accustomed place, but we heard what we thought were groans. This was encouraging. As the clock on the church next door struck midnight, we looked at each other, nodded, and walked across the deserted street. We slowly climbed the creaking stairway, walked around on the balcony, and looked into the rooms, but there was not the sign of a ghost. We now felt more emboldened, and, acting upon a jest that we had treed the ghosts, we ascended to the roof. But, neither the woman in white, her lover, nor her husband with the bloody stiletto were in sight. We descended to the first floor, and, in going through a hallway our lantern accidentally struck

against a post, and a gust of wind put out the light. We stopped, not knowing which way to turn. Neither spoke for a moment—both were thinking of the same thing, how to get out. The passage was narrow, damp and foul, and the hollow sound of the flooring indicated that a cellar was underneath, or that the foundations had been washed away. To proceed was dangerous, and the circuitous way back was difficult to find. "Let us go back!" whispered my friend, which suggestion I was on the point of making to him.

"See that light?" whispered my friend, seizing my arm and trembling.

"Y-e-s!" I whispered. "Let us both fire at once!" I suggested, hoping that perhaps a double shot would be effective. We stood still, looking at the light, each with a forefinger upon the trigger of his revolver, but hesitating to fire. "What is the use?" I thought to myself. "If it be a supernatural object, a bullet will not kill it! But, there are no spirits. It cannot be a burglar, for there is nothing here to steal." And, then, the idea that the rookery may be a counterfeiters' den occurred to me. Perhaps my friend was thinking the same, for we still hesitated to act, but were mystified, nevertheless. The light moved and then another appeared, as if coming from the ground. Simultaneously our right hands were raised and our revolvers were pointed at the lights. "I'll try the one to the right!" I whispered. Both lights advanced a few steps and stopped, the distance being about twenty feet. One of the supposed apparitions was white, the dress of the other figure could not be discerned. As I was about to say "fire!" we heard a voice. It sounded as if human, and I whispered to my friend, "Let's hail them!"

He assented, but both stood ready with weapons still pointed at the lights.

"Halt! Who are you?" I exclaimed, in a voice loud enough to scare any ghost out of his wits.

"John — and Charles —, and we are looking for that ghost! Who in the devil are you?" was the answer.

"We are on the same mission!" I replied. "And both of you narrowly escaped becoming spirits!"

The lights advanced, and what was supposed to be the ghost in white, was an acquaintance wearing a light overcoat. His friend, wore one of dark color. All joined in a general laugh at the night's adventure, but when we explained that we were at the point of firing upon them, they looked serious.

"Did you come here to frighten any one?" I asked.

"No," replied John. "We had heard of this haunted house, and we decided to investigate the mystery; just as you have done."

A laugh followed as all shook hands and started out of the "haunted house." As we neared the street, I opened the door of a small room, and was greeted by scores of rats.

"Those were the noises of the ghost, these superstitious people hear!" I remarked, as we walked out into the street.

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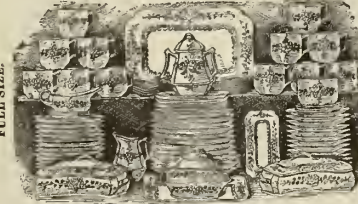
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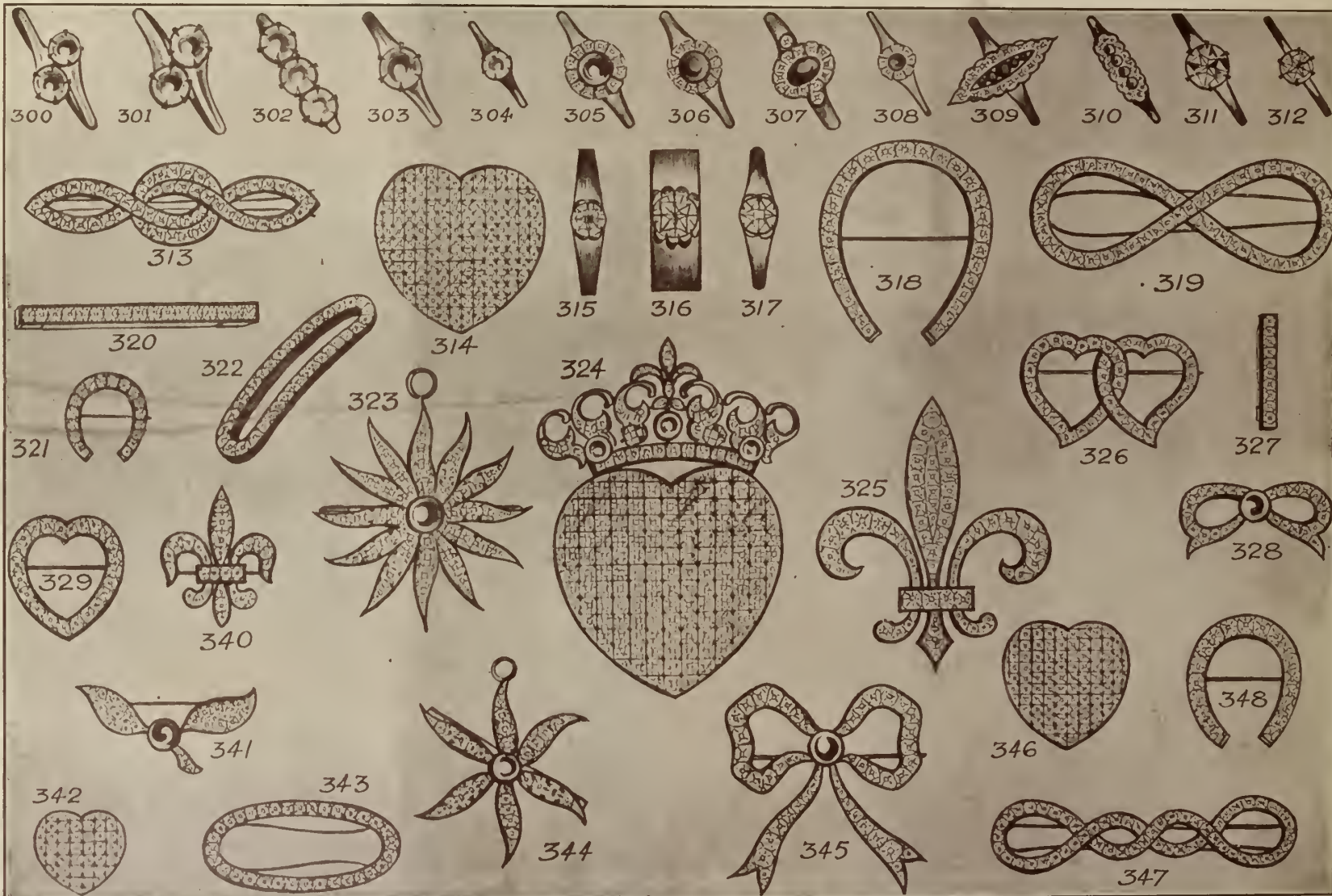
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California Ladies' Magazine



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DECEMBER, 1903

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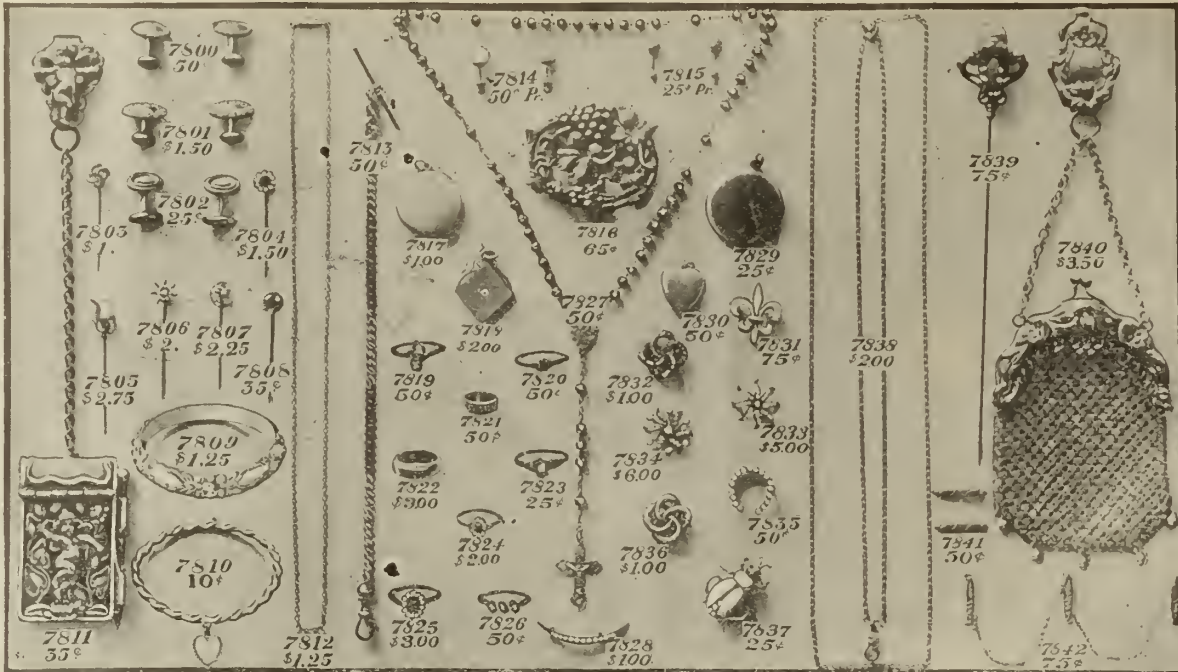
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Literary Announcement for the Year 1904

The California Ladies' Magazine for 1904 will be a great improvement over that of the preceding year. Many new features will be introduced, including an Editorial page of current comment, a Literary Review, Storyette Department, etc.

Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, one of the most noted writers of the day, will begin in the January number a romance entitled "Bread and Hyacinths," which will be published in serial form. Mrs. Eyster combines a rare and beautiful personality with vigorous intellect and world-wide experience. She is peculiarly fitted to both charm and interest the thousands of readers of this magazine, who are in the least familiar with the literary world. Anything from her pen will be read with great interest.

With the January number Mrs. Sophie E. Gardiner will commence an interesting series on the subject of "What Men and Women Should Know Before They Enter the Matrimonial Life." This will run for twelve months. The same well-known writer will also contribute one page each month under the title of "Noted Women of the Day."

The first of a series of articles entitled "Peculiar Customs of Various Peoples," by J. M. Scinlon, will also appear in the January number, and be continued in February, March and April.

The California Ladies' Magazine will contain, during the year, over one hundred short stories by some of the best and most pleasing writers.

The Department of Cooking will occupy the usual space, as in 1903, and will be interesting to every housewife. Our Beauty Doctor will answer in each number all questions relating to that Department, which will be welcomed by the ladies.

The Children's Page will be very interesting.

We shall continue to publish contributions from talented juvenile writers. Prizes of \$5 each will be awarded for the best short story, which should not contain more than four hundred words.



KIMBALL PIANO NUMBER 18.

Which will be given to the party who sends us the most subscribers in 1904.

The Household Department will prove entertaining to every lady in the land.

Our Fancy Work pages in 1903 were so attractive that they received many encomiums of praise, classing them as the best in any woman's publication in the United States. This Department will be more interesting in 1904.

There will be five pages of Fashions each month—one for girls and young ladies, one for boys and young men, and three pages of general interest to women. The illustrations will be from the brush of the best artists, and the fashions from Paris, London and Berlin, the leading centers of the world. These will be received three months in advance.

The California Ladies' Magazine in 1903 received favorable comments from many of the leading journals of the country, classing it as one of the best publications of the kind in the United States. We quote the following extracts:

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"A sharp competitor to the Ladies' Home Journal."
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"Leading light in literature world."

We shall not only keep the magazine up to the same standard of excellence, but improve all departments in 1904. The subscription price will remain the same—one dollar a year.

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Vol. IV

DECEMBER, 1903

No. 12

ON THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM — By Aloysius Paskulich

One evening, in the year 746 of Rome, on the 7th day before the kalends of January, which corresponded to our 25th of December, two Roman officers left Jerusalem, on horseback, by the Gate of Damascus, followed by an escort of soldiers and slaves.

One of them, advanced in years and free of speech, recalled, by the coarse vulgarity of his features, the type of Vitellius. An epicurean in doctrine and habit, he quoted his favorite poet, Horace, in season and out of season; his name was Mansius Quadratus. The other was barely 30 years of age; he responded only by monosyllables to the inexhaustible loquacity of his companion; his countenance was austere, his hair closely cut, of the Roman fashion, and his marked features were clearly defined against the pure sky of a beautiful Palestine evening. Taking no heed of the frivolous babble of Quadratus, he gazed pensively on the white solitudes which surrounded Jerusalem, like one following but in his mind the solution of some problem.

"Sooner or later, my fine Octavius," said the epicurean, "you will come to see that wisdom does not consist of dreaming of the future, but in enjoying the present; you cannot change the world; the world, my young friend, is older than you. I grieve to see you giving up your noble mind to vague dreams of a future, which disenchant you with the joys of the present, condemning your youth to the vain hopes of some intangible good. Alas! my Octavius, the world is going from bad to worse, believe me. One must accept it as it is, take one's share of pleasure as a wise guest, and not weary one's heart by expecting the return of the golden age."

A momentary silence followed this exhortation; nothing was heard save the regular tread of the two horses, the noise of the heavy swords as they struck against the saddles, and the hurrying steps of the escort.

"But," resumed the irresponsible Quadratus, "may one at least know where you get hold of these ideas concerning the future of the world? Only answer me, Octavius, in case my question be not indiscreet. I respect the opinions of others, provided I be let alone in my own. To be frank with you, it is said that since your sojourn in Jerusalem, your mind has become infected, and that you have not proved quite proof against the superstitions of the people of Judea."

Before Octavius could answer, a slave broke away from the escort, and ran forward to the riders. Both of them, absorbed—one in his thoughts, the prattle—had swerved from the high road which led direct to Bethlehem. Warned of their mistake, they retraced their steps, and entered the ravines which descend to the foot of Mount Zion.

"Octavius," resumed the elder man, "let me entreat you to cast off this melancholy for which you have no excuse, neither in your circumstances, nor in the general state of the world under the divine and glorious Augustus. Look at the empire—look at the whole universe—happy at the feet of Caesar! Do not shut yourself out of the general joy, to brood over vain theories of which even yourself—"

"Quadratus," interrupted Octavius, "we begin to

feel the evening freshness. Do you think we are still far from Bethlehem?"

"We are hardly half way," said Quadratus; "when we have passed the top of yonder hill, we shall see the light of the village. We shall arrive barely in time to take possession of our night quarters. There is but one inn at Bethlehem that I have heard of, and I know not how all our Jews are to find room there; for myself I cannot bear the shadow of one of the race within fifty feet of my room; I am not like a certain officer of my acquaintance, for whom the charms of Judaism—"

"Quadratus," said Octavius gravely, "as you persist in recurring to that subject, I had better put a stop to the joke."

"Now he is offended! No one can have a joke, even with the young people. Verily I believe that soon the world will not know how to laugh."

"What will you have Quadratus? There are unreasonable souls, who console themselves for everything with Falernian wine. I am not a Jew, as you intimate, nor am I tempted to become one. I am a Roman, like yourself, free from superstition, and not overtroubled, it seems to me, with scruples. I have, on the contrary, tasted of everything, and found



"Yes, my lord," answered the slave, looking at the officer with a stupid laugh.

"And what may this new-fangled fantasy be, which you call the infinite. It has not even a name in our Roman tongue," resumed Quadratus. "What proves to you that man needs any better world than this?"

"You are really satisfied, then, with the good things which you can find in this world? Can you seriously mean that? Just think, old age will soon be here; infirmities and the evening of life are coming on, and then what pleasures remain to you? The remembrance of a few joys bought most—at the price of the sufferings of others; the feeling of an immense void in life; then death, and after that, nothing! Is this really to be the end of all things, that bright intellect, that loving heart whose goodness I have so often proved? I cannot believe it, Quadratus, I cannot believe that this wretched dream of a day holds the secret of man's destiny. I believe in a better solution of the problem; I believe that the human race will not continue forever in this darkness, should it be even needful for a God Himself to come to earth, and bring us the treasure of truth."

Quadratus burst into a loud laugh.

"Come, that is something like a solution! and the only thing that remains to be done is to break the bond of Prometheus, and to let him bring back the sacred fire among us!"

"Do not be so ready to laugh at the old fables of the philosophers," replied Octavius; "that one of the Prometheuses always touched me."

"How green he is!" cried the epicurean; "all the same, it's a fine thing to be so young when all the world is so old!"

"You think the world so old, do you? I think it is very young; in fact, I believe it is only emerging from its infancy. I think it is on the eve of a moral awakening of both conscience and heart, when it will arise and go forth to its august destiny, guided by a Savior whose power shall be—like His love—infinite."

"And you believe in that savior?"

"I believe in Him."

"And you await His coming?"

"I await it."

"You are more seriously ill than I thought, Octavius," said Quadratus, gravely.

At this moment, the little caravan left the narrow pass which runs at the foot of Mt. Zion, and, leaving the valley of Cedron, crossed the broad hilltops, from the heights of which the eye embraced a majestic view. To the north lay Jerusalem, reddening in the last rays of the sun; to the west rose the mountains of Judea; to the east, beyond the Dead Sea, the mountains of Arabia.

Quadratus turned to the escort, and ordered them to hurry on to Bethlehem, and see that fitting preparations were made for the arrival of himself and his companion.

The leader has no doubt guessed the mission on which they are bound. Augustus had issued orders for a general census of the empire, and the inhabitants of Palestine had been convoked for the census, to the principal cities our two officers had been sent from Jerusalem, to see that the commands of Caesar were duly carried out. They were to arrive in Beth-



all things vain; I am dying of weariness, in the midst of pleasures; I envy you your light-hearted happiness, and wish I had the secret of it. The pleasures of this world only wake in my heart a hunger and thirst which they are powerless to assuage. I would fain go to sleep like you, in the enjoyment of them, and forget the world and myself; but some vague, infinite longing comes to trouble my slumber and plunge me into endless dreams and desires. And so I wait, for whom, for what, I know not; I invoke Him who is to come and give the answer to this prophetic longing of my soul. Without this hope, I would not remain a day longer in this world."

"You are ill, my friend," answered Quadratus, kindly; "you have caught the malady of the age. By Hercules! I owe a grudge to the dreamers who have spoiled so many of my best companions. If I could get hold of your Plato, I would have him thrashed by Murena here. Would I not, Murena?"



APPARITION TO THE SHEPHERDS.

lehem that same evening, and commence their work on the following morning.

They had been riding on in silence for some time, when Quadratus said, "Octavius, I am thinking of our ill-luck in being exiled from Rome amongst these barbarians, whilst Augustus is closing the doors of the temple of Janus, and proclaiming in pomp the majesty of the Roman peace. The eyes of the whole universe are fixed on Rome, and here are we, sent to count up the population of these contemptible people of Bethlehem! By Hercules! it is too bad, and I swear that this shall be my last year of service in the East."

"The East!" echoed Octavius, mentally following the train of thought that name awoke and hardly hearing his friend's lamentation; "the East! If mysterious traditions are to be believed, the time has come when this old land of the rising sun is about to be endowed with a new and mysterious life. Mystic land, I love your palm trees, your austere solitude, better than the tumultuous glory of the Capital!"

"You do not answer me," observed Quadratus.

"What did you say?" said Octavius, absently.

"I said that we were entering the field of Rama," replied Quadratus, visibly piqued.

The caravan had indeed just arrived at the memorable field, where Rachel had wept for her children, refusing to be comforted because they were not. Night had spread her veil over the solitude of Rama, and the desolate plain looked more solemn than usual, as the Romans rode past the tomb of Rachel. The Jews of their escort were hurrying toward it, in order to press their lips to the sacred monument, when Quadratus called them back in a loud stern voice.

"Let no one leave the ranks!" he cried, imperiously; the first who does so, shall be put in irons for the night."

An old Jew muttered beneath his teeth some inarticulate words that might have been a curse.

"These Jews are a race of superstitious fools," said Quadratus. "Last week only I was obliged to establish order amongst them in the Temple, where they were kicking and struggling with their sheep and their oxen; can anyone conceive anything more absurd than the idea that one pleases the gods by slaughtering and burning animals on their altars?"

"I do not not agree with you," replied Octavius, coldly.

"Ah! then I give it up," said Quadratus. Presently, as if anxious to atone for the impatient exclamation, he said, good-humoredly: "How are we to set about our business in Bethlehem to-morrow? Apropos, what does Bethlehem mean? With the Jews, every name has a legend, and it amuses me sometimes to get them explained to me." Turning toward the escort, "Aram! come here; follow me," he cried; "tell us what the name of Bethlehem means. Prepare for some outrageous story," he whispered to Octavius.

The Jew left the ranks, and with bent form advanced to the side of Quadratus' horse, whose bridle he seized, not so much to lead the animal as to steady his tottering steps.

"Bethlehem means house of bread, my lord," he said; "the name is symbolical; our rabbis tell us that it signifies that one day Bethlehem will feed all the nations of the earth."

"Excellent! these beggars are astonishing with their pretensions of saving the world. Go on, old fellow."

"Bethlehem is also called Ephrata, which means the fruitful."

"I will wager," said Quadratus, "that she is called Ephrata, because she is to be the richest and most beneficent city in the universe, and is to pour forth her treasures to the very ends of the world?"

"It is even so, my lord," answered the Jew, gravely.

"By Hercules, behold me a rabbi!"

"Bethlehem," resumed the old Jew, "belongs to the tribe of Juda, and the ancients of the people call it the city of David."

"David, David," said Quadratus; "he was one of your kings, was he not?"

"He was, my lord."

"And this King David was born in Bethlehem?"

"Yes, my lord. Our rabbis see in the fact a sign that the true David will be born in Bethlehem, that is to say the King of the world, to whom all nations have been promised as an inheritance."

"Do you hear this, Octavius? They are amazing, these beggars. Speak low, old man! If Caesar were to hear you, he might be jealous of this King of



ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS—By W. A. Bouguereau.

Bethlehem. Go on," said Quadratus, laughing heartily; "and David, what was he doing in Bethlehem?"

"Before becoming the anointed of the Lord he kept flocks," replied the Jew; "this is typical, our rabbis say, of the great Shepherd who will unite men in one fold, and lead them from the desert of this world to the everlasting pastures."

"Better and better!" cried Quadratus. "The King of Bethlehem is also to be King of Olympus! A little while ago he was dethroning Caesar; now let Jupiter look to his thunder!"

"Amen, it is so," continued Aram. "Other great men were born in this village: Abithan, Obed, Jesse, Booz. It was in these fields through which you have now passed, my lord, that Ruth gleaned the wheat left by the reapers. Our rabbis say that the harvest was the symbol of the life to come, in which all souls, to the very last, will be gathered together and appear before the face of Jehovah."

"Shall I be there with the rest?" asked Quadratus.

"Yes, my lord," answered Aram, solemnly.

Quadratus was highly diverted.

"And when is He to make His appearance, this David, this universal King, this Savior of the world? When will He be born in His palace of Bethlehem?"

"According to the calculation of the weeks of Daniel, His coming is near at hand."

"Near at hand! So much the better. I should be very glad to—Octavius, what is that moving in front of us, a little way ahead?"

"I see a man and a woman walking slowly; we will soon be up with them."

"How say you, Aram?" said Quadratus, in the same mocking tone; "suppose it were thy Messiah coming to take possession of His throne at Bethlehem?"

Old Aram started, stopped short and flashing at the Roman officer a look in which the ardor of the believer was mingled with the passion of the patriot. "Perhaps?" he murmured, and fled.

"You shall be crucified when we catch you!" shrieked the officer, but when the soldiers were about to pursue the runaway, he bade them be still, adding, contemptuously, that the old slave was an idiot, not worth his salt.

"Perhaps?" repeated Octavius, echoing the mysterious word of the Jew, and a strange trouble set the heart of the young man beating, and made his pulses throb. "Perhaps?"

The road was steep and narrow, and a few more steps brought the horses up with the wayfarers whom they had noticed a moment before.

"Old man," cried Quadratus, "who are you, and whither are you bound?"

The old man turned towards him, showing a countenance full of majestic sweetness; he bowed with



JESUS IN THE TEMPLE DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS—Painted by H. Hofman.

And it came to pass that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.—Luke ii. 46, 47.

dignity, and answered in Hebrew. Quadratus did not understand.

"He tells me that his name is Joseph," said his companion, "and that he is going to obey the orders of Caesar."

"And your—what is her name?" continued Quadratus.

"My friend," said Octavius to Joseph, "what may be the name of her whom we take to be your daughter?"

The stranger again answered in Hebrew.

"She is his spouse, her name is Mary," said Octavius to Quadratus, "and she is in pain."

"Silence!" said Octavius, flashing an indignant glance at him.

The young man felt his heart strangely stirred within him; an emotion which he could not explain thrilled his soul and words rose to his lips, which some mysterious force compelled him to utter. He bent from his saddle toward the woman, who tolled on wearily, and speaking in low, reverent tone. "O thou who are called Mary; whomsoever thou art I know not; but an imperious instinct compels me to ask thee the secret of thy destiny! Daughter of the Jews, I have read the writings of thy prophets; they have troubled my spirit without satisfying it. If thou hast the secret of life which can put my soul at rest, in the name of Jehovah, speak!"

The maiden turned toward him, and lifted her veil; at the same moment a cloud parted, and the evening star threw its radiance upon her face. Who shall tell of the beauty of that vision? The virgin's brow was pale and illuminated by a seraphic light; she did not raise her eyes, but in a voice low, clear and sweet with divinest music, she answered:

"Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God."

The veil dropped, and the vision was gone, and from the beautiful hills which surrounded Bethlehem was heard an angelic voice: "My soul doth magnify the Lord. For He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden; for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call Me blessed."

When Octavius awoke from the dream into which the voice and the words had thrown him, he was in a room at the inn, his arms lay on the ground beside him, guarded by a sleeping slave. A lamp, suspended from the ceiling by a long chain, cast a weird and flickering light around. He sat down before a scroll of Virgil, the poet who so mysteriously foreshadows the birth of the Messiah and has furnished endless controversy to the schools. Octavius read, with swimming eyes, the poem which, to his troubled heart, now sounded like the inspired utterances of a Sybil.

A solemn stillness marked the midnight hour;
And strangers old in years, true shepherds still—
Watched o'er their countless flocks afar; whose dower
A range embracing every vale and hill.

Each increase to their flock they note with care;
And none succumb unknown to Time's rude hand;
Nor wayward Arab from its fold can 'ere
The watchful eyes escape that small band.

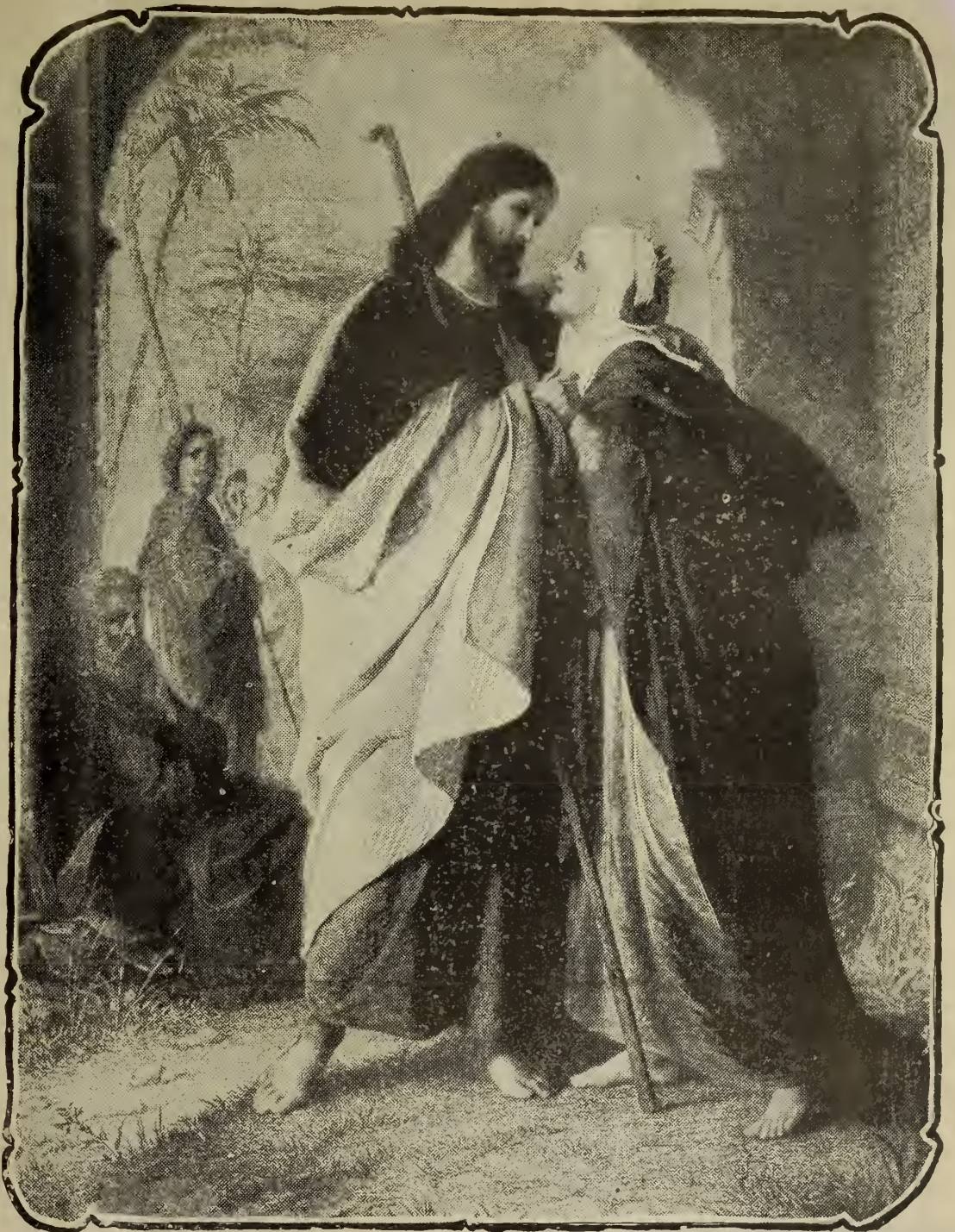
Yet still! amidst their flock there did appear,
A scintillating stranger, from whose rays
Come forth a heavenly voice whose words of cheer,
Did soothe the Magi in their deep amaze.

Glad tidings of great joy to you I bring;
Was carolled forth by heavenly hosts unseen;
For unto you is born this day a king!
Born to the world of pure but lowly Queen:

A King, uncrowned by earthly diadem;
A King encrowned by heaven's bright hallowed rays;
A King without a throne at Bethlehem;
A King unknown! He in a manger lays.

So onward come! He is the kingly light;
That unto grief a lasting peace will bring;
Though narrow be the road; the way is bright;
Aye! bright the road; it leadeth to the King.

This departure from Jerusalem, the bantering taunts of Quadratus, his own mysterious doubts and yearnings, the voices that called to him from the solitude of Palestine, his dreams, his hopes, seemed so



JESUS TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER.

When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son!—John xix. 26

strangely quickened by the interpretations of the old Jew—by that "perhaps," spoken in such a mingled tone of irony and exaltation—then the meeting with those two solitary wayfarers, the woman statelier than a goddess, despite her lowly garb, and radiant with unearthly purity—the name of Mary, which sounded

so mysteriously sweet—the supernatural light on her angelic countenance, the tones of her voice, so child-like and so strong, and solemn as an echo of eternity; the rapturous joy, to which they stirred his soul after years of skepticism and unrest; the vague sense of destiny fulfilled, and a sudden passionate desire for death; all these influences rushed with overmastering power on the young Roman, and, leaning on the table, he dropped his head into his hands, and remained lost in thought. Suddenly he started up, and stood listening; he stepped toward the terrace which commanded the surrounding country. The sky was flooded with light; the midnight silence was broken by sounds of unearthly melody that seemed to waft towards him words sweeter still—*Pax hominibus bonae voluntatis!*

The strong man trembled like a woman; was he the sport of an overwrought fancy? Had he gone mad. He could not tell. He did not ask. He felt that a change had come over him; that some unseen stroke had cast his soul asunder as the thunderbolt cleaves the rock where it falls. His faculties were new-born; his whole being was renovated. He no more doubted the reality of this transformation than he doubted the miraculous light that flooded the midnight heavens, or the divine truth of the message which had been delivered to him on the roadside when the virgin turned upon him that celestial gaze which had penetrated his inmost soul.

Octavius turned slowly from his terrace and returned to his room. He was a new man; his doubts were at rest; the long-sought treasure was found; he believed in God and the Savior whose coming was to redeem the world. The peace which was brought to him by the angelic heralds who announced it to all men of good will, that first Christmas eve, dwelt with him forevermore. Guided by the yearning of his soul, he made his way before many days to the cave where the King of Bethlehem lay enthroned in the manger, he worshipped Him, and heard once more the voice of the Virgin Mother which had stirred his soul to its first act of living faith. It was said that he received the order to command the massacre of the innocents, and refusing to obey it, died. The roll of Papyrus upon which he had been wont to record the incidents of his gay and brilliant life showed that the last page had been written on the evening of his entry into Bethlehem. He had traced on it these words in Hebrew: "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God," and beneath them was written the name, Mary!



JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

American Women Who Have Married European Titles

BY FRANCES DE FOREST

Countess d'Aramon.
Countess Arthur.
Countess de Gabriac.
Countess de la Forest-Devonne.
Countess de Castellane.
Duchess de la Rouchefoucauld
Marchioness de Valori.
Baroness Leon de Brin.
Countess de Pourtales.
Countess de Diesbach de Belleruche.
Countess Paul von Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg.
Countess Adolph von Bruning.
Princess Salm-Salm.
Princess Serge Belosselsky.
Princess Englecheff.
Countess Barthold von Hoyningen-Huene.
Countess Richard Grayhowski.
Princess Brancaccio.
Countess de Forresta.
Princess Colonna.
Princess Poniatowski.
Countess of Edla.
Duchess of Saxe-Coburg.
Countess von Moltke.
Countess Belle Zecky.
Marchioness of Dufferin.
Duchess of Roxburg.
Lady Curzon.
Lady William Beresford.
Countess Lerefeld-Kaeping.
Baroness Von Horst.
Countess of Tankerville.

Twenty years ago it was a novelty for an American girl to marry a nobleman, but to-day such an occurrence awakens little interest.

It is not to be wondered at that these international marriages are so numerous, for when one considers that many of our American girls are now educated abroad, it seems but natural that they should marry men in whose society they have been so much more than in that of their own countrymen.

Most of the women who marry noblemen have wealth and beauty, which augmented by the gifts of rare brilliancy and intellect, make up a combination so tempting that the scions of noble houses can but feel proud to exchange their titles for so much that is charming and lovely.

Contrary to general report, most of these international marriages are love-matches, at least on the part of the American girls, for European noblemen have such courtliness of bearing, such grace of address, and show such deferential manner toward women, that they become at once ideals of romantic personality in the eyes of democratic American maidens, who are generally in love when they walk to the altar to receive their coronets.

There is, without question, a wonderful glamour about all that belongs to a title. It means power and position and admiration, and ever since the world began these have been among the things most eagerly sought, most ardently longed for; why, then, should some put to scorn the delight of the American girl in her title, and all that it carries with it? For, surely, none is better fitted to adorn a coronet than

our countrywoman, with her cleverness and beauty and marvelous adaptability to all circumstances; and with her charms she has done more to convince foreigners that we are not an uncouth people than anything else.

There have been more marriages contracted by American girls with English noblemen than with continental noblemen, yet without considering the

handsome man, very blond and aristocratic looking, and as he pays great attention to the elegance of his dress, he is a noticeable figure wherever he goes.

The Count and Countess have built themselves a palace in the avenue du Bois de Boulogne. It is copied after the palace of the Trianon at Versailles, and was built at the cost of many millions of francs. The Castellanes do not entertain largely, except in summer on board their yacht, in which they take long cruises.

The Duchess de la Rouchefoucauld was Miss Mattie Mitchell, of Portland, Oregon. She is the daughter of Senator Mitchell, and was for several seasons the most famous beauty of Washington. She met the Duke de la Rouchefoucauld on the Riviera one winter, and the marriage did not follow for several years, although the two were engaged. This marriage is known to have been a love-match, as Miss Mitchell had no fortune whatever to offer as a dot.

The Rouchefoucauld family is one of the oldest and proudest in France, and the American Duchess is an ornament to the society of the Faubourg St. Germain, to which she belongs.

The Marchioness de Valori was Miss Mary Ledoux, the daughter of J. Ledoux, Esq., of New Orleans, the family being one of the proudest of French Huguenot descent in this country. Miss Ledoux was married in the late eighties to the Marquis, who was formerly an officer in the French army.

The Baroness Leon de Brin was Miss Anita Ledoux, of New Orleans, and a sister of the Marchioness de Valori. She was married in 1886, at Paris, and her husband is in the French diplomatic service.

The Baroness has a beautiful country seat, Chateau de Beau Solle, Loire Inferieure.

The Countess de Pourtales was Miss Florence Drouillard, of Nashville, Tennessee, and she divides her time between Paris, the French watering-places and Nashville. The Count de Pourtales has lived nearly all his life in the United States, and for this reason the marriage does not seem at all like an international match.

The Countess de Diesbach de Belleruche was Miss Meta McCall, daughter of the late John McCall, Esq., of Philadelphia. She was married in September, 1871, at Geneva, to Count Alphonse de Diesbach de Belleruche, a member of the French diplomatic service.

The Count and Countess divide their time between Nice, where they have a beautiful residence befitting their rank, and Paris.

Of the German-American noblewomen, one of the most prominent is the Countess Paul von Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg. She was Miss Helen Moulton, the daughter of Charles Frederick Moulton, Esq.

She was married in Paris in 1863, to the Count von Hatzfeldt, who is and has been for many years the German Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

The Count and Countess were divorced in 1874, but were reconciled and remarried at Baden-Baden in 1889. They have three children, the Countess Helen, Count Paul and the Countess Marie.

The cousin of Count von Hatzfeldt, Prince Hatzfeldt, married an American woman also—Miss Huntington, the daughter of C. P. Huntington, Esq., of New York.



BARONESS VON HORST.

Anglo-American noblewomen, there is a brilliant array of transplanted Americans who belong to the continent of Europe.

There are more American noblewomen bearing French titles than any other, which can be accounted for by the fact that so many of our American girls are sent to France to be educated, or go there to visit in the American colony of Paris. They are frankly sought by the French noblemen, who are not always attracted by the large dot, but by the famous charm of the American girls themselves. They are sure to be entertained, and that is what Frenchmen want most.

It has been rumored that American wives of French noblemen are not received into the families of the Faubourg St. Germain, although their marriage entitles them to such an entree, but this is false, for the refined, gentle Americans are welcomed most cordially, and they bring new life and new ideas into the rather routine lives of these aristocratic homes, and they are treated exactly as if they had been born to the nobility.

The Countess d'Aramon was Miss Mary Fisher, the daughter of the late J. Fisher, Esq., of New York, and she was married in the late seventies to Count James d'Aramon, formerly an officer of the French army. The Count and Countess live in the rue Gililee in Paris, and are prominent in the society of the most exclusive nobility. The Countess is a very graceful and beautiful woman, and is famous for her rare taste in dress and her charm as a hostess.

The Countess de la Forest-Devonne was before her marriage Miss Florence Oudenried, a beauty and belle in Washington society, but since her marriage she has lived abroad, where she is a brilliant figure.

The Countess Arthur de Gabriac is one of the youngest and most beautiful of the American countesses of France. She was married in Paris in October, 1897, and embraced the Roman Catholic faith just prior to her marriage, receiving the Pope's blessing at the altar.

The Countess de Gabriac was Miss Fanny Fithian, the daughter of Judge J. Adams Fithian, of Santa Barbara, California, and the granddaughter of Mr. Richard Conolly, the City Comptroller of New York, and a member of the famous Tweed ring. She was born and educated in Paris, and all her tastes and manners are French; in fact, she speaks English with a decided accent.

This is not the first marriage to an American in the de Gabriac family, for the grandmother of the present Count is an American, formerly Miss Florence Phalen, of New York.

The Countess Boniface de Castellane is perhaps better known to the public than others who have made as brilliant marriages, as the vast fortune which she took with her to France caused her marriage to be much commented upon in both French and American journals.

The Countess was Miss Anna Gould, the daughter of the late Jay Gould, and she was married in New York at her brother's house on Fifth avenue in 1894. She went directly to Paris, and has never revisited her native land.

Her marriage has been a very happy one, and she has two handsome young sons, to whom she, and the Count are devoted.

The Count is a deputy from Castellane, and has a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. He is a strikingly



MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN.
(nee Flora Davis.)



COUNTLESS LEON DE MOLTKE.
(nee Edith Garner.)



COUNTESS OF TANKERVILLE
(nee Lenora Van Marter.)

The Countess Adolph von Bruning is the most recently married of all the German-American noblewomen. The Countess was Mrs. Gordon Mackay, and was married in the early spring of last year at Washington. She was before her first marriage Miss Treat. The Count was a diplomat in the German service, and gave up his position in order to marry the beautiful American. The Count and Countess are now living in Berlin, where the beauty and charm of the accomplished American woman are greatly admired.

The Princess Salm-Salm has recently been visiting in America, after many years of absence. The Princess was an American girl, Miss Agnes Lelercq Joy, and married Prince Felix Salm-Salm in the early sixties at Washington. She has traveled the wide world over, and has been received at many courts. Her life has been one of adventure and romance, and her influence has been very great wherever she has been. At the time of the American civil war the Princess was a hospital nurse, and after the war she went to Mexico with her husband and became the ardent champion of Maximilian, doing all in her power to save him.

On May 14th of last year the princess presented the flags and guidons of the Eighth and Sixty-eighth New York Volunteers to these regiments, which were commanded by Prince Salm-Salm during the war of the rebellion. The flag of the Eighth regiment was presented to that body by the German women of New York. The presentation speech was made at the City Hall by Mr. August Belmont, on May 14, 1861, at which time Colonel Blenker was in command.

The flag of the Sixty-eighth was the gift of the State of New York.

The two flags and four guidons were taken to Germany by the Prince after the war.

It was through the efforts of the Princess that her husband was commissioned Colonel of the Eighth regiment, and she alone recruited the entire regiment known as the Sixty-eighth New York Volunteers. Both the regiments were composed mainly of German-Americans.

There have been many brilliant marriages of American girls with Russian noblemen, and these marriages have been notably happy ones.

Among the most brilliant of recent Russian-American marriages was that of the Prince Serge-Belos-

sky-Belozersky and Miss Susie Whittier, of Boston, daughter of General Charles A. Whittier. The marriage took place in 1894, and the Princess has never revisited her native land.

The prince belongs to one of the old-Horse to the Grand Duke Vladimir, who commands the army in and about St. Petersburg. The Prince and Princess have a superb palace on an island belonging to the Belosselsky family, about two miles from the center of St. Petersburg.

The Princess Engaletcheff was Miss Evelyn Partidge, of Chicago, famous as a belle and beauty in that city. She was married to the Prince in October her native city with her husband, who was at one last, in Chicago, and since that time has resided in time one of the Imperial Guards at St. Petersburg. The most of the Princess' life has been spent in Europe, and she is well fitted by education and natural gifts to be the wife of a Russian prince.

The Baroness Barthold von Hoyningen-Huene, of Russia, was Miss Emily Lothrop, daughter of George V. Lothrop, Esq., former United States Minister at St. Petersburg. She was married in 1888, at New York, and has since divided her time between the United States and Russia.

The Baron Hoyningen-Huene is Captain of the Chevalier Guards of the Empress of Russia.

The Countess Rechid Bey Czaykowski was Miss Edith Collins, of New York, the daughter of Clarence Lyman Collins, Esq., and the great-granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt. For a number of years Miss Collins was the ward of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, and she inherited a large fortune from her mother.

The Count Czakowski is the representative of the Turkish government at The Hague, and is of Polish descent.

One of the most beautiful American Princesses is the Princess Bancaccio, of Italy. She was Miss Elizabeth Hickson Field, of New York, the daughter of J. Hickson Field, Esq. She was married in Rome in 1870, to Don Salvatore Brancaccio, Duke of Lustra and Prince of Triggiano, Marquis of Brancaccio, and a Spanish grandee of the first class. The Princess is Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Margherita of Italy.

The title of Prince of Brancaccio was created in 1391, and the residence of the noble pair is the superb Brancaccio palace at Rome.

The Countess di Forresta was Miss Skinner, of New York, and was married in that city to the Italian Count, who was then Charge d'Affaires for his government at Washington. He had been a prominent figure in society for a number of years at Washington and Bar Harbor, was afterwards transferred to Madrid, and is now the Italian representative at Munich. The Count and Countess have one son, to whom Dr. William A. Dunn, of Boston is godfather, the doctor having been best man to the Count at his wedding.

The Princess Colonna's marriage, although a brilliant one, was, as all the world knows, a most unhappy one. She was Miss Eva Julia Bryant, the daughter of Mrs. John W. Mackay, her first husband being Dr. Bryant.

The marriage took place in February, 1885, at Paris, with much pomp and ceremony, and for a while it seemed a most happy marriage, but the Prince and Princess are separated.

The Prince is a member of one of the proudest and oldest houses in Italy. He has many titles: Prince of Galatro, Prince of Paliggianno, Prince Colonna and Prince of Stigliano, a Spanish grandee of the first class, and an officer of the Italian cavalry.

The Princess now lives with her mother, Mrs. John W. Mackay, and the two children divide their time between mother and father.

The Princess Poniatowski was Miss Elizabeth Sperry, the daughter of one of the most prominent and wealthy men of Stockton, California. The Prince and Princess were married at Stockton and have since resided in San Francisco. The Princess has the full enjoyment of her title with all its honors and accessories, yet she lives in her own country, among her own people.

The Prince quickly adapted himself to American customs and manners, and is now established in an extensive mining business in San Francisco. He is an Italian, although his ancestors many generations ago were Poles, as his name plainly tells.

The Countess of Edla is the only American woman who ever married a king. Her husband, however, was not born to be king, but was made king-consort by his first wife, Donna Maria II da Gloria, Queen of Portugal. He was Prince Fernando of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and received his title of king in 1837; he was regent during the minority of his son, from 1853 to 1855. Don Fernando held in Portugal a position similar to that held in England by his first cousin, Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria. The Countess of Edla was Miss Elsie Hensler, of Carver street, Boston, and was born of humble parents, who little dreamed that in the future their daughter's name would be written in the royal red book of Europe as that of the honored wife of a king.

Miss Hensler had a superb voice, which proved her fortune, and made one of the prettiest love stories of the century. By the kind efforts of friends she was sent to Europe to perfect her voice, and when she appeared in opera at Lisbon it was the opening night of the opera season, and the birthday of the King. All the royal family was present, and from the royal box the King saw and fell in love with the beautiful American singer, and made haste to honor her with an offer of his hand and heart.

The marriage took place in the royal chapel, June 10, 1869, and just previous to the wedding the King's brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, conferred upon Miss Hensler the title of Countess of Edla of Saxe-Coburg.

The marriage was one of ideal happiness from first to last. The King was a man of the most refined tastes in art and music and literature, and his wife was a woman of rare accomplishments, whose tastes followed his closely. They lived in the superb palace, Pena Castle, surrounded by an immense estate which was cultivated under the supervision of Don Fernando himself. Many trees and shrubs were imported from Massachusetts, the native State



LADY CURZON
(nee Daisy Leiter.)

of the Countess, and this was done at the express wish of the King.

The Countess might have been Queen of Spain, for in 1869 the crown of Spain was offered to Don Fernando by General Prim and General Serrano. But Don Fernando replied that he preferred his peaceful private life at Pena, and the Countess shrank from the duties of a queen.

Don Fernando died in December, 1885, and since that time the widowed Countess has lived in retirement at Cintra.

The Countess von Moltke-Huitfeldt was Miss Bonaparte, of Washington, the great-granddaughter of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, who was King of Westphalia. The Countess is, therefore, a great-grand-niece of the great Napoleon. She was married at Washington in December, 1886, and went directly abroad, where the Count is attached to the Danish embassy at Paris.

The Countess Bela Zichy was formerly Mrs. Fernando Zyanga, nee Miss Mabel Wright, and she was married to the Austro-Hungarian nobleman in New York after obtaining a divorce in South Dakota from Mr. Yzanga, the brother of the Duchess of Manchester.

Well, old New York has quite outdone itself this time in what shall we call it—toadyism? A certain young lady, Miss Goclet, bought herself a costly toy for a million dollars—a titled young husband—and the women public wanted to see if he was worth the price paid, so they tore and scratched each other's dress and face in their eagerness to get a view of the bride's dress and the husband's face. The police found themselves powerless to hold the mob in check, and the poor little bride was frightened nearly out of her wits. What a sermon could be preached on fashionable weddings in general, and this one in particular!

To counteract this wholesale title buying the handsome young American must brush up, make himself so very attractive, so attentive, so kind, so entertaining, and, when he is married, become such a good husband, that the title "American" shall be worth more to any woman who wants a companion for life than any foreign title of Count or Duke in the world.



COUNTESS SEREFELD-RAEFFRINY.
(nee Edith Louise Wyman.)



LADY WILLIAM BERESFORD
(Mrs. Hammersley, of New York.)

WHY WESTERN WOMEN ARE BEAUTIFUL

BY LILLIAN FERGUSON



TYPE OF THE WESTERN WOMAN.

Like Topsy, they have "just grown" that way ever since the great West became a cradle for new generations. And why have they "grown" into the lithe, radiant beauty that has become famous on two continents? The question may not be answered in a breath.

The close observer will tell you that he can recognize among a dozen representative women—by which is meant women who represent types of various localities—the one who hails from this side of the Rockies. This astuteness on his part is not a mere matter of guess work. The typical Western woman has characteristics that are unmistakable to eyes accustomed to them, and to the study of the most fascinating of subjects, woman's charm of face and figure. For the Western woman is a law unto herself; a being of distinct personality, yet a composite creature in whose fair person one may find a remarkable blending of charming attributes, the more attractive because of their combined strength. One cannot say of the Western woman who is beautiful—and when she is beautiful she is dangerously so—that she is a blonde, brunette, a demi-blonde. She may be any one of these three—or something else quite as effectually fitted for man's undoing. The result is the same. The coloring of eyes and hair, the tint of complexion, the cast of features, by none of these signs may the woman of the West be discovered in a crowd of other women. Yet nine out of every ten men who know and study "types" will single her out unhesitatingly.

Upon analysis of the subject, one can arrive at conclusions by a negative process. The Western beauty is discoverable more by what she is not than what she is.

To proceed, then, along this line of reasoning. She is never pale as to coloring. She is never spirituelle as to physique; nor staid, nor prim, nor placid, nor diffident, nor bold, nor timid, nor reserved is she. And upon one unflinching sign may the observer stake his reputation as a guesser—her vivacity, which is of a kind wholly Western, for, whatever else she may or may not be, this complex creature is never stupid.

If intellectuality alone be an element of fascination, the spectacled maid of Boston town would prove a victorious rival over the woman of the West. But she doesn't, for the reason that there are various kinds of intellectuality, and the one may be alluring where the other is not. The intellectuality of the Eastern girl is calm, deed, translucent as a lake on a summer's day. That of the Western girl is like a sparkling stream, shallow here in the sunlight, but yonder in the shadow circling unexpectedly into a restful pool which mirrors the fathomless depths of a clear, logical mind; a stream that leaps from waterfall heights and dashes on its wild, free way joyously, while the lake of the East lies motionless and impressive, with never a ripple on its surface.

And there you have it. You always know just where to find that dignified bit of Boston brains, but her Western prototype—ah, a merry dance she will lead you.

The girl of the East does exactly what is expected

of her: the girl of the West delights in doing the unexpected.

Given these mental characteristics, it follows as the night the day that the woman of the West should have a temperament in keeping with them. And she has. She is impulsive, level-headed, vivacious, warm-hearted, generous, independent. She loves the life



A WESTERN WOMAN.

in the open air which the climate makes possible. She finds health in the woods, and becomes a Diana and athlete combined, losing not one whit of her femininity in so doing. That under such circumstances the daughters of the West should grow into beauty and grace is the most natural thing in the world.

California, Oregon and Washington have types of womankind to be proud of. They are alike, yet different.

It would be absurd to say that all Western women are beautiful. The majority of them are entitled to praise for prettiness, and a surprisingly large percentage of them are undeniably beautiful. But they are something more than this. The ideal Western woman is gifted with common sense. She frequently has genius as well.

I can think of no one so thoroughly typical of this latter class as Blanche Bates, the clever actress who just now has New York at her feet. Miss Bates is beautiful, sensible, with rare mental endowment and irresistible charm, and a native daughter of the great, growing West.

There is an advantage on this side of the continent which women are sensible enough to avail themselves of—that is to say, women in general, and which is made possible by the much-vaunted amiability of the climate on this Pacific Coast.

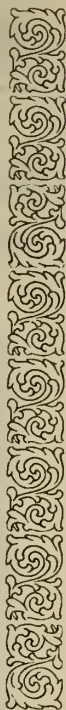
This advantage which the Eastern women have not, is the opportunity to exercise in the open air every day in the year.

The gospel of pure air and muscular training as a combination for the betterment of health and the development of physical beauty, is as old as the California hills or the Catskill mountains. But it is a truth that should be preached again and again, for those who practice it are splendid examples of its beneficial effects. The California girl and her Oregon and Washington sisters are enthusiastic devotees of outdoor athletics. They ride and drive horses; they play golf, tennis, croquet; they row on lake, stream, and bay; they go yachting and swimming; they climb mountains and ride wheels; they hunt and fish, and at college they play basket ball.

And why should not the consequences be evident in strong muscles and finely moulded figures? Yet meet these girls of ours in a ball-room, and the contour of delicately rounded arms and throats reveal no trace of masculine ruggedness, nor does the firm white skin show so much as a hint of tan.

That is because they have accustomed themselves from childhood to cast breezes and warm fogs, summer and winter sun, and the dry air of the interior counties. They live and thrive on climate—with a hearty, unpoetic appetite for beefsteaks as well.

There is but one alternative left to the Eastern girl who should also be beautiful. It is to come west and live in the open as many hours of the day, as many days of the year, as are possible. She may not grow up with the climate, as our girls happily have done, but she can grow into the serene and beautiful old age in which, according to the opinion of some, women are seen at their loveliest and best.



Beautiful Western Women



MEN OF "49"

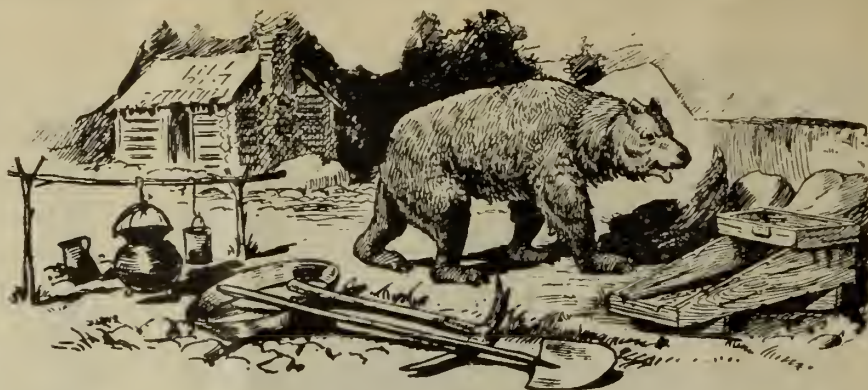
BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

We have worked our claims,
We have spent our gold,
Our barks are astrand on the bars;
We are battered and old,
Yet at night we behold,
Outcroppings of gold in the stars.

When the rabbits play,
Where the quail all day,
Pipe on on the Chaparal hill;
A few more days,
And the last of us lays,
His pick aside, and all is still.

We are wreck and stray,
We are cast away,
Poor battered old hulks and spars;
But we hope and pray,
On the Judgment Day,
We shall strike it up in the stars.

Though battered and old,
Our hearts are bold,
Yet oft do we repine;
For the days of old,
For the days of gold,
For the days of Forty Nine.



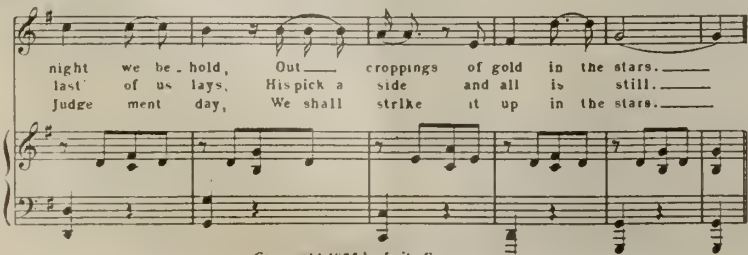
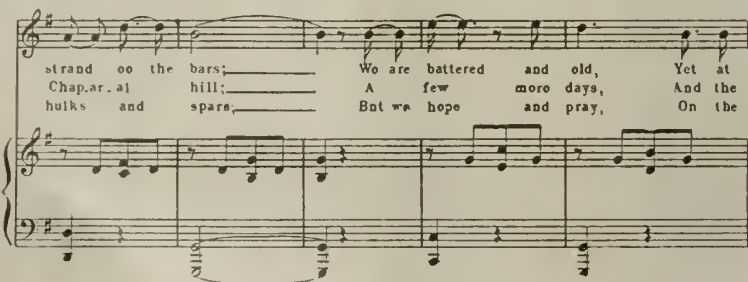
JOAQUIN MILLER—Poet of the Sierras.

Words by JOAQUIN MILLER.

"49"

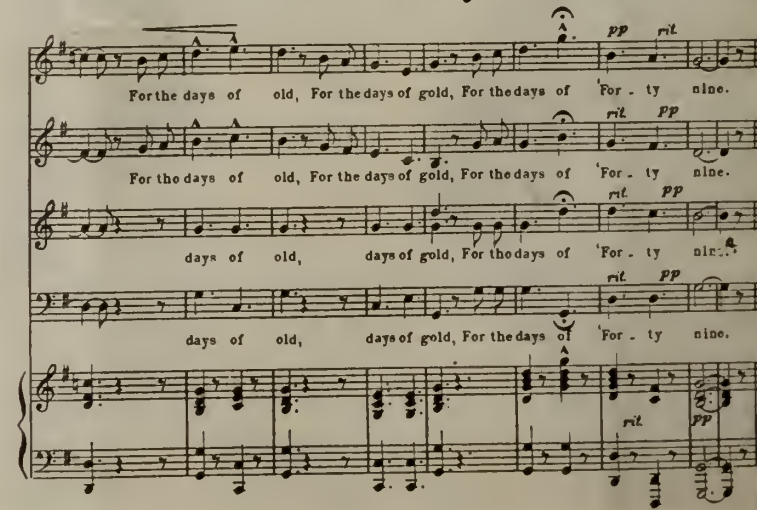
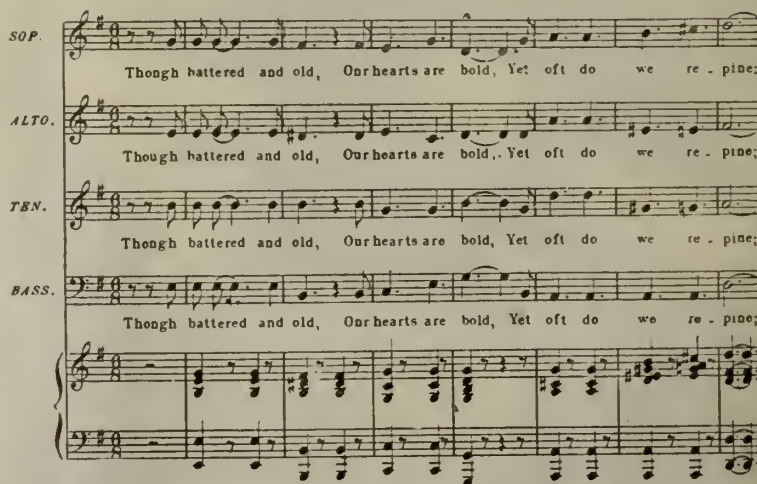
Music by LEILA FRANCE.

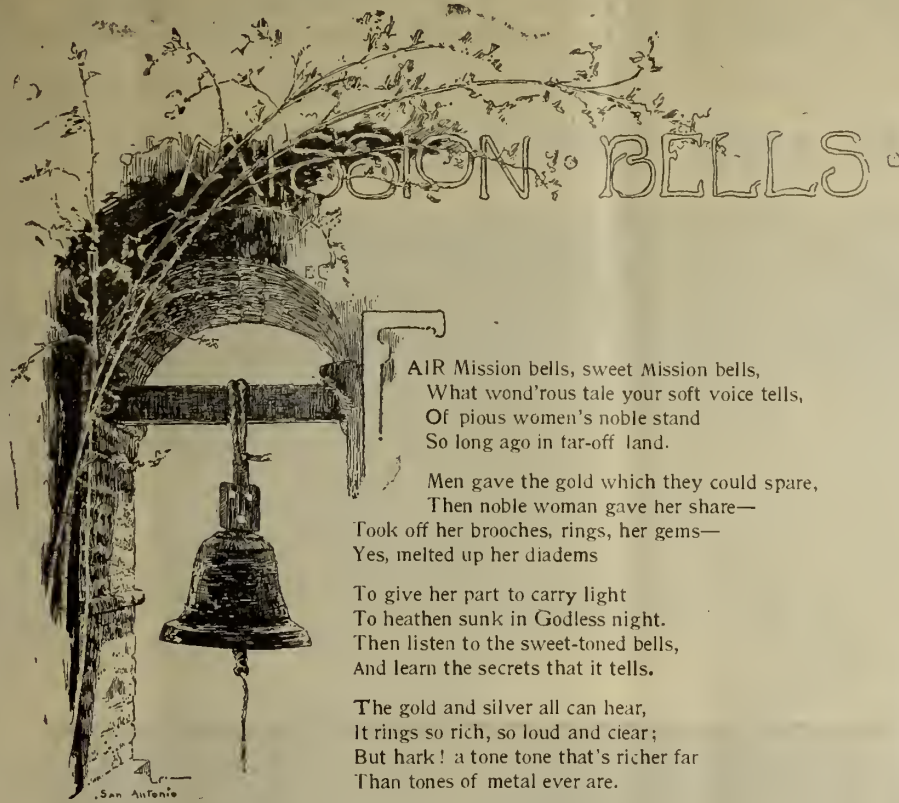
Moderato.



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CHORUS.





AIR Mission bells, sweet Mission bells,
What wondrous tale your soft voice tells,
Of pious women's noble stand
So long ago in far-off land.

Men gave the gold which they could spare,
Then noble woman gave her share—
Took off her brooches, rings, her gems—
Yes, melted up her diadems

To give her part to carry light
To heathen sunk in Godless night.
Then listen to the sweet-toned bells,
And learn the secrets that it tells.

The gold and silver all can hear,
It rings so rich, so loud and clear;
But hark! a tone tone that's richer far
Than tones of metal ever are.

O noble ladies of Castile,
Your pious offerings, earnest zeal,
Shall live once more—your Missions give,
And prove, indeed, your spirits live.

Then ring, sweet Carmel Mission bell,
For to a list'ning world you tell
That health and beauty here are free,
In lovely Carmel-by-the Sea.

—MARY CAMERON BENJAMIN.

The Emeralds ring of pastures green,
The Diamonds ring of glories seen,
The Pearl rings teardrops of decay—
Of Mission almost swept away.

The Ruby rings a note of joy—
She knew all earth hath some alloy;
And knowing well the Mission's worth,
By faith she saw the "Land Mark's" birth.

THE ANGELUS.

BY BRET HARTE.

BELLS of the Past, whose long-
forgotten music
Still the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the
Present
With color of romance.

Borne on the swell of your long wave re-
ceding,
I touch the father past,—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission
towers,
The White Presidio,
The swart commander in his leathern jer-
kin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;

And past the headland, northward slowly
drifting,
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old,—
O tinkling bells! that lulled the twilight
music,
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the dark-
ness,—
Break, falter, and are still!
And veiled and mystic, like the Host de-
scending,
The sun sinks from the hill.



I SEE a vision of the past that's
vanished,
And voices hear that long, long
since were still;
And dusky faces that Old Time has
banished
Once more these hoary piles do
throng and fill.

This tent of skies above me bends in
glory,
The old past halts to close its pon-
d'rous gates,
And o'er its page of yet unwritten story
The smiling future holds her pen and
waits,

Waits till the silent air awakes to listen
To glad Te Deums from the tree-tops
flung,
Where in the morning sunshine gleam
and glisten
The Mission belis amid the oak
boughs swung.

There swing they still, the Mission wall
uplifted,
Beneath tiled roof, in stately
beauty stand;
Bells of the past! whose music
slowly drifted
Above the altars of this heath-
en land.

'Twas then the clanging doors of
Superstition

Swung to, and wait-
ing Progress seized
the key,
And dawned the morn-
ing of Hope's glad
fruition,
Whose fulness lay in
the bright Yet-to-be,

O Mission walls! how
sacred is your story!
O blessed milestones
on the weary way
From the dark night of
savage superstition
To the full light that

crowns our land to-day!

The past, enfolding with its deeds of valor,
A Mecca for the pilgrim's weary feet,
A shrine the story of the cross shall hallow,
Where we with reverent voice the past may greet.
—MRS. ELIZA A. OTIS.



GRANDFATHER AND LITTLE EVA

BY MME. CHURCHILL

One fine day, a little before the Nativity, little Eva asked her grandfather: "What is the meaning of Christmas?" The old man took the little girl on his lap, and in a loving tone, said:

"The day draws nigh when the Messiah is to appear in His humanity before the eyes of men, whose only hope of redemption is through Him. At this time, an edict went forth ordaining that a census should be taken of all the subjects of the Roman empire, in the execution of which the Jews were directed to have their names enrolled in their respective cities. Joseph and Mary, being of the family of David, were obliged to go to Bethlehem, the city of David. They received this order as coming from God, the source of all authority, and admire the wisdom of His Providence which brings all things to the execution of His designs, and makes the census ordered by Augustus serve the purpose of fulfilling the prophecy of Micah: 'And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, are a little one among the thousands of Judea; out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel.'

"Let us contemplate them journeying towards Judea. The distance is great; they are poor; the season is inclement; what have they not to suffer? But nothing can, for a moment, disturb the peace, the courage, the patience, the resignation of their souls. Perfect imitators of God who is coming into this world to toil and to suffer, they not only accept their trials without a murmur, but they regard them as favors, and from hearts submissive and fervent they offer up to Heaven only hymns of thanksgiving and praise.

"How beautiful upon the mountains," exclaimed the prophet, 'are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace.'

"How much more beautiful are yours, O Holy Virgin, who brings us not only good tidings of salvation, but the Savior Himself—Him who alone can pacify all things, and shall take the title of 'Prince of Peace.' O blessed woman, we lovingly kiss the traces of thy footsteps, while begging thee to remember us with thy Divine Son, so that he may truly be both our peace and our salvation.

At length Mary and Joseph arrive at Bethlehem. They enter into that city of their illustrious ancestors, where, doubtless, many of their relatives and acquaintances still reside. They, therefore, hope they will meet with hospitality, and be supplied with such necessities as their fatigue and their destitute condition require. But, alas! they meet only refusals; all the doors at which they knock are closed against them—"there is no room in the inn." "O God!" exclaims St. Francis de Sales, in contemplating this picture, "what contempt does the world exhibit to persons the most heavenly and holy."

Mary and Joseph, not being able to find shelter in Bethlehem, repaired to a wretched cave which had been used as a stable, but which will be, henceforth, a consecrated spot infinitely more honorable than the tabernacle of Shiloh and the Temple of Solomon, for it is there He is to be given to the world in whom the Law and the Prophets terminate, and of whom the Temple and all symbolical religion were but the figures. The night had reached its middle course; a night dark and cold, typifying the night of ignorance, error and crime in which the human race was then plunged; but it was the long-looked-for hour in which the Sun of Justice was to appear in the horizon. Mary and Joseph are engaged in prayer, offering anew to God the desires of the just, who had never ceased to sigh for the coming of the Redeemer. On a sudden a celestial brightness encompasses them, and the Incarnate Word, leaving the virginal womb, like a ray of light passing through pure crystal, presents Himself as an infant before the eyes of His divine Mother and of His holy foster-father, Joseph.

Oh, what a moment was that when the Savior-God appeared in this world—He whom all the angels in heaven adore, and before whom Joseph, praising Him in the name of all men whom he represents, falls prostrate, and, as it were, annihilated!

But who can conceive what passes, at this happy moment, in the soul of Mary! Queen of angels and Mother of men, in the name of heaven and earth she adores the God who has made Himself her Son; and taking Him in her arms, she offers Him to the Eternal Father, and to the veneration of the angelic hosts.

O help virgin! O woman blessed among all women, your hands are the sacred altar on which He who is the Victim of propitiation for the salvation of man offers Himself when entering into the world. You pass to your maternal bosom, you cover with kisses, you bathe with tears of love the new Isaac, the Son of Promise in whom all nations are blessed. Ah! who would not be transported with joy! "Mary," says St. Amadeus, "gazes upon the Word of Life with eyes sparkling with love; she warms with her breath Him who warms and inspires all; she supports Him who supports the universe, and in her arms He reposes who is the eternal repose of the elect."

"What do I behold!" exclaims St. Gregory Thaumaturgus; "a virgin cov-

Adorable Emmanuel!" What transports of joy swell her bosom when contemplating in that humble crib—that abyss of humiliation—the Son of the Most High, the Eternal Word, the splendor and substantial likeness of the Father, become, through love for us, a suffering infant, on a bed of straw!

Yes, everything here is ineffable, and in and out utter inability to portray it we can only repeat the words of a holy bishop: "O Bethlehem! O stable! O crib! O Infant Jesus! O wonder of wonders, who can ever comprehend it? O Mary, what a night! what an hour for you was that in which you brought forth your God! My senses are confounded; at least, let my heart speak."

Mary and Joseph adore, love, praise,

light of faith, let us behold God, our Savior, in the Child given to us. Let us see in Him the Strong One, the Wonderful One, the Powerful, the Invincible, of whom the prophets have spoken, the Sovereign Lord of heaven and earth. Let us adore Him with fervor. Let us prostrate ourselves at the foot of His crib, and there consecrate to Him our heart and body, all we have and all we are. Let us rejoice at His birth. "A child is born to us," and that Child is the promised Messiah, is He who is the redemption and Eve. He is come into this valley of salvation of the unhappy children of tears to weep and to suffer, but it is that He may dry our tears, and change our sorrow into joy. In Him we find hope and peace. "His coming among us," says St. Anselm, "by dispelling



cred with swaddling-clothes Him who clothes every creature; she lays in a manger Him who is seated above the Cherubim." "O Mary," adds St. Bernard, "rejoice, for you hold in your arms Him who is the splendor of heaven. Wrap the Infant-God in poor swaddling-clothes; lay Him in a manger, upon straw; those poor swaddling-clothes are our riches and are more precious than all most costly purple; that crib is more glorious than the throne of the most powerful monarch."

"O mystery most profound, most affecting, most sublime! What language can adequately express its greatness! What heart can rise, I will not say to the Infant Jesus, but to Mary, bending over the crib of the

through the new-born Child the heavenly Father, with whom the Incarnate Word is our only Mediator; it is the whole human family that, in their persons praise God that the gates of heaven have again been opened by Him who came from God to redeem the world. Oh, what are their transports of gratitude! In what holy accents do they thank the Eternal Father for the gift He has bestowed upon the earth, being no other than God Himself! How ardently does Mary glorify and praise the Lord for having been 'mindful of his mercy, and having fulfilled the promises made to Abraham and his posterity!'

Let us unite with this Divine Mother in adoring, praising and supplicating the new-born Jesus. By the

the darkness of death and sin which hung over the world, has been the coming of great joy to all the faithful."

Let us glorify Mary as the Mother of our Blessed Savior. Let us pay to her the homage of our veneration, especially at that moment when we contemplate her holding the Divine Infant in her arms, or adoring Him in the manger. Let us congratulate her in accents of the most fervent piety, exclaiming with the Church: "O wonderful intercourse! The Creator of the human race, assuming a living body, has vouchsafed to be born of the Virgin. The root of Jesse has given forth its flower; the star of Jacob has risen; Mary has given birth to the Savior."



"Under the Mistletoe."

CORINE AND HER MARQUIS

BY MME BERTHA SPITZY

It was a rainy, cold, miserable morning in Paris; everybody was hurrying as fast as possible to get to their destination. Corine, a beautiful young girl, was to get her music lesson, but to her misfortune her music roll slipped from her hand and fell into the muddy street. A handsome young man picked it up and handed it to her; in doing so he glanced at her beautiful face and fell desperately in love at first sight. She thanked him confusedly.

From that time she saw the young man often, but always accidentally, as she thought. Gradually they became better acquainted, first bowing, then speaking; and soon he accompanied her to her music lessons.

Corine was only sixteen, an innocent child. She was an orphan, and had come to that big but wicked Paris to finish her musical education.

For the first time in her life she felt something in her soul when she met the young man which she could not understand, but soon found out that it was love, yes, "first love."

The young man was only twenty, the son of the very rich and proud Marquis de Rievriere, but although a nobleman, he loved this beautiful poor girl with his whole heart, and wished to make her his dear little wife. He knew that his father would never consent to have him marry one so much beneath him, but his love was so ardent that he felt without Corine the world had no value. He proposed a secret marriage, and told her that as he was not of age his father would never give his consent, but as he was the only son, later on he hoped to get his father's forgiveness.

So they were quietly married and lived in the clouds of happiness and love, he always telling her he hoped that soon she would be known as the beautiful Marquise de Rievriere.

But soon these rosy clouds of love and happiness turned to dark and gloomy ones for poor Corine. The old Marquis found out the secret of his son's love affair, then questioned him, and the young man confessed everything. The proud aristocrat raised himself haughtily, saying:

"The marriage is illegal, as you, my son, are not of age. At once the young Marquis was taken by two lackeys and put into a dark room of his castle until his embarkment, for his father had decided to send him on a long sea voyage in the hope that he would forget his youthful love.

Poor Corine! She waited days and days, but her husband did not return. She was crazed with grief and worry, not knowing what had happened to her beloved Emile. She could not stand it any longer, so she went to the palace of her husband's father, but the old Marquis received her with such freezing coolness and haughtiness that she began to tremble. She threw herself at his feet, asking for her husband.

"Husband?" the Marquis exclaimed. "Who do you mean?"

"O, Emile, my Emile," she cried. "How dare you call the Marquis de Rievriere your husband; he is not your husband, as his father's consent was not given. Go, go, and forget my son, and never seek him again."

Gentle Corine was heartbroken at his cruel words, and staggered away to end her troubles in the dark river, but on the bank she paused, as she remembered that it was not only suicide, but murder, and she had to live.

Months passed before Emile returned from his long voyage. But as he was as much as ever in love with his wife, his father forbade him to see her again.

He plead with pathetic eloquence to be allowed to acknowledge her as his Marquise. But the Marquis was inexorable and denounced his marriage as illegal, saying:

"You have no wife; that wretched girl, so much beneath you, shall never be called my daughter; she, with her low birth and poverty, would disgrace our proud name."

Day after day the same scene was enacted, until poor Emile was weary of life. Then his father introduced him to the beautiful Countess de Chartreux. Dinners were arranged, balls given, everything was planned to throw them together. At last Emile yielded to his father's command to marry the rich, young and beautiful Countess de Chartreux.

The wedding was celebrated with great pomp at the bride's handsome palace. Princes, and the cream of Parisian aristocracy were present.

It was a bitter cold night. Corine, with her baby in her arms, stopped at a brilliantly lighted mansion. They were cold and hungry and penniless,



"EMILE!" SHE SHRIEKED AND FELL TO HER KNEES.

so she was obliged to beg; a lackey opened wide the front door, and a pretty young lady on the arm of a handsome young man came down the marble steps and walked toward the carriage. Corine held out her hand to beg, but when the young man turned toward her, she screamed in a suffocated voice: "Emile! Emile!"

"Oh! a poor woman with a baby; let us give her something!" said the bride.

Emile hesitated, but at this moment the figure of his father appeared at the steps. With a commanding motion of his hand the Marquis told his son to go on with his bride to their wedding trip; he himself would attend to the poor woman. Emile dropped his head, took the arm of his young wife and entered the carriage.

His father returned and accosted Corine, saying, with rage in his voice greater interest in her case and gave her all the attention and comforts that money could procure.

For many weeks she lay between life and death, and when at last she opened her eyes in consciousness and in a low tone:

"Corine, if you cross the path of my son again, I will have you sent to an insane asylum. Here is money. Keep out of my sight," and he threw a purse at her feet and quickly rushed away.

Poor Corine left the purse where it fell and staggered away, with her baby crying piteously. She passed several beautiful palaces, but in a few moments she fell exhausted to the sidewalk. Many people passed this poor woman, but not one reached out their hand to help her until a carriage stopped and an old gentleman alighted. Seeing the woman with her baby in her arms lying on the cold street he gave orders to his servants to take mother and baby into his house. The housekeeper (une bonne femme) had been thirty years in his service, and what her master did was always right in her eyes, so she fed the poor creature and then put her in a warm bed in one of the beautiful rooms of the palace. But Corine was in high fever and was delirious. A doctor was called, who said she was very ill—in fact her life was in danger. The old Count himself came to see the poor beggar. As he entered the room he heard her call in her delirium her traitor's name, and call upon God to avenge her wrongs. The count was astonished to see she had such a refined, beautiful face, so he took still

saw her princely surroundings, she thought it was all a beautiful dream. In a feeble voice she asked the nurse who constantly attended her where she was, and she replied:

"At the palace of the Count de Lorraine."

Then poor Corine remembered everything and asked for dear baby. The nurse replied: "It is well taken care of in an adjoining room, so do not worry, but sleep."

Little by little her health began to improve, and she asked to see her benefactor. When she was able, she was led to his apartments, and there she saw a gentleman about 60 years old, with a kind but aristocratic face. She wanted to thank him, but tears suffocated her voice, and she wept bitterly. At last she controlled herself and recounted the story of her life, and told that she was the wife of Marquis Emile de Rievriere, but the old Count corrected her, saying:

"No! my child; according to the law of France you are not the legitimate wife of Emile, as the law forbids a young aristocrat who is under age to marry without the consent of his father."

Poor Corine collapsed and cried, "O! I am accursed! My poor baby fatherless!"

The Count looked at her beautiful, innocent face, and noticed her refined manners, and as he was a widower and alone, he felt that although almost 60 years of age, his heart still beat warmly, and that he loved this lovely young mother, and would make her his wife, and give the child a name.

Corine, who learned to love the Count for his goodness to her, consented and they were quietly married and went on a long wedding journey.

Twenty years have passed since Corine married the Count, and Nathalie, her baby, has grown to be a very beautiful young lady, supposed to be the daughter of the Count and Countess de Lorraine. All Paris was raving over the beautiful Nathalie de Lorraine, and young aristocrats were at her feet suing for her hand, but the most ardent admirer was the only son of the Marquis de Rievriere, Armand de Rievriere. Although a year younger than Nathalie he was madly in love, and told his father he should ask the Countess de Lorraine for her

daughter's hand in marriage. His father explained that he was too young to marry yet, but Armand would not listen, and said if Nathalie could not be his wife he did not care to live.

To please his only son, whom he adored, the Marquis called on the Countess. The lackey presented his card. Corine read, "Les Marquis de Rievriere." A trembling came over her whole body. She almost fainted, and said to herself, "What does the traitor want?" But soon she recovered from her emotion, and received the Marquis, but very haughtily.

He did not recognize in this queenly woman the starving beggar. He explained his visit. The Countess in a few words refused, saying that her daughter could never be the wife of the Marquis de Rievriere. He begged for his son's sake, saying that the very life of his child depended on her, still she refused.

The Marquis left the Countess disappointed and humiliated, for he had thought any mother would be proud to ally herself with his family. Armand anxiously awaited his father, but seeing him enter with drooping head his heart sank, and when his father told him the Countess absolutely refused him her daughter's hand he turned pale and without a word retired to his apartments.

From that day Armand began to droop and become melancholy; he soon showed signs of sleepless nights, and became thin and pale. The doctor was consulted, and he said Armand was suffering with a broken heart, and nothing could be done for him.

The Marquis in his desperation went once more to the Countess. He fell on his knees and begged her to give her consent, to save his only child from dying.

"No, he is not your only child; you have a daughter," said the Countess. "You are mistaken," the Marquis replied.

"Come and look at me! Don't you remember the starving woman with a crying baby in her arms whom you deserted for a rich and noble bride. Traitor!"

"Oh!" he cried. "Corine, beloved Corine. I did not desert you; I was taken away from you by force; my father sent me out on the wild ocean to forget you. Forgive, forgive me! I am not a traitor!" He kissed the hem of her dress, and hurried away, crying: "My poor son! he is lost!"

Coming back to his home, he entered his own room. Going to his writing desk he began his confession to his son, telling him that Nathalie was his own sister. When it was finished he took his revolver in his hand, intending to end his life. At this moment his son entered. He glanced at the writing, then at his father holding the revolver. He begged for an explanation. His father handed him the confession. Armand read it with a trembling voice, then cried "Fath r!" and rushed from the room. Meeting his valet, he told him he was going hunting; to get the rifle and his dog, but he did not need him. So he left the house, ostensibly for that pleasure.

The evening advanced, but Armand did not return. His father, in an agony of fear, sent his servants to search the woods, for he felt that something dreadful had happened to his son.

At last at midnight a procession was seen in the ghostly moonlight, carrying something on a stretcher. It advanced to the castle. The Marquis met it at the gate, and found that his worst fears were realized. His loved son's body was on that stretcher. He had accidentally shot himself, they told the Marquis, but was still alive. He was carried to his room, and the Marquis knelt by his side, weeping bitterly. He cried—

"My son! my son! Can you forgive me?"

But only a faint "Nathalie, Nathalie!" came from Armand's lips; then with a sigh he turned his head away and expired.

Paris was excited over the tragedy, for a double funeral procession came from the castle of the Marquis de Rievriere—father and son were both dead—the last of the proud name de Rievriere. The Countess de Lorraine, hearing of the terrible tragedy, folded her hands in prayer. "My God! forgive me. I was praying for revenge, and I am terribly answered," she cried.

Her daughter never knew the real cause of this tragedy, as she never was told the secret of her birth, and her life was free from the sorrow that would have been hers had she known that the young Marquis Armand, who had so loved her, was her own brother.

An Ink Eraser Belonging to Abraham Lincoln's Assassin

Alice Kingsbury Cooley



ALICE KINGSBURY COOLEY
Playing "Fanchion."

Yes, that ink eraser belonged to John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated the great and good Lincoln; he gave it to John McCullough, who presented it to me. That was years ago when we were all young, and life was full of the flush of youth and joy and ambition, when to attain was to work, work hard, yet there was pleasure in that work, as there ever is if our hearts are in it, and an object is in view.

Poor Booth—for was he not to be pitied as well as condemned?—was a genius. I saw him but once, and that was as "Rafael" in "The Marble Heart," a beautiful play, but never a financial success. It seems so strange that a play should be beautiful, interesting, and finely presented, yet never a money drawer, only an "artistic" success, which really means a genteel "failure." Yet Wilkes Booth impersonated the hero so perfectly that you felt the thrills running up and down your back at his despair.

He was a romantic gentle being, to whom real life was only another stage, but he did not dream that he would exact on that stage the most terrible tragedy of the century.

Many years ago at Louisville, Kentucky, after I had completed a "star" engagement there, the manager asked me to continue for a few nights until Mr. Booth recovered, as he was "under the weather." Genius is ever eccentric, you know. That was before the war, and dear Louisville treated those she liked to perfect avalanches of flowers, and so my bureau was like an altar. I shall never forget dear Louisville. Yes, John McCullough, too, was liked by nearly everybody; "Genial John," they called him. He was quite a pet of the great Edwin Forrest, and supported him in his San Francisco engagement, where the tickets for the first night were auctioned off, number 1 bringing several hundred dollars.

Ah, those were fine days for the drama, when flowers, little silver bricks, gloves, etc., were thrown on the stage. Did ever I get a little brick?

O, yes; quite a large one, made from the tailings of some of the mines in the Comstock lode. It was thrown to me in Virginia City, but if it had hit me, this, perhaps, would not have been written.

And Harry Langdon, too, with his snow white locks. In those old days he was handsome Harry with his raven hair and flashing black eyes.

Once I played "Albert" to his "William Tell." I had to shoot at a mark with bow and arrow. They were particular in those days about rehearsing with properties; so I did not see my implements until the moment for using them. I had a notion, I suppose I got it from reading about the "boomerang," that an arrow was to be shot feather end first, and that it mysteriously turned around to hit the mark, so I was pulling with all my might at the string when "Tell" entered—he had a grand speech about his boy being such a fine marksman, when he started aghast at seeing this "boy" trying to shoot an arrow point end backward; so he said in a loud whisper:

"Turn the arrow."

"Eh?" I asked in surprise.

"Turn the arrow the other way!" and his fine speech was knocked into pi.

But he wasn't angry, and only laughed at the green girl who knew so little about archery.

Once in Vicksburg, just before the war ended, I was playing "Juliet" during a "star" engagement, when the stage caught on fire. There is generally more of tragedy than comedy in a theater fire, but this time it was really funny. It happened this way: In the fifth act, "the receptacle where for many hundred years, all the bones of my buried ancestors lie packed," was a large box of an affair just large

enough to hold "Juliet." It occupied R. C. of the stage, the rest was a moonlit garden, and we had a real moon, that is to say a lighted candle in a box was placed close up to a round transparent orb, left in the scene.

Well, the property boy did not calculate how long it took for lovers to die in each other's arms, or had put a penny dip instead of a large candle in the box, so when it burned down to the wood, it set the box on fire, and soon the scene was blazing up merrily. I was just embracing the poison-stricken Romeo, when I saw the fire and cried, "O look!" Romeo turned quickly. Mr. Templeton—the father of the gay little "Fay," also the proprietor of the theater, was playing the part—left his Juliet in a hurry and helped to beat out the fire. I stood my ground, and waited for him to come back and die; I was determined the people should get their money's worth—tickets were one dollar each—and not go away disappointed.

The "County Paris" was impersonated that night by a well nourished young lady. Hearing the noise as she was supposed to be lying dead, dead, dead, thrust through the heart by the sword of the desperate Romeo, she opened her eyes, raised her head and saw the fire, with a loud "O—O!" and a shriek, she ran from the stage screaming. Then the "quaint apothecary," who, having finished his part had been to his dressing room, and partly disrobed, shuffled on in his slippers, shaking in every limb, not knowing how much of a fire there was, advanced to the footlights and stuttered:

"T-t-here is no-n-no danger, ladies and gentlemen."

Now I had told them so before in a cool, dignified manner that had allayed their fears, so they only laughed at him. But soon the fire was out, and the burnt scene drawn off, showing the unique row of paint spots on the rear wall. It was a small theater and the painting was done on the stage. "Romeo" returned to his Juliet's arms and died decorously and according to custom. But as I crawled, after stabbing myself, to "kiss his lips lest haply some poison yet should hang on them," he said in a whisper, "For heaven's sake, don't touch my face!" It had been shot full of powder by accident the night before. I replied,

"I won't," and kissed him satisfactorily behind the ear.

Then the priest came on exclaiming, "Whose blood is this? Ah! the County Paris!" but no Paris was there, and no blood and the poor priest was in a quandary what to say or do, but the curtain soon came down amid the risibles of the audience, and so relieved him.

Once at the Ellsler theater while I was still in my novitiate, I was assigned a serio-comic part, and rushing on the stage my heels slipped from under me, and I measured my little length flat upon the floor, to the intense delight of the audience. They enjoy getting more for their money than is on the bill. I picked myself up quickly in a very surprised condition, and joined in the good-natured laugh, but when I thought the dear people had smiled enough, I looked at them sternly, and I think they stopped. What made her run?

"Well, if people walked all over you, perhaps, you would run, too," she replied. "and perhaps I would, but I am not quite certain. I went behind the scenes for sympathy, but they were all laughing; then I was mad, and said Mr. Ellsler was the only gentleman among them, for he had looked sad and had asked me if I was hurt."

"But he laughed worse than all of us," one of the ladies cried, so I went to my dressing room pondering on the vanity of all things under the sun.

The great Forrest was not pleased with his reception here, so, not being in the best of health, he went to the springs and left his leading man, the "Genial John" to support the little Cricket in her star engagement.

"It was funny," he told me afterwards, "to have a little woman like you order me about and tell me what to do." You see "stars" rehearse their own pieces, and the company obeys directions.

John was a great favorite, and was often invited out to dinner—remember he was "Genial John."—Well one evening after a good time at the "Cliff," quite a resort in those days, John came on the stage as "Landry" in "Fanchion," a chair stood in the middle of the stage, he made for that chair and clung to it during the whole scene. "Cricket" made all sorts of motions with her head and eyes, but no, he would not move, so you can imagine what became of the scene.

"It was my only salvation," he said when I scolded him about it. "The dinner was to blame." But he soon recovered himself and the play went fairly well. He used to tell a lot of anecdotes of Forrest, but as they have been in print before, I will only tell one, how no one dared approach the great man on the days in which he had to pay alimony to his divorced wife, Mrs. Sinclair. On those days he was like a wild bear, with all his kindness of heart frozen, and



ALICE KINGSBURY COOLEY.
(From a Recent Photo.)

his smiles turned to frowns, and so it was until his death, I suppose. Yet he left a monument to his goodness, "The Forrest Home," in Philadelphia for old actors and actresses.

Mrs. Sinclair was a handsome, talented actress, but they could not get along together, for genius is sometimes too exacting and hard to please. It is too bad, as it prevents a race of superior genius coming into the world, as it should from the marriage of such people.

A man of genius needs a congenial companion, but he generally marries quite the reverse. Look at some of the old writers, Rousseau, for instance, his wife was a virago whom he feared, so was Zantippe, the help-mate of the great philosopher Socrates; she was such a scold that she has given her name to all tongue-lashing wives.

A woman of genius also needs a suitable partner. Not one who constantly tells her that the kitchen and the wash tub and the raising of babies is woman's only sphere, and that poetry is foolishness, and art bosh.

It seems so queer that when the courting days, those happy times, that no one forgets are passing, that the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of each are not discovered by the other in time to prevent an unfortunate marriage, if qualities exist that are detrimental to peace and happiness.

What a galaxy of genius the stars of those days represented. There was Forrest; the Booths; whose father was so great in Richard III and Macbeth, in both of which plays, he had a broadsword fight—that he forgot he was anything but the crook-backed tyrant, or the remorseful murderer, and pursued his adversary with such realism, that he fled out of the back door of the stage, and out into the street, with Booth at his heels, who chased him until he was tired or his senses returned. I don't know what the audience did during the wait. There were also the Wallacks, and the gentle Davenport, one of the finest actors of those days, Adams, Southern, Murdock, Fechter, and a score of others.

There was Julia Dean and Charlotte Cushman, Eliza Logan, Mrs. Waller, and the eccentric, but great Matilda Heron, and Maggie Mitchell, too.

It was in Julia Dean's theater in Washington, during the performance of Our American Cousin that Wilkes Booth fired the fatal shot through a hole that he had in the partition of the private box that lost this nation its best beloved President, then jumping on the stage he shouted "Sic semper tyrannus!" as if he was still playing an imaginary hero. He thought to make a new nation, but he now lies in an unknown grave, unhonored and unsung.

And "Genial John," ah, the misery of it, died in a madhouse, and they peddle his pretended ravings at five cents a listening. Only the two "Cricketts" are left of that happy time, one in the East, and one in the far West, with ambition still great, ever striving to attain the unattainable, with love for her fellow-beings still strong in her heart, and all the joy and fascination of life still throbbing in her veins, loving this beautiful world, and thinking all good of all peoples—and thanking the good God for her dear children and all her cherished friends.



INK ERASER THAT BELONGED TO JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

Will the Earth be Destroyed in December as Prophesied

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER.

From the earliest ages of the world, fanatical alarmists have always taken advantage of any unusual disturbance or changes of the heavenly bodies, to make wild predictions of storms, disasters and fire, that will bring destruction to the earth and its inhabitants.

Lately many of these alarming stories have been afloat. The spots recently discovered upon the sun have given rise to some of them. For all over the civilized world, from the big observatory near London to our less pretentious one on Mount Hamilton, astronomers are watching with intense interest at present, that glittering orb. Upon its brilliant surface are to be seen several large blotches. This, though, should be no cause of alarm, as periodically they have made their appearance upon its disk, since Galileo first discovered, in 1611 similar spots on the sun. The ones seen now, according to the calculations of those learned ones, should have been visible many months ago.

Several theories have been advanced by scientists as to their cause and effect. But nothing seems definite, all is a matter of speculation.

Professor Burckhalter of the Chabot Observatory, giving his views on the subject recently, said:

"For the past few days I have observed these blotches and have watched their course with interest. Of course the presence of these spots on the sun's surface is nothing unusual, and in my opinion does not denote cause for any trouble in the form of storms on this earth. From present indications it is very probable that the spots will remain in evidence for but



CHABOT OBSERVATORY AT OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

a very short time. There are four principal spots, the first and third being the most prominent; but a cluster of smaller ones surrounds these.

There is a certain magnetic connection between the spots on the sun and the earth, but I do not think that any electrical disturbances here will re-

sult. These spots appear periodically and yet with some uncertainty and according to past performances the ones which we observe today should have made their appearance more than a year ago. The spots today are near the western limb of the sun and will soon pass off the surface with a probability of their reappearing."

These temporary blemishes, then, on the face of our great luminary are nothing new and foretell no disaster to this earth of ours.

But now comes one Professor Necomb, who makes other most terrifying predictions. According to him, during our Christmas month of this year, some runaway star is going to burst into the sun, which will cause a fearful explosion and completely de-

stroy this beautiful planet and its inhabitants. If my theory is correct the light and heat of the sun will be increased thousands of times. Should this result follow, can there be any doubt as to the consequences? The whole surface of the earth will be exposed to a radiation as intense as that in the focus of a burning glass, which you all know will not only set fire to wood but melt iron and crumble stone. The flood of heat will destroy all the work of man and every living being that exists upon the earth. The polar regions alone will be exempt from radiation, because the sun will not be shining on them at the time of the collision. But they will be visited by such a flood of hot air that their fate can hardly be different from the rest of the world."

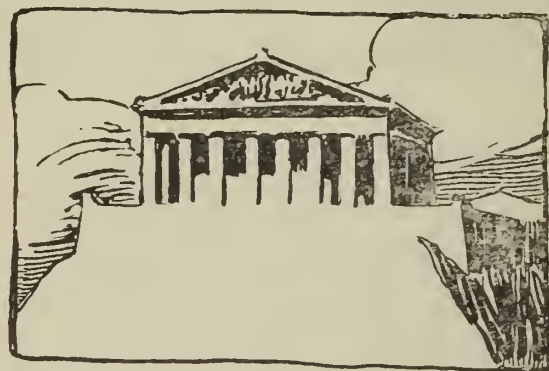
Also there was a man in Canada, a few years ago calling himself "Professor" Wiggins, who advertised a similar catastrophe, that (according to his theory) was to happen to our mundane sphere. He also fixed a date when, through some extraordinary workings in the starry firmament, we were to be swept out of existence.

A woman revivalist in Oakland, taking up his published ideas preached with wild enthusiasm on the subject. Of course she had followers, and working upon their feelings to such an extent, many abandoned their homes and took refuge upon the hills, there to be ready for the call to a higher existence.

But the appointed time passed and "our drear old earth" continued to revolve upon its axis in the same regular way that it had done for many centuries, held there by the wonderful law of gravitation, which the great Sir Isaac Newton discovered when he watched the apple fall from the tree down to the earth. Revolving it all in his mind he argued that some power or attraction drew it downwards. As the earth was round that attraction must be in the center of the earth. So there lay the center of gravity.

The problem of the universe was suddenly solved, a similar attraction of gravity drew and held the sun, and all the heavenly bodies in their place.

And these mysterious and destructive bodies that they tell us are whirling around through space, are no



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LICK OBSERVATORY AT MOUNT HAMILTON.

stroy this beautiful planet and its inhabitants.

We quote this gentleman's own words taken from an article published in a New York journal. He says:

"We all know that from the beginning of recorded history stars supposed to be new have from time to time blazed out in the heavens. The scientific men know that these stars were really not new. They were simply commonplace stars which through the action of some cause that no one has yet brought to light suddenly increased their heat and light thousands of times.

We have also known that dark bodies many times larger than the earth are flying through space like stars themselves. Now my theory is that if one of these objects chances to strike a star it bursts through its outer envelope and sets free the enormous fire pent up within, which bursts forth in all their fury.

Next December one of these objects is going to fall into our sun. Now I do not want to frighten you unnecessarily, but I think we may as well

doubt held and controlled by the same wonderful but unfailing law of nature.

Truly has the poet said of this great man—

"Nature and nature's laws
Lay hid in night,
'Till God said, 'let Newton live,'
And all was light."

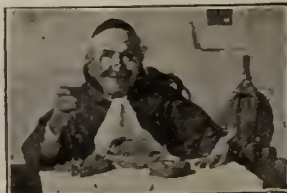
And so we can set at defiance all the doleful predictions of these would-be prophets and trust in scientific truths.

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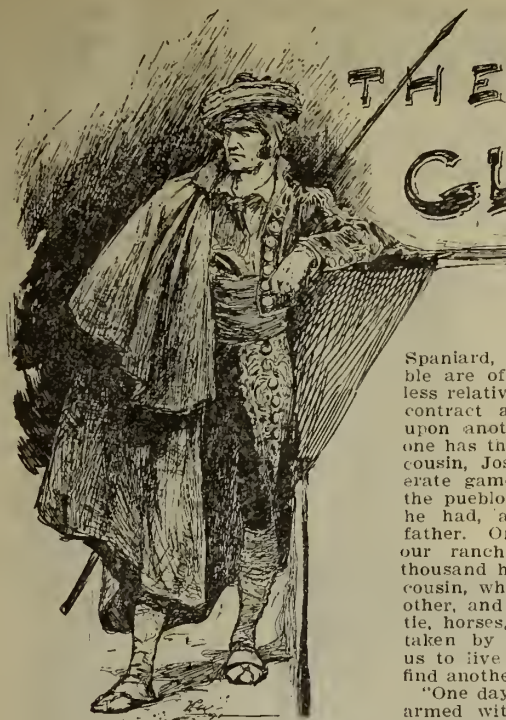
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THE GUERRILLERO

BY J. M. SCANLAND

Spaniard, and those who do not gamble are often ruined by their worthless relatives. With us, a relative may contract a debt, and draw a draft upon another. To refuse to pay, if one has the money, is a dishonor. My cousin, Jose Alvarado, was an inveterate gambler. During the fiesta at the pueblo of Los Angeles, he lost all he had, and drew drafts upon my father. One day Pio Coutts came to our ranch with a libranza for one thousand head of cattle won from my cousin, which was honored. Soon another, and another libranza, until cattle, horses, ranch and all we had was taken by Pio Coutts. He permitted us to live in the casa until we could find another.

"One day a number of the rancheros, armed with lariats and lances, went out to the Indian village to capture more slaves. You can see the mound where the village stood before they burned it. They were peaceful Indians, and as they were not members of the church, we called them 'Gentiles.' The Spaniard does not like to work, and he made the Indian his slave. When more grain was planted, or more herdsmen were needed, the sons of the ranchero would go to the Indian village and capture more slaves. I knew it was wrong, but it was the custom. The Indians were caught with the lariat, as we lasso animals, and then flogged into submission. Jose Alvarado, my cousin, was the leader of the raid on the Indian village. Many Indians were captured, others were killed, and then the raiders burned the village. Those who escaped threatened to be revenged. Not long afterwards, the valley was alarmed one night with the yells of Indians, as they rode from ranch to ranch, burning houses, and killing the people as they ran out to escape the flames. Our ranch was plundered, and mother, father, darling Ermine and our sweet babe, were all murdered. I used my lance to the best advantage, but fell insensible from wounds.

The kind senora to whose ranch I

Close by the old mission of San Luis Rey, in the gloomy solitude of a glen, lived the "Hermit of the Valley." After visiting the mission ruin, I called at his hut, and with true Spanish courtesy was invited to a seat on a rustic bench beneath the shade of a large willow tree. He was dressed in the costume of the past generation, and seemed to live in the past. I found him to be a man of gentle birth and good education, and it was with the keenest interest that I listened to the story of his life.

"My father," said he, "was Don Hernando Grijalva, a grandee of Spain, privileged to stand in the presence of the King without removing his hat. The King gave him all the lands of this valley, and he had hundreds of Indian slaves. I was his only son, and he named me Guerrillero, that our family might be preserved for generations. But this was not to be. I am the last of our race.

"We have lived on our casa on that hill—you can see the walls; the house was burned by Indians, consuming all that was dear to me in life—my wife, Ermine, and our darling babe.

"I must explain to you that gambling is a ruling passion with the

was aroused by the sweet chimes of the vesper bells, as they rang out over the peaceful valley of San Luis Rey.

"Let us go, senor, to the church. It is the hour for vespers and prayer."

A pathway, sheltered from the sun by overhanging boughs of graceful sycamores that lined the river bank, led us to the mission church of San Luis Rey, now magnificent in its ruins. The old building, surrounded by crumbling walls with ruined arches, presented a grand picture, even in its decay. Pedro, the aged guardian and official bell-ringer, was ringing out the chimes which summoned the faithful to their devotions, an office which he



JOSE ALVARADO, THE LEADER OF SAN LUIS VILLAGE.

had been taken told me, when I had recovered consciousness, that I had been found among the ruins, and for some time it was believed that I could not recover. Gradually, the horrid scene would come before me, and then it would disappear as a dream faintly remembered. I asked for Ermine and our little son, but the merciful senora would tell me that she was at church, or visiting a sick neighbor, well knowing that it would drive me mad to learn the truth. Finally, when I became stronger, she told me what I had seen in my delirium—that the tragedy was a reality. We went to the churchyard, and by their graves I knelt and prayed. Then came a long interval of brain fever.

"Soon after my recovery, the kind and good senora was laid to rest in the mission churchyard by the side of her two children, who also had been killed by the Indians, and now I was left alone. For days I wandered along the banks of the river. I strolled down to the ocean, but its solitude was even more oppressive than were the groves by the stream. One cannot escape the impressions of a silence which is still as death. I went up on the mountain, and as I looked down I saw the charred remains of the walls of the Alma rancho. My mother had given it the name—Alma, the soul. I saw, in my grief, my beloved Ermine, and our babe. I asked myself where I should go to drown in oblivion the sorrow that was gnawing at my heart, tormenting it as the waves of the ocean may lash the hulk of a wrecked vessel.

"Something said to me: 'Here is the home of your people; there in the churchyard are those you love, and yonder is the hill upon which stood your home; they are sacred to you.'

"I built this hut, in this cool and delightful grove, and have lived here alone for nearly a quarter of a century. Each day I see the sun rise and sink behind the mountain. I see the same skies, and the stream runs by hurrying to the ocean. One day is like another, only that each succeeding one seems longer than the others, and every day, at vespers, I kneel and pray yonder. In this quarter of a century I have lived a thousand years of sorrow, and not one day of happiness."

The aged hermit bowed his head in grief, but his sorrow was too deep for tears. His eyes were sunken, his features contracted. As he sat motionless, muttering a prayer, his attention

had performed for years, and which had descended to him from his father. The worshippers devoutly crossed themselves as they entered the church. Don Hernando leaned heavily upon my arm, and instead of entering motioned to the churchyard. Here the hermit released my arm, and uncovering his head, knelt where lay buried his soul's idols. His tearless eyes were fixed upon the little cross above the name Ermine, and his lips moved as if voicing a prayer.

I turned away. The moments passed slowly by. Still he remained at his devotions. There was something in his silence that aroused my fear, and approaching him suspiciously I found him asleep—that sleep that knows no waking.

Buying Christmas Presents

"Here's something cheap. Let's buy it," said the tall, angular woman.

"What for?" asked the jolly little one.

"Oh, for a Christmas present," answered the other.

"Who for?" queried No. 2.

"Oh, I don't know. It will come in handy for some one."

"Here" (to the clerk), "wrap me up two of these and hurry my change, please. How much? Seventeen cents? Oh, all right."

"My goodness!" ejaculated her jolly companion. "You don't mean to say you buy all your Christmas presents that way?"

"Pretty nearly—at least that's what I intend doing this year. I've taken lots of pains to buy things before, but from now on I'm going to go about things differently."

"Why, what has changed you?"

"Well, it's this way; I'm an old maid, you know, but I like pretty things awful well. I'm accounted well off, and so I am, but almost every year I have sought out the nicest, prettiest things I could find and sent them off to those I count my friends. And what did I get in return? Nothing, positively nothing. Now, the value of a thing doesn't count one bit with me, but I do like people to be thoughtful, and when I get two or three marked down calendars and a general collection of stuff picked up to send at the last moment which is not of the least use to anybody, I rebel. So this year I am going to try to teach them a lesson."



EARLY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA, WHEN THE SPANIARDS WERE TAKING THE INDIANS INTO SLAVERY.



CHRISTMAS IN DIFFERENT LANDS

BY JOHN A. MORRIS



Christmas comes but once a year, and it is observed as an occasion of general rejoicing in every civilized country.

In Germany the chief celebration is held on Christmas eve. This is the time the Christmas tree is lighted and the presents distributed. Many of the superstitions of the North German peasantry at this season of the year are of a curious character.

Old wives tell young maidens that if they are desirous of ascertaining the trades of their husbands they must, on Christmas night, listen near the large kettle walled in the stove. If the water in it makes a roaring noise, he will in all probability be a blacksmith. And there are various other tones of the boiling water by means of which other trades may be determined. Again, to find out what sort of weather it will be during the next year one must on Christmas eve take an onion, cut it through into twelve equal parts, put salt on each one and then place them in a row. The months corresponding to the cups in which the salt is, the following morning, if found wet, will be rainy.

The little Dutch boys and girls of the Netherlands go out and on Christmas eve collect the shoes of all the family, fill them with straw, oats or some sort of grain and place them in a row in the hall of the house. The grain is for the reindeer of Santa Claus. It always disappears before morning and the shoes are found filled with toys, candies, apples and oranges.

In France Christmas day itself is very little observed. From the middle of December the streets of Paris are lined with booths where every sort of toy and decoration are sold, but these are intended for the New Year's occasion, when the French exchange gifts and good wishes. On Christmas eve, there is midnight mass at the Madeleine, to which immense numbers flock. The high altar is profusely adorned with flowers, and the building decorated all over. The people enjoy the music, which is very fine, but the day possesses no deep significance for them. In some of the country districts, especially in Normandy and Brittany, more attention is paid to the celebration of Christmas. The parish churches hold special services in honor of the birth of Christ.

In Italy the churches are illuminated with thousands of wax tapers. To bring the scene vividly before the mind of the reader the following description by a traveler and an eye-witness of one of the churches near Naples may not be out of place:

"The high altar was blazing with light. On the right lay the presepe (manger) and on the left stood erect a wax figure of the Madonna; while around that impersonation clustered the young country girls. A magnificent flaxen wig covered the head of Our Lady, and her china blue eyes stared straight ahead of her into vacancy. She was clothed in a splendid white satin dress, wore a jeweled necklace around her throat and had costly rings on her fingers. The presepe was on this occasion the great object of attention to all the worshippers. It had been expanded from the stall-like manger surrounded by figures—the Virgin, St. Joseph and the Shepherds—common to all Italian churches at Christmas, to a miniature Bethlehem, into which was crowded nearly every known animal. Trees

and flowers bloomed all about, and even the star was not forgotten. This, painted in gorgeous colors, was attached at the end of a pole that protruded from what might have been the market-place of the city. The manger itself was empty, as the placing of the figure of the bambino (holy child) within it is a solemn ceremony reserved for the early hours of Christmas morning.

"The dress of the country people also awakens in the mind touching reflections; it is, I am assured, exactly the same as that of the Shepherds at the time of our Savior's birth, and dates back upward of two thousand years. It is a sort of smockfrock or

inant churches—the Latin, the Greek and the Armenian.

On the day before Christmas about one-fourth of the population of Jerusalem start out for Bethlehem, five miles away. Every available animal and vehicle is used, and a procession of Latin patriarchs, bishops, priests, monks and other church officials meets a similar one a short distance from Bethlehem; and joyful demonstrations, such as shouting, firing of guns and clapping of hands, occur. The roofs of the place are crowded with women and children singing songs of welcome and throwing upon the pilgrims flowers, green branches and sprays of rose water.

marble and draped with crimson and gold curtains. The church is the joint property of the Latins, Greeks and Armenians, and within a hollow recess underneath the altar fifteen lamps, two of which belong to the Greeks, two to the Armenians and eleven to the Latins, burn constantly from one Easter eve to another. On that day the fire is extinguished and relighted by a flame supposed to come from the Holy Sepulchre.

Into the marble pavement a silver star descends, which shines brightly in the glass from the lamps, and around this star runs the inscription: 'Hic de Virgine Maria, Jesus Christ, natus est.' The pilgrims fall on their knees and fervently kiss the star. Then a short service is conducted, after which the patriarch proceeds to the Church of the Manger.

Here the wax doll is ceremoniously wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in the marble manger. Then the bells ring out: "Christ is born! Christ is born!" and the entire congregation, as well as the priests, exchange greetings.

It is almost morning when the service is finished, and many go to the Field of the Shepherds, where another service is held. The pilgrims from Jerusalem return to their homes and enjoy a feast, and a like service is held in Bethlehem.

The Greek church has a procession and service similar to this on January 6, our Epiphany; and the Armenians hold their celebration later still. The Church of the Nativity, where all the services are held, is also known as the Church of St. Mary, and it is said to be the oldest church in the world.

In many respects Bethlehem is the same to-day as when our Lord was born. The people dress now as they did then, and many of their manners and customs are unchanged since the first Christmas long ago. Baron Geramb, a famous traveler, who became a monk of the austere Order of La Trappe, tells us, in one of his books describing a pilgrimage to Palestine, that he was particularly struck by the dress of the Bethlehemites. It reminded him of Jesus, Mary and Joseph; and of the Shepherds also, who were the first to adore the Savior of the world. Baron Geramb says:

"The women are dressed in precisely the same manner as the Blessed Virgin in the pictures which represent her, not only in the fashion of the garments, but the very colors are the same; a blue gown and a red cloak, or a red gown and a blue cloak, with a white veil over all. The first time that I chanced to see, at a distance, a woman of Bethlehem, carrying a little child in her arms, I could not help starting; me-thought I beheld Mary and the Infant Jesus coming toward me.

"On another occasion my emotion was not less lively. I perceived an old man, with white hair and white beard, driving an ass along the hill on which Bethlehem is situated; he was followed by a young woman, dressed in blue and red, and covered with a white veil. I was at Bethlehem.

"My imagination carried me back to the time of Augustus Caesar. In a moment it transformed those two persons into Joseph and Mary, coming, in obedience to the orders of the prince, to be taxed."



tunic, drawn tight around the waist by a leathern thong, and a cloak over that. No shoes; people in general go barefoot."

But if there has been little change as regards material things in the place of our Lord's birth, the whole world has been changed otherwise. He said: "I have come to cast fire on the earth." That sacred fire is the love of God, and it burns brightly and spreads everywhere.

Bethlehem is one of the oldest towns of Palestine, and yet but little is known of its early history; we find it already in existence at the time of Jacob's return to the country, for it was near to it that he buried his beloved Rachel.

In Bethlehem, the cradle of Christmas and of Christianity, the people have a month of celebration; the birth of Christ being celebrated at three different times by the three predom-

inant churches—the Latin, the Greek and the Armenian. On the day before Christmas about one-fourth of the population of Jerusalem start out for Bethlehem, five miles away. Every available animal and vehicle is used, and a procession of Latin patriarchs, bishops, priests, monks and other church officials meets a similar one a short distance from Bethlehem; and joyful demonstrations, such as shouting, firing of guns and clapping of hands, occur. The roofs of the place are crowded with women and children singing songs of welcome and throwing upon the pilgrims flowers, green branches and sprays of rose water.

Then the procession travels to the church, where a night service is held, and the monks and priests chant out with grand effect the "Gloria in Excelsis." Brilliant lights and beautiful flowers are used in profusion to adorn the altar.

The patriarch carries a wax doll, representing the Holy Babe. As the procession passes around the church the women lift up their little ones and cry: "Look! Look! There is Christ! Cross yourself!"

The Chapel of the Nativity, built on the spot where the cattle shee stood, and in which the Sacred Child was born, is a long crypt, paved with



OF INTEREST TO EVERY MOTHER

BY OUR HOME DOCTOR



Happy children are almost invariably healthy children.

The boy who learns how to row is rarely the "fool who rocks the boat." The girl who knows how to swim is seldom a subject for rescuers.



Bathe the children in the morning if possible; if not, an hour before the evening meal. Never give a child a bath for at least an hour after eating, and never take a child outdoors immediately after its bath.

Do not allow an infant to turn round and round that it may enjoy the fun of being giddy. Not only headache, but fits, stupidity and even madness may be brought about by such practices.

It is well to realize that very rarely there are two children even in the same family similar in their physical equipments, and that therefore no "rule of thumb" method of rearing them is ever eminently successful.

A mother rises to make a plea for the baby. She says that baby's clothes are almost invariably too tight or else they are made to fit so snugly that in a few months the poor infant has outgrown them, yet is still thrust and pinned into them by the foolishly economical mother. Very often fretting and crying results from neckbands which are too tight or from armholes so narrow as to restrict free movement. All babies claim the right to kick and squirm as much and as often as they feel like it. This wise mother points out that a loose dress need not look slovenly. Neck and sleeve bands can be so arranged as to be adjustable. Beading through which narrow ribbon is run will accomplish this. If the sleeves are too long use two baby pins, of which you surely have a set in gold or silver, to hold them up. Time and strength and baby's good nature are all three saved by making the little dresses generous in proportion to the figure of their little wearers.

That children should be afflicted with headache is unnatural, and the cause should be investigated and the remedy applied at once, if parents would preserve the health and lives of their children.

One of the first causes of headache is too rapid growth. As a remedy keep the children from overwork and feed them with rapid-cooling foods and little meat.

Plenty of fresh air and outdoor life will neutralize any ill effects arising from too much intellectual activity.



Headaches frequently have a nervous origin, in which case the head should be kept cool by cold applications and the feet kept warm by hot baths; also massage the limbs and back and give tepid baths daily.

Indigestion is a fruitful cause of headache, and is most frequently the result of improper food or over-eating. Regular hours and suitable diet is the remedy, and when Nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative give them a little Syrup of Figs, which



acts, gently, pleasantly and naturally, without irritating or nauseating, and cleanses the system effectively. In fact, Syrup of Figs is recognized as one of the best medicines to be given a child at regular intervals.

The lighting of a child's room is a very important matter, especially from a sanitary standpoint and

also from one of convenience. If gas is the illuminant, it should not be left lighted longer than is absolutely necessary. If a night light is required, then a little night lamp should be procured, but even then it is a pity that more mothers do not train their children to become accustomed to sleeping in a room without a light. It is so much more healthful. Where lamps are in use we far too often see children squinting because the strong lamplight is directly in their faces. Their elders seldom stop to think of this from their superior heights. A light should never be placed so that its rays flare into a child's eyes. One of the most prevalent causes for poor eyesight in young children is this very negligence on the part of their elders to provide shaded lights in rooms where children are sitting or playing.

Every mother likes to see her baby with curly hair, and if it is not naturally so it can be made to grow so with very little care. The baby's hair should, of course, be washed and brushed every morning, but when the brushing is done do not leave the hair smooth, but with the tips of the fingers rub the hair in little circles from right to left all over the scalp. This twists the hair at the roots and produces the much desired curls.

The mother in dressing her little ones should always combine comfort with the thought of prettiness.

To relieve earache in children bind on a small bag of hops moistened with boiling water and keep it warm.

Let the children be able to run about, romp and play outdoors in cold weather, but do not take them for long slow walks.

Respect the little secrets of children. If they have concealment, worrying them will never make them tell, and patience will probably do its work.

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Knowing the above will enable one to avoid the fraudulent imitations made by piratical concerns and sometimes offered by unreliable dealers. The imitations are known to act injuriously and should therefore be declined.

Buy the genuine always if you wish to get its beneficial effects. It cleanses the system gently yet effectually, dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated, prevents fevers and acts best on the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels, when a laxative remedy is needed by men, women or children. Many millions know of its beneficial effects from actual use and of their own personal knowledge. It is the laxative remedy of the well-informed.

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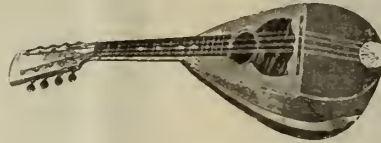
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ECONOMICAL WAY TO BUY PRESENTS

Selection of Different Articles which will be Appropriate
for all Your Friends, Including Children



Christmas customs vary in different lands, and while in all Christian countries the children are given presents, the manner of distribution also varies. In this country the Christmas tree is a feature, and it is usually loaded with as many presents as it will bear—everything from a box of candy to a rocking horse or a suit of clothing. The American youth eats more candy than that of any other nationality.

Every child expects a present, and it requires a great deal of discrimination and taste on the part of the parents to buy presents most suitable to each child. The desire of many parents is also to make the gift serviceable, and the larger number must also buy economically, especially if they have large families.

In this country, the custom is almost universal to give presents, especially to children, no matter how poor the parents. Adults exchange presents, and it is generally expected that the articles be of equal value. The Christmas tree, transplanted from Germany, is another means of bestowing presents to children, in addition to the stocking hung up in the chimney.

In California, during the Hispano-Mexican occupancy, the usual presents were given to children, and adults exchanged presents—always of an equal value. These presents are generally serviceable, such as a beef, sheep, horse, serape, guitar or shoes, and the rich gave money to the poor.

But the manner of giving presents varies, according to the nationality. In early Rome the wealthy slave-owners rewarded the slaves who had been industrious and faithful throughout the year.

In France, the Santa Claus comes with a convoy of angels, all carrying books and toys with which to fill the little shoes in the chimney.

In Alsace, Santa Claus is represented by a maiden dressed all in white, carrying a silver bell and a basket of sweetmeats. She then conducts the children to a brilliantly lighted Christmas tree, loaded



with presents of every description, with their names written upon each.

In Italy, children are given a box of candy made of honey and nuts; fruits are also given. Children sometimes accompany their parents, and select their own presents. This takes away the surprise at receiving a gift on Christmas morning. The principal feature of the holiday, however, is the Christmas dinner, which begins early and ends late. Everyone calls upon his employer, who is expected to make him a present. Children call upon their relations, the poor upon the rich, and the rich send their cards to the rich, all expecting a present in return. Even servants call upon those who have visited the house during the year, and are disappointed if they do not get a present.

In Spain, the custom of giving presents is similar, strangely a similar custom prevails in England.

In Belgium the children polish their shoes, fill them with hay, oats and carrots, or feed for Santa Claus' horse. Next morning the shoes are found filled with toys, sweetmeats, etc., and sometimes a switch is placed by the shoe of a bad child, as an object lesson. Sometimes wooden or china shoes, cups, saucers and baskets are placed by the children in the chimney as return gifts to Santa Claus.

In the Bohemian Netherlands Santa Claus, or Rampanz, is accompanied by three young men, disguised as the devil, he-goat and angel. They distribute toys, sweetmeats, etc., to the good, and the goat carries off the bad ones on his horns, so that they may be beaten by the devil with his rod.

In Russia they have a Christmas tree and distribute presents, but the special church services are held during Easter holidays and Epiphany.

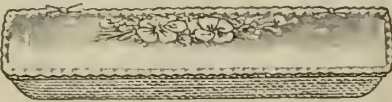
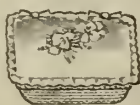
In the Tyrol naughty children do not get presents, but are kidnapped by Santa Claus, who carries them away in his basket.

In lower Austria the frightful Krampus comes in his clanking chains and devil's mask and distributes

gilded nuts, apples, gingerbread and toys. Bad boys fear him.

Throughout the Scandinavian countries, the cattle are given an extra allowance of feed, and a few handfuls of feed are thrown to the birds. In the rural districts the tables are left standing for all to eat who come. Cakes, toys, etc., are given to children.

In Sweden and Norway a box of articles on which is written the name of each guest, is thrown into the room by Santa Claus, who is hidden from view. To a young lady, fashionably dressed, a doll is given; a newly married couple are given a pair of cooing turtle doves. In the larger towns they also have a Christmas tree.



In northern Germany, in the rural districts, Santa Claus goes from house to house, and those children who know their prayers are given ginger bread, apples, nuts and toys. Those who cannot pray get nothing—sometimes are whipped.

In Hamburg, Germany, especially, the custom of giving presents is so prevalent that a bazaar is established the preceding week. Here are found everything—the ludicrous, fantastical, and the useful article. Bags of bon-bons are given, also toys, candies and sweetmeats to the children. It is the universal custom for employers to present money to their employees. The gifts are regulated according to the wages, varying from a few dollars to \$25. The giver's cheerfulness is regulated by the fidelity and industry of the employee. The Christmas tree is anxiously looked forward to by the children, and it is the custom for everyone to show his presents.

The Christmas tree is believed to be of German origin, yet it has a Pagan prototype of very great antiquity. It was first fitted up during the Twelve Nights, and later transferred to Christmas. To invest the festival with additional importance in the eyes of children, the distribution of holiday presents was changed from St. Nicholas era to Christmas eve—from the 5th of December to the 24th. Such was the origin of the Christmas tree as known to-day throughout the Christian world.

St. Nicholas is the Santa Claus of Scotland, the Samiklaus of Switzerland, the Senner Klas of Heli-goland. In the Vorarlberg he is called Zemmiklas and terrifies the children by threatening to put them into his haysack, which he always carries. In upper Austria he is known as Niklo, or Niglo, and is followed by a masked servant named Krompus, while in the



Tyrol he is called the "Holy Man," and divides the patronage of his office with St. Lucy, who distributes gifts among the girls, and he distributes gifts to the boys.

In many parts of Switzerland, Germany and the Netherlands, St. Nicholas still distributes his gifts on St. Nicholas eve—the 5th of December—instead of the 25th. St. Nicholas is the burden of the prayers of the children, who petition him to let fall from the chimney top into their large stockings some gift.

In our own country everyone is now studying what they shall buy for Christmas presents. They desire something suitable for the grandparents, the father, the mother, the brother, sister, lover, sweetheart, and

the little children. The stores are well stocked, the shops are largely supplied with toys of the latest make, and there are other novelties in abundance. An economical way to buy presents is to select articles which will be appropriate to the receiver. It may also be serviceable, and will perhaps be more highly appreciated by those who are not well supplied with this world's goods.

We recommend as suitable and economical presents for young ladies the latest novelties in neckwear, notably the liberty silk cape effect ruff with stole ends, trimmed with fancy ribbons; the plaited silk cape effect neck ruff with long stole ends, all trimmed with juby ribbon; heavy taffeta silk ruff with stole ends, with nine silk medallions; renaissance stock collar, hand made, Arabian shade; Venetian lace collar, large size, imitation hand crochet effect; large renaissance lace hand-made stole collar, long wide collar, in Arabian color; a handsome renaissance collar in Arabian shade; and large size Venetian lace collar in new and pleasing design.

A unique present is a toilet case, fancy silk plush and celluloid, top and front of transparent celluloid, showing artistic background, top with country scene in natural colors and embossed gold frame, front with exquisite ideal figures beautifully tinted under transparent celluloid in embossed gold frame, sides and base of fancy silk plush; drawer in base for handkerchiefs; raised top, drop front; satin lined; celluloid panels on inside of swinging doors, showing exquisite ideal figures in natural colors in embossed gilt metal frames; round long handle beveled mirror; brush with extra quality bristles; celluloid comb; 7 pieces of manicure fittings; two imitation cut glass odor bottles; gilt metal ornaments on base.

Other appropriate and economic presents are: Manicure set, containing staghorn nail polisher, pomade box, nail file, cuticle knife and manicure scissors, in leatherette case.

Comb and brush in satin-lined leatherette case,



genuine bristle brush with staghorn back and handle, sterling silver trimmings.

Photograph holder, decorated with assorted flower designs.

Celluloid photograph holder, stands 8 inches high, of colored celluloid, richly embossed and gilded.

Whisk broom holder, with embossed celluloid panel. Box for photographs, with opening for photographs in cover, decorated assorted flower designs in all oil colors.

Set, three pieces, handkerchief, glove and jewel baskets, with celluloid covers.

Silver or silver and glass toilet articles are always acceptable to women.

In silverware there are toilet articles such as talcum jars, cold cream jars, silver-mounted brushes, combs, powder boxes, buttonhook, curling iron, glove stretcher, atomizer, perfume jar, vaseline holder and hair-pin case.

A handsome gift for a gentleman is a linen or silk handkerchief, white silk necktie, embroidered suspenders, or fancy worked slippers.

Children like serviceable presents—that is, something that may be utilized after the holidays. The boy is always doing something, and if he have an ingenious or inventive mind, a box of carpenter's tools will be appreciated.

A fine present for a boy, or any member of the family, is a graphophone. It is especially serviceable in enabling one to correct the harshness of the voice. This is a practical machine, not a toy, and is equipped with the latest large size reproducer, is sold at only \$9, and uses the same records as are used in \$100 machines. It is known as the best wherever talking machines are used. They can be bought from the Columbia Phonograph Co., San Francisco.

A little girl always appreciates gay-colored beads, pictures, dolls and tea sets.



WHAT THE WOMEN HAVE IN CALIFORNIA

"THE LAND OF SUNSHINE, FRUIT AND FLOWERS"

The women of California have been, and are to-day, foremost in the social, moral and educational advancement of the State. In little more than half a century, California has evolved from a crude condition, where there was only a semblance of law and no society, to an advanced social, moral and intellectual plane, ranking with that of any State in the Union.

And this is mainly owing to the good work and influence of our noble women.

Within a year after the discovery of gold there were about fifty thousand men in California, and only a few women. Soon, however, immigrants with their families began to arrive. They came by the slow and monotonous ocean route, and over the sage brush plains, trackless deserts and mountain passes, braving the dangers of ocean storms, famine on the desert, and savage Indians. They left comfortable homes and a civilization behind them to found a new one in an almost uncivilized land.

Immediately, their civilizing influence was felt, and their first work was to establish schools and churches. Next came social and literary clubs and societies, and these have multiplied so rapidly that every social, literary, genealogical, historical, artistic and other cult, is centered in a club or association. This formation was necessary for effective work. There are now about twenty-eight thousand club women in the State, embracing one hundred and forty-seven clubs.

The main object of the clubs is social intercourse and mental improvement. Here they discuss questions of importance to women in general, and to children. They have thus improved the social and moral condition of the country, and become the educators of citizens of the present and of the past decade.

The women of California have ever, from the earliest days, taken an interest in promoting the educational, religious and civic interests of the State, and this interest is increasing. They are taking a greater interest in civic improvements, tree planting, park making, and improving the grounds surrounding the schools. They have also shown a delicate and artistic taste in beautifying their homes. They are also showing more interest in literary work, and in the preservation of our noble forests from the vandal's ax. For several years the forestry branch of the Civic Federation has been appealing to the authorities to spare our "big trees," and only for these women these noble "landmarks" would perhaps now have disappeared. This association was foremost in urging upon the people of the cities and towns the importance of planting trees and beautifying parks and drives.

In order to do more effective work, a State Federation was organized a few years ago, and a majority of the women's clubs and associations have joined it.

The California Federation is mostly composed of literary clubs, yet all of them assist in other work for the betterment of the general interests of women, and of the State. The object is to unite all the clubs of the State under one parent club, yet each will retain its individuality as an organization. This parent organization has appointed committees for the different lines of work, and these committees are composed of women whose experience and learning ably qualifies them

for the special work in their respective districts throughout the State. These duties embrace library extension, the establishment of libraries

where none exist, and everything that pertains to the advancement of women, the proper training of children, and the civilization of humanity.

In addition to the social, educational and civic organizations, the women of California have organized fraternal societies of every Order to which women are admitted. The membership is large and increasing.

While they are working in the interests of the State, and of society, the Pioneers of California are also being looked after. There are the Societies of the Women's auxiliary to the Pioneers of California, the Association of Pioneer Women, the Native Daughters of the Golden West and the Association of the Wives and Daughters of the Veterans of the Mexican War. These are local organizations growing out of the conquest of California, and the main object of each is to collect and preserve the history of the early settlement of California which may be within the province of each organization.

The Native Daughters of the Golden West have ninety-two parlors, and about 7,000 members.

The Woman Suffragists compose thirty clubs, and are working for the promotion of woman's rights.

The Young Women's Christian Association is another important organization that is doing good work. It has a large membership and is rapidly increasing and broadening its noble work.

The Young Ladies' Institute, which was established ten years ago, is one of the most progressive organizations in the State.

The Order of the Eastern Star is increasing more rapidly in membership in California than elsewhere in the United States.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy, organized only two years ago, has seven chapters, and a large and increasing membership.

The Woman's Relief Corps is a worthy organization, and has done much good work, and is worthy of high praise.

The Rebekah Degree of Odd Fellows have a large and increasing membership, and have prosperous lodges throughout the State. Their next annual assembly will be held in May 1904, at San Francisco.

Among other women's organizations, and the most prominent, are the Catholic Sisters, which conduct over three hundred different institutions. These include schools, hospitals, orphan asylums, deaf and dumb institutions, homes for the aged people, etc.

The several Protestant denominations have established Missions in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco and in other cities of the Pacific coast, for the conversion of the believers in Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism.

The Mission ladies make a house to house canvass to instruct the adults, and have Sunday schools for the Chinese youth.

There are Women's Clubs in San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, San Jose and in other towns of the State, and there are also many studios and sketch clubs, where the young ladies cultivate their artistic taste. The magnificent scenery of California is of itself an invitation to the artist's pencil and the brush of the painter.

The women also greatly aid the Society for the Prevention of Vice, for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They not only give their moral support, but they make liberal donations of money.

There are also many musical clubs, as our climate is specially conducive to voice culture



CLUSTER OF CALIFORNIA VINES, FRUITS AND FLOWERS.



A SPRIG OF CHOICE CALIFORNIA ROSES, FOR WHICH OUR GARDENS ARE NOTED.
(From Painting by Paul de Longpre.)

OUR NOBLE PIONEER WOMEN OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER



MRS. PETER H. BURNETT
Wife of the First Governor of California.

A waste of sand dunes and few houses marked this metropolis of the Golden State fifty years ago. The world beyond our western seas knew little of far-off California until one morning people in many lands awoke to be greeted with the startling news of the discovery of gold on these distant shores.

At first it all seemed an Arabian Night's tale, so glowing and marvelous were the accounts that told of vast wealth to be found in the glittering sands washed by the great Pacific. The adventurous spirit of man was aroused, as well as his cupidity, and thousands soon flocked to this new El Dorado.

From all conditions of life they came, but they were mostly brave, honest and true. In spite of malicious reports to the contrary, California has always had reason to be proud of the grand majority of those pioneers, both men and women, that laid the foundation of this great city.

It was a sense of love and duty, in most cases, that impelled courageous women to brave hardships and the perils of long, weary traveling, in order to unite once more family ties in a strange new land. And the desert blossomed under their magic touch. Soon sand hills were leveled to make way for handsome houses, green lawns and blooming gardens, and from these bright surroundings strains of sweet music and the merry laughter of little children greeted the ears and gladdened the hearts of many weary wanderers from their childhood's home.

No wonder that the part of town where most of these new homes were built in those early days, was called Happy Valley. This appropriate name was given to that section south of Market street, between First and Third streets, extending south several blocks. Beautiful little South Park, surrounded by its circle of commodious residences, was built and laid out a few years later through the enterprise of San Francisco's first sugar magnate—Mr. George Gordon, his own home being the most palatial in the row. The ladies of this exclusive little neighborhood, the Gordons always graciously leading, entertained extensively. Especially gentlemen who were here alone without family ties, found the cordial welcome they received in those hospitable homes most delightful.

There were also many prominent families that settled in the northern part of town, known as North Beach, near the beautiful bay, where they could gaze on the shining waters flowing in from the great restless ocean beyond.

The home of the esteemed Judge Seldon S. Wright, and that of the well known merchant, Jos. L. Moody, each faced this fine marine outlook.

It was here also that the father of Mr. Henry Martin, our late genial sheriff, established his family in very early days. The only daughter married Mr. Remi Chabot, and moved to Oakland to live. In that city's most exclusive circles Mrs. Chabot has always been an acknowledged favorite.



MRS. JOHN SULLIVAN.

Another old-time resident of that neighborhood was Mr. Miles D. Sweeney, for many years president of the Hibernia Bank. The only surviving member of this family is the widow of Dr. Joseph Pescia, a prominent physician, whose death occurred a few years ago.

The handsome residence of Mr. Julius Bandman, on Lombard street, with its extensive grounds, was the scene of many gay festivities for a number of years, after his marriage to the beautiful Antonia Pollard, who was the daughter of a pioneer hotel man.

Over to the northwest, on those imposing heights overlooking the bay, there still remain many grand old places built in the early mining days by some of our most prominent citizens. One of these, commanding a magnificent marine view, became the home of the late William P. Humphreys. Here his charming wife and her attractive sisters have received and entertained, with their own gracious hospitality, their many friends whose delight it has ever been to visit them in the midst of truly ideal surroundings.

Mr. M. C. Braly built extensively on these hills in the early sixties. His admirable wife, an oracle of wisdom, with the simplicity of a child, was indeed a helpmate in all his great and generous enterprises. Her daughter, Mrs. Wm. J. Bryan, shows in her devout and useful life that she has profited by the teachings and example of this good and wise mother.

Picturesque Rincon Hill was another favorite spot in those pioneer days, where many handsome residences were built and occupied by the families of some of our early millionaires, also a number of army and navy officers, and other renowned persons. The homes of General Halleck, General Carleton, Major Ringold, Commodores Allen and Woodworth, Hon. Wm. M. Gwin, Mr. Louis McLean, and a score of other prominent people were situated on this beautiful slope.



HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

One of the finest of these, with beautifully laid out grounds, was situated on Folsom street. A wealthy banker, Mr. Milton S. Latham, fitted up, with exquisite taste, this magnificent place for his lovely and charming bride.

There were three acknowledged belles in the city at that time, famed for their great beauty, grace and accomplishments. Society had christened them "The Three Maids." These were Miss Ella Maxwell, Miss Jennie McNulty, and Miss Mollie McMullen. It was the last named that Mr. Latham led to the altar and installed as mistress of his beautiful home. Miss McNulty married Mr. Thurlow McMullen. But the lovely Miss Maxwell, daughter of one of San Francisco's most eminent physicians, died in the flush of her youth and beauty.

Adjoining the Latham residence lived another banker and his family—Mr. John Parrott. Here for many years could have been seen six dainty little girls with their brother flitting gaily among the trees that sheltered their large, substantial home. These children have long since grown up and married. At San Mateo, where most of them have settled near their mother's stately villa, they form quite a colony of their own.

But the glories of Rincon Hill, like South Park, have faded and departed long ago. As the city grew and spread, other and more attractive sites claimed many of these former residents, or those of a newer generation.

About the last to leave this old neighborhood for the more fashionable northwestern end of town were Mrs. Peter Donohue and Mrs. Eleanor Martin. These ladies were the sisters of Hon. John G. Downey, who was one of the early governors of this State. Mr. Peter Donohue was founder of the great Union Iron Works; he married Miss Annie Downey for his second wife. His daughter by a former marriage became the wife of Baron Von Schroeder. James Merwin Donohue, his only son, married a daughter of the eminent jurist, Hon. Wm. T. Wallace. Mrs. Wallace's father was the Hon. Peter H. Burnett, the first governor of California. This distinguished gentleman came here with his wife and family from Oregon, soon after gold was discovered. He first settled in San Jose, but later moved to San Francisco. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. John M. Burnett, is a promi-



MRS. W. T. WALLACE.

nent member of the Women's Century Club of California. Her talented niece, Mrs. Katherine M. Nesfield, is also well known in literary circles.

When the discovery of gold brought the first immigrants to California, they found throughout the country numbers of Spanish settlers, that had come here many years before from Mexico.

Many of our first representative men, also distinguished army and navy officers, married the beautiful dark-eyed daughters of these old grantees.

Among the most prominent were members of the Atherton and Walkinshaw families, who became the wives of some of San Francisco's most honored citizens.

Then there was the ever popular Ainia family. These ladies were especially noted for their beautiful and well cultivated voices. One of these sisters, famous for her great beauty as well as delightful singing, is the wife of Mr. Ami Vignier, the well known merchant of this city. Her magnificent voice was formerly heard to great advantage in our church choirs, there being an especially devotional character to her singing.

In the French colony of this truly cosmopolitan city there were also many ladies gifted with rare musical ability. The charming receptions given by the Hahn family at their fine old home on Geary street brought together most delightfully many distinguished vocalists. The singing of the two eldest daughters, Mme. Ponton de Arce and Mme. Durand, was much admired.

Many a matron of this city still looks back with pleasure to the time when she made her youthful triumph and engaged in gay flirtations, at those delightful soirees given by the vivacious but ever amiable Madame Osburne Abbott. How perfectly her clear high soprano voice used to blend with the rich contralto tones of her daughter Berthe, who afterwards became the wife of the successful merchant, Mr. Andrew Welch, of honored memory. Mrs. Welch is now herself a charming hostess, and is also especially noted for her great benevolence and generous gifts to religious institutions.

But the women of the earlier days of San Francisco, besides their hospitable home duties, were ever ready, as now, to help in all good and charitable enterprises. It was mostly through their energy and earnest labors that churches, orphan asylums and other benevolent institutions were founded and built. Charity fairs were organized and carried on successfully by self-sacrificing women, who raised in this way large sums of money for these worthy objects. One lady, who since the first years of this city's existence had been noted for her great and unceasing work in the cause of religion and charity, modestly remarked once that "she hoped she had helped to put at least one brick into each building devoted to charity in this town. This lady was Mrs. James McNamara, whose home was one of the first three built on Van Ness avenue. The last years of her life she lived there under the shadow of the imposing cathedral which her earnest labors and valuable assistance had helped to build.



MRS. BERNARD D. MURPHY.



MRS. JANE STANFORD.

Her eldest daughter married Mr. R. J. Harrison, the distinguished musician, and formerly a prominent merchant of this city. Her mother's mantle of charity must certainly have fallen upon Mrs. Harrison, for her purse would have to be of prodigious size to answer all the promptings of the kind heart and liberal hand of this worthy daughter of a worthy mother.

Another one of those first homes on Van Ness avenue was built by the late W. H. Newhall Esq. For many years he and his genial, kind-hearted wife entertained their many friends there with lavish hospitality. So many tender associations were attached to the old mansion that, though with the march of improvements it became necessary lately to push it from the old site, their sons could not bear to see it demolished. So it has been moved out on Pacific avenue, where a member of the family will occupy it as his home.

Diagonally opposite to Mr. Newhall's place was the home of Mr. Tyler Curtis, who was the nephew of a former president of the United States. This gentleman married a Spanish lady, the widow of Captain Smith, who came here before gold was discovered. The most brilliant of the many gay festivities given in this elegant home was on the occasion of the marriage of Mrs. Curtis, eldest daughter of Mr. John English, a prominent resident of Oakland.

Captain Smith's attractive granddaughters, the favorite "Smith sisters," were also leading belles at that time. Two of them married successful mining



MRS. ELEANOR MARTIN.

men, and a younger one became the wife of the well known capitalist, Mr. E. W. Hopkins.

Great was the loss, not only to society, but also to the poor and needy (whose generous friend she was) when death claimed Mrs. John Sullivan. Her husband was well and favorably known here in our pioneer days, and amassed a large fortune in real estate speculations. Her several daughters seem each to have inherited a share of their mother's great beauty, and many virtues.

Another lady noted for her great benevolence was Mrs. W. E. Skidmore. She was known to have given away a fortune in charity, even before she came to California. Her eldest daughter, the lamented and gifted poet, Harriet M. Skidmore, was ever ready to use her pen in the cause of religion, or for any good or noble enterprise. She was one of the first to assist in founding the California Ladies' Magazine.

One well beloved pioneer lady whose generous nature and tender heart could never turn a deaf ear to any tale of misery, was Mrs. C. D. Sullivan. Her beautiful home on Bush street seemed to be a "haven of rest" for all of God's poor. Truly her children, famed also for their generosity, as well as talents, "can rise up and call her blessed," for she realized most perfectly the description given of the "valiant woman" in the Bible.

Also her old time friend, Mrs. Richard Tobin (widow of the well known land and bank attorney), was always among the first to come forward and help in every religious or charitable work. Mrs. Tobin's family are now numbered among the leaders of the "smart set" of San Francisco. Miss Agnes, her eldest daughter, is also making quite a name for herself in literary circles.

Out at the mission, under the shadow of the old Mission Dolores church, built by the great Junipero Serra over a hundred years ago, dwelt many of our prominent early citizens. Here was the home of Judge Hoff on Hoff avenue, and here his talented family drew around them their cultured and refined friends.

Not far from the old Hoff mansion, on Valencia and Seventeenth streets, was the residence of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan. Most cordially entertained were their hosts of friends whenever they visited this beautiful place, none more beautiful even now in that part of town. Brilliant was the wedding reception given here, when their daughter



MRS. MARGARET E. CROCKER.

married Hon. Frank J. Sullivan. Their distinguished son, James D. Phelan, was re-elected twice to the office of mayor of San Francisco.

In this locality also lived pretty and vivacious Annie McGeoghegan. This former San Francisco belle married Mr. Bernard Murphy of San Jose (who belonged to a noted pioneer family), and became a leader of society in the Garden City. But she was also greatly beloved for her generosity and benevolence.

On Taylor street, from Jackson up to Sacramento street, was once a favorite locality with many of our best families. Here were the elegant homes of Mr. J. B. Haggin, Mr. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. John P. Buckley and Hon. Wm. T. Coleman. Their social evening receptions were always attended and enjoyed by a large circle of friends.

"Nob Hill," as the eastern slope of California street is familiarly called, came into prominence after the Southern Pacific Overland Railroad was built. Several of its directors, who had made immense fortunes through this great enterprise, chose this commanding site for their homes. One of the finest of these magnificent mansions was built by the late Governor Stanford.

In memory of an only son, whose sad death occurred just before he reached manhood, Stanford University was founded by the bereaved parents, at Palo Alto. Since the death of her husband Mrs. Stanford has deeded her entire fortune to this great college.

Another lady, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, widow of a distinguished pioneer, is also expending immense sums on the University of California at Berkeley. Both of these ladies are doing great work for the advancement of education in this State.

This is a faint outline, a simple sketch, of a few of the noble women who have helped to earn for this Queen City of the Pacific a good and great name. Many came here in that period of its rudeness, and newness, or in those first struggling years of its growth, but the impressions of their many good and generous deeds last through all of Time's changes. Like a tree planted on the banks of a flowing river, the waters are continually moving on, but the reflection of the tree ever remains upon its surface; and so we see the good works and sterling qualities of these pioneer women reflected in the character and lives of another generation. And San Francisco has justly earned the name of being to-day the most charitable and hospitable city in the world.



MRS. NETTIE HARRISON'S OWN BEAUTY

Is her very best advertisement. Never has there been a woman who looks so young and beautiful at 42 as she. The pure, fresh and exquisite loveliness of her complexion is indeed wonderful. In offering to make other women beautiful she can well afford to present herself as a sample of her success. There is no other woman in this profession who can represent her treatments and business as Mrs. Harrison. Others claim to make you beautiful or teach you how to obtain a perfect figure. LADIES, DON'T be deceived. Look around and see who will suffer by comparison. Ask yourself, does not one have to be intelligent to teach others how to be beautiful? Ladies, call and see for yourselves. Hundreds of ladies may be found during the day treating and purchasing. Among this vast throng will be found ladies of all ages and conditions in life, but with one object in view, and that a most praiseworthy one—how to improve the personal appearance, restore and preserve their own Youth.

WHY BE GRAY



4 Days Enough

To restore your gray or faded hair to its natural youthful color, with Mrs. Nettie Harrison's 4-day Hair Restorer. Not a dye, but a harmless preparation that leaves the hair free from sealment. Cleanly to use. No inconvenience. \$1.00

BEAUTY CULTIVATED!

WRINKLES, FRECKLES, PIMPLES,
BLACKHEADS, BLOTCHES
AND SALLOWNNESS
REMOVED

LOLA MONTEZ CREME

THE SKIN FOOD AND TISSUE
BUILDER.

This invigorating and marvelous preparation restores the complexion in a short time to its former youthful condition. Prevents Wrinkles, feeding the Hungry Skin and Muscles. One application of the Skin Food acts like a charm. \$0.75 pot lasts three months. All Druggists.

Trial Box

Ladies out of city sending this ad., with 10 cents in stamps, will receive a book of instructions and a box of
LOLA MONTEZ CREME
and Face Powder Free.

MRS. NETTIE HARRISON

DERMATOLOGIST,

40 Geary Street, San Francisco



MISS STELLA FINKELDEY
Grand President

Native Daughters Golden West

BY ELIZA D. KEITH, PAST GRAND PRESIDENT.

This year, following the precedent of former years, the Grand President was responsible for her own report, as to the proof reading. What it has taken in time and eyesight to read the galleys for over 300 pages of fine type—not once—but in some cases three times, may be imagined.

Did you ever read the essay on the "Total Depravity of Human Beings?" It most aptly applies in the case of proofreading.

The Native Daughters in the Southern part of California have always been especially active in historical research, and giving practical demonstrations of public spirit.

On more than one occasion I have referred to Buena Ventura Parlor, and its excellent work under the leadership of Grand President Cora B. Sifford. The Native Daughters of Los Angeles have been making a name for themselves in civic fields; the latest being their participation in the successful effort to erect an immense flag staff to mark the historic spot of old Fort Moore, which was named in honor of Captain Benjamin D. Moore.

The fort was begun by General Kearney, completed under the direction of Lieutenant Davidson, on July 4, 1847, and there Fourth of July was first celebrated in Los Angeles, and on this day the American flag was raised in Fort Moore by Lieutenant Davidson.

The patriotic work of commemorating the spot has been undertaken by the Parlors of the Native Sons and the Native Daughters of the Golden West. Upon the joint committee to arrange for the erection of the flagstaff and the formal flag raising, La Esperanza No. 24, N. D. G. W., is represented by Mrs. Franc Simpson and Miss Sadie Rios, and Los Angeles Parlor, No. 124, by Mrs. A. K. Prather, Mrs. L. K. Foster, Mrs. Rose Brookings, Miss Grace Culberth, Miss A. I. Dempsey. The success of the project has been due largely to the efforts of Mrs. Prather, who, with Miss Anna I. Dempsey, was a delegate to the Grand Parlor at Red Bluff, and who will ever be remembered for their fraternal and patriotic and successful attempt to have the delegates of the Grand Parlor present a handsome silk flag to Berenda Parlor.

Were more of our Order engaged in the work so earnestly advocated and so successfully executed by our Sisters south of Tehachapi it would be a great gain, not only to our Order, but to the entire State.



MRS. ELLA CAMINETTI
Grand Vice-President

The observance of Pioneer Day was very general this year throughout the Order. Our members engaged in considerable research so as to find appropriate California poems for the occasion.

Not a few of the Native Daughters applied to the Grand Secretary, Laura J. Frakes, and to me for selections in either prose or poetry for the 9th of September program. Bret Harte, Edwin Markham, Edward R. Gill, Charles H. Shinn, Anna Morrison Reed, Lillian H. Shuey, Ina D. Coolbrith and Joaquin Miller will repay the one who seeks the pure gold of California sentiment and enthusiasm.

As typical of the spirit of Admission Day celebrations and pioneer reunions, nothing can be more in keeping with the season than Joaquin Miller's "Men of '49." This is republished by special request in this number of the California Ladies' Magazine. The poem was set to music by the composer, Lelia France McDermott, and was played in the California building at the World's Fair, also at the California Mid-winter Fair.

Mrs. McDermott sought to gain my interest in her work, and asked that the Native Daughters should adopt her song, if possible, as part of the Order's observance of Pioneer Day. She also sought the Native Daughters' influence in introducing the song into the public schools of the State. In regard to the schools, I referred Mrs. McDermott to our local Superintendent of Schools—a loyal Native Son. Hon. William E. Langdon—who since has signified his approval of the introduction of the "Men of '49" into the schools.

It was a pleasure to refer Mrs. McDermott to our worthy Grand President Finkeldey, as the only one who could give official sanction to the introduction of the song into the programs of the Order. The Grand President has expressed himself as favorably impressed with the composition, and has promised to commend it to the attention of the Order.

Speaking of Joaquin Miller reminds me that in the complete edition of his poems may be found an exhaustive history of the early Arbor Day movement in California, a movement in which the Poet of the Sierras took a leading part.

Our order stands committed to the preservation of our forests, the planting of trees, and the reserving of our California wild flowers.

Now that the rains have begun, it will be well for the subordinate Parlors that contemplate holding Arbor Days to make some arrangements for the same as soon as possible.

For the full history of Arbor Day in our Order see report of Grand President Keith in Grand Parlor Proceedings, 1903, from which let me make the following extracts:

"Many years ago California felt the wave of enthusiasm in regard to Arbor Day observance, and under the inspiration of Joaquin Miller and other notable men and women, Goat Island was planted with trees, many of which perished in a fire which swept over the island. Oakland and its school children had its Arbor Days. William T. Coleman enforested San Rafael with miles of eucalyptus. Frank S. Johnson enarbored one of the main roads of Marin County. Trees were planted at the Presidio, and other sections of California have felt the beneficent influences of the Arbor Day movement. The Town and Gown Club of Berkeley have done noble work in arousing public sentiment to an appreciation of sylvan beauty. The members have planted trees, they have sown wild flowers. All honor to them!

"At the Grand Parlor at Stockton in 1899, I had the honor to say: 'I would that each session of the Grand Parlor be marked by the planting of a memorial tree. Indeed, I would broaden this suggestion to the effect that all subordinate Parlors should plant a Parlor tree.' I also had the honor of introducing a resolution to the effect that each Grand Parlor should plant a memorial tree in the place where its sessions were held. The resolution was literally laughed to death, and died upon the table, as has done many another patient of an experimental surgeon. But ideas do not die—they are the deathless germs of thought, and at the proper time their vitality asserts itself."

Many have been the inquiries as to "when the Proceedings will be out?"

It should be remembered that the book for this year is larger than any other year. The Grand President's report itself covers more pages than some of the proceedings of previous years have contained from opening to the close.



LAURA J. FRAKES
Grand Secretary.

The latest grand Parlor was favorable to the idea of a Native Daughter postal card, and appointed a committee to arrange for publication of the same. The matter is still under consideration. Such a postal card should contain more than a pretty design. It should be distinctively Californian, and typical of the Order; a set of such cards should contain a view of Mt. Shasta, the Big Trees, an orange tree, a gold mine, the harbor of San Francisco, and—but who would know where to stop or what to choose? Certainly we could not have a typical California postal card without the golden blossoms that have been chosen for the State flower.

Some years ago there was a determined effort on the part of the writing women of the State to restore to our golden blossom its typical Spanish name, in place of the general juggle of German consonants with which it had been afflicted in order to compliment the scientist who first classified it in the flora of the new world.

The Order of N. D. G. W. has honored itself by honoring the State flower, thus naming Parlors after the "Blossom of the Gold," and we have three subordinates to "bear the name along"—Amapola Parlor, No. 80, at Sutter Creek; Copa de Ora, No. 105,

Hollister, and Eschscholtzia, No. 10, at Etna Mills, present the different appellations by which the poppy is known. The representative flower of our Order is the California poppy, and one of the most beautiful charges in our ritual is delivered before the Poppy Banner. Perhaps more than any other one agency potent in dropping the foreign name for the home term, "California poppy," is the souvenir postal card originally and chiefly designed for the tourist trade.

Speaking of banners, Grand Secretary Frakes informed me that the action of the last Grand Parlor in instructing the subordinate Parlors to provide themselves with the regulation banners as set forth in the ritual, had occasioned much interest and active correspondence in the order; that at last some definite figures have been received, and that if fifty sets are ordered, the rate will be far less than any individual Parlor could make a set. The material, style, execution, all will be of the highest grade, and the cost will include banners, poles, standards, and boxing for shipment.

It is to be hoped that the opportunity will be appreciated. Our Order ought to send out full equipment of banners and regalia, as well as supplies, for the institution of a new Parlor, and allow the Parlor time in which to pay for the same in monthly installments.

Many questions have reached me regarding a "Zincograph." It will be remembered that the last Grand Parlor adopted the suggestion of the Grand President that Parlors would provide themselves with a facsimile of their official seal, for use in circulars and postals. As it well known, it injures a seal press to use it upon tickets and postals, yet all official documents should bear the official seal. The idea is to have a copy of the Parlor seal made, in reduced dimensions, mounted on a block, and used by the printer when he prints Parlor announcements or postal cards. Such a course is followed by other societies. After the zincograph has been made, it is possible to reproduce from it a rubbed stamp facsimile which can be used just as any other rubber stamp.

The possession of a zincograph is a greater necessity for Parlors of large membership than for small Parlors, whose secretaries find it not onerous to write the necessary notices and thereon place the seal.

Alta Parlor, No. 3, stands at the head of the Order, numerically and financially. Over three hundred names are now in its roll. Its proud position financially is due to the wisdom Alta Parlor has displayed of allowing the individual member to pay her own per capita tax—to charge it against her dues. Nearly every Parlor considers the per capita tax as part of the current expenses of the Parlor, and pays it out of the treasury. The wisdom of this plan is open to doubt, since it is always an effort to keep the sick fund in a flourishing condition, and there are always some members who, though they do not hesitate to draw their sick benefits promptly enough, never do anything more for their Parlor than to pay their dues. Upon a few devolves the burden of booming the Parlor treasury. They are the members who ought to be compelled to pay their per capita tax. It is customary in many other organizations for the subordinate branches to pay the per capita, through the individual members.

Such custom prevails in the clubs belonging to the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Our Worthy Grand President has rendered a decision that the Caminetti Grand Parlor Death Benefit Fund is to be paid by the individual members.

Flag Day was generally celebrated by the Order. At this meeting Grand Secretary Frakes has sent out the customary notices to the subordinate Parlors, calling their attention to the fact that Thanksgiving season has been set apart for special observance by the Order.

Don't forget Arbor Day, and remember to give the children the Birthday party.

"The love of order and respect for law," says Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, "are nowhere more plainly visible than among club women. The zeal with which we study parliamentary law, our interest in the election of officers, and earnest desire to conduct our meetings in the best and most approved way, bear ample witness to this. Yet the treatment of a club member by another may be parliamentary in the strictest sense of the term, and yet may be lacking in the kindness which is an essential part of good-breeding. The small conventions of every-day life are as important in the club world as in that of society."



MRS. JOS. CORYELLE (NEE MABEL L. LLOYD JESSUP) San Francisco.



MRS. WM MEADE, LOS ANGELES.



MRS. MORGAN HILL (NEE DIANA MURPHY) SAN JOSE.



MRS. GEORGE E. WHITE (SAN FRANCISCO.)



OUR WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS

Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic



MRS. CARRIE EY, Chaplain.

The covenant of the Woman's Relief Corps is as pure and exalting as a Sabbath psalm. For no taint of selfishness can mingle with its high purpose. The Corps is the handmaiden of the Grand Army of the Republic in all its good work, and her deeds are as sweet as the aroma of clover fields in spring. The basic principle of the organization is "One Banner, One Being, One Freedom, One Faith." It teaches lessons in patriotism by cherishing the proud and tender memories of our heroes who wrote with fingers of blood a new and sacred anthem of Liberty. In perpetuating all the glory that the Grand Old Army won, for the vast unlaureled dead that are shrined in the heart and the living braves that wait, it inspires the rising generation with deeper reverence for the institutions of government.

The national organization of the Woman's Relief Corps was instituted in Denver, Colorado, in August, 1883, at which time all State organizations came under the supervision of the national order. The first corps in California, the Heintzman, was organized in San Diego; the second corps to be formed was the Phil Sheridan, in San Jose. Both were organized before the national organization, under the instructions received from Massachusetts, as that is the oldest State in Relief Corps work.

Lincoln No. 3, auxiliary to the Lincoln Post of San Francisco, was the first corps in this Department, organized under national authority on March 21st, 1884. It started with sixty charter members, Mrs.

Elizabeth D'Arcy Kinne was its first president; to her untiring efforts, executive ability and patriotic fervor is largely due the phenomenal achievements of this corps. It is composed of strong, enthusiastic membership, who are in love with the work. Lincoln Corps has expended twenty thousand dollars in the care of the needy veteran of the War of the Rebellion and his dependents. During the first year of its existence it contributed seven hundred dollars towards furnishing bedding, etc., for the Veterans' Home at Yountville, at that time a struggling institution. Lincoln Corps also conceived the idea of erecting a permanent monument to the "Unknown Dead," and together with Garfield and Meade Corps a lasting tribute to "those who sleep in unknown graves" has been placed by the three corps named, in the Grand Army plot in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery, San Francisco. This monument was dedicated with befitting ceremonies on Memorial Day, 1893, and each succeeding year sweet, fragrant flowers are placed around it in memory of some loved one, whose grave the tears of mother, wife or child can never moisten. Lincoln Corps can truly point with pride to its past record, which is at once a promise and a prophecy of its future.



From this date Relief Corps work rapidly spread throughout the State. Within three months the following corps had joined the march; John A. Dix of San Jose, Appomattox and Logan of Oakland and Frank Bartlett of Los Angeles.

A Provisional Department was organized in August, 1884, with Mrs. Elizabeth D'Arcy Kinne, provisional president. She had under her charge six corps with full authority to organize others throughout the State.

In February 1885, the Department of California and Nevada was organized, and Mrs. Kinne was elected Department president, which office she held



MRS. IDA L. JARVIS.
Past Department President.

until March, 1886. The Department then numbered twenty-one corps; at the present time there are sixty-two corps in the Department, with a membership of 4,000.



The General George G. Meade Corps No. 61, auxiliary to the Meade Post of San Francisco, was reorganized February 26, 1903, with a charter list of twenty-five members. Mrs. Kinne was the organizing and installing officer and the new corps, with sails full set, was launched under promising conditions.

The president, Mrs. Bessie Johnson, is an indefatigable worker for the cause, and under her wise and gentle administration the corps is certain to grow till it becomes a positive factor in the wondrous interlacings of patriotism and progress. Mrs. Johnson has been loyally and ably assisted in establishing this corps by Mrs. Anna H. Leavitt, the treasurer, and Mrs. Kate J. Woods, the conductor. Other officers of the corps are: Martha P. Owen, senior vice president; Anna Page junior vice president; Florence Barnes, secretary; Josephine Coles, chaplain; Corine Croal, guard; Margaret Miller, assistant conductor; Mary A. Rogers, assistant guard; Flora A. Bowley, patriotic instructor and organist; Louise Miller, Violet Salter, Florence Dermody and Almee Johnson, color bearers.



To the Department of California, Woman's Relief Corps, belongs the honor of establishing the first home for the destitute widows, wives, mothers, maiden sisters and daughters of the Union veterans and army nurses. The idea of such a home was presented by Mrs. Kinne at the Department Convention held in Los Angeles in February, 1886. At a joint camp fire of the W. R. C. and G. A. R. held at Hazard Pavilion, February 23, Mrs. Kinne made some stirring remarks regarding the proposed home, at the close of which E. B. Spence, president of the First National Bank, arose and stated that if the lady who had just spoken would call at his bank at eleven o'clock the next morning he would give her one hundred dollars for the cause in which she was interested. It is needless to say that Mrs. Kinne was on time, and received the first cash donation to the home. The second donation of one hundred dollars was given by Mrs. Emma McAuley of Lincoln Corps.

The State appropriated ten thousand dollars toward the building of the home. The Corps of the



MRS. FLORA A. BOWLEY, Organist.

State, through various means, added \$15,000 more to the building fund. It is maintained partly by the State and partly by monthly donations from the various corps.

The home is located in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, in the little town of Evergreen, and is most favorably situated under the foothills. It has five acres of ground, upon which are grown all kinds of fruits and vegetables for the use of the home family. One of the inmates, the widow of a veteran and mother of three veterans, is possessed of all her faculties, and is very grateful for the comfortable home provided.



The Department since its organization has rendered assistance to 16,722 soldiers and members of their families, the amount expended in this relief work reaching the munificent sum of \$78,954.40 in money, and \$31,986.77 in other ways.

Their motto is "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty," and in the practice of these attributes the members desire to make themselves worthy to be called the true auxiliary of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"Would I might utter all my heart can feel,
But there are thoughts weak words will not reveal;
The rarest fruitage is the last to fall,
The strongest language has no words at all."



MRS. MAUDE F. BURDICK,
Senior Vice-President, Stanton Corps, No. 6.



MRS. GRACE B. WILLARD,
President Stanton Corps, No. 6, Los Angeles.

WHAT ENERGETIC WOMEN CAN DO

BY CLARA B. NIELD.

This is the age of reason, in the commercial as well as the religious world. The out-worn notions and long-cherished customs that had nothing to commend them but their age, are being laid aside, forgotten.

This is as it should be. In the newer ideas we find not only the experience of yesterday, but the wisdom of to-day. By their adoption and wise utilization we shall move forward, and every step will be a decided gain. A notable advance over the years that lie behind us is our recognition of woman. How she has forged ahead in these latter times! She is found in nearly every department of human endeavor, every profession and pursuit is feeling the refining influence of her gentle touch. Woman is achieving notable success in art, in literature, in science, in the ranks of the gold producers. She is able to bring things to pass, and many of the stronger sex are left in the race when measuring swords with a woman.

We were profoundly impressed with the force of our own reasoning during a recent visit to one of the most successful enterprises to be found in San Francisco, an institution conducted exclusively by women. The company was incorporated by a woman, the Board of Directors are all women; the stockholders are of the gentler sex. The presiding genius is Mrs. Wheelock, to whom is largely due the credit for bringing this progressive institution, The La Verite Toilet Company, to its present prosperous and high state of efficiency. The company occupies elaborately arranged and admirably equipped parlors at No. 10 Kearney street. They are without doubt the most spacious and the most elegant in the city; all the appointments are thoroughly modern, and every department is in charge of a competent attendant.

The Department of Dermatology is a revelation in itself; it's here that the old are made young again; youth is truly renewed. The uncomely are retouched

and caused to appear as beautiful as the laughing nymphs of to-day. It's no exaggeration to state that wrinkles, scars, freckles, moles and all that is unsightly, and that tends to disfigure, are removed, and every vestige of their presence is effectually erased, and the skin is toned and made as smooth as an infant's.

The La Verite Toilet Company also conducts an extensive laboratory for the manufacture of high grade toilet preparations; their rapid sale and extent of territory covered representing nearly every state in the Union, furnishes another evidence of the rare business sense and wealth-getting abilities of this womanized institution.

The company has incorporated a most commendable idea in the furtherance of its plans, namely, a rest room for ladies: a retreat where the weary shopper may "catch her breath" and refill the tank of energy. An information bureau is maintained; points of interest are made known to strangers; places of amusement, suitable hotels and boarding houses, and information of a general character is cheerfully furnished.

A purchasing agency has been established by this many-sided institution. They are associated with all the wholesalers, and are prepared to furnish to out-of-town patrons anything from an infant's wardrobe to a wedding trousseau.

Mrs. Wheelock, the President of the Company, conducts a school where ladies are taught all the important arts involved in the care of the skin, scalp and complexion, hair dressing and manure.

Last, but not least, the La Verite Toilet Company is a financial success. It is now a dividend paying institution, which effectually clinches the argument that women can really accomplish results in the world of finance.



MRS. L. J. WHEELOCK.

THE MUSICAL CENTER OF THE PACIFIC COAST

BY ROSE L. BROWN.

We have written about what the women have in California—their charitable organizations, social clubs, fraternal orders, etc., and now propose to say something about their taste for music, its culture and development. The ladies of California are good judges of music and musical instruments. They were given an early musical training, and the great majority of them graduated with high artistic honors from our colleges, and achieved fame as musicians. In California we have the best musical institutes, and ninety per cent of the homes on the Pacific Coast have pianos. The question is: Where do they come from? This question answers itself, when it is known that the Girard Piano Company has the largest ground floor of any music establishment on the Pacific Coast, and sells as many pianos as any other store in the West. The reason for this large demand for pianos is that our people are highly cultivated, intellectually, morally and musically.



COL. JOHN E. FOX.

Music appeals to the emotions, to the soul, and the possession of a musical taste stamps the individual as a superior and refined being. The artistic culture of the ladies of California and of the Pacific Coast is shown by the number of pianos sold, and the increasing demand for them. The main reason for this increase is the superior excellence of the instruments. The Girard Piano Company, of Oakland, California, carries in its stock fifteen different makes—all from the best factories in the United States. The endorsement of Colonel John E. Fox, the affable and trustworthy manager of the house, is a sufficient guarantee. By his fair dealing and integrity he has gained the confidence of the women of California and of the Pacific Coast, and has built up a large and increasing business. As evidence of the growing success of the house, it may be stated for the information of its numerous patrons, that after the first of January next, a large number of musical instruments of all kinds will be added, and all the best music by the most noted composers. The house will also open a mail order department, and ship goods to any part of the United States, and our new possessions in the Pacific.

THE SMART SET'S JEWELS

How Fashions Blazing Splendor Blinds the Public

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER.

Gala was the opening night of the Duss concerts, whither we went supposedly to see Duss lead that wonderful aggregation of artists, the Metropolitan orchestra, but as was later shown, to see and hear Nordica. It was society's night, and society was there to claim it with tasty yet brilliant display.

When Nordica made her appearance one's breath was taken away by the dazzling brilliancy displayed. After many encores her exit left one reflecting upon the vast wealth in jewelry displayed, not only by that noted singer, but by the well dressed audience as well, until the idea that perhaps a large proportion of the jewels were not genuine became dominant. The thought became so fixed that partly through curiosity, but more to receive authoritative information, I called upon Alexandra, the well known jeweler, at 754 Market street, who makes a specialty of manufactured diamonds and pearls.

"No," said Mr. Alexandra, in response to my query, "I am not surprised at your question, for it is one we are required to answer frequently. To make the assertion that all jewelry that one sees at a Nordica recital, a Grau or Corried Grand Opera night, or a Columbia 'first night,' are genuine is as mistaken an idea as to say that they were all imitation."

"The public gape and stare at the dazzling society woman as she steps from her carriage to enter the theater, marveling at such scintillating grandeur. In these days of dextrous thieves and bold robberies there are few women possessing wealth in jewelry who would dare wear all their gems publicly. Especially is this the case in family jewels, which, although of great intrinsic value, are far more highly prized as an heirloom."

"The greater proportion of our clientele are the women in California who own costly jewelry, and were the truth known more than half of the beautiful necklaces, tiaras, ropes of pearls and corsages, which are so much admired, are our own productions."

"What is the relative value between the real gem and your manufactured diamonds?"

"That is very hard to estimate, as there is far more difficulty in the manufacture of one gem than an-

other. The hardest stone we find to copy perfectly is the emerald, which, by the way, is the most expensive. Even in the most valuable a slight flaw is almost always found, and of course we must reproduce these defects as well."

"In regard to duplicating these expensive jewels, don't you feel a great responsibility while in the possession of valuable heirlooms?"

"The truth is, we never see the originals any more than we see a great majority of the owners. When a request for this kind of work is made, we send our artist to the home or safe deposit vault. He makes a pen and ink drawing of the piece of jewelry. A detailed description of every stone is given, including flaws and irregularities. Our workmen do the rest. "But, Mr. Alexandra, what is the Alexandra diamond and pearl?"

"The pearl is a composition composed for the most part of pigskin and silver. There is a certain species of fish which inhabit the waters of the Eastern and Southern seas where our best pearls are found, whose scales contain a great deal of the macroous matter of the real pearl itself, and this, with other ingredients make the pearl that contains all the lustrous sheen, durability and hardness of the genuine pearls."

"Without entering into a scientific dissertation on the manufacture of the Alexandra diamonds, I will say that they are formed in much the same manner as the experiments that are being successfully made to make genuine diamonds. Of course, only very small stones have been made, for it requires a temperature of 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit, while radium only gives us 6,000 degrees. Now, by reducing the heat to a lower temperature we are enabled to make the Alexandra diamond, which, when cut, polished and faceted in the same manner as the genuine diamonds, are as brilliant and lustrous in appearance."

"Our designs are not only the highest creation of our designers skill, but we are directly in touch with European centers, and the sea of approval is no sooner set by fashion than a reproduction is sent to our establishments. So we fill a unique yet necessary place in the business world."



CALIFORNIA'S PROMINENT PAINTER

BY MARY L. HARRISON

Another star has been added to the galaxy of California talent, a star of the first magnitude as well, in the person of Miss Matilda Lotz.

Although Miss Lotz was born in Tennessee, she was brought to California while only a babe in arms. She herself claims to be a native of our State, and California may well be proud of presenting to the world its second Rosa Bonheur. One could hardly wish for a higher title. Added to her talent she has a genuine love for the animals she so faithfully reproduces for us, in so much so that in addition to her studio in Paris she has what one might call a menagerie of pets.

We are told by a friend that while still a tiny tot she was the despair of her teachers, for instead of trying to master the three R's she would spend her time drawing animals around the pages of her books. All sorts of queer animals, some quite unknown to the scientists, but her specialty was pigs. A procession of pigs would wander around the pages of her second reader, or up and down the margin of her arithmetic. Fat and lean pigs, long and short ones, and so well done one could almost hear them grunt.

Finding that her love for art increased, it was deemed advisable to cultivate her talent, and she was sent to the old school of design, where she studied under Virgil Williams, and immediately made great progress. At the exhibition of the local artists, her picture of a horse was awarded the gold medal for general excellence given by William Alvord. Later, with the advice of Mr. Williams, she was recommended to go to Paris and take up art seriously. Good advice, as it proved, for after a year's study she had two pictures admitted to the Salon.

"In Paris Miss Lotz studied for some time in the Julian Academy, later under Van Marcke, but her work, unlike that of Van Marcke, who is renowned as a colorist, seems to be influenced more by that of Rosa Bonheur, who, from the first, was to Miss Lotz a faithful friend, and a valuable adviser. Up to the date of Miss Bonheur's death these two artists were firm friends and daily associates. Miss Lotz, like her friend, early decided not to wed, fancying that a divided attention would be a drawback to her chosen and much loved art, so, while she always has many friends, and is not an old maid in any sense of the word, she is still single. Moreover, in spite of the artistic temperament, there has been no rumor of a romance.

The romance of her life is perhaps centered in her extensive interests, her travels, her several studios, and her numerous pets of beautiful horses and dogs.

The Baroness Rothschild gave her a commission to paint a favorite and beautiful St. Bernard, and the noble animal became so attached to Miss Lotz that the Baroness presented him to her. For many years he was her devoted and untiring companion. I am sure many of us remember the beautiful animal escorting his be-



MATILDA LOTZ, THE CALIFORNIA ARTIST
Who Has Won Distinguished Honors in the Art Salons of Paris.

loved mistress in a manner at once so dignified and so proud.

Dogs and oxen are her favorite subjects, but she has painted many horses. The Duke and Duchess of Portland have a number of her works taken from the racing stable of their country estate near Paris. She stopped for a time in Budapest, where Count Esterhazy, the head of the government, next in power to the Emperor, Francis Joseph admired her work so much he ordered a studio built for her. The Emperor himself gave her several commissions. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is also a warm admirer and personal friend of Miss Lotz. Two canvasses, one of a Jersey calf and one of hunting dogs, have been presented by Mrs. Hearst to the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. Each year Miss Lotz sends to the Salon, and has received from that high authority much gratifying praise and many medals.

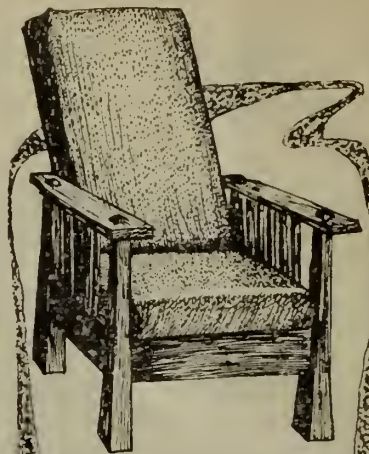
Miss Lotz insists that there is an individuality among the dumb beasts quite as pronounced as among human beings. To the ordinary person a cow is merely a cow, or a dog, a dog—al-

lowing of course, for different kinds of breed—but to Miss Lotz each cow or dog has its own individuality.

She pays as much attention to catching their different expressions as would a portrait painter to his sitter. Perhaps that is the reason why they stand out for us on the canvases so startlingly true to life. She loves them that are patient, and makes us love them, too. A great gift in worthy hands.

Miss Lotz is at present in Algiers, painting camels. A copy of one of her latest pictures is here presented. One misses in the copy the beautiful creamy effect of the atmosphere seen in the original.

From drawing pigs in California to painting camels in Algiers is a far cry, and we may be sure that in the intervening years there has been many a month of study, many a day of hard work and close application, and many an hour of discouragement, but in the end success has crowned her efforts. Not only California, but the whole world extends its greetings and its praise to Miss Matilda Lotz, the second Rosa Bonheur of the world.



PATTOSIEN'S MISSION FURNITURE

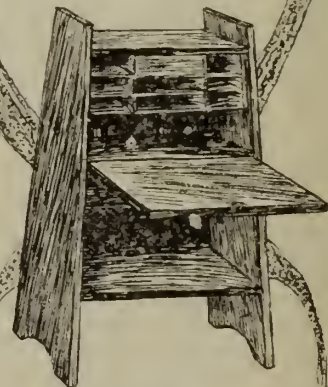
\$23.50.

This Morris chair is solidly constructed of weathered oak, finest steel springs and best of curled hair, while the cover is of finest Spanish leather—maroon. We also have other shades. It is a \$31 value.

The simple beauty of Mission furniture holds it in a justly high position. It is gaining in favor daily. PATTOSIEN'S Mission furniture is manufactured in the Mission district of San Francisco and it just stands to reason that it allows of a moneyed saving.

We get our materials by water. We use only the finest of curled hair and guaranteed steel springs. In fact, every piece of our upholstered furniture bears a ten-year guarantee. You can't wear out the solid oak pieces.

Send for our catalogue of Mission Furniture. It is fully illustrated, showing hundreds of beautiful pieces. No one should be without it if at all interested. It is yours for a postal.



\$13.50.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

Weathered Oak Desk

This writing desk of odd design is a very decorative piece of Mission Furniture. It is beautifully finished and makes a splendid Christmas gift for anybody.

It is well worth \$16, but we sell it for \$13.50, because we do a strictly cash business—don't need to give credit. We do not belong to the furniture combine and sell our own make of furniture at a good fair profit. It will pay you to get our catalogue. It costs you nothing.

We are equally well equipped to sell other furniture at a saving—anything in furniture, carpets and draperies. We have catalogues—free—write and tell us what you are interested in if you can't call.

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Streets

SAN FRANCISCO
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IT PAYS
TO BUY FOR CASH.

ORDER OF THE EASTERN STAR

BY J. M. SCANLAND

The Order of the Eastern Star has grown more rapidly on the Pacific coast than in any other section of the United States, and, in proportion to the population, perhaps California is stronger than any other State. There are one hundred and seventy-five chapters in the State, with a total membership of about seventeen thousand, and the membership increases at the rate of about one thousand every year. There are eleven chapters in San Francisco, with a total membership of 1650, and the membership is increasing perhaps more rapidly than elsewhere in the State.

The Order of the Eastern Star was introduced in California in May, 1869, by Mrs. William F. Moses, a prominent citizen of San Francisco.

The Grand Chapter of California was organized in May, 1873. In the month previous twenty-two delegates of the six chapters in San Francisco met to consider the necessity of organizing a Grand Chapter.

On May 8th, the following named seven chapters adopted a constitution, elected twelve officers and organized the Grand Chapter: Golden Gate Chapter No. 1, Sulsun Chapter No. 2, Silver Star Chapter No. 3, California Chapter No. 4, Alameda Chapter No. 7, Oak Leaf Chapter No. 8, and Evangeline Chapter No. 9. The total membership of these chapters was about five hundred. Mr. George J. Hobe was elected Grand Patron, Mrs. Maria Everhard was elected Grand Matron, Mrs. Henrietta Whitchee was elected Grand Secretary and Mrs. Kate Josephine Willats was elected Grand Lectress. Subsequently Mrs. Willats was elected Grand Secretary, which responsible position she has held for the past twenty years.

From seven chapters and a total membership of five hundred at the organization of the Grand Chapter thirty years ago, the order has increased to a membership of nearly seventeen thousand, with one hundred and sixty-five chapters. There are eleven chapters in San Francisco, six in Los Angeles, and eight in Alameda county.

A complete census report of the chapters will, perhaps, show a larger membership than the above quoted figures, and, also, progress in every line.

The order is increasing in membership in Oregon and Washington, and each of these states have a Grand Chapter. Nevada has seven chapters, with a total membership of six hundred, more than enough to entitle it to a Grand Chapter, but defers the matter on account of the expense. It is hoped, however, that a Grand Chapter will soon be organized in that State.

The Grand Chapter is discussing the matter of putting up a building in which to hold its meetings, have its officers and parlors for the eleven Chapters of the city. The matter was energetically advocated by Mrs. Pierce, when Grand Matron, and though nothing positive has been decided upon in reference to the building, it is hoped that the matter will not long be deferred, as the Order is growing rapidly, and its increased membership perhaps now justifies it.

The objects of this order are to give practical effect to one of the principles of Freemasonry by placing in the possession of the female relatives of that fraternity a key by which to unlock, when needed, those benefits which await the disposal of all good Masons. They prove their claim by membership in this allied order. Its ceremonials and teachings make the members, when heeded, better men and women. The Order brings people into closer friendship and social relations; it makes men and women thoughtful and helpful, and expands the sentiments of good will, benevolence and charity. There is a charm in it that increases with advancing civilization.

The Order is founded upon the Holy Writings, and is an adoptive system of Free Masonry. The obligations of this Order are based upon the honor of the female sex, and framed upon the principles of justice and equality. The adoptive Masonry degrees resemble Masonry and are Masonic in spirit, and were invented for ladies who have claims upon that order, through the immediate relatives of their families who are or were members of the Masonic fraternity. Those who are entitled to receive the degrees of the Order of the Eastern Star are Master Masons, their wives, mothers, widows, daughters and sisters. The five degrees are called the "Rite of the Eastern Star," and are very beautiful and impressive. The moral teachings of the Order are most excellent, and it is a protection for the lady relatives of members of the Masonic Order. The

American Adoptive Rite was invented in 1850 by the venerable Robert Morris, a native of Kentucky, and whose portrait hangs in the office of the Grand Chapter, San Francisco. The American Adoptive Rite differs from the European Order, which was instituted about a century ago. Many thousands of people have participated

in its beautiful and impressive ceremonies, and there are now about two hundred thousand members of the Order in the United States. There are chapters in every state in the Union, and a Grand Chapter in nearly every state. The order is rapidly growing in membership, and its moral teachings meet the spirit of the age.

It not only attracts great interest throughout the country, having many strong and powerful adherents, but is extending to other countries. It has reached Honolulu, has a large membership in Scotland, and has also reached far away India.

The founder of this order states in his memoirs that from his early Masonic life he entertained a desire of introducing the female relatives of Masons into closer friendship with the Order of Free Masonry. He gave the subject a great deal of earnest thought, and, finally, he decided upon a name, and then the number of points to correspond with the emblems of the Master's carpet, which are five. This is the Pentagon, the signet of Solomon, and proper to Adoptive Masonry. He selected from the Holy Writings four biographical sketches to correspond with the first four points, and the fifth point introduces one of the early history of the Christian church.

The characters that have been selected are Japha's daughter, named Adah, which is illustrative of respect to the binding force of law; Ruth, as illustrative of devotion to religious principles; Esther, as illustrative of fidelity to friends and kindred; Martha, illustrating undeviating faith in the hour of trial; Electra, as illustrative of patience and submission under wrong.

All these points are Masonic virtues, and they have nowhere in history more brilliant examples than in the five characters represented in the lectures of the Order of the Eastern Star.

The thirty-first annual Communication of the Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star was held in Sacramento last October. There were about 500 delegates present. The Communication lasted three days. Interesting papers were read, and matters discussed of general interest to the Order.

The following officers were elected for one year:

Worthy Grand Patron, Mrs. George F. McNoble, Stockton; Worthy Grand Matron, Mrs. Chlo Routzahn, Los Angeles; Associate Grand Patron, Mr. Edwin S. Logan, Hollister; Associate Grand Matron, Mrs. Agnes Conant, San Jose; Grand Secretary, Mrs. Kate Josephine Willats, San Francisco; Grand Treasurer, Miss Anna Beauchamp Barnes, Healdsburg; Grand Conductress, Mrs. Ada Mary Flint, San Juan; Associate Grand Conductress, Mrs. Edith Howard Fee, Madera; Grand Chaplain, Mrs. Mary Ella Rankin, Yreka; Grand Marshal, Mrs. Annie Marie Johnson, San Francisco; Grand Organist, Mrs. Mary Edna Phipps, Sacramento; Grand Adah, Mrs. L. Elmira Anderson, Oakland; Grand Ruth, Mrs. Sarah Farrar Streiff, Pasadena; Grand Esther, Mrs. Nettie Howard, Los Angeles; Grand Martha, Mrs. Maria Sherer, Colusa; Grand Electra, Mrs. Cary Maria Blowers, Woodland; Grand Warder, Mrs. Blanche Daisy Cary, Lodi; Grand Sentinel, Mrs. Jean Sornberger, Georgetown.

The next Communication will be held in San Francisco, October 18, 1904.

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MRS. CLARA FOLTZ.

The California Ladies' Magazine takes pleasure in informing its readers that the above well known attorney has removed her law offices to the Mills Building, San Francisco, where she will be pleased to extend her usual care and attention to anyone requiring her services. The success already achieved by Mrs. Foltz is the best evidence of her ability, and we can cheerfully recommend her to the public.

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MRS. ABBIE E. KREBS.

A notable example of what a woman of energy and ability can accomplish in the business world is afforded by Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs, who as President of the Caspar Lumber Company manages its great interests with much success. Caspar is 128 miles up the coast from San Francisco, and the company owns 50,000 acres of redwood timber lands. A double band saw mill, fifteen miles of railroad, two steam schooners and several company stores are among the things Mrs. Krebs looks after, and the company manufactures 100,000 feet of lumber daily. Mrs. Krebs has been paid a high compliment lately by her fellow-directors of the Redwood Exchange, being chosen to represent the lumbermen of the coast at the St. Louis Exposition, and placed in exclusive charge of the redwood lumber exhibit. She will have a room fitted up entirely in this beautiful wood in the great Lumbermen's Building there; will also have space in the Forestry Building, and an interest in the moving pictures in the California Building.

Mrs. Krebs is a handsome, womanly woman, and is greatly admired by the redwood lumbermen of San Francisco. During the year and a half that she has taken an active interest in the management of the company she has attended the frequent meetings of the Redwood Lumbermen's Exchange, to represent her company, and also attends the weekly luncheon of the Steam Schooner Owners' Association.

at both of which business matters are discussed, and her opinion has always great weight with the members.

"I asked the lumbermen if they would object to my attending their meetings and representing our company," said Mrs. Krebs, in speaking of the matter, "and I told them I would not go if it would inconvenience them in the least to have a woman at their meetings. They gave me a very cordial invitation to go and I have attended them ever since, and at them always learn a great deal of value to me in managing the business."

It should be said that Mrs. Krebs is a gifted and talented woman. She is an artist and also a writer, having contributed to magazines for years, and was for five years a member of the editorial staff of the San Francisco Chronicle, one of the largest daily morning papers of San Francisco. She was at one time president of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association, and is now its first vice-president. She was also regent of the chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, and Grand Matron of the Order of the Eastern Star. She is a member of the California Club, and has always taken a great deal of interest in public matters and woman's work. Of course since assuming active business duties she has not much time to devote to public, literary or club matters, but has been selected to attend as a delegate the International Women's Council at Vienna next year.





One of the Greatest Establishments on the Coast

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER.

This is a wonderful age of progress. The power and uses of electricity alone fill us with awe, especially when we think of the telephone, phonograph and the still more incomprehensible wireless telegraphing. And then, though not quite so mystifying as the laws of that great unknown power, yet the immense progress and improvement in business enterprises are really almost as marvelous. We can hardly realize how this is, so gradually but successfully has it all been marked out through the advanced ideas of man.

This is especially the case with those big department stores, such as Hale's mammoth establishment on Market street. A visit there must impress the most thoughtless, not only with its greatness, but also the systematic and perfect manner in which it is conducted, showing the wonderful ability, power and progressive works of its managers. The attention and politeness of the attendants in this up-to-date store has often been remarked. We now no longer wonder at this, for there is an old and very true saying—"like master like man." Recently we had occasion to see one of the proprietors of this immense establishment. We were received most courteously and shown through its many floors and departments, where man, woman, or child can procure anything and everything needed or desired, and where all receive the same polite attention, be they rich or poor, from employer and employees. Information and valuable explanations were given us about the systematic working of this great institution. The new fall and winter catalogue was produced for our inspection. It is a tastefully gotten up book containing a list (with the prices marked) of every article in this colossal store, and the illustrations are really beautiful works of art. These catalogues are issued twice a year, and fifty thousand of them are sent out in the spring and fall. Not only are they distributed through the Pacific Coast States, and East as far as Texas, but large numbers are also mailed and goods shipped to Alaska, China, Japan, and the Philippines. So perfectly is each article in this catalogue represented and marked, that persons can select anything they need as easily at home, and as satisfactorily, as though they were trading over the counter. We would advise all our friends, even those residing in San Francisco, to send for one of these catalogues. It would be of immense help to them when making their selections, especially for Christmas shopping; and to those living out of town it would be of invaluable assistance.

Hale's free delivery proposition is also most liberal. We do not allude to goods delivered free in San Francisco—that has always been most prompt

and exact. But outside and to certain distances, this is what they agree and propose: "It is based upon distance as applied to a certain amount. We will prepay charges to your nearest railroad or express



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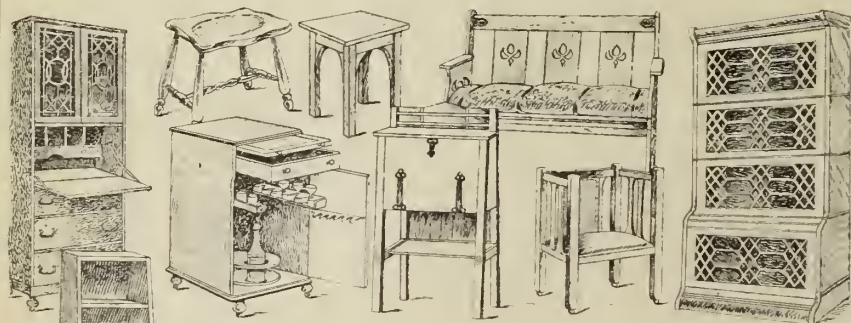
"Make out a list of the goods wanted, sign your name and address and mail to Hale Bros Inc., 979 to 987 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., including bank draft, Wells, Fargo & Co. money order or post office money order, allowing liberally for postage. Orders will be filled the day received, unless for goods to be made or bought outside, and all over will be returned. Small amounts may be sent in stamps. We will ship goods by express C. O. D., but do not advise shipping small orders by this method, as additional expense is incurred to you for return money charges. It is always safe to send the money with your order, as we cheerfully refund it when the goods do not prove satisfactory, or exchange them for others if you desire it." And we know of no other store on the Pacific Coast where they exchange goods so obligingly, and even refund the money if you prefer it, as they do here.

With all of this marvelous system of management and with their superior stock, sold only at reasonable prices, no one need wonder at the popularity and phenomenal success of the Hale Bros. We say with them that hands and brains are busy all the time making this great store just what it ought to be, and what it is—profitable, prompt, economical, reliable; giving as much for just as little as is consistent with legitimate merchandising.

The question is often asked how can Hale Brothers sell goods cheaper than any other store on the Pacific Coast?

The answer is that this firm buys everything on a cash basis, and they never fail to take advantage of every cash discount, which is not kept for their profit, but is given to their patrons. These discounts, from some factories, are very large sums.

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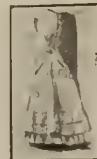
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The Different Orders of the Catholic Sisters in California

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER

Many years before the discovery of gold in California, the Franciscan Fathers had traveled to this, then unexplored country to do missionary work among the Indians. We all know how well they succeeded in converting and civilizing these rude savages of the wilderness, for famous old mission churches and buildings still, even in their ruin, tell the tale of their marvelous work.

But through the injustice and greed of unscrupulous men of a later generation, these missions were despoiled and allowed to fall into decay, while the Indians were scattered and driven away.

But when a new life awoke on these shores, and a new element came pouring in from the four quarters of the globe, then another band of missionary laborers appeared, to meet the many needs of a different class of people of all nationalities, who now flocked to this far distant land of the Golden West.

It was then that Rt. Rev. Joseph Sadoc Alemany was appointed bishop of this new diocese, built upon the ashes of the old one at Monterey.

His first efforts after his appointment, and before leaving Italy, were to enlist the services of the Sisters of the Dominican Order to help him in his future great work among strange people in far away California. He fully realized what valuable assistants would be those devout and self-sacrificing women who, donning religious garb devote themselves to the mental and moral training of the young.

So when this young missionary Bishop left Europe, Mother Mary Goemere accompanied him on this long, tiresome journey across the continent. They arrived at Monterey, at that old historic mission founded by the great and good Junipero Serra. In that eventful year that first witnessed the unfurling of the American flag here, spreading its protective stars and bars over the new Golden State.

Soon after her arrival Mother Mary gathered together the young from far and near, and, in an old adobe building, opened up her primitive school. This was the humble beginning, the nucleus of a system of religious education that was destined to flourish and grow to gigantic proportions on this golden soil.

Two years later the Bishop of Monterey was raised to the rank of an Archbishop, and his residence transferred to San Francisco.

The Convent of Benicia was now built to keep pace with the march of progress and the rapid increase of population in that section of the country, and Mother Mary and her little band of Sisters took possession of the new institution. Then a few years after St. Rose's Academy in San Francisco was started by the same order, and both of these soon became noted and popular boarding schools. Later it was a still greater advance when the large Dominican College was built at San Rafael. From a recent work published about this order of Sisters we quote the following: "The mustard seed of Dominican life, planted in Monterey by Mother Goemere, has spread and grown to a mighty tree, that as we write we call to mind that in this diocese two hundred brave women wearing the habit of St. Dominic are laboring for religion and morals in the asylum, hospital and school. These Sisters, working in the cause of education, now conduct one college, five boarding and day academies and ten parochial schools."

Several years after the coming of these Sisters, another distinct branch called the Dominican Sisters of the Second Order came to California. These have now a fine convent and school on Guerrero street, in San Francisco, also a large establishment with extensive grounds at the old mission of San Jose, three in Southern California, beside teaching several parochial schools.

The well known missionary, Father de Smet, whose heroic and successful work among the Indians, is a part of the history of the country, made many journeys to Europe in behalf of his dusky children. While on one of these trips, he came to the Convent of Notre Dame at Namur in Belgium, and pleaded most eloquently for help in his great work in that wilderness beyond the Rocky Mountains. It was not in vain, for when he left the old world five of the Sisters accompanied him to those rude settlements in Oregon.

The hardships endured and the heroic deeds performed in that wild new country by those refined, delicately reared women read like a romance. The foundation of their great work on the Pacific Coast was laid by these Sisters of Notre Dame in that great

western forest. There for many years they labored, teaching the families of the Indians, and later those of the rough frontiersmen. Then came the great gold excitement in California, which reached eventually this primitive country. A great stampede began for the wonderful mining regions, and the place became almost depopulated. An invitation was sent to the Sisters to come to this State. As their sphere of usefulness was about over there, they decided to go where their services were more urgently needed. In the year 1851 these Sisters of Notre Dame, a courageous little band of six, arrived in California. Going directly to San Jose they took up their abode in a small wooden structure on the same site where now stands their imposing college buildings. But their fame as instructors had already preceded them, and from the very beginning, even with its humble surroundings, this school had a name and a popularity hardly equaled by any in the State.

The Sisters of Notre Dame have justly earned recognition as educators all over the world. The great annex at Oxford, and their celebrated Normal school at Liverpool, have made their name famous in England. In America, beside their noted colleges in many cities, they had the proud dis-

best and most distinguished women (of all creeds) in California, that are proud to claim one of these colleges as their Alma Mater.

In August, 1852, the Sisters of Charity arrived in San Francisco. The great object of this order is to shelter and care for the orphan, and to devote themselves to this great work these noble women made their weary pilgrimage to this distant land. They were most welcome, for already their need was great. A desirable location procured, an orphan asylum was built which was soon rapidly filled by those little ones bereft of their natural guardians, now placed under the care of these good Sisters. This established another want they determined to supply, which was the opening of a good select day school for girls. For this purpose they had built a commodious school building, just back of their orphan asylum, on Market street. St. Vincent's school (as it was called) fronted on Jessie street, and was soon well and favorably known. It was patronized by even the richest and most exclusive families of the city, whose children received here an excellent educational training. With the great progress and extension of the city, it became necessary to move the orphan asylum. A large tract of land was procured at South San Francisco,

pital which was established in early days. This school is well and favorably known for its high state of excellence. Seventeen establishments these Sisters conduct in different parts of the State, devoted to education and charity.

On the picturesque border of Lake Merritt, Oakland, is an extensive edifice used as a young ladies' academy, and conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Names. They have six other flourishing schools in California.

In the pretty town of Santa Rosa that old far-famed order of Ursuline nuns have a most prosperous day and boarding school. They came to California only in 1831, but now have two most successful establishments.

In Southern California the academies and schools of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary are most flourishing.

The Order of the Sisters of the Holy Family, we are proud to say, was organized in our own city of San Francisco over thirty years ago. This most excellent community of devout women perform a great and most admirable work. They conduct three "day homes" in different parts of the city, where these Sisters care for little children of the poor while their mothers are employed during the day. In a kindergarten school those that are old enough (for they take even babies), are amused and taught, besides being trained to refined, cleanly habits, and useful methods. But in many other good and great ways these heroic women are working for suffering humanity.

The teaching of the deaf and dumb is the especial work of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Beside their noted institution in Oakland they have seven other establishments under their charge in this State.

In 1836 the Sisters of the Holy Cross began their labors in San Francisco. They now successfully conduct several schools in this city. The educational Order of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart was founded in France just at the close of the "reign of terror," and especially for the "poor nobility," who were sadly in need of Christian educational advantages at that time. They are still the favorite schools of the aristocracy of Europe, and of many of the wealthy classes of America. The members of this order opened their academy in San Francisco on Franklin street in 1837. A few years later their large boarding school with its handsome surroundings was established at Menlo Park. Both schools have a large attendance.

Some years ago a devout young lady gave, in memory of her mother, a fortune to found a "Hospital for Incurables" in San Francisco. A large building was erected on Park Hill, and the Sisters of St. Francis came here to take charge of it. Many and great are the charitable institutions in this city, but none are better or filled a more urgent need than "St. Joseph's Home for Incurables."

To care for the aged of both sexes, who are bereft of home in their old age, is the object and work of the far-famed "Little Sisters of the Poor." They came to our city only recently, but their "Home" is already filled to overflowing by those who in the sunset of life are tottering toward the grave.

A large and commodious building in the midst of extensive grounds will soon be occupied and devoted to this good work. A wealthy gentleman of this city has donated, and is having built with his own fortune this immense establishment for this good and truly charitable purpose.

In Oakland, a new hospital is just being built on a magnificent scale. It is to be under the charge of the Sisters of Providence, who have charge of one of the finest hospitals in Canada.

Last, but by no means least of the educational orders of Catholic Sisters to come to our golden State are those talented "Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin." They came here from Dubuque to take charge of St. Brigid's Convent when it was opened a few years ago, on Broadway and Van Ness avenue. This school, under their able management, has attained a high state of excellence. It is for both boys and girls. In the girls' department they are graduated from the highest grades of study the boys only from the grammar grades.

Such is a brief history of the different orders of Catholic Sisters in California working for charity and Christian education. A noble showing of these true Christian heroines whose lives are really one continuous act of charity, and whose temples of learning are "Arks of Refuge" from the storms and "drear noises" of the world, where youthful lives are guarded and guided in the paths of virtue and knowledge.



A TYPICAL CALIFORNIA SISTER.

tion of being chosen to conduct Trinity College, which is connected with the famous Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

It seems hardly necessary to speak at length of their splendidly appointed college in San Jose, so well known is this great institution of learning, with its advanced educational advantages. It has the most perfectly equipped scientific department of any female college in the State, and its art and music conservatory is already far-famed.

San Francisco is also proud to boast that it holds one of these famous schools of Notre Dame. A magnificent new college has recently been erected on Dolores street to replace the old school buildings that since the early sixties had been known as one of the best educational establishments in California.

Their second convent founded in this State was at Marysville. It flourished and grew in the midst of beautiful surroundings. For many years this was the most popular boarding school for young ladies in Northern California.

In many of our cities down to the extreme end of the State, we find the Sisters of Notre Dame and their admirably conducted schools of learning. It would indeed be a difficult task to count the immense number of our

where extensive buildings were erected for that purpose, and the Palace Hotel now covers the ground where church, asylum and school once stood. These Sisters conduct a large day school now on Mission street, besides many schools, orphan asylums and hospitals throughout the State.

At the extreme northern part of town, in very humble accommodations, the Sisters of Presentation opened a school in 1884, for the gratuitous education of the children of this city. The school soon outgrew its narrow surroundings, and a fine brick building was erected on Powell street, where a large school is still conducted by members of the Presentation Order. Another fine convent and school was built nine years later for them on Ellis and Taylor streets. They have now five in the State, all doing excellent work. The same year of their coming to California also brought to these shores the well known Sisters of Mercy.

The object of this order of Mercy is not exclusively educational work—they aim to minister to every need that humanity may call for. Soothing and nursing the sick, rescuing the unfortunate, and caring for the old and infirm, are some of the works they do in the name of mercy. But their schools are most popular. One on Rincon Hill adjoins their famous hos-

THE PIONEER DAYS IN CALIFORNIA

BY MRS. MARTHA J. SCOOFFY.



MRS. MARTHA J. SCOOFFY
Fifty-four Years Ago.

The steamship California, commanded by Captain Budd, U. S. A., cast her anchor in the Bay of San Francisco on July 13th, 1849. She carried a large number of passengers, over three hundred in the first cabin. Many slept under the table, while the more favored slumbered on top. Our first view was picturesque. The hillsides were covered with golden poppies, peering up through the velvety grass as if to welcome us. The houses were scattered over the sandhills, appearing as having been built more for comfort and a fear of earthquakes than for their architectural beauty. The only handsome residence was that of Captain William Alexander Leidesdorff—in the foreground. After a few days' rest we ascended Telegraph Hill to have a full view of the surroundings of the coming city, the "Paris of the Western Coast." Golden Gate, with her narrow and beautiful pathway to aid the weary mariner to cast his anchor—then came Alcatraz and Angel's Islands, natural bulwarks to protect us from our enemies. There were many ships in the harbor floating their gay flags; they carried assorted cargoes—the best of everything, "eatables, drinkables and wearables." At that time commerce had no cumbersome tariff. The men one met on the streets were in the prime of life, well groomed, very courteous, and well bred. There were no venerable men or incipient youths; no beggars. If a man was stranded a purse would be opened to him to pay his way to the mines. The waters came up to the east side of Montgomery street, where the waves would surge and growl, and gently recede as if murmuring "all is well." The west side was devoted to merchandising. It looked really gay to see the Californian on his bronco, twirling his rita, the yellow silk linings of his "cal-sinaros" floating in the breeze. Admission Day all were gleeful. The banquet board resounded with good cheer. Then it was not unusual to see on the menu Westphalia hams boiled in Champagne. We had at that time no steam baths or masseurs; we did not need them. No skyscrapers had taken possession of the illimitable space. Society was better then than now, there being no cheap transportation, so the riff-raff had to stay away until the days of railroads, cut rates, tourist cars and excursions. Too much praise cannot be offered to the pioneer women of California. They nobly assisted in weaving the web of state, and when the "Lords of Creation" were cogitating as to how much their claims would "pan out" the pioneer mothers were rocking the cradles and singing lullabys to the future rulers of the Golden State. May their noble footprints ever remain imperishable on the sands of time.

Fifty-four years ago, and at the present day we have nearly the same number of these most estimable ladies, who to-day compose the Association called "Pioneer Women of California."

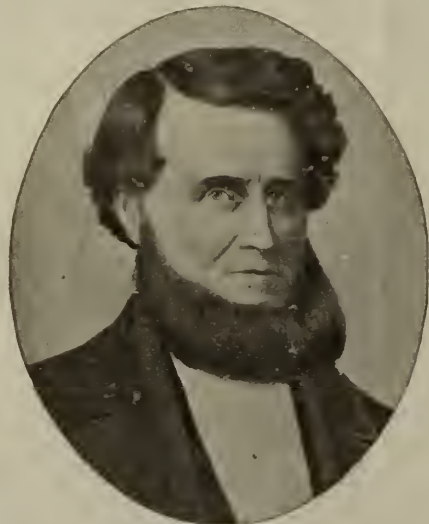
Until a few years ago no arrangements had been made for the participation of the Pioneer Ladies of

California in the celebration of Admission Day. Several ladies discussed the matter at an informal meeting, and decided to organize a society of pioneer women. Mrs. Noble Martin, of Berkeley, was authorized to issue the call, and the meeting was appointed for August 12, 1900. There were seven ladies present: Mrs. Noble Martin, Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke, Mrs.



Ann Germain, Mrs. Margaret M. McCormick, Mrs. Sarah Widden, Mrs. A. B. Huntington, and Mrs. Mary A. McGivney. Mrs. Noble Martin was elected President, Mrs. Ann Germain was chosen Secretary, and Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke was elected Secretary. The meeting then adjourned to meet again at Pioneer Hall on September 1. Such was the nucleus of this society—the first Pioneer Women's Association in California.

Twenty names were added at the next meeting. Owing to illness Mrs. Germain, the Secretary, resigned and Mrs. Angeline Griffin Gardner was appointed temporary Secretary. The organization was completed by the election of the following officers: Mrs. Marion Bain Cumming, First Vice President, Mrs. Mary Von



JAMES LICK.

der Mehden, Second Vice President; Mrs. Louise S. Chase, Secretary; Mrs. Annie E. McIntyre, Assistant Secretary; Mrs. Margaret M. McCormick, Treasurer.

The Pioneer Ladies took considerable interest in this new organization, and at the next meeting twenty-two names were added to the roll of members. A committee was also appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, and arrangements were made to hold a reception on the 10th and 11th of September to entertain the pioneers and celebrate the fifti-



MRS. MARTHA J. SCOOFFY
At the Present Day.

eth anniversary of the admission of California into the Union as a State. During the afternoons of those days about 300 guests were entertained, including many pioneers, and their sons and daughters.

The object of this Association is to assist in the work of collecting and preserving personal history and reminiscences of pioneer women, their stories of the domestic, social, church and school life of the early settlers. A number of auxiliary organizations have been organized throughout the State, and the President, Mrs. Annie E. McIntyre, has issued a circular letter to the pioneer women of California to organize associations, and thus preserve the local history of the early days of their respective districts. Auxiliary associations, outside of San Francisco and Alameda counties may be organized by five or more women who arrived in California before December 31, 1853; or, by the female descendants of either pioneer women or men. Those eligible to membership are: "All moral white women who were residents of California prior to and including the 31st day of December, 1853, and all daughters of pioneers, and their female descendants, shall be eligible to membership."

There are now 143 members of the Association. Some of the members are '49ers, but they do not recollect as much of their trip "round the Horn" or across the plains, as the pioneer gold seekers. Mrs. Annie E. McIntyre, the President, came with her parents across the plains in 1849, in a primitive ox-wagon. She was then a babe of a few months of age. The family (Hays) lived in Boone county, Missouri, and were about six months in making the trip. Mrs. Chase, who has ably filled the position of Secretary for three years, also is a '49er. She is a native of Baltimore, Maryland, and a daughter of Judge Shepard of that city.

At the recent annual election in October last, the following officers were elected for one year: President, Mrs. Anna E. McIntyre; First Vice President, Mrs. Agnes McDonald; Second Vice President, Mrs. Louisa Berryman; Secretary, Mrs. Julia Randall Brown; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Ellen C. Davenport; Treasurer, Mrs. Margaret M. McCormick. Marshal, Mrs. Margaret J. Wheeland.

Board of Directors—Mrs. E. M. North, Mrs. Sarah A. Keith, Mrs. Augusta C. Holmes.

Board of Trustees—Mrs. Sarah S. Gorham, Mrs. A. M. Breidenstein, Mrs. Marion B. Cummings, Mrs. Rose R. Boyd, Mrs. M. J. Scooffy.

In order to perpetuate the names of the pioneer families, the Association has started an historical and biographical sketch book, which will be preserved in the archives of the Association. Each member is requested to write her name, place of birth, date of arrival in California, name and birth place of parents, and such incidents as may be of general interest. Notes of the journey of the pioneers overland or by sea would be specially interesting to future generations and historians, and it is expected that this volume will be very interesting.



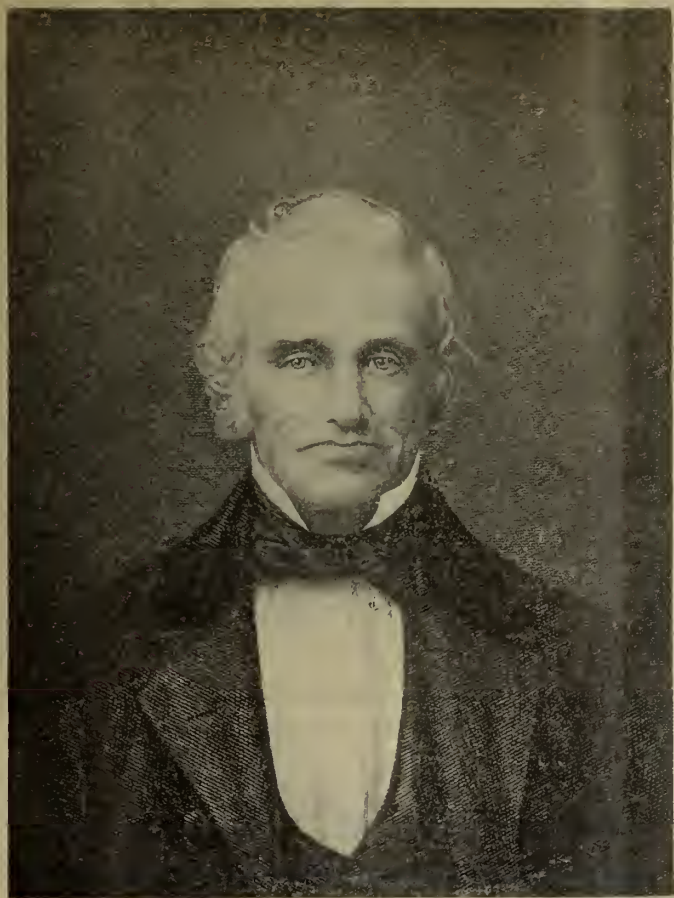
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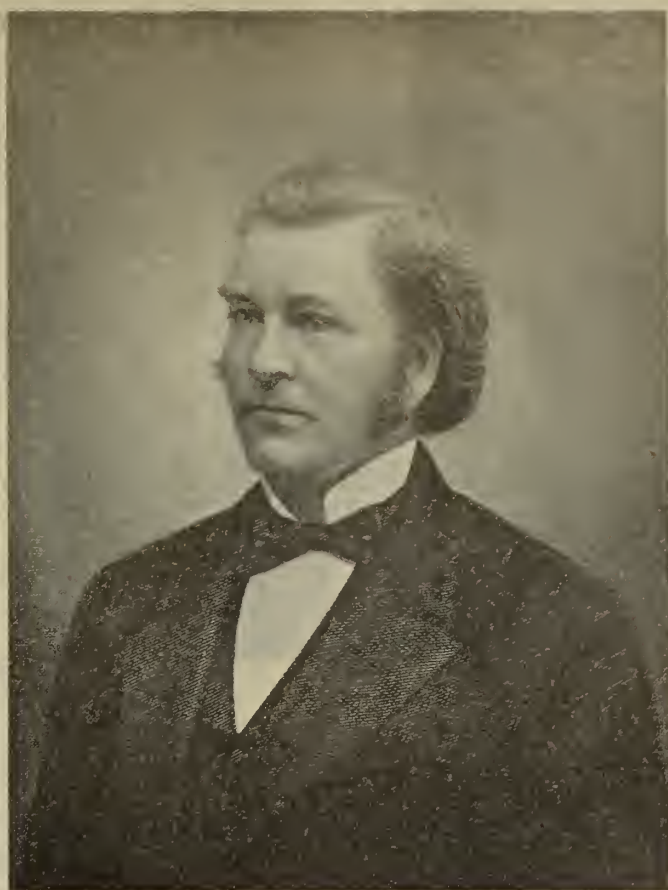
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MARTIN MURPHY, JR.



NEVADA CITY, LARGEST CITY IN CALIFORNIA IN 1855.



HON. PETER H. BURNETT, the First Governor of California.



THOMAS REED.



OUR SUFFRAGE CLUBS IN CALIFORNIA—By Florence Jackson Stoddard



MRS. MARY S. SPERRY.

There are now in California twenty-two women's clubs that have for their object the promotion of a claim upon which the United States of America made its stand for liberty: "Equal and exact justice to all." These are suffrage clubs, yet the very name of suffrage has to many been so displeasing, that unless one can be sure that the moral significance of the word is understood, one may hesitate to use it where it is to receive a scornful regard. To those who believe in the very soul of Justice, it is held as honored. But in a State where the growth of the cause is now actively pressed, the regular recounting of its progress must advance its interests and awaken in those who have been indifferent chiefly through lack of thought, a desire to be of help in furthering an end from which all will benefit. To promote the distribution of such record, this magazine introduces a department that is to deal with the subject in an authoritative way: that is, the information herein given will be authentic; there will be such explanation of the causes that have led to the making of the claim, as shall make plain the present situation in this and other States; there will be traced analogous movements for the betterment of conditions of peoples and the work of women's clubs, that have taught the sex wherein they are able to exercise a power once supposed not to pertain to women at all,—the power of thought—will here be traced. In this State where such a large proportion of the work of every community is performed by women, it seems more especially necessary that they should understand the value of that work not only to their families but to the world. If the work is of value, the worker should be properly esteemed. Is any worker esteemed who is counted before the law as having no opinion? Economy is the great theme of the day, yet the economy of making the thought of women as citizens, of benefit to the community, to the State, to the nation, has had little consideration.

It is especially in such countries as America, where the average and representative sort of life is lived by the people who, not only are wage earners outside the home but with the home are also more or less obliged to perform a round of daily tasks in the routine of living, that a just comprehension of the value of each person's work is possible, and in exactly how great a proportion any class or sex contributes to the economic distribution of labor and of thought. For it is now allowed by all, that the most essential thing in the consideration of every subject is the question:

What bearing has this, upon the necessities of the hour? What is the economic value? In the effort to secure to an unrepresented class of citizens a just recognition and voice in the government of themselves it is necessary to show, not only the highest reason why this should be granted but the less exalted, though to many the more important facts of the constantly increasing economic value to be found in woman as a responsible and franchised citizen, instead of, as hitherto and now, a disqualified being, by law held incapable of adding to the comfort of the community, although the law holds her responsible for any crime she may commit.

One of the most potent factors in the economic strength of a people is the power of expressing an opinion in political action. Without being able to express this political opinion, a man loses half if not more than half his value to the community, and by the SUPPRESSION OF HER OPINION, woman loses the same value to the community, to the State, to the nation. Now as to woman's ability to express political opinion, many dispute,—yet they do not question an ability as to opinion when it comes to an opinion on dress, food or food preparation,—or, on religion. It is at once said that she has been accustomed to consider these matters, they are as second nature, but ideas of government are as a strange language. True enough, but a language that, when practiced a little will be spoken as fluently as others once accustomed to it now speak it. Few men or women will do a thing well or do it long when they have no share in it. Skill in anything is gained, not by looking on, but by doing the thing, and though many women now take only a superficial interest in what they look on at, the interest and ability will develop with the doing, and the share of women in taking a direct interest and having a responsibility in the forming of their opinion on political questions will be of important economic value to any party.

It is well known that in all industries, the better, more brainy the workman, the more profitable he is to the employer. Now it is plain that just as the greatest number of boys and youths of the land are resigning the higher education, girls and women are eagerly taking it. Is all that culture and training to be lost for the country? Is that preserving the economic strength of the people? Are women themselves lowering the standard of the nation by refusing



MRS. J. H. MASTICK.

to help mentality in its development? And until a woman does so help she is not doing her full duty. Surely it is only the most ignorant and thoughtless who now hold it unwomanly to wish for just consideration of ability as thinking, reasonable beings.

Customs everywhere have changed,—forced into change by progress. Once upon a time it was not ill-mannered to eat with one's knife. There is a cause for everything—there was a cause for that. When it was done two-time forks were in use, such forks as made it impossible to take the food up on them. Presently silver forks came in use with three tines, then with four tines, and stretching of imagination came to fancy that the food tasted better from the silver forks than from the steel knife, besides being lifted easier. There was the custom of taking snuff—once thought so elegant, the custom of sipping tea from the saucer, the custom of walking, standing, sitting, stiffly because the big hoops worn made it necessary and unnatural attitudes were insisted upon. Rocking chairs had not come in use to invite ease—but the chief reason was that the effort towards finding the truth in everything had not developed. Mannerisms, habits of expression, dress, had not yet taken hold. It has only been a little time that people have begun to be natural. It commenced with the adoption of hygienic exercises, athletics, tennis, riding, walking, and so little by little society has accepted the fact that it is more natural—therefore more elegant to walk, talk, sit, stand, at ease than to be bound to cast iron rules of carriage or expression.

The younger generation will be, are, therefore, more graceful, freer in movement, more natural, more honest in expression and demand a greater recognition. And in this change woman, woman, who once had no need and no wish to know much outside the home has come to the natural development of a being of importance without, as well as within the home circle. The general club movement has shown the necessity she feels to take a share in outside inter-



MRS. ELLEN C. SARGEANT.

ests And the work of clubs has developed her, even though she has not taken kindly to criticism of either the work or her self-fear, or resentment of criticism is often merely self-consciousness, vanity; and is certainly a weakness; unfortunately this weakness is often shown and sometimes discourages the press from making notices that might be of value to the public.

In connection with the press consideration of topics that women have taken up as their work, I may say that periodicals have generally reported the doings of women's societies, without comment or criticism, because criticism, if given in an unadorned state, lacking any saving clauses or coating of gelatine, raises an outcry of protest, often brings forth an accusation of injustice. A city editor in response to an appeal from a few women who wished to have certain club work seriously considered, and felt that faithful criticism alone would emphasize its worth, once said to me: "I regret to confess a lack of courage to undertake it. He would be a brave man who should venture upon such a criticism of woman's performances, unless criticism should be construed in a very sugary fashion."

This is only one of the many proofs that the opinion widely prevails of woman's unwillingness to be judged as a human being,—a responsible intelligence, rather than as a creature of sex, of more or less unreasoning emotions. It may be admitted that the majority of women fear to compete with the world workers in general, except as members of a handicapped or disabled corps, that does excellently well under the circumstances, but is eager to have the circumstances in evidence. The numbers are increasing, however, of those who offer themselves as equal workers willing to be judged and rewarded only on the grade of work accomplished—mental or manual,—without consideration of sex.

Does not the acceptance of the rules for matriculating in the University of Work and Thought, mark the advance of a well equipped battalion that is threatening the outposts behind which tower the barriers of social class? If women will not break through the barriers of social as well as intellectual class,—barriers that past conditions no longer existing raised between members of the human race, they cannot question, nor protest against, the action of men who refuse to lower the bars of political distinction between the sexes. Who that claims justice for her work and thought can fail to offer justice to the work and thought of others?



MRS. P. W. BROCK.



MRS. HATTIE J. D. CHAPMAN.

OUR WOMEN'S CLUBS IN CALIFORNIA

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER

California Has One Hundred and Forty-seven Clubs, and over 28,000 Members.

rare skill and some of our best artists, that are winning fame abroad, are still pleased to call themselves its members.

This is a simple outline of some of the works and progress, of a few of the Women's Clubs of San Francisco. Throughout our Golden State a vast number of these excellent organizations are established, each accomplishing through the energy, and enterprise of its members, great and good results. Notably "The Ebell" of Oakland, one of the oldest

Only about twenty-five years ago was the field open for the establishment of regularly organized clubs for women. The two first founded in America (as we all know) were the Sorosis in New York and the New England Club of Boston. And these were subjected to the most severe criticism by press and people, especially those of the sterner sex, who were indignant at the innovation, of what they considered, their own special rights.

About fifteen years ago the famous author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, visited California. While in San Francisco she was invited to meet a number of our prominent and intellectual women, at the home of Mrs. Ellen Sargent, and address them on the subject of clubs. Mrs. Howe was one of the founders of the New England Club of Boston, and is still its honored President. Immediately after this reception "The Century Club of California" was organized, and to-day we have 147 clubs in California.

Most of these clubs are purely literary and social in their character, but all tend to the elevation and improvement of society. For, intellectual and interesting topics of the day are written up and discussed by refined cultured women. The tone of their social meetings is also elevating, as the conversation is bright and entertaining, and the music, both vocal and instrumental, superior and delightful.

The California Club, (as has often been stated) is the great working club of San Francisco, and many reforms and improvements have been wrought, by the work and energy of its members.

Through their influence the wholesale destruction of our grand and picturesque forests, has been checked. The condition of the women of our working classes bettered, besides many other great and good deeds accomplished.

One of the latest and most worthy efforts of this club, is a project they have to assist struggling musical students to procure books and music, necessary for their instruction and progress.

The members of that up-to-date association, the Women's Press Club are never idle and some of them have been doing extra literary work during the past year. Four of these talented ladies have lately presented to the public some volumes of rare merit. One is a story by Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster. It is a study of Chinese life, and is bright and pretty, as it is unique.

The Women's Sketch Club, though quiet and unostentatious, is doing some excellent work in the artistic line. Many of its members handle the brush with

beside being progressive and elevating are also of great use and value, to society at large.

"If the hand that rocks the cradle rules the destinies of the world," then how very necessary it is that women should be learned, clear-headed and progressive. If any man, no matter how great, lets his talents lie dormant, they will rust for want of use, and after a while almost cease to exist. And so, too, with a bright, well-conducted woman if after her marriage she seeks her only amusement in fashionable society and devotes most of her time to frivolous occupations, neglecting all mental improvement, she deteriorates, and when her children need her guidance and assistance in the path of learning she finds that what once she knew so well has fled from her mind, and that with the newer methods of education that have been adopted in this age of progress she is totally unfamiliar. Her children cannot understand all this, and they marvel that she is so far behind the times.

What a boon to woman then is the intellectual club, where at least once a week she can forget household cares for a few hours, and where in the midst of congenial surroundings meet bright women with whom she can exchange ideas, or listen to learned treatises, interspersed perhaps with delightful and elevating music.

In France, when Madames Recamier and de Stael, made their salons the scenes of such brilliant gatherings of wit and eloquence, woman improved and reveled in this intellectual intercourse with the greatest minds of the day. But now in the glare and fuss of fashionable receptions, where pride and money hold full sway, intellectual conversation has become the ghost of what it was then.

Silly frivolous utterances and commonplace idle talk is generally what one hears in these glittering halls of fashion, and which certainly does not tend to elevate or improve the mind.

But intelligent women, as well as men, have always felt the necessity of an exchange of thoughts with others of their kind, where in intellectual and social meetings the mind is filled with useful knowledge, the character is elevated and the conversation is bright and entertaining.

And this is the object and aim of these much-talked of, and often maligned "Women's Clubs," where a number of congenial women meet, under rules of gracious breeding, for the universal purpose of improvement, and which they make at the same time delightfully social.



MRS. JOHN F. MERRILL.

clubs in the State, and the many famous clubs of Los Angeles. All are progressive and prosperous, the majority of them owning their own club houses, which they have built with exquisite taste and design. With them all, literature and art, as well as philanthropy and reforms, are encouraged and promoted.

It is now a recognized fact that clubs for women.



MRS. BERTHA G. SPITZY.



NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.



MRS. LOVELL WHITE.

WOMAN'S CLUB WORK—PAST AND PRESENT

BY ELLA M. SEXTON

The most notable recent happening for San Francisco clubs and those around the bay was Mrs. Lowenberg's annual breakfast given to the Philomath Club and special guests. About 350 of the women noted as clubwomen were present, and their beautiful gowns had a fitting setting in the Maple room of the Palace Hotel, where superb decorations and charming music lent additional pleasures. As founder and president for nine years of the Philomath, Mrs. Lowenberg has been an inspiration and an able guide to those ladies, and as president of Laurel Hall for three terms she is esteemed and honored by its members, all of whom were present. At each plate was a dainty menu, the water-colored illustration being a young lady in pink gazing meditatively at a winged volume labeled "Club Life," just above her, and beyond. The menu, from oysters through ices and black coffee, engrossed the ladies from one o'clock to three, when Mrs. Lowenberg gave a greeting to her friends, and introduced her daughter, Mrs. A. L. Brown, as toastmistress. Something witty or felicitous Mrs. Brown gave with much skill and grace as she presented each lady who responded to a toast, Mrs. George Law Smith, president of the California Club, answered for "Up-to-date Heroes," ending by saying that women who could face 350 clubwomen and respond to a toast were true up-to-date heroes. The next toast, "Ragtime," was answered in verse written in that fetching tempo by Mrs. Ella M. Sexton. Miss R. Abel responded to "Women's Weapons," Mrs. Horace Wilson to "Strenuous Life," and Mrs. Julius Kahn, the newly elected president of Philomath gave a poem in answer to "Beaten Paths." Mrs. Josephine de Greayer replied to "Femininity," and Mrs. George W. Haight was as ever delightfully witty in "Social Diplomacy." Mrs. A. L. Lengfeld contrasted life in Japan and here in her "Points of View," while Mrs. Thomas W. Collins offered some very clever verses on the "Literary Guillotine." The president of the Century Club, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, responded to "Americanisms," Mrs. L. L. Dunbar of Sorosis to the "Bachelor Girl," and Mrs. W. R. Parnell concluded with "The Stars and Stripes."

Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Miss Mabel Gray of the Ebell, Mrs. Bunnell of the Oakland, Mrs. Anna Samuel of the Adelphian, Mrs. C. Mason Kinne of the Papyrus, Mrs. E. G. Dennison of the Corona, Mrs. Mabel Craft Deering, Mrs. J. C. Lemmon and Mrs. Laura Y. Pinney of the Women's Press Association were noted among the guests.

The organization of the Women's Civic Improvement Club of Oakland, in response to Mayor Olney's suggestion, should mark a new era for that city, a city without parallel for beautiful homes, and squalid ones; for fine buildings down town next door to rookeries that were dilapidated twenty-five years ago. To keep clean her public streets is object enough for Oakland's ladies, forced to wade through seas of liquid mud on many of her thoroughfares. To beautify them should come later on, and, doubtless, will prove also a success in the hands of a hundred and fifty energetic women, headed by Mrs. S. C. Borland, and endorsed by the mayor. Let us hope that trees will be planted, too, for Oakland's oaks are famous, and should be accompanied by stately avenues of palms, magnolias and pepper trees, as well as the deciduous maple and elm of colder climes. With Oakland's warm climate all things are possible, and a semi-tropic paradise of bloom and greenery should be hers to enjoy and point to with admiration.

San Francisco ladies have awakened, too, and the Outdoor Art League, with energetic Mrs. Lovell White at its head, has prevailed upon the Park Commissioners to have the debris and picnic luncheon papers removed from the city's magnificent beach. "Where every prospect pleases, and only man (and woman) is vile," might hitherto have been said of this beach (in common with so many other beauty-spots), where a great city's Sunday and holiday crowds flock to enjoy Nature, and a cold luncheon at the same time. The ubiquitous sardine-box, the iniquitous pasteboard ditto, empty bottles and Sunday supplements, these happy people will invariably scatter on Mother Earth's lovely drapery of grass and ferns, of rocks and bushes. Mill Valley has been "tidied up" by the Art League this summer, and all good citizens now devoutly hope to see our Golden Gate Park's

splendid ocean sands as well kept as Park lawns and roads. To drive over those fine roads, and usher your Eastern friends upon an unkempt beach piled with mal-odorous debris, has been our melancholy fate too long.

Mrs. Clara Burdette has been scoring the idle society woman who has no aim beyond outdressing her intimates, in a talk before the Los Angeles Ebell Society. Mrs. Burdette, though a very rich woman, is constantly at work upon some plan for the betterment of women and their conditions, usually. She does not sit supinely and merely enjoy life in her elegant Pasadena home, devoting her days to dressing, driving and pleasure as one would imagine, but is ever busy, and the click of her typewriter, as she reels off page after page of crisp, witty and strikingly original lecture matter, is a daily sound when she is at home. Her poet-husband, Bob Burdette of happy memories as lecturer and author, has a charming study on the second floor, where wide windows frame Mount Lowe, and the beautiful Pasadena orange groves. Mrs. Burdette accompanies her husband on his lecture tours, traveling thousands of miles every year with him, and usually speaking before the clubwomen in every town where Mr. Burdette lectures. She is the First Vice-President of the G. F. W. C., and all California clubwomen are hoping to see her chosen president of this organization and its six hundred thousand members when the G. F. W. C. meets in St. Louis in 1904.

The Ebell Society of Los Angeles has formed an association to build its own thirty thousand dollar club house. The Friday Morning of that city owns its most picturesque and commodious home on Figueroa street, which is built after the old Mission



INA D. COOLBRITH.

style of architecture. The Clubhouse Association of Riverside has purchased a lot to build its home. The Highland Pleasant Hour Club of San Bernardino county was so active in establishing a free library in Highland Pleasant Hour Club of San Bernardino in the building. The Colton Woman's Club has assured the town a public library.

Prominent improvement clubs, making a specialty of beautifying their home towns and surroundings are those of Petaluma, Sonoma, Vallejo, Fowler, Berkeley, Town and Gown, Lemoore, and many other of the Southern District Clubs.

The California Woman Suffrage Association, Mrs. M. S. Sperry, president, held its annual convention November 18th and 19th in San Francisco. The new state organizer, Miss Gail Laughlin of New York, formerly expert agent of the U. S. Industrial Commission, and others, appeared. Miss Laughlin spoke recently before the California on her favorite topic. Mrs. Ellen C. Sargent is honorary President of this Association, and Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. Mastick, Mrs. William Keith, Mrs. Hattie Chapman, Mrs. Speddy and Mrs. Oulton are prominent members.

The San Francisco District of the California State Federation met at the California Club rooms November sixth, with Mrs. E. A. Osborne in the chair. After the welcome by Mrs. George Law Smith, and greeting from Mrs. L. F. Darling, State President, two-minute reports from the twenty-five clubs in this district were given by their presidents. Callstoga, Eureka, Napa, Petaluma, Palo Alto, Sonoma, San Jose and Watsonville were represented, besides the city clubs. Reports of various committees occupied the afternoon, Mrs. Osborne being nominated for another term as district president, and a reception to Mrs. Darling ended the affair. The next State Federation meeting will be in Sacramento in the spring.

Mrs. Laura Y. Pinney, the recently elected chief officer of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, enters upon her term with the support and good wishes of all the members. A talk on Russia by Miss Jessie Peixotto and some Russian songs by the soprano of the Greek church, were features of a recent program, and some charming things are promised by the Program Chairman, Mrs. Charles Newman. On November 23rd the following numbers were given: Songs by Miss Louise Grosset and Miss Genevieve

Gleason, the Stories of Some Familiar Songs by Madame Emilia Tojetti, Talk on Holland Galleries Miss Anna Frances Briggs, and a poem by William Keith read by Miss De Neale Morgan.

Clubwomen generally are looking forward to the St. Louis meeting of the General Federation of Clubs next year, when the wonders of the Exposition will also be in view, the notable Woman's Building especially. The one in Chicago was a dreary, comfortable place, but St. Louis promises much better accommodation. Very low rates will be made by the different railroads, we are informed, and fifty thousand delegates are expected. There are 147 clubs in the California Federation, with a membership of 28,000 women. The leading clubs are:

Corning—Maywood Woman's Club; Elk Grove—Friday Club; Paradise—Sorosis Club; Placerville—Shakespeare Club, Elizabeth B. Browning Club; Redding—Woman's Shakespeare; Sacramento—Tuesday Club, Kingsley Art Club, Museum Association; Woodland—Shakespeare Club; Willows—Ladies Conversation Club; Eureka—Monday Club; Napa—Study Club; Palo Alto—Woman's Club; Petaluma—Beckwith Club, Woman's Club; San Francisco—California Club, Clonian Club, Contemporary Club, Corona Club, Daughters of California Pioneers, Forum Club, Laurel Hall Club, Vill's Club, Pacific Coast Woman's Press, Papyrus Club, Philomath Club, Schumann Club, South Park Settlement Mothers' Club, Sorosis Club, Wimodaughis Club; San Jose—Woman's Club; Sonoma—Sonoma Valley Woman's Club; Watsonville—Woman's Club; Alameda—Adelphia Club, Criterion Club, Tea Club, Wednesday Afternoon Club; Berkeley—Town and Gown Club; Niles—Country Club; Oakland—Ebell Society, New Century Club, Oakland Club; Sonoma—Manzanita Literary Club; Stockton—Philomathean Club; Tuolumne—Saturday Club; Vallejo—Woman's Improvement Club; Armona—Woman's Club; Bakersfield—Friday Afternoon Club, Woman's Club; Dinuba—Woman's Club; Fowler—Improvement Club; Fresno—Friday Morning Club, Leisure Hour Club, Parlor Lecture Club, Wednesday Club, West Park Thursday Club; Hanford—Nineteenth Century Round Table, Shakespeare Club, Twentieth Century Club, Woman's Club; Kern—Woman's Club, Lemoore—Woman's Club; Oleander—Woman's Study Club; Porterville—Inter Se Club; Reedley—Culture Club; Sanger—Shakespeare Club; Selma—Wednesday Club; Tulare—Shakespeare Club; Visalia—Kananenah Club; Visalia—Woman's Club; Alhambra—Wednesday Afternoon Club; Avalon—Woman's Club; Azusa—Woman's Club; Carpenteria—Woman's Club; Covina—Monday Afternoon Club; Downey—Saturday Afternoon Club; East Whittier—Woman's Improvement Club; Lompoc—Alpha Literary Club; Long Beach—Ebell Society; Los Angeles—Ebell Society, Friday Morning Club, Kindergarten Club, Monday Study Club, Ruskin Art Club, Stimson Lafayette Woman's Club, Thursday Afternoon Club, Treble Clef Club, Wednesday Morning Club, Women's Press Club, Woman's Sericultural Club; Moneta—Woman's Progressive Club; Monrovia—Saturday Afternoon Club; Pasadena—Current Topics Club, Monday Afternoon Club, Shakespeare Club, Washington Heights Study Circle; Pomona—Ebell Society, Woman's Club; Santa Barbara—Art Study Club, Woman's Club; San Luis Obispo—Woman's Club; Santa Maria—Literary Club; Santa Monica—Coterie Club; Santa Paula—Current Events Club, I. N. S. Club; Satlecoy—Poinsettia Club; South Pasadena—Woman's Improvement Club; Ventura—Avenue Ladies' Club, Tuesday Club, Wednesday Afternoon Club, Mound District; Colton—Woman's Club; Corona—Woman's Improvement Club; Fannerton—Woman's Club; Highland—Pleasant Hour Club; La Jolla—Woman's Club; Lo Mesa—Woman's Club; National City—Mothers' Club; Ontario—Current Events Club, Friday Afternoon Club; Perris—Woman's Club, Val Verde Friday Club; Placentia—Round Table; Redlands—Contemporary Club; Riverside—Extemporaneous Drill Club, Professional and Business Woman's Club, Woman's Club; Santa Ana—Ebell Society, Woman's Club; San Bernardino—Woman's Club; San Diego, San Diego Club, Shakespeare Club, Sherman Heights Mothers' Club, Wednesday Club; San Jacinto—Travelers' Club.



MS. CAROLINE MUNSON.



MYRA HARDINBROOK.

THE TEETH OF THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL

Do you force yourself to feel and look always bright, merry and good-tempered, so there will never form around your mouth the ugly lines that tell all the world of a soured, peevish, ill-natured disposition? Of course you do; so I needn't ask that. But in a life of hustle from morning till night do you take time to keep your teeth slightly and in perfect order? Without good looking teeth the prettiest girl will be unattractive. Do you know that a sensitive person invariably looks away from a talker with bad teeth?

Almost any sort of a natural tooth is better than artificial teeth. A skillful dentist can always straighten and make even crooked and misproportioned teeth. The natural teeth will usually last a lifetime with proper care, and American dentists are the best in the world. The main thing in preserving teeth is to keep them clean. The best time for brushing them is invariably at night, after your last meal. This is a most important matter. It is the particles of decomposing food sticking in the interstices of the teeth that attack and make them decay. Never go to bed with your teeth unbrushed or your mouth not thoroughly cleansed with water. Rinse the mouth after each meal, particularly in the morning after you have been drinking coffee. You can see what it will do by looking inside a coffee pot that has been used for some time.

Have your teeth thoroughly put in order at regular intervals by a first-class dentist. If they are not inclined to decay, once a year is often enough; if otherwise, then twice or three times. Have each decayed spot filled at once as soon as it is large enough. Then say twice a year, have the dentist scrape and polish your teeth. This takes away stain and discoloration, and makes them gleam white and pearl-like. In cleansing them every night use a moderately stiff brush. Pass the brush up and down between the teeth as well as across. This removes bits of food and the clogging matter that sometimes lodges between them.

One dire enemy of the teeth is tartar that incrusts them roughly about the gums and loosens them. Have your dentist keep watch of this and remove it once or twice a year, as is necessary. Twice a week use a good dentifrice. An excellent one—none better—likewise a very cheap one, is made by mixing one ounce of pulverized white castile soap with two ounces of precipitated chalk and adding about a teaspoonful of powdered myrrh. In this same proportion any quantity of

the dentifrice may be made. The druggist will mix it for you.

Children should be trained to brush their teeth as they are trained to wash their faces, and consider it as much of a necessity. Keep watch of the growth of their permanent teeth, and if these come crooked or crowded, have the defect remedied. You will often save thus a child's future beauty. It is for woman to regain for the civilized human race the splendid teeth of its savage state.

No object is more offensive to contemplate than a toothless mouth, or one containing black, snaggy, decaying teeth. If through neglect or disease you have lost your natural teeth replace them of course with artificial ones, but be careful that these are not too large and too white. It is to the credit of Americans that when they are unfortunate enough to lose their natural teeth they supply the lack with manufactured ones and so preserve the symmetry and sightliness of the mouth, as well as their own good digestion. This is well, very well. But let me speak of one unpleasant point: Many women who wear artificial teeth have a habit of removing them at times and appearing in the presence of their families with bare gums. This is a downright horror. In no way can a wife and mother more effectually repel her husband and children from her personally.

The old way was to take artificial teeth out at night and deposit them in a bowl of water. This is not now done, for "store teeth" have reached such perfection that it is not necessary. Simply cleanse the set thoroughly and replace it in the mouth, and let none see you without it. A folding rubber cup is made that is a great convenience in traveling to take along with one and brush the artificial teeth in.

"My mother," says a woman correspondent, "had five children, and as soon as we shed our teeth she made each one of us get a 'stick' toothbrush (a broken off piece of black gum limb) and brush our teeth every night after supper. We used no tooth powder of any kind. I am the oldest of the five children, and I am thirty years old. We kept up this nightly tooth brushing. No one of us ever had the toothache. Only one of us ever had to have a dentist even to examine our teeth, and that only once. Though we are all married and scattered, the old habit, which is a good habit, still clings to us. I still use a 'stick' toothbrush every night."



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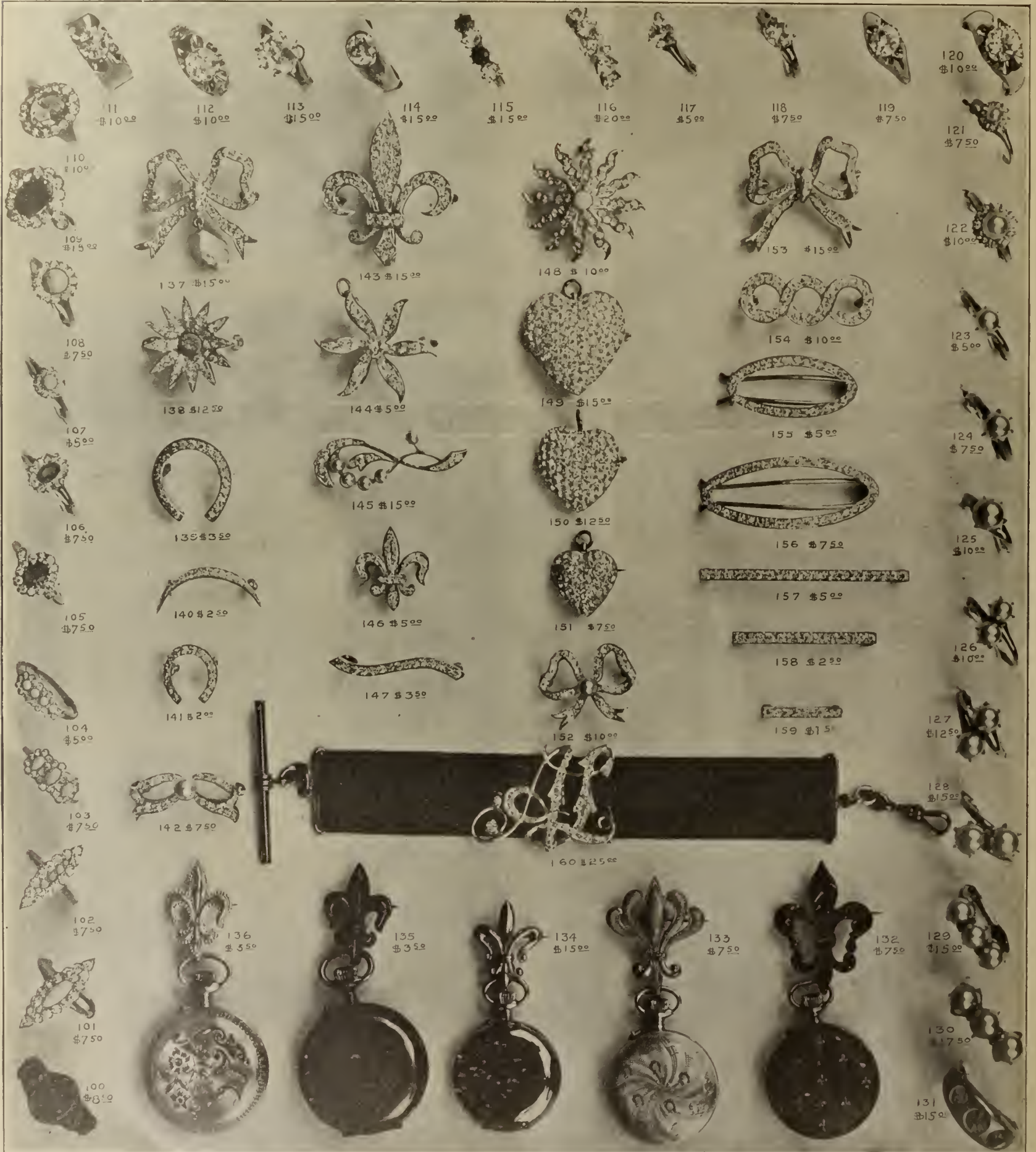
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SOPHIE E. S. GARDINER,
Editor California Ladies' Magazine.

San Francisco, Nov. 21th, 1903.

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THE WINTER FASHIONS OF PARIS



PARIS, Oct. 31.—Reopening, or, as we say here in Paris, on rentes, is the popular expression of the moment at the gay capital. The fact is made evident in the appearance of the bustling streets, the opening of the theaters and the general animation seen in the shopping quarters frequented by mondaines.

Take a peep into the tea rooms at the Ritz hotel any afternoon between the hours of 4 and 6, and you will see a distinguished crowd of gayly dressed women who have just returned to town. They will probably be discussing the latest scandal or the success of the new models in fashion shown by the great dressmakers, whose salons are near by in the Place Vendôme.

The fact that life in the country is infinitely more pleasurable in October than July counts for nothing. The social calendar, whose laws are like those of the Meles and Persians—unchangeable—registers the last of October as the date for the villegiature's termination. Society bows to the decree, and as that propitious season has arrived Paris has once more come into her own.

Le Grand Prix d'Automn is the first function which brings out the smart sporting set, announces socially that the Parisienne has returned to her beloved city, and that the season, with its pleasures and fetes, is on. The feminine world on the race day set out for Longchamps in all its bravery of new autumn attire. During the drive through the woods long coats and rain garments come into requisition, as the elements made up their minds to be sporty. By the time the track was reached the sun shone out brilliantly, lighting up the autumnal foliage surrounding the course. The costumes of the women toned in with the gown nature had donned, and beautiful Longchamps was a symphony in color and a dream of fair women. In the Jockey club's tribune reserved for the fair sex the display of toilets was positively regal, being composed for the greater part of velvet supline in various tones of fuschia, bordeaux, golden brown and green.

The hats were very elegant, covered with great plumes and draped with mousseline de soie. The new feathers worn on the hats at the races were of the shaded ostrich variety, so magnificent in proportion both in length and breadth that they are quite as much "property" as were the silk gowns of our grandmothers. These fascinating feathers are comparatively cheap in Paris—about half the price you pay for them in America. The woman who revels in a bargain will commission a friend stopping here to bring her home at least a feather or two.

Another sign of the sartorial times was brought out at this race event in the artistic touches of gold and silver daintily used on the new hats and frocks. This revived Parisian mode is introduced with such good effect that no fault can be found on the score of garishness. The gold is of a dull shade and its value on a costume is like the chiaroscuro effect in a painting. An idea of the charming manner in which this gold galloon disports itself may be gathered from the description of a toilet worn by a well known sportswoman. The material of this creation was Havana brown sable cloth. Over the perfectly plain skirt appeared a brown velvet Louis XVI. jacket. A neat design of gold embroidery was just noticeable on the white cloth semi-vest peeping from beneath the lapels of the coat. A large brown velvet hat trimmed with gold braid and morfore plumes was an effective aid to the chic ensemble.

An enormous white cloth hat of the Louis style particularly appealed to me. It had a border of dull gold galloon outlining the brim and encircling the crown. Amber tipped white feathers gave the distinctive touch of elegance which is characteristic of the chapeau de style.

White cloth varying in tone from oyster white to ivory shades will have the same costume prominence it did last year, and bids fair to be the cloth of the exclusive. Taupe or moleskin is the trimming par excellence for the white cloth gown. Fur in sable, chinchilla and mink bands trim many of the smartest tulle and lace evening frocks. Worth is glittering his evening toilets with silver and gold sequins, and is also employing a remarkable sleeve which begins at the elbow and consists of volants of some airy fabric. Point de venise is in great vogue for the bail toilet, and needless to say that the price of venise lace robe make it prohibitive except to the favored few.

The majority of us are doubtless more interested in the practical and indispensable street dress. The agitating question which has been tormenting the woman who insists upon being comme il faut at all times has been the skirt length. An edict from high authority has gone forth that the trotter skirt or the one reaching to the ankle is to be worn for walking or morning frocks. The skirt for afternoon and visiting gowns must just touch the ground, while evening toilets will be exceedingly long, resting in trailing billows on the floor all around.

It requires quite as much practice to successfully maneuver these gracefully flowing gowns as it does a piece of field artillery, and the debutante who trips the light fantastic toe may enter the ballroom with the idea of wrecking her costume.

A favorite material for the walking dress is a cheviot in blue and green plaid, so wonderfully woven that the tartan design is hardly visible.

The skirts of walking gowns are usually box plaited and caught with machine stitching to the knee, where they flare out in fullness. The bolero which accompanies these jupes is trimmed with a profusion of dull flat gold buttons and opens over a lingerie chemisette caught into a white taffeta band fastened with a large gold buckle. The sleeve on the strictly tailored coat is smaller than it has been for some time; indeed, a little fullness beneath the turned back cuff is all there is to be seen. A cachet is given to the bolero by adding a double flounce of plaited lace under the cuff. This adornment makes the hand look very dainty and attractive.



Mouse gray velvet is finding favor for the trotter gown, and this color, together with wood tans, is a dominant note in the color scheme of the season. Preference will be given this year to stronger colors rather than to the undecided pastel tints, royal blue and purple, a lovely shade of cerise and a bottle green being to the fore. We will not perhaps give our heart whole admiration to these brighter tones at once, as the soft, neutral tints were so alluringly becoming.

Fashions hark back to the sixties and the days of the second empire as well as to the all important 1830 period. The circular bands, ruchings and tucks which are now the chief form of skirt trimming belong to the sixties. Illustrative of the happy effects of circular trimming is a costume of soft, heavy black taffeta which is one of the leading fancies of the autumn. The well defined skirt at the hips flares out to meet the bouffant lower half trimmed with graduated rows of velvet ribbon. The bodice does not flaunt the ubiquitous cape perlerine, but the newer old time "crossover," which is being revived. This bodice trimming falls over the shoulders in full flutes, crosses at the waist line in front and is carried round to the back, where it terminates in a basque or plaited ends.

Women nowadays must "do" everything and be seen everywhere, as not to be seen means social extinction for the time being. In society's motor car race to be left behind is to be forgotten.

All this "being" and "doing" necessitates a lot of clothes for different functions, and the blouse, especially the elaborate affair the Parisienne adopts, worn with a dainty cape or net skirt is a costume change which may be rung with less expense than the ensemble toilet.

The Place de Madeline is the environment from which springs the dainty blouse, and the following are a few of the creations emanating from couturieres in this quarter:

A lovely separate blouse of champagne cloth has a bolero edged with a soft colored galloon on mousseline de soie. A tiny military vest is formed of black braid and gold buttons. Over a galloon trimmed round cloth shoulder collar is a smaller collar of white linen de soie outlined with a narrow plaiting of the same. This linen also makes the full underblouse and puffs which hang from under the kimono sleeve, also wristbands and ruffles.

A delightful dinner corsage is of grenadine de sole of the Bengal rose shade. This bodice is plaited from neck to waist line. A piece of old Venice lace outlines the bust, makes the epaulets on the long shoulders and fashions the high standing collar, cuffs and sleeve bands. A cocarde of black velvet with gold tasseled ends and a gold belt buckled give the Parisian touch of black.

Simple and chic is a bodice of tan peau de sole having a shawl shaped drapery of the silk edged with fringe and bands of brown velvet. The neck empiement and cuffs are of guipure.

The American girl could not live without her "tub" waist, but the Parisian mondaine scorns the hygienic wash waist and clings to the froufrou affairs just described.

Marcel-Prevost's sincere and earnest appeal for a return to the comfort and grace of the Greek costume is, I fear, meeting with scant courtesy here in Paris. There are no signs that the green atteliers are treating the matter seriously. Indeed, they have threatened us with a revival of the crinoline. The women of to-day have too highly developed a sense of the ridiculous to accept a semblance of the hoop-skirt from even the highest sartorial oracle. The creators of modes are perhaps retaliating by giving us the present exceptionally full skirts. Let us be thankful for the compromise.

Fashions come suddenly and go suddenly. It is no good buying for the future, for in a few months what you purchase now may be the most old-fashioned thing imaginable. The revolutions in fashion are certainly more decided and spirited than they used to be of old.

Ladies' fashions in out-door garments seem to take a military turn and rest themselves for the moment on the military style of overcoat and capes. Exceptionally smart are these, too, when well cut and

built by a master hand. The model shown in the cut is one of the newest and smartest in its line. It is intended for any wide cloth or tweed, and is distinguished by its military collar and shoulder straps, the latter performing the useful duty of hiding the short darts which fit the cape to the shoulders.

Moleskin cloth will be an English novelty in mantle and coat fabrics. Velvet is to be extremely fashionable for gowns this season. It is splendid in its bright tones—old turquoise, lettuce green, burnt orange, rose color, Indian red. But it has its pros and cons. It is regal, therefore it is not for the poor. It drapes beautifully, but it creases fearfully. In its first estate it is fascinating; when the least bit worn it is the shabbiest of the shabby.

Hopsacking and matting effects are distinctive features of the autumn stuffs, with multi-colored spots or stripes introduced.

Some of the matting cloths have raised boucle stripes, others squares, but all present a rough surface. Some display broken, undefinable spots, introducing browns, greens, reds and blues on a dark ground.

In the wake of the velvets follow the painted velveteens with plain and stripes in browns, mauves and blue, and others in soft greens and blues with small red florets.

So far it seems most probable that dark rich colors will be more worn as a general rule than the pastel shades, the French showing a particular favor for a rich royal blue.

Some of the dress prophets proclaim a new gospel in gowns of severe simplicity, but it is not at all verified by the preparations that have been made in the way of trimmings.

Laces there are in abundance in all the heavy makes of cotton, linen and even woolen for the trimming of gowns, as well as minute embroideries and applique motifs.



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WHAT THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN SHOULD WEAR

BY KATE CLYDE

If there is one thing above another which makes me crazy—and there are several of them—it is the sight of a short woman covered with bobbydiddles. What is a bobbydiddle? Ah, my dear friends, surely you must have seen those meaningless tags and ends which certain women affect—the bows under the ears, the dangly chains, the multiplicity of side combs and neck beads, the— But why go into the list? You know what I mean.

Strange, isn't it, that you hardly ever see the long, large girl so bedecked? But, no. She stands up like a bar, pine tree or a bleak mountain side. It is the little dumpling of a girl who can no more resist them than she can fly, and they dangle, flip and flop from all parts of her person, caricaturing her figure and taking away any appearance of style she may possess.

Once I dressed one of these short little persons to suit myself. I did up her hair on top of her head; I plucked two bows from her hair and another one from her collar. I cut off the tabs from her belt. I divorced her from a chain and a pearl necklace, and I made her wear a waist of the same color as her skirt. The result was worth noticing. With a tailor made waist having a tailor made stock, a tailor made skirt and a plain belt she was a revelation. She looked almost tall and slender.

There is no use in talking; the little plump girl must give up frillies and be content to dress simply if she would look well.

THE CORRECT COIFFURE.

I wonder how many of you are wearing your hair in the modish way—low at the neck. You have no idea how universally becoming this is when it is well done. The prettiest way is to part the hair on

made after the style of an old picture frock, being cut away to show an underdress of accordion plaited chiffon with a deep bertha and long stoles of point de venise. The sleeves, reaching to the elbow, were turned back with a full cuff of this wonderful old lace. To a woman with fair hair wine color is peculiarly becoming, particularly at night, and in velvet or some such sumptuous fabric.

one side in the front and draw the rest simply down into a figure 8 at the nape of the neck.

First brush the hair downward over the face with strokes which make it roll out from the forehead, then throw it back and puff it into a regular pompadour with the side combs. Then, after you have made your 8, divide this front pompadour unevenly and hold it in place with your side combs. In the evening it gives a better effect if you insert two little rolls or "rats" under your divided pompadour. The central part is far more becoming for evening than for day wear on account of the large hats, but the low dressing of the hair is an improvement in nearly every case, and is particularly smart when worn with the new turbans. In the evening a brilliant star worn low in the pompadour is very pretty, especially in dark hair.

Feather hats are among the novelties of the winter. They are prettiest in green, gray or shaded red, and there are even stoles and muffs made to match them. The hats are untrimmed save for a rich buckle, and the majority are of the exaggerated turban shape raised at one side.

A long cloth coat faced with fur is a very useful and smart garment for cold weather. Made in deep red cloth and trimmed with skunk or marten, this need not be expensive to be pretty. The collar should be of the storm shape, with the lapels wide and gracefully rounded. A French sailor of red felt trimmed with an edging of the fur and a bunch of shaded roses would be smart worn with such a coat.

A beautiful range of Oriental garniture affords delight to the eyes with their rich but mellow coloring and military braids, fringes and tassels cater to the taste for chic and dashing effects.

WINTER SHIRT WAISTS.

As regards the winter shirt waist, the white sicilienne and mohair blouse is about the most useful that can be invented. It should be made perfectly plain, with tuckings or box platings and no silk strappings, for if it is washed these will turn yellow. A set of turquoise or coral buttons makes a pretty finish.

The three-quarter white cloth coat will again be "the thing" for evening wear, and this can be made at home, for it requires no fitting on account of the looseness and the saving properties of the large cape collar of lace, velvet and embroidery. Pearl gray may be made equally pretty and is more serviceable. Ecru and coffee color, however, are not so dressy.

I can no longer bear and neither can any smart woman—the large black ready-made hat trimmed with a single ostrich feather laid on haphazard. This style of millinery has absolutely gone out. Get a simple shape with good lines and trim it with rosettes of ribbons or flowers. If you want a feather-trimmed hat take it to the milliner. She will give it an odd touch which will save it from looking commonplace.

When you come right down to it the black hat is not in very great favor just now, except with the black gown, and even with that a colored hat is often used.



LATEST FASHIONS FOR GIRLS



In girls' dresses there is a greater variety in color than during the past season. Most of the garments are selected with an eye to the coloring. These colors are not gaudy, but strong, and will both wash and wear. They are serviceable, and harmonize with plain materials. Little coats are usually made of soft, fringed broadcloth, or soft finished zibeline, with broadcloth trimmings. The embroidery is in a silk floss, and the color matches that of the coat.

Most of the dressy coats are three-quarter length, and are white when intended for everyday wear. The materials used and the coat distinguish the dress from an everyday garment and one intended for Sunday and for special occasions. A heavier material is used for those worn daily, and for the others a lighter material is used, such as dotted swisses and embroidered muslins. Broadcloths and corduroys are the most used for coats. They wash, and can be cleaned, when they look bright and new.

For little girls from four to eight years a pretty dress is made with a square yoke in front, with a bodice plaited in three double box plaits, extending the length of the dress. The back of the dress is also plaited. It has a turnover collar, and the sleeves are extra wide, with a double box plait. The dress is worn with a belt, either around the waist or across the shoulders. The dress may be used for special occasions by the liberal use of embroidery or lace insertion for the yoke, and the collar and cuffs.

Pretty dresses for girls are also made of voile, and the pale shades are used for finer frocks. The more dressy frocks are trimmed with wide cape collars. The cuffs are frilled, and the sashes worn are wide and of lawn.

Dressy gowns are also made of pale blue voile, and trimmed with a deep four-pointed collar.

For girls between the ages of 12 and 16 years, the same material, generally, is used as for women.

Skirts for girls between these ages are mostly plaited, and all kinds of material is used. If the girl is thin a full plaited bodice, belted at the waist, is worn. For girls who are better formed, the backs of their bodices and coats are loose, and the fullness is held in by a belt across the shoulder.

Accordion plaited waists and skirts are smarter than ever, and this simple style is particularly effective for young girls.

The kilted short skirt is very becoming to a slight figure. This is put on a tight-fitting yoke and is trimmed with three stitched rows at the bottom.

Suede is used as a trimming, particularly on short skirt costumes and fur coats.

Buttons of all degrees and kinds are used in great quantities.

The high pointed collar in stitched linen or batiste is the vogue in Paris. Those who cannot wear such a plain collar use one of transparent guipure lace with scalloped edges. With tailor made blouses the pique or cheviot four-in-hand is always good form.

The plainer the shirt waist the better. When combined with a tailor-made walking suit and a tailor made

hat it is far more becoming than a pretentious blouse.

Buttons are assuming almost dangerous proportions. It is a pity when a chic fashion reaches an exaggeration, especially in tailor made garments. The introduction of buttons originated in the smart tailoring world. The tiny silver, jet or gold specimens are charming, but when a cheap serge is covered with gilt buttons it has become a vulgar mode, and the best dressed young girls will have none of it, although at the same time the button in itself, treated by the master hand, is a charming trimming.

Embroidered turnover collars are sold with cuffs to match. The latest is a hemstitched effect with a black and white monogram embroidered in the center.

Chiffon velvet is one of the new inventions of the year in dress material, and it will be much appreciated by those who have suffered from the weight of their velvet gowns.

Negligees, like dresses, are made with long flowing sleeves which fall back, displaying the arm. The favorite sleeve is shirred on the upper arm and from there down becomes a full frill edged with ruching. Shirred yokes without collars are also considered smart, and in general bands of shirring are particularly good form in trimming.

Some dresses designed for midwinter have the entire lower half of the skirt made of fur and bands of heavy silk, while a similarly contrived cape with



long front tabs gives an air of chic to the costume.

The ideal traveling coat is of soft silk or cloth, with a full cape reaching to the wrist. The length of the coat is three-quarters.

A fine sable stole seen recently was seven inches wide and reached to the bottom of the skirt. It was absolutely flat, the lower edge fringed with sable tails. It was worn crossed over at the waist line.

French girls are fond of the quiet, small, old fashioned black and white, brown and white and dark blue and white shepherd's plaid, made with the trotteuse skirt and a little plain cloth coat of corresponding color.

No sombreness touches the millinery of the season. Sapphire blue, flame reds, orange and light yellows mingle with many shades of green, the new petunia color, fawns and browns, while white and light tints are not discarded, so brunette and blonde may alike easily suit themselves.

Beaver promises to be much worn, and birds are in high favor. The black hat of the first sketch shows both these features. It is a simple plateau or beaver felt caught up at one side with a white bird. The crown, or the place where a crown usually is, is draped with soft black satin ribbon and a rosette.

Equally characteristic of the new styles is the second hat sketched, a charming picture affair in black velvet and trimmed with handsome black feathers held by a long steel buckle. Beneath the brim is a band of soft ribbon or velvet, which keeps the hat on capitably and makes it firm, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Everything points to a great vogue for velvet this fall and winter. It will take the richest tones—amethyst, dahlia, brown, laurel green, ultramarine blue, a lovely red with a bloom on it, all charming.

Fur and moleskin cloth will enter into the winter hats and other modish fabrics and felts of various descriptions, including beaver, and silk in black, white champagne and other chic tones, plaited after the fashion of straw.

Everywhere waves the ostrich plume, and bands of ostrich feather trimming give a soft grace. These are shaded or in two colors—black and white, brown and white, or mauve and white.

Black and white, the magic mixture that survives all moods of fashion, will have high favor in hats, being carried out in such schemes as that of the first sketch.

Birds of many and beautiful sorts nestle on or around the crowns of hats, wings come in pairs and are poised like exquisite butterflies, breasts lend their softness and bills their dash and style to the hats of the season. Nothing so softens the outlines of the face as the ostrich feather becomingly arranged, and in deed it should be an artist who handles the long plume and a woman of distinction who wears it.

Low crowns rule, yet there are medium high ones, and square, oval, indented, bell crowned or tapering effects are among bizarre novelties.

While picture hats are still worn, the tendency is toward smaller shapes, like the turban, for wear with street costume. A winter model in moleskin is fashioned after the heart shape, but the front is brought into a more acute point and the crown composed of fur, the brim of folded green velvet with a couple of pheasant quills at the side.

Millinery for Young Girls

The latest styles in millinery for young girls, are in hats: A soft mohair felt crusher, trimmed with ribbon band, colors, black, navy, castor, pearl, brown and cardinal.

Hat of six rows of machine stitching, trimmed in good quality of satin black velvet ribbon trimmings fastened with satin buttons, full ribbon streamers; colors, trimmed in red, brown, navy or cardinal.

One of the prettiest styles of mohair felt hats is trimmed in mohair with scarf of surrah silk and silk cord, two prettily poised quills form a most becoming trimming; colors, white, navy and brown.

Very jaunty rolled-rim sailor, for young lady, trimmed fully with satin scarf, pretty buckle; hat bound in satin; colors, black, castor, navy, brown and white.

Hand-made draped velvet hat, colors, black, navy and brown.

Child's rolled rim, smooth Venetian felt sailor, bound with seven rows of narrow ribbon, also ribbon streamers; colors, navy, cardinal, castor and pearl.

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OUR NEW FALL and WINTER CATALOGUE, with hundreds of illustrations and descriptions of stylish garments for women and children, will be sent free to those who will send their name and address and mention this magazine.

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receive prompt attention and goods are sent the same day your order is received.

The "Arnold" Goods

are the most hygienic garments for children. Twenty-seven styles of garments of special interest, including Dr. Grosvenor's Gertrude suits for babies, Antiseptic Diapers, Infants' Night gowns, Infants' Knit Undervests, Children's Sleeping Drawers and many other accessories for the wardrobe of women and children. We are exclusive Pacific Coast agents for these goods. Send for illustrated booklet.

J. Magnin & Co.

Dept. M. 918-922 MARKET ST.
 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LATEST STYLES IN BOYS' CLOTHING



There are few changes in boys' fashions. They change less than those of girls and women. In suits the Norfolk is again in style for boys aged from four to ten years. For those from nine to fifteen years the double-breasted suit seems to be the most popular.

In overcoats, the long full cut Chesterfield with velvet collar is very popular. It looks well, and wears well. They are made from Miltons and all wool cassimeres in solid colors, navy blues, blacks and Oxfords. Some of them are in plaids.

Style 7 is a Knickerbocker suit, jacket closely fitting and tightly buttoned, three buttons on a side and plenty of pockets. The collar is rolling, and the young man carries a cane.

Style 8 is also a Knickerbocker, but the jacket is to be worn unbuttoned, and is rounded in front. The buttons are more for ornament than use, and the jacket has the full complement of pockets. The wearer of this pretty suit also carries a cane.

Style 9 shows a boys' long coat, with large buttons. The coat is to be worn closely buttoned, and fits snugly.

Style 10 is a boys' suit of knee pants. This kind of suit, while not worn as much as the two-piece double-breasted suit, is chosen by many boys who like the manly air of their elders.

Style 11 is to be the most popular suit for little fellows whose ages are between three and eight years.

Style 12 is suitable to little fellows just out of dresses, and their mothers prefer not to have them in jacket and pants, and want some kind of a suit different from dresses. This style is a go-between.

Boys' double breasted knee suits are also made of blue and fancy cheviot. They are strongly made and serviceable. There are a variety of patterns, suitable for boys from eight to fifteen years.



STYLE 10



STYLE 12



STYLE 11



STYLE 8

Boys' three-piece knee suits are also made of dark and fancy cheviots and cassimeres, and of fine blue serge. They are suitable for boys between the ages of nine and fourteen years.

There are also Tuxedo suits for dress wear, made of black cloth, coats with long silk-faced roll, vests low cut. These suits have knee pants, and are worn by boys from nine to sixteen years of age.

Brown Bros. & Co. of San Francisco are making a special feature of dressy suits for boys, and mothers will do well to inspect their styles.

Other suits for boys between nine and sixteen years are made of blue serge, black clay or black undress worsteds; also fancy worsteds and cassimeres. They keep color and wear well. Some of these suits are cut on the same lines as men's with long, narrow lapels, broad shoulders, self-restraining fronts, hand-finished collars, and hand-made buttonholes.

Suits for boys from three to eight years are made in fine serges, blue and red, with trimmings on the collars of the newest.

For children of the same age, Russian suits of seal, red, brown and royal navy are made. They are dressy, and are strongly made. Also suits in all wool cheviots and flannels are made for youths between these ages. The suits are neatly trimmed.

Materials of a heavier grade are in boys' frocks, and the edges finished as simply as possible in the form of a hem. The collars and cuffs are turned over.

Boys' coats are made in several styles. The blouse has a full belted back and is fastened at the left side; the sleeves have rolling cuffs. Another style is the reaper, which is double-breasted.

Boys' suits for school and everyday wear are also made of corduroy material. It makes a pretty coat, looks neat, and wears well.

MOTHERS:

the place
to buy
your clothing
for the

BOY

in all the
season's
latest,
or for the

CHILD

in assort-
ment
pleasing and
complete is

BROWN BROS & CO.

Wholesale
Clothiers
Retailing direct
to you

508-518
MARKET ST.

SAN FRANCISCO



CALIFORNIA Co-Operative Medical Co.

DR. JOHN T. KELLETT, Founder, President and Manager

The charter of the California Co-Operative Medical Company was filed on record December 13, 1901, at Eureka, Cal., with fourteen charter members, and a capitalization of \$1,000,000, divided into fifty thousand shares at twenty dollars each. Nobody can own more than one share, which entitles the owner to free medical advice and treatment, examination and medicine for themselves and little ones.

This company employs the very best physicians and specialists to be found on chronic diseases, which are cured without a knife, or leg-ature, pain or detention from business.

Each member has as much voice and power in the management of its affairs as any other member, and the Initiative and Referendum which gives any five of the members the privilege to secure an investigation of its affairs, and appeal to the members for a change or amendment of by-laws, or rules and regulations.

They now have a membership of nearly two thousand and capitalization of \$1,750,000 and have paid an average dividend of \$2.76 per month.

This Company was organized for the purpose of enlightening the people how they could be cured of disease and pain without paying for experimenting and

no benefit. You may say: "how can they do this?" I will tell you. They manufacture Oil of Eden, and Sweet Spirits of Eden which have proven their marvelous virtue as being the most wonderful, effective and valuable compounds known for the cure of Kidney, Liver, Stomach and Nervous Troubles. They are not cheap remedies, but are inexpensive cures. They are not used like cheap remedies.

A few drops of the Oil of Eden, applied with the end of the finger will relax and open the pores of the skin, dissolve and remove all impurities to the surface without injury to sound parts.

Sweet Spirits of Eden will regulate the circulation of the blood and strengthen the nervous system, which regulates the whole body.

When they begin making or clearing \$1.00 a week on

an average from each and every one of the 80,000 druggists in the United States, each member will draw a dividend of \$12 a month, even if there were 25,000 members, not saying anything about any other business they may enter.

Shares are now selling for \$35, and will raise soon, and the longer you wait the more it will cost you. So take your choice, if you want a share. Enclose price, name nationality, post office of birthplace, age and height.



Here are a few Testimonials from Prominent People—Hundreds More on Application

Mrs. Atkinson, of Fruitvale, says, "I suffered from rheumatism, liver, kidney, and stomach troubles for years. I was helpless and unable to move without assistance for twelve years. Six months ago I started to use 'Oil of Eden' and 'Sweet Spirits of Eden'; used two small bottles of each and am now well and able to do my own work and go from place to place as well as ever. I feel that I am cured and do not believe I will suffer from recurrence of trouble. I gladly recommend these two medicines to all who are afflicted, and will gladly tell those who may ask of my wonderful recovery."

MRS. W. J. ATKINSON,
Brandon St., Fruitvale, Cal.

Ankum Cal., Oct. 3, '03.
The California Co-operative Medical Co., Oakland Cal.
I read one of your circulars which came with a bottle of your most excellent medicine, "Oil of Eden." We have used quite a number of bottles and its merits can't be too highly recommended. Once it saved my daughter's life when she was almost dead of scarlet fever. I am, Very Respectfully, Your Well Wisher,
MRS. BESSIE VANCE.

Mrs. J. E. Phillips, Grass Valley, writes: "I write you concerning Oil of Eden. I had suffered for ten years with rheumatism; my hands became paralyzed and useless with the best medical aid. I heard of your remedy and was induced to try it and it has cured me."

W. H. Loomis, M. D., ex-consulting physician of Fabiola Hospital, Oakland, Cal., says there have been some remarkable cures made of rheumatism, neuralgia, eczema and enlarged glands with Kellett's Oil of Eden. Sweet Spirits of Eden will positively purify the blood and cure chronic constipation, diseased digestion, nervous prostration and restore lost vitality caused by old age, sickness or over-taxation.

Dr. C. F. Clark, San Francisco, says that he has made some remarkable cures of rheumatism and eczema with Kellett's Oil of Eden.

Mrs. Lizzie Smith, Eureka, says she suffered for three years with muscular and inflammatory rheumatism, with swollen and stiff joints, and was entirely cured with Kellett's Oil and Sweet Spirits of Eden.

Dr. B. Hammel, of El Dorado, says that he has cured sciatic rheumatism and catarrh of nine years standing with Kellett's Oil of Eden.

Dr. A. B. Leak, of Carson City, Nev., says Oil of Eden will cure deafness, sore eyes, neuralgia, sore throat, ear ache, cancer of the face and rheumatism.

H. W. McClellan, 723 B street, Eureka, says he has used Kellett's Oil and Sweet Spirits of Eden for pains in the head, back and knees, for sore throat and nervous troubles, and that they cure.

Dr. J. J. Caldwell, of Oakland, says that he uses Kellett's Oil of Eden for rheumatism and removing enlarged glands and false deposits of the joints.

Mrs. A. Wells, Eureka, says they have suffered a great deal with muscular and sciatic rheumatism, lumbago, and pains all through the head, caused from catarrh and kidney troubles, and have been entirely cured with Kellett's Oil and Sweet Spirits of Eden.

Mrs. C. E. Fardemwalt, of Sacramento, Cal., writes "In answer to your inquiry of my opinion of Oil of Eden, I can say that I have used it in neuralgia, and also my brother, P. A. Wise, of New Hope, Cal., has used it and cured a case of sciatic rheumatism. It gave perfect satisfaction in both cases."

Mrs. W. G. Finton, of French Corral, Cal., writes: "I wish to say that I had suffered for thirty years with neuralgia, and all treatment failed until I chanced to get a bottle of Oil of Eden, which cured me."

Dr. J. W. Lewis, Oakland, Cal., says that he has practiced medicine for thirty-five years and knows of nothing to equal Kellett's Oil of Eden for the cure of rheumatism; and will cure three-fourths of the diseases called heart disease.

Henry Schroder, of 1060 East 15th street, Oakland, says, in two days' time Oil of Eden cured his knee, which had been lame for some time.

CALIFORNIA CO-OPERATIVE MEDICAL CO.

227 E. Street, Eureka, Cal.

Coquille City, Oregon.

115 S. Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.

MAIN OFFICE—906 Broadway

OAKLAND, CAL.

FANCY WORK

VERBENAS AS A MOTIFF FOR EMBROIDERY BY MAY ASHTON REED.

It is seldom that one sees the ver-bena used in embroidery, and it is the more to be wondered at when one considers the beautiful colorings of this flower, the delicate pinks, rich purples and deep reds in which it grows. There are illustrated here two different articles, each having the ver-bena for the decorative motif, and



BRUSH AND COMB TRAY.

each will be found beautiful worked out in one color, or the different sprays can be colored differently.

For instance, the brush and comb tray, figure No. 1, can have clusters of purple and red verbenas, or it may be worked out in reds alone or purple.

Three shades will be sufficient to work out each little floweret that comprises the clusters, but a wider range of color is needed to model a cluster and bring out all its beauty. If you decide to work the red ver-bena I would suggest that you use the geranium red line 1601 to 1605, blending the 1605 into 1208½, 1209, 1210. Keep the under flowerets darkest, and those that form the top of each cluster the lightest.

In the center of each little floweret is a small spot of delicate green, 1318x. If purple verbenas are preferred, use 1300, 1300½, 1301, 1301½, 1302, 1303.

If pink flowers are desired use 1287½, 1288, 1288½, 1289, 1290. The brush and comb tray is 12x16 inches.

The side dish shown in figure No. 2 is 10x16 inches, and three of them comprise a set if they are used for vegetable and relish mats. The size of the side dishes is 10x16.

The borders are unique on each of these pieces. They can be made with a Duchess lace border or the braid may be omitted and in place of it a heavy padded buttonhole worked over the design, in place of the braid, with Dresden Floss No. 1291, white.

The lace stitches can be worked directly on the linen in either green or white Dresden Floss, leaving the linen under as a background. In this case, work the lace stitches in first and buttonhole afterward.

In case of the brush and comb tray and olive dish all the silks would not be used, but the number of shades requires the amount called for.

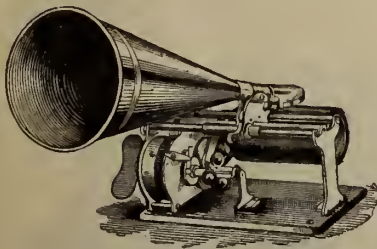


SIDE DISH.

The ver-bena is not at all difficult to work, as very little shading is required to get excellent and showy results.

Speaking of my own preferences I should work the border in silks instead of using the lace.

Your Money Back If Not as Represented



The machines sent out in response to the advertisement will be equipped with the very latest large size reproducer, never before used on a talking machine sold at so low a price. The records are particularly fine, being the famous Columbia Records, known as the best wherever talking machines are used. Our guarantee goes with them.

Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l

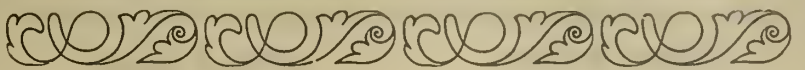
125 GEARY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Inclosed find \$9.00, for which please forward to me, all charges prepaid, one of your new talking machines (type Q) with 12 of the new hard molded records advertised by you with the understanding that you will refund the money if I am not satisfied, and return the goods to you in five days, or will take them in exchange, allowing me \$9 on account of any other machine if returned inside of thirty days from date.

1903.

We accept this order on above conditions.

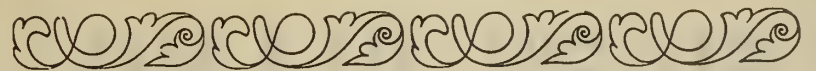
COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.



Holiday money goes farthest here, in California's Grandest Christmas Store where everything is sold at Department Store prices.

The Special Displays of Holiday Merchandise, and the savings to be made are worth traveling many miles for.

The Emporium
San Francisco California.



Slippers in Black and White

Bed room slippers are not a luxury, they are a necessity, and there are many styles of these articles, but it is very difficult to get a good fitting model, one that will not spread out over space and cleave the foot in cold desolation.

The directions given here will pro-



duce a slipper that will fit the foot snug and trim, and it will stay fitted. The imitation of ermine on the toe and rolled top is very effective.

Cast on 22 stitches of white single Germantown, knit plain knitting 42 times across until an exact square is formed, and then knit on ten extra stitches which forms the turn-over border.

First row. Knit ten in white, put in color and finish the 22 stitch.

Second. Knit 23 colored and 9 white.

Third. Knit 10 white, 22 colored.

Fourth. Knit 23 colored and 9 white.

Fifth. Knit 10 white, slip 2 colored. Knit 2 white, slip two colored, knit 2 white, continue across the needle, 5 slip, 2 pearl, 2 white, knitting 9 white.

Sixth row. 10 white, 22 colored.

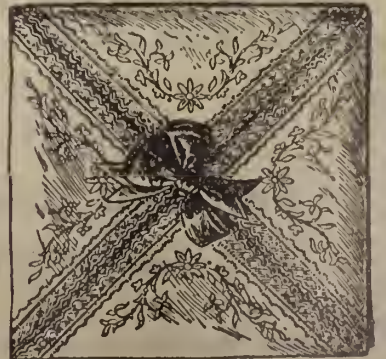
Seventh row. 23 colored, 9 white.

Eighth and ninth same as sixth and seventh; tenth and eleventh same as fifth and sixth.

Thirty-five rows are sufficient for No. 4 slipper, as they must be stretched on the sole. The black stitches in the toe and border are worked in as one fancies, with needle and black knitting silk.

Handkerchief Case

This handkerchief case is both novel and dainty. For it is required about half a yard of satin of any delicate shade, the same quantity of China silk of the same color, some cotton batting, thin cardboard, sachet powder, about a yard and a half of two and a half inch satin ribbon same color as the satin, and one very sheer embroidered lady's linen handkerchief as large a size as possible, for whatever its size the handkerchief case will be just the same. Cut a square of the cardboard about a quarter of an inch smaller all around than the handkerchief. Cut the handkerchief in four parts, as shown in the picture, and cut triangles of the China silk and satin same size as handkerchief sections, also cut from one thickness of the batting piece the same shape but a little smaller than the others. Sew the silk and satin together, with the batten for an interlining, and sprinkle the latter thickly with sachet powder. Cover one side of the cardboard with the China silk, then sew the triangles of satin wadded with batting and lined with the handkerchief piece, along the four sides of the square, so that they meet at the center of the latter. Make a pad of satin, with scented batting underneath, to just fit in the bottom of the case, glue it into position so that it hides the sewed edges of the other portions. Across the pad tack strips of half-inch satin ribbon from corner to corner, diagon-

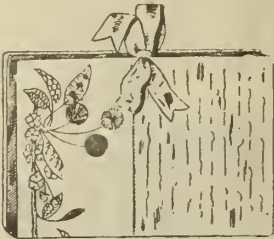


ally, to hold the handkerchiefs in place. Catch the handkerchief pieces to the satin ones so that each flap will open and shut as one, and finish with a big bow sewed to the point of one flap.

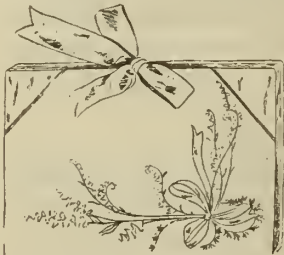
FANCY WORK

PHOTO BOOKS

These convenient receptacles are very easily made. A piece of linen 11x30 inches will be required to make



the book. If a silk lining is desired, then a piece of silk the same size will be needed. In case you line the linen cover, sew the linen and silk together around the edges, then make up as described below. Place the linen right side down on a table, take the two ends and bring them nearly but not quite to center. A space of one-fourth inch must be left for a hinge. Featherstitch the edge with silk to match in color the lining. Sew the two sides of each pocket together.



Now to keep the book in shape cut two cardboard covers just a little narrower than the depth of the pocket. The ribbon bows should be made out of the best quality of silk or satin ribbon.

OPERA BAGS

Make a chain of 160 stitches, join and pull the loop out 1-3 inch long, put hook through next stitch, pick up silk, draw through, pushing up four beads, pick up silk and draw through 2 loops; pick up silk and draw through 2 again.

Then make 1 chain stitch, now draw out this loop 1-3 inch long, pick up silk, put hook through the chain stitch, pick up silk and draw through



as loop just made, 4 beads, pick up silk, draw through 2, pick up silk and draw through the 2 left, make a chain stitch, put hook through fourth loop in chain, pick up silk, draw through, pick up silk, draw through 2, make a chain stitch, and proceed as before until this double crochet is made all around the chain, putting a stitch in every 4th stitch of the chain.

Second round—Make the double crochet just as before, taking up the stitch where the chain stitch was made in the 1st round, making it as deep as one desires it to be.

This bag is lined with silk of any color, and may be finished with the "gate top" of silver, or with crocheted rings, through which a ribbon may be run.

Let Me See Your Face

I will tell you, without charge, how to keep your skin young and your complexion clear and fresh; how to preserve your hair and keep your scalp pure and healthy.

DR. WILLIAMS



PHOTO AFTER



PHOTO BEFORE

Lincoln Bldg.

369

Sutter Street

Near Stockton

San Francisco

To be entirely successful in life you must appear all the times at your best. All the loveliness of character, all the grace of manner and all the brilliancy of intellect that challenge admiration, if hidden behind a wrinkled, blemished face, dull eyes and deformed features are apt to be passed unnoticed by the busy world.

With scientific, systematic, thorough treatment, I speedily, permanently and safely cure pimply faces, blackheads, large pores, blotches, dandruff, scale, crust, and all irritated, inflamed or eruptive conditions of the skin and scalp, stop hair falling, fading, splitting, and promote a strong, healthy growth.

I remove, painlessly, moles, warts, wens, cysts, scars, red veins, superfluous hair and all unsightly, humiliating or embarrassing blemishes on, in or under the skin without leaving a mark or any trace of former existence.

You can't afford to have your face tampered with by unreliable, inexperienced men and women—so called beauty specialists—who make all sorts of promises and give worthless guarantees to perform miracles they know are impossible and can never be accomplished.

WHAT PHYSICIANS AND PATIENTS SAY ABOUT DR WILLIAMS' TREATMENT.

A physical examination of Mrs. V. P. McCabe, who has had one side of her face treated by Dr. Williams, was found to be free from wrinkles, freckles and of a youthful, healthy pink complexion, and a healthy luster to the eye, while on the other side of the face remained wrinkles, freckles yellow and flabby, baggy tissue above and below the eye and no luster in the eye.

C. H. H., M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 14, 1903.

Dr. Williams' treatment is really wonderful. I find my deep lines and wrinkles have disappeared, the skin smooth and soft, my eyes are stronger and better, and altogether I have a different expression.

E. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3, 1903.

Your treatment for the eradication of deep wrinkles, yellow and flabby skin is indeed remarkable. My skin is soft and clear where previously it had been very bad. I wish to congratulate you upon your simple method. I shall always remember you with gratitude.

S. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3, 1903.

Have just finished treatment for the renewal of the skin and cannot speak too highly of his remarkable ability. The result is so entirely satisfactory and pleasing and the inconvenience such a mere trifle any one contemplating the treatment should have no fear of suffering any pain whatever.

MISS A. M. S.

Original copies and addresses at office.

\$165⁰⁰ PIANO



Write or call for information
on our \$165.00 Piano.

\$6.00 down and \$6.00 per
month.

Other houses charge \$225.00
for the same instrument.



KOHLER & CHASE

(ESTABLISHED 1870)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Post and Kearney Streets

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Beauty of Our Wild Flowers

BY MRS. ANNIE KENLY.

Now as to wild flowers. In what abundance and beauty I have seen them this summer, traveling along the country roads as I have been doing. I have seen clover this summer in shades that I have never seen before, one being about our 1541 American Beauty shade, and such magnificent heads—as big as a large walnut. Our Buttercups, with their varnished petals, that silk can so much better reproduce than paint, but that we cannot make all one shade, as much

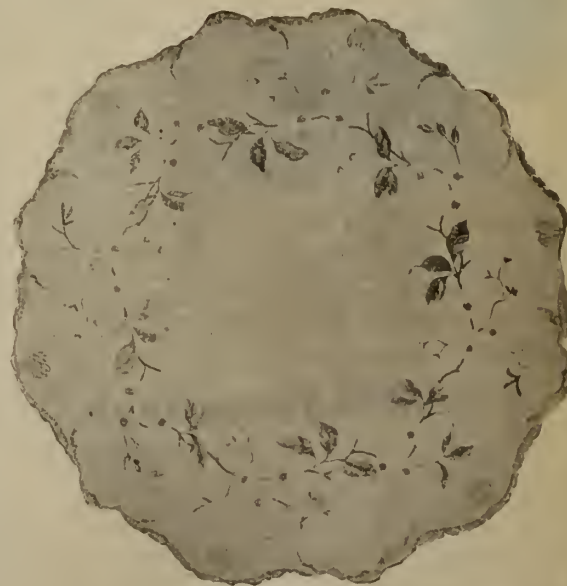
as we sometimes would like to, because we must have our form, as the name indicates, and so we take our three or four shades, and our light green for the few French knots right in the center, the yellow one all around the green up onto the petals.

And what shall we say about our pure white daisies? I don't like to see them growing along the side of the road. They are never so clean and beautiful as when shut in a field quite a bit away. As they are the emblems of purity, modesty and beautiful young womanhood, may we learn a lesson here.

Business women are often, too often, a necessity, but do not covet it, for she has many times to swallow large doses of things most bitter. I am speaking now of the cultured woman who has had to forego the shelter of her home. But I have strayed away from my beautiful daisies. We have now most perfect shading for white flowers, as you know, if you have seen the shadow tones. All these ex-

tensions and improvements make me eager to find some time to try them. All white flowers must have their shadows and toning, the incomplete petals being done first and the complete ones being almost wholly pure white, then the green in the immediate center and the yellow surrounding it, both in French knots.

I saw daisies this summer 2½ inches in diameter, very long stalks and carrying themselves in a most queenly way. Modest, yet queenly, something



worth copying. There are many more wild flowers, but these we all know and love, and they are with us all summer. I would like to speak of the marvelous beauty (don't laugh) of the dandelion, especially the blow, but I am afraid your last shred of patience would be gone, but look for yourself, and look to see.

Young Lady's Novel Enterprise

BY J. M. SCANLAND

Miss May D. Doane, a worthy and deserving young lady, living at 307 Market Street, Portland, Oregon, has inaugurated a novel enterprise—canvassing by telephone—her number is Main 2900. Being an helpless invalid and unable to personally solicit, she had a telephone placed in her room, and "rings up" those whom she thinks would like to subscribe for the California Ladies' Magazine, and she is meeting with wonderful success. Were she physically able, no doubt she would become one of the leading business women of the country, for she has shown that she is gifted with business qualification in undertaking this little agency enterprise.

Hers is a lonely and sad life! She has been an invalid for eighteen years, and confined to her room for the past

"I am the daughter of a pioneer missionary, the Rev. Dr. Doane. My parents are very feeble, frail and poor, so that they cannot help me much, as they wish to do. And so, I am trying in the only possible way, for me now to help earn the money necessary for my recovery to health. From early childhood I have been an invalid, and a continual sufferer from spinal disease, caused by severe falls. I have now been shut in entirely for eighteen years, and confined to my bed most of that time. For many years my case was considered hopeless, but new methods and new treatments have proven so beneficial that now my physicians believe I can be cured, if I can only continue the right treatment long enough.

"My method of work is very simple:



MISS DOANE IN HER HOME OFFICE.

six years. In this little room, her only world, is her "office." On the walls are the texts to which her eyes frequently turn: "In God We Trust," "He Cares for You!" "Look unto Jesus!" and near by on a table is her Prayer Book.

A writer for the California Ladies Magazine called upon Miss Doane with a view of penning a short sketch of herself and her new enterprise. At first she was inclined not to talk "for publication," but upon being told that her "agency" was something novel and that she was entitled to credit for her ingenuity, she finally consented. In these few words, she related the sad history of her lonely life, and it is hoped, in the interests of suffering humanity that substantial aid will be extended her, for she certainly deserves encouragement and assistance:

Thanks to kind friends, I have a telephone, which can be placed at my side on the bed. I ask my friends for lists of names of their reading friends and acquaintances who have telephones, and then I call them, and introduce myself and my work—meeting almost always with courtesy and kindness. Every movement, and all writing costs me additional pain, for I can only use the telephone while lying down, and then only on such days as my strength will permit.

"I was much attracted by the California Ladies' Magazine, which has become so popular throughout the West. It is so bright and piquant, and so full of that which every lady cares to know, that it wins upon its own merits, and I feel confident that I can secure a good many subscribers for it."

Novelty Photo Fan

THE NEWEST THING OUT



FOR DECORATING THE HOME

The most beautiful and artistic article ever offered; hold any cabinet sized photograph or camera picture. No prettier way ever devised for showing photos. Very natty for den, parlor, private room, student's room, or office. Can be hung on the wall, placed in a corner, or on the piano.

Just like cut, made of finest mat or poster board, either bottle green, ruby red, pearl gray, or chocolate brown, decorated with ribbon to harmonize; riveted together, so that it can be opened and closed at will. Size when open 22x12 in., when closed 6x12 in. Send 30 cents for one to-day. You will want more when you see it. A set of four fans, one of each color, sent postpaid for one dollar.

Agents Wanted... Liberal Terms.
WEST COAST SUPPLY CO.
169 Park St., PORTLAND, ORE.

LADIES' HANDKERCHIEF FREE

To each applicant for our catalogue. New York's Specialty Handkerchief Store.

J. Y. SANDER, 335 BDY., NEW YORK

Something New For Bead Workers

The Remona Bead Cabinet answers the question "where shall I keep my beads?" It has ten compartments, a spool rack and magnifying glass for threading needles, is ten inches high and made from fancy wood; price \$1.50.

We will send a complete outfit for bead work, consisting of one loom for weaving belts, chains and fobs, one instruction book containing numerous designs, needles, thread and six colors of Indian beads for \$1.00.

Out elegant eight-strand braided chains two yards long, heavy tassels, are \$1.75, all colors and combinations of colors.

Indian woven belts, \$2.50; watch fobs, 75c; woven bracelet, with fringe, 50c.

Indian beads 24c a bunch, one ounce 10c.

Indian baskets and curios—Headquarters for all supplies.

We will send you a beautiful woven bead thimble case for 15c. All goods sent postpaid.

Write for further information to
THE REMONA
Bead and Curio Co.
Dept. A, San Francisco, Cal.

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French Ribbon Embroidery

BY MISS E. BERNER

This lovely work needs a fitting background of soft toned silk or satin. Cream gray, pompadour blue and pink, delicate canary are all especially effective.

The material needed to carry out the design is Filo floss for stems, veins and tendrils.

Very narrow pompadour ribbon shaded in pink, blue, green, yellow, red, purple and white; one edge of the ribbon is dark, the other edge is a pale shade of the dark color.

The pattern must be specially designed for the work, and the flowers most used are forget-me-nots, button bush rose, buttercup, pompadour pink rose, star clematis, lilac, tiny purple asters and miniature daisies.

A long eyed tapestry needle with sharp point and slender body will be necessary, and the background should be tightly stretched in hoop or frame. Use the ribbon exactly as you would use silk. Do not draw it too tight, as the flower should stand out well from the background. The double roses are made by gathering one edge of the ribbon and commencing on the outer edge of the flower, sew it with a fine needle and thread around the stamped outline of the rose. The daisies are made with a single stitch from tip of petal to center. Forget-me-nots are made in the same manner; also lilacs. In double flowers when the outer edges are to be darker than the center, the ribbon must be gathered on the light edge. Some petals can be made like a daisy loop with excellent effect. I have not tried clover yet, but will later, as I think it will work out effectively.

The photo frame shown worked in pink double rose, forget-me-nots and white star clematis is exquisite on a pearl gray or pompadour pink silk ground. The ribbon tying them should be a shade lighter than the background, but of the same color; two threads of Filo floss can be used for working the ribbon. The pillow can be worked out in the same manner, using the coloring for the flowers, except



PHOTO FRAME.

that on one side of the stem in each corner the roses could be worked pink, while on the other side they could be yellow button bush.

The work is fascinating. It is quickly and easily accomplished, and with very little practice the amateur can produce the most exquisite work.

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AN XMAS DINNER IN CONSTANTINOPLE

The wife of the proprietor of the Levant Times in Constantinople, Mrs. Laffan-Hanly, wishing not long ago to show to some of the inhabitants of that city what an old-fashioned English Christmas was like, and incidentally to cement valuable friendships for her husband in certain influential quarters, sent out invitations for fifty persons. There was a curious mingling of nationalities in the guests representing Greek, Persian, Turkish, French, Armenian, Russian, English, American, Spanish, Hebrew, Italian, Albanian and one Japanese. Possibly there may have been more nationalities represented, but only thirteen different languages were spoken.

Mr. Laffan-Hanly's house was situated in Pera, directly opposite the konak of Fuad Pasha. As the guests arrived, some on horseback, a few on foot, a few in coupes, but more in sedan chairs, the faces of the women in the konak opposite could be faintly seen pressed against the kafass, for Fuad Pasha was one of the guests, and none of his wives could accompany him. Hadji Rassim Effendi was another. There were two Hebrew bank directors, the Persian ambassador and the Japanese consul.

The Greek and Armenian ladies were richly dressed in heavy silks and velvets under their fur-lined wraps. They wore a profusion of jewels of barbaric design. These ladies riot in bright colors and dazzling effects, and on this occasion were painted red and white and had their eyebrows blackened. The other ladies were handsomely

and a chicken pie filled the table, with the vegetables and small things, such as pickles, olives, etc. Everything was put on together save the dessert. Wines there were, and pure water for the Turks and Persians.

At last everybody was seated. The service was well done by three men from the big hotel. The Greeks and Armenians had come to dinner, and they did full justice to it. The rest of the guests were more circumspect, or had smaller appetites. The amount of bread they consumed was astounding.

The Persians were the guest of honor, with Hadji Rassim Effendi opposite. The hadji was an orthodox Turk of the old school. Fuad Pasha was the same, but he was in some ways not so strict in his observances, so he took wine. As the first hunger passed, the wine began to loosen tongues, and one would have imagined oneself in a new Babel. Jests and couplets were made and toasts passed back and forth in all the thirteen languages spoken.

The dinner lasted nearly three hours. The dessert consisted of a great plum pudding covered with blazing rum and several fine mince pies. The Turks seemed to have an instinctive fear of a pudding blazing with Satanic blue lights, and took mince pie or fruits. As so much of the Turkish cookery is based on minced meats the Turks thought the mince pies were safe. The Greeks and Armenians managed both pie and fruits, and ate with a "good coming appe-



ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

dressed, but it remained for the two Jewish ladies to exhibit fine diamonds in extravagant numbers.

In such a mixed assemblage it was almost impossible to establish anything like sociability, and the poor hostess grew haggard with the effort. The Turks looked on with preternatural gravity and bowed with exceeding politeness on all occasions. The Persian ambassador might have been a wooden image for all the expression on his face. The Albanian stood in a corner in solitary grandeur, his stiffly starched fustanelle standing out like a ballet dancer's skirt. The Japanese consul smiled and bowed right and left with praiseworthy impartiality. The Englishmen stood in a group, while the Greek, French and Armenian got together and were soon talking with animation, while the word "parades" fell from their lips as if money was the only thing worth mention. The Russian, Spanish, Italian and German gentlemen paid strict attention to the ladies, who sat in the two upper parlors, while the men appropriated the main room.

Miss Laffan-Hanly, the very pretty daughter of the host and hostess, played Christmas carols on the piano, but nobody listened, and it was a relief when dinner was announced. It was understood that the dinner was to be representative of the Christmas in England, and so there was a roast of beef of astonishing proportions following an enormous boiled fish on a wooden tray. Two monstrous turkeys

tite" everything offered them. Then came coffee and cigars, and the ladies went back upstairs.

Mr. Laffan-Hanly had his cue to bring the gentlemen all up as soon as he could, so that they might have some Christmas games. They had become a little more sociable among themselves, but as soon as they were back among the women the different elements separated again into their component parts, and it was desperate work to get them interested in snap-dragon. The Turks seemed to fear the flames of alcohol, and would not even try to pull out the plums.

Finally one of the Greeks sang one of the native seesaw caterwauling songs, and after that the games were given up in favor of an impromptu dance. The Persian and the Turks looked on gravely while the rest danced. They maintained their impassible gravity until Hadji Rassim Effendi signified that he wanted to go home. He had, secure in his belief of the innocence of the pie, eaten three big pieces. And the crust was shortened with the fat of the "unutterable flesh!"

His departure broke up the party. Not one of them had understood anything of the object lesson on an English Christmas, in spite of all the languages spoken.

The poor hostess' hair turned white that night, and next week her husband's newspaper type was distributed in the Bosphorus. Hadji Rassim was the press censor.



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THE BUG AND THE FLY

Mister Antonius Andrew Bug
Most lovingly did sigh;
For to his heart he longed to hug
Sweet Miss Sophronia Fly.

He bowed and scraped; rubbed his nose
Advancing all the while;
Then gazing on her tender toes,
He winked with vicious smile.

"Oh Pshaw! you are too prim;
Your mother is not wise;
She surely sees how pale you are
For want of exercise.

Just come and take a little walk
Upon the terrace green;
You're not obliged to tell your ma
With whom and where you've been."

"Stand farther off or I'll report
You to the Fly police,
Then in a snap you'll stand before
A justice of the peace."

Antonius Andrew Bug waxed wroth;
He turned from green to blue,
Sophronia took the peril in
And on his back she flew.

"Ah, ha," said she, "we'll take a ride
Upon the terrace green,
And I can tell my mother now
With whom and where I've been."

"Get off, I say, you old shoo-fly,
You're just the weight of lead."
"Mercy, Mercy!" cried poor Bug,
"I cannot breathe, I'm dead."



CHRIST AND JUDAS

As the Christ-Child played one day
with His little companions, they shaped
from the clay, on the river's brink,
tiny sparrows, and set them around
the pools, left by the rain, as if they
were drinking.

The Little Christ exclaimed: "See
how prettily they drink! Now shall I
make them sing and fly away?"

"Nay," answered the boy Judas with
a frown, "that Thou canst not do. They
are naught but clay."

But Our Lord said: "Fly, fly little
sparrows! and while ye live remember
Me." And the birds spread their wings
and flew, singing into the sunshine.

Then Judas smote our Lord, and
said: "Thou art a sorcerer! My mother
oft hath told me, and warned me not to
play with Thee, and I will do so no
more."

But the Child gazed at him sadly, and
said: "Ah, Judas! thou hast struck
My side, and that is where the spear
shall pierce Me when I die."

But the other children wondered, and
some loved, and some feared, and some
played no more with him.

And it is told to this day how a spar-
row tried to loose the nail that pierced
its Lord's right hand when, thirty years
after, He hung dying on the Cross' tree.



"Good day, Miss Fly," said gallant bug,
"Yourself I'm glad to see;
Suppose we have a little chat
And then a cup of tea."

"I thank you, sir," she curtly said,
"I left some friends at home,
And mother thinks it is not well
For me so late to roam."

"Excuse me, sir," Sophronia said;
"I really cannot stay."
Then up she raised her silky wings
As if she'd fly away.

She lifted up her big black eyes
And said to him, "How dare
You, Andrew Bug, to make so free
And come to me so near?"

"Get off my back, you ugly brute,"
Antonious cried aloud,
You are the boldest, fussiest thing
In all the flying crowd."

To shake her off with might and main
In vain did Andrew try.
The more he shook the firmer sat
Pert Miss Sophronia Fly.

When fly was fully satisfied,
She flew into a tree,
And sang to Bug: "You lost your treat;
You will not feast on me."

Poor Andrew gave one wistful look,
Then turned upon his side.
He could not brook the great defeat,
He breathed his last and died.

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When making cake always warm the basin before mixing the ingredients—it makes it as light again.

If when cleaning silver you moisten the powder with methylated spirit, instead of water, it will clean easier and not tarnish so quickly.

Frying pans, if black inside, should be cleaned with a crust of bread and washed with hot soda and water.

If a few drops of vinegar be added to the water in which eggs are poached they will set more quickly and perfectly.

When cleaning knives mix a tiny bit of carbonate of soda with the bath-brick on the knife board, and they will polish more easily.

Black lace can be cleaned and freshened by washing it in cold coffee, dry away from the fire, and, when nearly dry, iron with a cool iron, on the wrong side, on two thicknesses of flannel.

To try if eggs are fresh place them in a basin of water. If fresh they will sink; but if not fresh they will become more or less sunken, and if quite stale they will float on top of the water.

Warts may be cured by rubbing them three or four times a day with a potato. Cut of the end and rub the wart with the freshly cut part. A slice must be cut off after each rubbing.

The bolster roll has taken the place of the large pillows with shams. It is covered with the same material as the spread, which matches either the draperies of the room or the wall finish.

White wall paper in stripes and moire effects are in high favor for bedrooms.

When selecting hangings a good plan to follow is to choose plain ones when the walls have figured paper and with plain walls the hangings should be of figured material.

The white ivory keys of a piano should never be cleaned with water, which discolors them. Instead, they should be rubbed over with a soft flannel or piece of silk dipped in oxygenized water, which can be obtained at all chemists, and when the notes are stained or greasy use methylated spirits, gin or diluted whisky.

The toughest fowl can be made eatable, if put in cold water—plenty of it and cooked very slowly from five to six hours.

The addition of a tablespoonful of cream to brown gravy makes it deliciously rich. It is also a desirable ingredient in beef tea.

The water in which rice is boiled is too valuable to be thrown out. Add tomatoes to it and make a soup for the next day's luncheon or dinner.

Water for boiling fish should always be at the boiling point before the fish is put in. Salt and a few teaspoonfuls of vinegar should also have been added.

To broil salt codfish soak the fish to remove the salt, dry with a cloth, broil over a clear fire for ten or fifteen minutes. When cooked pour melted butter over it and serve hot.

Better than baking the pie crust inside the tins and pricking to prevent puffing, is to turn the tin upside down, fold the crust over it and bake thus. Turn the crust upon an earthen plate and fill with lemon or any soft filling desired.

Cover a soiled white felt hat with a cake of magnesia and let it remain in that condition over night. Unless the case is an extreme one, the grime will go with the magnesia when it is brushed off. Pulverized French chalk left for several hours over a blemish made by milk on a wool fabric will usually restore the cloth to its original color. If the stain is not a stubborn one it will yield to a sponging in diluted alcohol.

To remove mildew, mix lemon juice with salt, powdered starch and soft soap. Apply with a brush, and lay in the sun, or you may rub soap on the spots, scrape chalk on them, moisten and lay in the sun.

To wash a lace collar, first sew the lace with long stitches upon a double thickness of white flannel, plunge into warm soapsuds and wash, then rinse in clear water, to which a little borax and blueing have been added. Gently squeeze in the hand, place between dry flannel and press till dry with a hot iron.

To prevent the fringe of towels and doilies from breaking and wearing off snap the article when the fringe is damp.

If a garment is badly scorched in ironing lay it in the brightest sunshine you can find, and unless the fabric is burned the stain will all come out.

Dry colored cambrics indoors and if possible in a darkened room, for nothing is more likely to bleach colored cotton than strong light upon it while it is wet.

Old stains may be removed from white goods by soaking the article in a weak solution of chloride of lime, a tablespoonful of lime to eight quarts of water.

When washing sateen or any cotton fabric with a satin finish put a little borax in the last rinsing water. This will cause the material to be glossy when ironed.

When washing muslin curtains always rinse them in alum water, which does not spoil their color and renders them non inflammable. Allow two ounces of alum to a gallon of water.

When it is necessary to wring clothes out of very hot water, instead of scalding the hands, as may easily happen, lift the cloth from the water with a fork into a vegetable or fruit press and squeeze out the water.

White veils may be nicely cleaned by soaking for half an hour in a solution of ivory or castile soap. Then press between the hands until clean. Rinse in clear water. Make a cupful of very weak starch or gum arabic water, soak the veil in it a few moments, then clap in the hands until nearly dry. Spread a towel over a pillow and pin the lace in each point smoothly over it, letting it remain until perfectly dry.

If you find scratches on the wood-work made by matches, rub quickly with a slice of lemon, then with whitening, and last of all with a cloth wrung out in soapy water.

Gloves that have been wet should be allowed to dry in a cool room. When they are dry, the pliability may be restored by massaging them with olive oil.

It is little known that silk may be cleaned by sponging the soiled parts in the water that potatoes have been boiled in.

To clean oil paintings, take a raw potato and rub it with the addition of a very little water, over the painting until it begins to lather. Wipe this off with a soft, wet sponge. Continue this until the paintings look clean. Change the potato if necessary, then wash with tepid water and wipe perfectly dry with a soft silk rag.

China that has borders and decorations of gold should be washed in hot water without soap. The mildest soaps will in time dull the gilt and wear it away.

Occasionally when colored articles of silk, cotton or wool have been cleaned their color requires to be made deeper. At other time it may be desirable to change the color altogether. Any color on re-dyeing will take a darker tint than at first. It is generally necessary to take out the color in the stuff if it is to be dyed another color. Most colors can be faded out by boiling the articles in water with a small quantity of spirits of salts in it. White silk and cotton goods can be dyed almost any color, but as cotton, silk and wool all take dye differently it is almost impossible to re-dye any fabric or mixed stuff any color except a very dark one. It is better in most cases to first steep the article in a solution of alum and water before dyeing. Remember always when dyeing gloves to sew up the tops to prevent the dust from getting in.

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MOUNT MELLICK EMBROIDERY — By Mrs. Shepard Oliver

The origin of the above style of embroidery is not authentically known, but it is generally credited to the Nuns of Mt. Carmel, Ireland. Originally it was a very crude sort of work, done with common knitting yarn, and with a meager variety of stitches. To-day the work is amongst the most decorative of modern embroideries, and no material is considered too rich to be decorated with Mount Mellick. In best taste, however, are the cushion and table covers of unfinished linens in natural colors or fancy dyes, embroidered with white or self-tones with rope silk. In this connection I

show a lovely design for table cover. There should be a deep hemstitched hem, then the border, and above it another row of double drawn work. The border may be in white or a line of color. Thus if the cloth be an old rose, the border can be worked out with three or four shades of old rose, an ecru background, and a range of tan shades are also lovely. I have used the border without the corners for a front decoration of piano scarf surah silk, white rope silk and gold in white and gold, using cream white thread combined, the effect is lovely. The stitches are very simple.



FIGURE 25 M.



FIGURE 18 M.



FIGURE 22 M.



FIGURE 24 M.



FIGURE 28 M.



FIGURE 19 M.



FIGURE 23 M.



FIGURE 27 M.



FIGURE 26 M.



FIGURE 20 M.



FIGURE 11 M.



FIGURE 21 M.



FIGURE 29 M.

Mount Mellick Centerpiece NO. 833M.

This wreath of acorns and leaves is very graceful. The material on which it is worked is a rich, red linen. It is therefore adapted to a variety of uses where a white centerpiece would be too delicate. The edge is finished in scalloped buttonholing with C. C. Co. Mount Mellick Embroidery Silk, size FF.

An examination of the design shows

that each cluster of acorns is worked differently. In one the cup is filled in solid with French knots as shown by Fig. 11M, the nut being outlined and filled in with cross bars and French knots. In Fig. 12 shows the same method with the exception of the French knots. In Fig. 13M the method of working is reversed, French knots being used for the nut and the cup outlined and filled with chain stitch.

The rest of the acorns show couching substituted for the French knots. These acorns are reproduced actual size, and the stitches can be easily followed.

Several different ways are shown of working the flower sprays, which are woven into the wreath. Of course it is not necessary to use so many stitches, unless one desires, but the variety will be found to make a very effective centerpiece.

The leaves may be worked in one of several ways. Figure 24M shows stitches which are commonly used in

embroidery. The edge is worked in long and short stitch and the veins in brier stitch. In Fig. 26M the edge of the leaf is worked in buttonhole stitch, the center vein in Cable Plait stitch, and the sides filled with fancy stitches. Fig. 25M shows the Cable Plait stitch used for the edge, Cable stitch for the center vein, and Honey comb and other fancy stitches used for filling in.

In Fig. 27M the edge is worked in Cording stitch, the center vein Feather stitch, and the small veins in Briar stitch. The edge of leaf shown by Fig. 28M is outlined and a row of French knots worked along inner edge.

The center vein is worked in Cable Plait and the others in Outline stitch. Another method of working is shown in Fig. 29M. The edge is worked in Snail Trail stitch, the center vein in Cable stitch, and Darning and Point de Venise lace stitch are used for filling in. These are only suggestions as to different methods of working. It is

not necessary to use more than three or four patterns. Different stitches may be used throughout the designs for stems, such as Chain, Cable Plait, Cording, Cable and Outline. It is very important that these stitches are thoroughly mastered before commencing a piece as elaborate as this. Much of the beauty of Mount Mellick embroidery depends on the perfect accuracy with which the work is done.



FIGURE 16 M.



FIGURE 12 M.



FIGURE 17 M.



MOUNT MELLICK CENTERPIECE, NO. 833 M.



FIGURE 15 M.



FIGURE 13 M.



FIGURE 14 M.

JUVENILE TALENT

For The Best
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A GHOST STORY

BY BESSIE OWEN.

I was riding along wondering where those old horses could have taken it into their heads to go. I had spent the whole day searching for them, and as yet had not found them. I suddenly realized that it was raining hard, and there I was out on the plain more than twenty miles from camp.

After riding about a half hour in the rain I saw a house at the foot of a small bluff not far distant. It did not look very inviting, but I resolved to seek admission. As I knocked at the door it seemed as if I could hear unearthly sounds, and an ominous looking scorpion came out of a crack in the wall and disappeared around the corner. At length I heard a creeping sound from within, and directly the door was opened by a little, old dried-up woman, who looked more like some unearthly being than a mortal. She looked me over for a few moments to see if I looked dangerous, but finally said I could stay there for the night.

She showed me in and pointing to a meditative object sitting in an arm chair, said: "That's John, me husband." She busied herself about the table and presently said: "John, go and get some bread!" Thus commanded, John immediately disappeared into the rear of the house, but soon came hobbling back with bread.

After a scant supper he told of how he wanted to go to some town and live, but his wife had rather live out there. She said one wasted too much money in town. We talked on for a while, and presently she said: "Well, I reckon it is bedtime, don't you, John?" John replied, "I 'lows 'tain't fur from it, Mary Ann." She then conducted me to a little, hot, squeaky room, which had only one window.

I went to bed and tried hard to sleep, but, alas! such a thing seemed out of my power in those quarters, and on that straw mattress. I lay there a long time, thinking of when I was a boy, when Sarah and I played together.

At about midnight I would judge I heard a faint buzz, and when I looked about me, I saw a shadowy form floating in the air. It gradually came closer to me and I tried to move, but I could not. It came nearer and nearer and soon a cold and skinny hand was placed upon my forehead and two demoniac eyes looked into mine. I gave one violent scream, and clutched it around the neck. The next thing I knew, I was standing in the middle of the floor, grasping with all my might, a dead mosquito.

HE EARNED HIS SKATES

BY GERTRUDE MAINE.

"Oh, mamma, may I have a pair of skates? Please say I may," cried Howard Grey, as he came home from school one day last winter.

"I am sorry, Howard," said his mother, "but you know we haven't the money to spare now, so I shall have to say no."

Howard sat very still on the stool that he had drawn up by his mother's feet when he first came in. At last he said: "May I earn them if I can earn the money to buy them with?" "Why, yes, dear; of course you may," said his mother.

"I'll have them, then," said Howard, determinedly.

Then he went out of the house and did not come in again till nearly dark. When he did come, he put a quarter into his mother's hand and said: "There's so much toward my skates already. I earned that by carrying some things that had just come into the store."

Howard filled Mr. Banks' big wood-box every night, and when he got home he gave Howard a quarter.

The next week he earned another quarter by getting up an hour earlier every morning and building a fire in the school.

One dollar was the price of the skates that he wanted, and as he had seventy-five cents now he still had twenty-five cents to earn.

One day, however as he was "hanging around" Mr. Banks' store after school was let out for the day, he heard him say to a customer, "I'd give a quarter to know what Howard Grey is hanging around trying to earn some money for; he has asked me a dozen times if I wanted him to help me. Then Howard stepped up and said, 'I'll tell you what; I'm trying to earn enough money to buy a pair of skates, and when I get another quarter I'll have enough. I'll take the quarter, please, because you know, now.'"

The storekeeper laughed, but didn't seem inclined to give Howard the money, but his customer, knowing that Mr. Banks was able to afford it, said: "The boy caught you, Banks. Better give him a quarter."

And Mr. Banks, fearing to displease the man, as he was one of his regular customers, threw a quarter across the counter, and Howard went off laughing.

Howard bought his skates, and learned to use them, too. He became the best skater in town, and maybe some time I'll tell of a race he won.



HOW FRANK WON

BY WILLIE LESTER.

A prize of \$100, to be used for educational purposes, was offered in a school for boys. Among the contestants was a boy of seventeen, named Frank Harlow. He did not succeed in winning the prize, and a day or two later one of his schoolmates, named Harry Murks, said to him:

"Didn't get the prize, did you, Frank?"

"No, I did not," replied Frank, cheerfully.

"Feel kind o' cut over it, don't you?"

"No; not particularly."

"Well, I'd hate to make as hard a fight as you did to win that prize, and then fail."

"I don't think that I have failed, Harry."

"Well, I'd like to know why you haven't failed! Didn't George Dayton win the prize?"

"Yes, I know he won the money; but I won just as much as George in that which comes from hard study. But you know, Harry, if you'll excuse me for saying it, your failure has been most marked."

"My failure! Why, what do you mean? I didn't go in for the prize at all. I made no attempt to win it."

"I know it," replied Frank; and then added: "They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

"Oh! I see what you mean," said Harry, rather soberly. "I suppose there is something in that."

"There is a good deal in it," replied Frank. "It is so true that not one of the eighteen boys who competed for the prize may be said to have failed. All of us won the prize that comes from honest effort. It was a pretty big prize for most of us. I thought at first that I would not compete for the prize, for I felt quite confident that some of the other boys were so much farther advanced than I was that I had very little chance of winning in the contest. One day I came across this verse:

"Straight from our mighty bow this truth is driven:

They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

"That's a fact," I said to myself, and I went straight to work and did my very best."

"You stood next to George Dayton at the examination, too," said Harry.

"No, Frank, you did not fail after all."

Harry was right. How could Frank fail to be a winner, after the honest effort he had put forth?



A BLACK BOY'S HEART

BY JOSEPH OSTERMAN.

There are the prettiest pair of ponies ever exhibited at the State fair, and their groom was only a colored boy who ran by their side as they went round and round the ring, obeying every word or motion of his.

"What is their price?" asked a horse dealer, for it was well known that they were for sale.

"Five hundred dollars," said Cato.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the horse-dealer, "I'll give \$300 cash."

Cato shook his head and turned away for another offer; but, though everyone admired them, no one wanted to buy them.

"There," said the horsedealer, "you see no one wants them. Tell me who owns them. He will be glad to take my offer."

"Dey 'longs to my young misses, an' she ain't gwine to sell 'cept she gits \$500 for 'em," said Cato.

"Humph!" said the horsedealer. "A young girl owns them, does she? Well, if you will swear that one of them went lame I'll give you \$50. You never had so much money in your life; did you, now?"

Cato gave such a start that the ponies started, too. Then, looking up, he said:

"Reckon yer 'tink dat 'cause de Lord done give Cato a black skin, he gave him a black heart, too. 'Tain't so, an' he ain't gwine blacken it dat way, nuther."

"Cato," said a gentleman standing by, who had overheard the conversation, "why does your young mistress want to sell her ponies?"

"De plantation, it bound to be sold nex' week," he said, "if me an' Miss Helen can't raise de money. Marsar, he got all but \$500, an' he took sick an' de barn burn down. Dat's how come Miss Helen sell de ponies."

"Well," said the gentleman, "you take them back and tell her they are sold for \$500. My man will go up with you and take the money. Tell her I am going to Europe for a year and will consider it a favor if she would use them while I am away. If she can buy them back when I return I shall be very glad to sell them to her."

"Ef Cato ever kin serve you, sir, he jes' boun'ter to do dat 'ting."

"You have done it already, Cato."

"What, sah? I ain't never seen you befo'."

True; but you have given me an opportunity to help another in trouble. You gave it to me just now when I overheard you refuse to blacken your heart for that man's money."



Etiquette of Weddings

We all know what a state of excitement a house is thrown into by the anticipation of a wedding.

Mamma is busy giving a hundred and one orders to the tradespeople; the bride is closeted with her dressmaker, or writing notes of thanks for wedding presents; grandmamma recalls reminiscences of the narrow-skirted dress in which she was married, and weeps over the extravagant notions of modern days. Papa, who has nothing whatever to do, grumbles more than any one, and says he shall be thankful when all the fuss and parade is over, and the house settled down into its comfortable ways. Wedding presents are coming all day, and there are constant little notes to be written. The house is infested with callers, and every one comes with the same questions: "What will she wear?" "Where is the wedding to take place?" "Who are the bridesmaids?" and "where will they go for their honeymoon?"

In the midst of all this clatter and confusion the bridegroom is almost forgotten. He hardly ever gets a word with his intended, for she is constantly in the hands of the milliners, or saying good-by to friends. Everyone makes much of the bride, and the bridegroom's visits are looked upon somewhat in the light of an encumbrance. The bridegroom complains that he sees nothing of his bride, but the sisters tell him laughingly he need not grudge her to them now, for very soon he will be the first consideration, and all the rest of the world of but secondary importance.

PROPER SEASONS FOR WEDDINGS.

June and October are the favorite months for weddings. May is discarded, because it is supposed to be unlucky.

In every rank of society it is the bride who names the day. In old times the season of the wedding used to be governed to a certain extent by the place where the honeymoon was intended to be passed; but at present the honeymoon is generally governed by the season at which the wedding takes place. Honeymoons are growing shorter and shorter, and few people now have the leisure to take as extended a trip as used to be considered en regle.

THE TROUSSEAU.

The trousseau should be in accordance with the social position about to be occupied by the bride. The wife of a clerk will not need the elaborate toilette suitable to the lady of fashion, and the bride who is going out to India will need an entirely different outfit from that of the one who is going to settle down as the wife of a country clergyman. It is impossible, therefore, to give any precise rule which will meet every case, as a woman's dress is always dependent on the circumstances of her life.

It is unwise for a bride to have more dresses made up than are absolutely necessary, as fashions change so rapidly that unless a thing is worn at once it quickly loses its value. A good stock of dresses is requisite, however, and there should be mantles and bonnets to match all the toilettes. A bride is certain to want a good many evening dresses, as it is customary for all the friends of both parties to give entertainments in her honor directly she returns from her honeymoon. If the party is of sufficient importance, the bride should wear white the first time she goes to a house.

Very good under-linen is an economy in the long run, and attention to the fitness and neatness of her lingerie is one of the marks of a lady. All eccentricities in the way of colored silk underclothing, etc., should be eschewed, and the fitness of trimming and neatness of the work should constitute the chief beauty of this department of the trousseau. At least a dozen of each article should be provided. Handkerchiefs, gloves, corsets, hosiery—all have a place in the trousseau, and there are furs, and ulsters, and carriage wraps, theater-cloaks, and dinner dresses, and a hundred and one things a young lady

finds she must buy once she sets about getting a trousseau.

The best way for a person of moderate means is to write out a list of all the things she thinks she needs, with the probable price of each; if the total sum is more than she can afford, she should draw her pen through what she can most easily do without. By this means she is able to calculate her expenses at starting, and is saved from laying out money on luxuries that she needs for necessities.

In addition to buying her trousseau, the bride had at one time to furnish all the house linen. At present the bridegroom provides it, along with the furniture of the house, for the contrary custom is doubtless a survival of the time when a woman was a spinster in the most literal sense of the word, and the maiden brought the result of her labor to her new home as not the least important part of her dower.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Presents to the bride and bridegroom elect should be sent about a fortnight before the wedding, or at any rate not later than a week. Their exhibition forms such a prominent feature of modern weddings, that it is more than ever necessary that they should arrive in good time.

A present should be in accordance with the position of the recipients. One would not present a Quakeress with a diamond necklace, or give a set of ice-plates to a couple who could not afford to give parties. There are, however, so many beautiful articles in the way of silver and glass to be bought nowadays, that the difficulty rather lies in the abundance of choice than in the reverse.

In one particular etiquette has much improved. Once on a time a wedding present used necessarily to imply something ornamental, and if you were to inquire the origin of all the useless objects in a house, you invariably discover they were bridal gifts. At present we have changed all that, and an ornamental chair or afternoon tea-table is quite within the region of practical politics. It would not be correct to make a present of this kind to a person who was greatly your superior in wealth or social position, but to your equal you may perfectly well give something useful, with the certainty that it will be welcome and appreciated.

A still more utilitarian fashion is that of the bestowal of checks, but we cannot comment except in the case of a near relation or an old and intimate friend. There is no doubt that money is the most welcome of all things, and that when people are going to be married they are only too thankful to have plenty of it in hand; but when a slight acquaintance presents a beautiful young bride with a check, one feels that he would have treated her more courteously had he taken the trouble to select a gift in accordance with her tastes.

The question of duplicates is one of the worst features of a haphazard system of bestowing gifts. It is very difficult to see how the difficulty is to be combated, unless we were to adopt the fashion of the bride, who calmly wrote out a list of things she would like, and scratched each article through as it was presented to her. Surprise is half the secret of pleasure, so that the young lady referred to would lose half the delight which she might have experienced from her gifts; still, nobody likes a disagreeable surprise, and it is not possible to welcome the sixth cruet stand with anything like the same enthusiasm with which we welcomed the first.

Some donors try to solve the Gordian knot by asking the bride-elect to name something she would like. It is manifestly unfair to place any one in the unpleasant position of choosing a gift for themselves without the least idea of what the giver wishes to spend. It would be allowable for a very old friend to say, "I thought of giving you a tea-set, my dear, but I do not know if you would prefer something else?" but the more delicate way would be to commission the bride's sisters to find out what presents would be the most welcome to her.

(To be continued in next number.)



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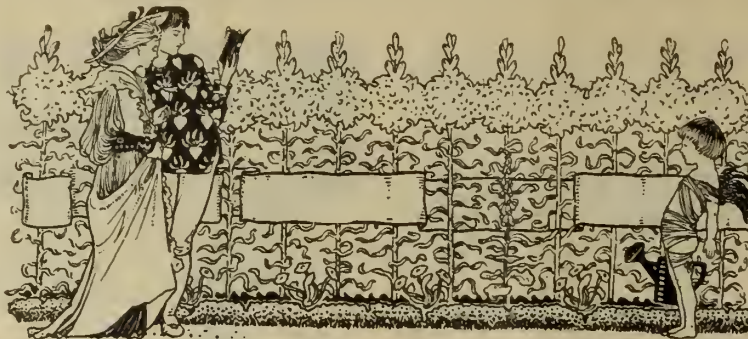
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**Questions and Answers**

Mrs. T.: My height is only 5 feet 5 inches and I weigh over 200 pounds. Please give me full instructions as to diet.

If you are in good health, try this. Take two slices of dry toast at breakfast, with all the fruit you can eat, and one small cup of weak tea. At the middle meal of the day take the same. At night take two small lamb chops, one dish of some kind of vegetable and one cup of tea. You will not starve on this, and it will help you to get thin rapidly.

Mrs. Y.: I took your dietary for some months and lost quite a little flesh. Now give me your dietary for the second reduction month.

If eggs agree with you, live on poached eggs and toast. Take them three times a day, with a small cup of tea or coffee, and nothing else. If you can't stand eggs, take one chop at noon and one slice of toast.

Miss T.: I purchased an electric needle and am using it on my face with fine results. The hair disappears with each little jab of the needle.

Mrs. T.: I found that the pumice stone was all that I required for the removal of the superfluous hair from my lips. I scrubbed my lip with it and it is now perfectly smooth. The hair does not seem to return again.

Miss Y.: Give me a wrinkle paste. Try the pure oil of mutton tallow. Heat in a double boiler and add half the quantity of white vaseline. Into this beat enough sweet almond oil to make a paste. Beat with an egg beater until perfectly cold.

Miss G.: What is the best way to keep cold cream, and how can I perfume it?

Our grandmothers heated the cold cream and stirred clover leaves into it. You might use a little clover perfume. Egg shells, tied with ribbon and suspended at the side of the dresser, make a good receptacle for the cream.

Miss H.: Give me a hand whitener. Take soap jelly and dissolve it in hot water. Add a handful of powdered oatmeal. Soak the hands in this and rinse with clear hot water.

Mrs. V. G. B.: I would like to have a good bust developer. What can you recommend? Which patent bust developer is best?

I have never personally seen any tried, so cannot say. If you want to develop the bust slowly you can do so with cocoa butter gently rubbed into the skin. Do not try to massage, but be content with applying the cocoa butter to the surface.

Miss H. G.: How shall I use the salve stick which you advise for superfluous hair?

Take the stick and heat it. Apply it to the afflicted portion. Let it get cold. Pull it off and it will bring the hair with it.

Miss H.: Do you think powdered pumice would keep the hair off my arms?

It is difficult to tell. You might try it and see what it will do. Scrub the hair off with the pumice stone and wait. Sometimes it does not return. The constitution of the hair is different in different cases.

Miss T.: I am yellow, and there is no lightening up my face, try as I will.

Your complexion can be brightened if you eat fruit late at night, before going to bed. In the morning take a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda in hot water. Continue this for a month. Be sure the fruit is of a sort that agrees with you.

M. C.: I pulled the superfluous hairs off my lip, taking a little patch at a time. I then applied diluted ammonia, and was gratified to find that the hairs did not come back. I wonder how this

would work on my arms, which are covered with soft down.

You could hardly pull the down off your arms, but you could apply one salve stick hot, and pull it off, taking the down with it. Then you could apply diluted ammonia, not hot enough to blister the skin.

D.: The hair on my arms is jet black and long, so that I am almost disfigured. What would you do in my case?

I should apply peroxide of hydrogen with ammonia, until the hairs were bleached so that they would not show so plainly. Then I would keep on with the applications until I had injured the roots of the hair, so it would die.

Miss T.: Is there anything that can be done for hard white lumps underneath the skin where there have been large pimples?

Apply hot water to the place to draw the substance to the surface. It must be pressed out.

Mrs. H.: What remedy would you advise for an obstinate case of pimples?

Obstinate pimples invariably come from within. You must eat the right kind of food and take the right kind of exercise, and pay strict attention to the laws of hygiene. A society woman troubled with pimples places herself upon liquid food for two weeks, with excellent results.

H.: How can I restore hair that is partly gray?

Often it is found that hair which is partly gray can be restored by rubbing a little oil into the roots. Take a small quantity, not over ten drops, and make it do for the entire head. Do not oil the hair, but only the roots.

W. F.—If you had a rough, red skin like mine, what would you do with it?

I would rub it every night with cold cream without glycerine in it. In the morning I would wash it with soap jelly and hot water. I would then rub a little skin food into it and use a little face powder. Meanwhile I would take a course of internal treatment for a bad skin.

Mrs. W.—How can I make a good face cream that will not be lumpy? I would like a peach cream.

You probably mean a pinkish cream that will slightly tint the skin. Take of pure mutton tallow about half a cup and melt it in a double boiler. Add a teaspoonful of glycerine if your complexion will stand glycerine. Add half a cup of almond oil and six drops of good perfume. Tint with fruit juice.

Mrs. Y.—What do you consider a good flesh reducing food? I have tried all sorts of things but my weight continues to increase.

An English physician has placed six of his stout patients upon a vegetarian diet. He allows them to drink one glass of water a day. The remainder of the time they must eat fruit which contains a sufficient amount of water to nourish the body.

Miss X.—A friend of mine has taken off fifteen pounds by following your reduction treatment. I would like to do the same but I cannot walk, as my feet hurt me. What would you tell me to do?

I would advise you to get your feet in good walking condition. Then walk. It is impossible that you cannot have your feet made so they can answer all ordinary walking purposes.

X.—How can I take superfluous hair off my face? It is the trouble of my life, my only real grief.

Hair can be taken off the face in one of several ways. The best is the electric needle, which you can, of course, apply yourself, if you do not want to go to a physician for the purpose. It is not at all difficult.

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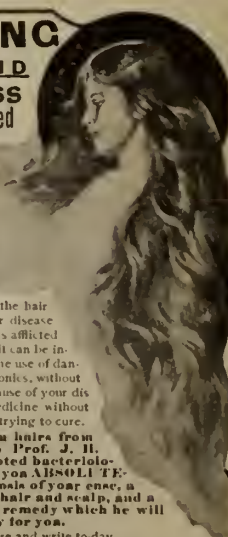
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Modern Etiquette for Ladies

INTRODUCTIONS.

Never introduce people to one another unless you feel quite sure it will be agreeable to both parties. Take care to catch the attention of both the people you are about to present to one another, or you will make one or the other look awkward.

You are not obliged to introduce visitors to one another on your afternoon At Home days, because it is a perfect accident that they happen to be there at the same time. But you are bound to introduce your guests to one another at a dinner-party, because you have invited them to meet one another.

Always introduce the unmarried lady to the married one, and the inferior to the superior in rank. Never, on any account, commit the horrible blunder of introducing a lady to a gentleman. The gentleman is presented to the lady even when the rank of the former is higher, because ladies always take precedence of gentlemen.

If you are walking with a friend and meet some one you know, you are by no means bound to introduce them to one another. Ladies are not obliged to consider their ball-partners as acquaintances, but may bow or not, on their next meeting, just as they please.

Letters of introduction should only be given to introduce the bearer to one of your very intimate friends. You put yourself under a very great obligation to the person whom you request to show civility or kindness to a stranger, and if the result is unsuccessful, you are liable to offend both.

Should you have a letter of introduction given to you, it is proper to send it, enclosing your card at the same time. If the receiver of the letter is well-bred, she will call upon you the next day, and you may then return the visit. She ought to invite you to her house, if possible, or show you any other attention in her power.

A letter of introduction is always given unsealed. You should request your friend to fasten it previous to delivering it, which is virtually giving her permission to read it first.

NOTES OF INVITATION.

A vast difference exists between the present and past system of issuing invitations for a dance. In old times the angularly written, gilt-edged missive humbly requested the pleasure of your company, nor did it even venture on so great a liberty unprejudiced by the presentation of compliments. At present the printed card merely mentions that Mrs. So-and-So is At Home on such a day, the magic word "dancing" appearing in one corner to indicate the nature of the entertainment. The insertion of R. S. V. P. denotes the necessity for a speedy reply, and the name of the recipient (at the top of the card) is probably the only part of the affair in which the handwriting of the hostess makes its appearance. The invitation is answered with almost equal brevity. Compliments are never presented now, except by tradespeople, although an invitation is still generally alluded to as "kind." Mrs. Smith is pleased to accept, or regrets to decline, as the case may be, and that is the end of the matter. Some people say they are "obliged to decline," but it is a peculiarly ungracious form of speech. What is far more important than the words of the answer is that it should be despatched in good time. It is very inconsiderate to delay replying, as the hostess likes to be able to calculate on the number of guests she may expect.

An invitation to dinner is a social compliment, and as such it is necessary that it should be speedily acknowledged. We ask all the world to our big receptions and afternoon At Homes, but a dinner guest is a person whom we desire to honor, and whom we select with care from the mass of our acquaintance. A hostess has some little trouble in arranging a dinner-party—in settling the number of guests and inviting the people whom she thinks likely to suit one another; and nothing distresses her more than for some accident to happen at the last moment, so that she has an empty

place at the table when the day arrives. For all of these reasons it is the duty of a guest to respond to an invitation at once, and, having once accepted, let nothing except the most serious reasons prevent his appearance.

There are two kinds of dinner invitations, just as there are two kinds of dinners—the formal and the informal. In the first instance you receive a card telling you that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So requests the pleasure of your company to dinner at such a date; in the second you receive a pleasant little note from your hostess, written in the first person, and asking you to come and dine at some very early date. The style of your answer is naturally dependent on that of your invitation. In one case you write in the third person: Mrs. Blank has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. Asterisk's kind invitation for such a date; and in the other you write a friendly note, accepting or declining, as the case may be.

Invitations to small evenings are almost invariably sent on large-sized cards, with the word music or dancing written at the righthand side of the lower half. In an invitation for a Cinderella dance, the word "Cinderella" would be inserted in place of "dancing;" the guests would then understand that the dance would terminate exactly at twelve o'clock.

Notes of invitation and reply are either written on correspondence cards or on small paper of good quality. Engraved cards are useful for invitations, and certainly save a good deal of trouble. At Home cards, with blank spaces to fill up, can now be bought at any stationers; but if the people are in the habit of entertaining much it is better to have the name of the hostess engraved at the top of the card.

Drawing-room meetings are becoming so common that it may be worth while to say a few words on the subject. The invitation is generally sent out on an engraved card, mentioning the subject on which the meeting is to be held and the names of the speakers.

It is not necessary to reply to an invitation for a drawing-room meeting, nor are you expected to call afterward. The lady in whose house the meeting takes place usually stands at the drawing room door and greets the guests as they enter, and if you come across her when you are leaving you can thank her for having given you the opportunity of being present at such an interesting meeting. But to call would be contrary to etiquette, and look as if you were trying to extend an acquaintance where none had been desired.

Without ladies society cannot exist. All invitations (with the exception of those for dinner parties) are, therefore, sent out in the name of the mistress of the house, it being taken for granted that the gentlemen will welcome his wife's guests, although his name does not figure in the invitation.

AFTERNOON PARTIES.

An afternoon party is distinguished from an ordinary At Home by the sending of a special invitation, stating the date. The invitation is written on an At Home card, with the hours at the left hand corner at the bottom, and the nature of the entertainment exactly opposite. The hours are generally three till seven, and the entertainment may be music, theatricals, or even dancing.

With regard to your toilette, it will be outdoor dress, only a little more handsome than for an ordinary visit. You will not be shown into a dressing room to take off your wraps, and so on no account take any superfluous impedimenta. Even if it is a dance, you must dance in your bonnet and boots, so be very careful that the former is secure and the latter of unimpediments. Even if it is a dance, must always be left in the hall, but a pretty sunshade is permissible in a drawing room.

(To be continued in next number.)



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Cream Candies for Christmas

BY MRS. E. M. LUCAS.

The foundation of cream candies is fondant, and once the intricacies of boiling the sugar is mastered, the variety of bon bons from this basis is almost limitless. The fondant can be prepared weeks in advance, and if closely covered and kept in a cold place it will stand unchanged for months.

Of course "practice makes perfect," and to insure perfection begin the practice in the right way.

Select, if possible, a bright, clear day for operations, as nothing is more easily affected by the atmosphere than sugar. It is best for the beginner to take but a small portion of sugar at a time, say one pound, in measurement one pint. Use granulated sugar. Place in a saucepan and if the weather is dry add a scant half pint of water; if the weather is damp use still less. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and boiling begins, then remove the spoon and in a few moments, with a clean cloth dipped in cold water, wash down the sides of the saucepan to remove any grains of sugar that have been thrown up in boiling. Cover the saucepan, and let cook about five minutes, then uncover. This process will tend to decrease, if not obviate entirely, the accumulation of sugar on the sides of the pan, which, if left, will cause granulation in the candy.

Now add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, being very careful not to stir or jar the syrup in any way.

After about ten minutes' cooking, dip a fork into the syrup, hold up the fork, and if, after most of the syrup has run back into the saucepan a long silk-like hair hangs from the fork, take up a little syrup in a spoon and drop it into a cup of cold water. If it can be gathered into a soft ball beneath the water it has boiled enough. Take the saucepan from the fire and stand in a cool place. The tests must be made rapidly, for the syrup passes very quickly from one degree to another, and if boiled a fraction of a minute too long, the work must be done over again. When the surface has a smooth, jelly-like aspect, and a dent made with the finger, will remain on the top, begin to stir with a spoon. It will soon begin to look white and creamy, and will quickly get so stiff that it must be worked with the hands like bread dough. If it seems too crumbly at first, there is no cause for despair, but work and squeeze and press as quickly as possible, until the whole mass is smooth and soft, yet firm, like dough, then pack into a jar or bowl, and cover. Having made the first portion correctly, it will be a simple matter to cook as many pounds of sugar as wanted.

If the syrup has boiled too long or has been stirred or jarred, it will granulate. If due care be not exercised in washing down the particles of sugar from the saucepan, or the syrup be not cooked enough before working with a spoon, the fondant will be granular, and no amount of working will produce a soft, creamy state. To remedy this add a cup of boiling water and cook over again, with greater attention to details.

If the syrup has not been cooked enough it will not harden, but remain like thick cream. In this case add two tablespoons of water and repeat the whole process. When a few days before Christmas the candies are to be made up, have some flavorings, as a fresh, deep-skinned orange, a lemon, some unsweetened chocolate, nuts and coloring matter. Yellow coloring is made by boiling five cents worth of saffron in a half pint of water until reduced to a gill, then squeeze through muslin. There will be a very dark yellow liquid, of which one drop will color half a pound of candy a pale lemon tint.

For pink coloring have the druggist prepare one half ounce of powdered carmine, one half ounce of cream of tartar and one drachm of alum. Boil these in a gill of water for ten minutes, strain and bottle. One or two drops is sufficient for half a pound of candy according to the tint desired. But color all the candies a delicate tint.

For a green put a pint of washed spinach leaves in a saucepan, add three tablespoons of water; when it boils stir for a few minutes. Lay a piece of muslin over a cup, pour the spinach into the muslin and press out all the juice. A few drops will give a very pretty green tint that harmonizes with the pink in a charming manner.

Cocoanut Creams.—Take equal parts of desiccated cocoanut and fondant, says half a cup of each, add two drops

of extract of vanilla and work and knead together until well mixed. Cut into small cubes and set aside on paraffine paper to harden for dipping. If the mixture seems a little too soft to cut into shapely cubes, add a very little powdered confectioners' sugar, just a dusting will be sufficient.

Orange Creams.—Grate the yellow rind of the orange on a plate, being careful to scrape every bit from the grater, add a speck of tartaric acid (what can be taken up on the end of a match), mix, put to it a teaspoon of orange juice and enough powdered sugar to make a stiff paste. Form into balls and place on the oiled paper.

Make lemon creams in the same manner, omitting the tartaric acid.

Raspberry Creams.—Take a piece of the boiled candy about the size of an egg and one teaspoon of raspberry jam, with a speck of tartaric acid; mix, add powdered sugar to stiffen and roll into balls, set aside for dipping.

To some of the white fondant add a few drops of vanilla and mix with broken nut meats, make into balls or squares. Now these are ready for dipping. Place some boiling water in the lower part of a double boiler, in the upper part place a piece of fondant, and with a fork mash and stir until it is softened to a thick cream. The stirring is obligatory, as if left untouched the fondant will melt to a clear syrup.

Bring the boiler to the table, have a piece of paraffine paper upon the right hand, at the left have the cocoanut creams. Drop one of these with the left hand into the melted fondant, take it up quickly with the right on a fork, give it a little shake and turn neatly into the paraffine paper. If the cube is left too long in the hot fondant it will melt, so the work must be done as rapidly as possible. If the fondant becomes too stiff before all are covered, set it on the stove for a moment, or add boiling water to the lower part of the saucepan. Now dip the cubes again, if wanted extra nice; they will then be a pure, glossy white.

If any melted fondant is left, add a drop or two of vanilla to it and drop in whole almond or walnut meats, or bits of crystallized fruits. When the fondant is used, melt some more, add a drop of the yellow coloring matter to produce a pale lemon tint and dip the lemon cream, dipping each bon bon twice. Make the melted fondant a little deeper in tint for the orange creams. Then wash the boiler, melt some more fondant and color it pink, and dip the raspberry creams. Some of the fondant can be flavored with rose extract, rolled in little balls and dipped in the pink color. Flavor a piece with mint or with pistachio extract, and dip in green colored melted fondant. Two drops each of lemon and vanilla extract and one drop of almond extract produces an excellent pistachio flavor. The nut creams can be dipped in any of the colored fondant, or dipped in melted chocolate. To prepare the chocolate melt a piece of fondant in weight about one-fourth of a pound, in this dissolve three oblong divisions of sweetened chocolate, and dip as before. For vanilla cream chocolates flavor a piece of the fondant with vanilla and form into little cone-shaped bits, then dip twice in the melted chocolate.

For tutti frutti creams chop a few raisins, an equal amount of cocoanut, and the same amount of nuts. Mix with fondant, flavor with a drop or two of vanilla, cut in neat cubes, and dip in any colored melted fondant. Again the soft centers can be tinted various shades, then dipped in melted white or in chocolate fondant, and so suggestions may be multiplied, and the bon bon dish filled, which does duty all the year around, so universal is the "sweet tooth" with Americans. For informal affairs its contents are now counted as indispensable; in fact, bon bons and delicate wafers with a cup of tea or a glass of lemonade often constitute the light refreshments for receptions and small evening affairs.

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NEW YORK SCHOOL OF WATER COLOR
85 World Building, New York City**WOMEN MANAGERS**

Some of Them Do Nothing Properly.

BY MAUD ROBINSON.

"It's mostly a case of management in this world," remarked the wise woman. "Of bad management, you mean?" snapped the bachelor. His dinner had disagreed with him, and he felt pessimistic.

"Don't let an incompetent cook put you at odds with the whole sex. But, seriously, I am willing to admit part of your statement. There are lots of women in this world who are shockingly bad managers, and they ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"You might divide them into three classes—those who can't manage their personal affairs, those who can't manage their households, and those who can't manage other people," growled the bachelor.

"And not a bad idea," she agreed. "Take the first class, for instance. Who is not familiar with the woman who always dashes in at the last minute, who goes through life out of breath, keeping appointments by the skin of her teeth, so to speak? She never has time to brush her hair properly, to do her mending or to write her letters. And whose fault is it half the time? Her own. She does not manage properly. She dawdles over one thing to rush through a hundred as a consequence. And who has not met the woman whose wardrobe never 'jibes,' whose hats never match her gowns, and who always has something the matter with every dress she owns? She is the woman who spends recklessly on small things and never has any money for the large ones. Of course this sort of woman never keeps accounts, nor does she try to apportion her income in a sensible manner—that is, she may try for two or three days, but she never keeps it up."

"And the woman who can't manage her household? Ah!" chorled the bachelor.

"Yes; the woman who can't manage her own household. I agree with you in saying 'aha!' She is a wonder. The family eats partridge one day and pea soup the rest of the week. She economizes by shaving a dollar off the servants' wages. Result, a poor servant who throws away more in one week than a decent one would in a month, and as the poor servant has no art at fixing over things the family lives on roasts, steaks, and chops, while the remnants are thrown away and the bones ditto, while the soup they should furnish is bought in cans, and the bread and pastry are also purchased from a nearby expensive bakery."

"And the woman who can't manage others?"

"Why, she simply has not learned to deal with her own kind. People either walk over her and have no respect for her or else they quarrel with her all the time. And it is her own fault. There is a way of repelling familiarity, of avoiding the people we don't like and of attracting the people we do, of turning aside a quarrelsome disposition and meeting an insult in a dignified manner. And if a woman doesn't know how to do these things, she'd better learn. That's all."

"POEMS OF JOY."

A neat little volume entitled "Poems of Joy," by Alice Kingsbury Cooley, has just been published. Each poem is a gem, and possesses the true fire of genius. "Christmas Tide" breathes of peace and happiness when the Savior of mankind first smiled upon the world. "My Heart Sings Like a Bird" is a sweet song to Nature, and is written in a pleasant vein with a heart that tells of its own happiness. The book is very entertaining, and the lover of good poetry lays it down with a regret that there is not more. It is dedicated, in the words of the author, to "The sweet singer and kind, beautiful lady, Ina D. Coolbrith, with loving friendship."

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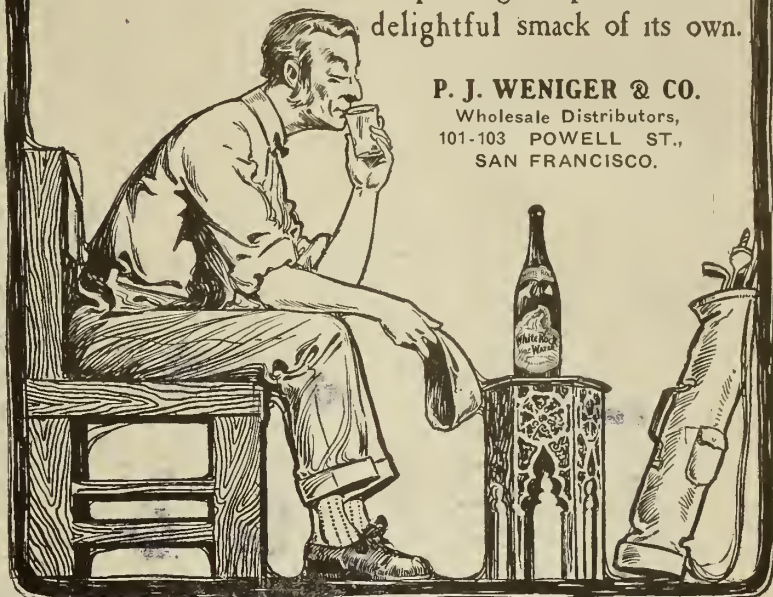
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SAN FRANCISCO.**What Mme. Adelina Patti Says of the
KIMBALL PIANO**

The "Kimball" in Craig-y-Nos Castle.

Craig-y-Nos Castle in the heart of the picturesque Swansea Valley, the home of Mme. Patti, contains some of the most priceless heirlooms and bric-a-brac in Great Britain. Within the walls are souvenirs from every clime gathered by the great diva during the journeys of her wonderful career.

Mme. Patti was the great artist who first indorsed the Kimball piano, one of which she took to Craig-y-Nos Castle in 1889, where it still stands, in excellent condition doing good service. Since the testimonial then given the Kimball Piano, she has endorsed no other. Mme. Patti has now placed in her castle one of the new style Kimball baby grands, and this is the letter she writes concerning its arrival.

Craig-y-Nos Castle, Ystradgynlais, R. S. O.

Breconshire, South Wales, July 28, 1897.

Dear Mr. Kimball—It is with great pleasure that I write to acknowledge the safe arrival of the Kimball baby grand piano. It is indeed a beautiful piano, and has an exquisite tone. It has already been greatly admired by many connoisseurs, who are all united in pronouncing it a chef-d'oeuvre. With kind regards, believe me, yours truly,

ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI

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